The Monthly Chronicle of North-Country Lore and Legend

THE MAGIC GATES OPENED.

Frontispiece to Vol. I.

See "Monthly Chronicle," page 220.

THE MONTHLY CHRONICLE

OF

NORTH-COUNTRY LORE AND LEGEND

1887

Printed and Published for Proprietors of the "Newcastle Weekly Chronicle" by

WALTER SCOTT, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,

AND 24 WARWICK LANE, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

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The Monthly Chronicle

OF

NORTH-COUNTRY LORE AND LEGEND

VOL. I.—NO. 1. MARCH, 1887. PRICE 6D.

To the Reader.

THE scope and intention of the *Monthly Chronicle* can be briefly explained. A few sentences will do it. To collect and preserve the great wealth of history and tradition, legend and story, poetry and song, dialect and folk-lore, which abounds in the ancient kingdom of Northumbria—this is the scope and intention of the *Monthly Chronicle*. As no district in the British Isles is richer than our own in singular character or romantic incident, so no district, it is thought, will have a stronger desire than our own to see those characters and incidents presented in some accessible and preservable form.

It has happened that the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, during the last fifteen years, has unearthed for the entertainment and instruction of Northumbrians of the present day a vast mass of local information that had previously lain buried in forgotten histories or had been kept alive only in the traditions of the people. The reader may get some idea of the immense richness of the seam which has thus been worked when we state that there have been published during the time mentioned 59 articles on "Our Old Families," 107 articles on "Northern Worthies," 365 articles under the title of "Traditions and Mysteries of the North," besides many hundreds of songs in the vernacular of Northumbria, each accompanied by biographical sketches of the authors and historic notices of the circumstances which inspired their muse. The columns devoted to "Notes and Queries" in the same journal have also in the period named been the means of bringing to light facts and incidents which would otherwise have never been put on record. These efforts to revive interest in the character and the doings of our fore-elders have been received with much favour. At the same time, it has always been a subject of regret that so much valuable and interesting material should, after all the trouble and cost of collecting it, be to a large extent lost in the ponderous and unwieldy columns of a newspaper. That this regret is really general and genuine is shown by the repeated applications made to the Editor of the *Weekly Chronicle*, averaging many scores in the course of a few months, for particulars of some story or tradition which has already been told, and in not a few cases even retold, at sufficient length in his own columns.

But the seam to which reference has been made is by no means exhausted. Every week fresh materials are being extracted, fresh facts discovered, fresh stores accumulated. These materials and facts and stores, or at any rate the best and most important of them, it is intended to reproduce, with such corrections, condensations, or extensions as may be deemed needful, in the pages of the *Monthly Chronicle*, so that they may be treasured and preserved without the use of scissors and paste, or file and scrap book. If nothing further were intended, the *Monthly Chronicle*, it is believed, would perform a useful service, since it would give an enduring value to what is now too often merely read, admired, and then lost and forgotten.

The intention is, however, besides gathering together

the choicest contributions from the current issues of the *Weekly Chronicle*, to fall back from time to time upon the rich, ample, and practically inexhaustible stores we have at our disposal in the files of that journal, thus restoring to public use and enjoyment the abundance of antiquarian and other literature which has there been accumulated.

Nor shall we disdain to preserve such specimens of North-Country wit and humour, whether of ancient or modern date, whether in prose or verse, as may serve to illustrate the life and character of the people. These and other lighter fragments of the folk-speech of the district will serve to vary and enliven the graver and more recondite matter which will occupy our pages.

Original papers, contributed by competent writers on subjects of abiding attraction for North-Country readers, will also form part of our scheme.

It may happen, too, that we shall on occasion, though not very often, make excursions beyond the ancient borders of Northumberland. When a suitable piece comes within our grasp, we do not propose to be restricted by geographical considerations from submitting it to our readers.

Many of the articles we shall publish will be accompanied by illustrations of the places and scenes described, or portraits of the persons whose careers are sketched. Here, again, we shall avail ourselves of the resources of the *Weekly Chronicle*. The pictures which have appeared in that journal have proved an interesting feature of its contents. Such of these pictures as are deserving of reproduction will be transferred to the *Monthly Chronicle*, where they will of course be printed in a manner much superior to that in which they first saw the light. Advantage, too, will be taken of any modern discovery that may come to hand for the purpose of increasing by pictorial effect the interest of any written story or description that may appear in these pages.

Such, then, is a general explanation of the aims and purposes of the *Monthly Chronicle*. We have reason to believe that the effort will be appreciated by that large and increasing part of the public which is interested in the ancient lore, the mediæval superstitions, and the modern literature of Northumbria. The scholar, the archæologist, and the general reader—these and many other classes besides will perhaps find in our venture much to entertain and more to instruct them; for all we shall print will, we hope, be well worthy of permanent preservation on the bookshelf of the cottager or in the library of his richer brother.

The Editor.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford,

Author of "A History of Newcastle and Gateshead," &c.

Introductory.

How pleasing wears the wintry night,
Spent with the old illustrious dead!
While by the taper's trembling light,
I seem those awful scenes to tread
Where chiefs or legislators lie,
Whose triumphs move before my eye
In arms and antique pomp arrayed.

Akenside.

POPE'S dictum that "the proper study of mankind is man" receives sanction and support in the attentive regard which mankind bestowes upon published records of human life and character. Be they stories of earnest striving after fame, of commercial enterprise in the race for wealth, of sacrifice and suffering in the cause of truth, or of patience and self-denial in performing the ordinary duties of life; be they even narratives of misplaced activity in wasted careers, they attract if they do not benefit, and interest if they do not instruct the reader. Nor is the reason far to seek. "As in water, face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." Saints and sinners, sages and simpletons have lived in all ages, and in every clime, and the records of their triumphs and their failures naturally interest those who succeed them and inherit their qualities. For, although it may be true, as Tennyson sings, that—

"——through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns,

yet human nature has been much the same always, and remains so everywhere. We are moved to-day by the same general impulses and desires as those which influenced mankind in the days of Moses, as those which will operate five thousand years hence, if the race exists so long. Now, as then, ambition fights its way to power, perseverance ends in achievement, and industry leads to competence. Now, as then, love and hate, hope and fear, joy and sorrow, alternate and intermingle in the complexities of existence. It is through this universal kinship that narratives of the lives of men become attractive to men, and that we emulate, neglect, or shun the examples which they set before us, according to our need, our strength, and our opportunity.

In the whole range of literature, therefore, there is nothing more attractive than well-written biography, and there is nothing more wholesome and instructive than biographies of the good and wise. Memoirs of men who have risen, who have done something to make the world better and wiser, expand the intellect and stimulate the will. From two of the leading literary forces of our time—political journalism with its pitiful rancour, and amatory fiction with its enervating passion—we turn to the records of well-spent lives, and receive a quickening impulse within our minds like that which the breeze of the sea, and the air of the upland, exert upon our physical nature.

"British biography," writes Dr. Smiles, "is studded over, as 'with patines of bright gold,' with illustrious examples of the power of self help, of patient purpose, resolute working, and steadfast integrity, issuing in the formation of truly noble and manly character, exhibiting in language not to be misunderstood, what it is in the power for each to accomplish for himself; and illustrating the efficacy of self-respect and self-reliance, in enabling men, of even the humblest rank, to work out for themselves an honourable competency and a solid reputation."

In the North of England this spirit of self-reliance, leading to successful achievement, has received fruitful expansion, and here, between the banks of the Tyne and the shores of the Tweed, has found prolific development. Northumbria may not have given to the world eminent statesmen, although it was the ancestral home of Eldon and Grey; nor learned divines, although it claims to have been the birthplace of Duns Scotus, who wrote books so learned that "one man is hardly able to read them, and no one man is able to understand them"; nor notable philosophers, beyond the harmless eccentric, William Martin, who styled himself the "Philosophical Conqueror of Nations," and displayed his prolific profundities in twopenny tracts at the street corners; nor distinguished poets, although it gave birth to Mark Akenside, who pretended to be ashamed of his origin, and to avoid and repudiate his native town; but discoverers and inventors, leaders of industry and pioneers of commerce, workers and improvers in the wide fields of scientific research and mechanical construction, have been produced here abundantly. No one will dispute that our national wealth, and the source of our maritime power, are traceable to the discovery of the commercial uses of coal; it was upon Tyneside that the coal trade originated, and the easiest and safest methods of winning, working, and transporting mineral fuel were devised and established. The greatest achievement of modern times, if not the

greatest in history, was the application of steam to locomotion; it was in Northumberland that the iron horse was successfully yoked to "the rapid car," and that a new era in the life of the world began to dawn. To men of mark in this district, therefore, we owe—all civilized nations owe—most of the commercial facilities, domestic comforts, and personal convenience, which make life worth living. In strictest truth William Howitt described the metropolis of the North as "one of the most remarkable towns in the British empire." Without exaggeration the greatest of living Englishmen was able to say of Tyneside—"I know not where to seek, even in this busy country, a spot or district in which we perceive so extraordinary and multifarious a combination of the various great branches of mining, manufacturing, trading, and shipbuilding industry; and I greatly doubt whether the like can be shown, not only within the limits of the land, but upon the whole surface of the globe."

It has been said that the world knows nothing of its greatest men. But about the men who have made the name of Tyneside famous the world knows a great deal. The struggles and triumphs of George and Robert Stephenson are familiar stories everywhere; the achievements of Admiral Lord Collingwood are known in all lands where naval warfare and maritime adventure are appreciated; the labours of Thomas Bewick are recognised wherever pictorial art is valued and understood. At least two of the biographical works relating to this district—Twiss's Life of Lord Chancellor Eldon, and Raine's Memoirs of the Rev. John Hodgson—rank among standard literature. And if we are acquainted in a lesser degree with the doings of other local notables, it is not because their labours have found scanty recognition. Abundant details of their lives and works are enshrined in portly volumes of history and biography, and are plentifully strewed through the pages of those wonderful collections of records and annals with which the Northern, above all other counties of England, have been favoured. Therein we may read, and never tire of reading, about Andersons and Armstrongs, Blacketts and Brandlings, Carrs and Collingwoods, Halls and Hodgsons, and so on, through Ords and Ogles, Riddells and Ridleys, Selbys and Swinburnes, to the end of the alphabet. In the columns of the *Weekly Chronicle*, under the heading of "Northern Worthies," the lives of our most notable men have been already sketched, with as much local and family detail as space permitted. Here, also, in articles bearing the title of "Our Old Families," the origin and uprising of great houses in the two upper counties of England have been traced, the wide ramifications of northern consanguinities have been explored, and the lifework of the more illustrious members of local septs has been briefly narrated. A few years ago, an attempt was made by a young Tynesider to gather the leading celebrities of his native valley into a book, and a very creditable attempt it was—creditable not only to his literary abilities, but also to his local knowledge, and to his comprehension of North-Country life and character. It cannot be said, therefore, that biography is inadequately represented in local literature. Whoso seeks may find it in profusion.

From these capacious storehouses, and from hitherto unexplored sources, the writer proposes to extract material for short sketches of persons who have at various times filled positions of honour and trust "'twixt Tyne and Tweed," and have contributed, or endeavoured to contribute, something to national progress, social improvement, domestic happiness, or rational amusement. And not only sketches of such persons as may have been "native and to the manner born," but of others who, although born elsewhere, have been for a time denizens of the classic land which is bounded by the Bishopric and the Border. Among them are notables with whom local archives enable us to claim a considerable acquaintance. So copious and so minute, indeed, are the details which annals, wills, and conveyances of property afford respecting some of them that we can reproduce them in the very clothing they wore as they deliberated in council, slept in the sanctuary, chaffered in the market place, served in the shop, and ruled in the household. Of others little is known, beyond the facts or feats that brought them into prominence, and we must be content with such bare recitals as are common to all collections of biography.

Throughout the series no attempt will be made to illustrate or enforce any political idea, religious doctrine, or literary "fad." The questions to be answered in writing a brief epitome of a man's life are—"Who was he?" "What did he do?" "How did he do it?" Within the compass of those three queries lies everything that the impartial biographer needs to illustrate, and all that the judicious reader cares to know.

Of the two principal methods of writing personal history, the alphabetical is in some respects better than the chronological; but a combination of the two is best of all. In these sketches the alphabetical arrangement will be generally followed as to surnames, and when there are several persons bearing the same cognomen, the elder will precede the younger in chronological sequence.

Mark Akenside,

POET AND DOCTOR OF MEDICINE.

Newcastle was the birthplace of at least one recognised poet—Mark Akenside. The family from which he sprung had been established at Eachwick, in the parish of Heddon, for many generations. It was old, respectable, and, in its later developments, Puritan. "1716, Dec. 18.—Abraham, son to Thomas Akenside, of Eachwick, a Dissenter, said to be baptised by somebody," is the disrespectful entry of a member of the family which Mr. Cadwallader Bates quotes ("Archæologia Æliana," vol. xi.) from Heddon Church registers. Mark Akenside, a younger son, came from Eachwick to Newcastle, and

having served his apprenticeship and taken up his freedom, commenced business as a butcher. On the 10th of August, 1710, he married, at St. Nicholas' Church, Mary Lumsden. Eleven years afterwards, on the 9th November, 1721, at their house in All Hallow Bank, or Butcher Bank, the second son of this marriage was born. It was arranged that he should bear his father's name, and three weeks from the date of his birth he was taken to the Close Gate Meeting House, where the family worshipped, and was baptised by the learned and godly pastor of the congregation. Brand quotes the entry of this interesting event:—"Mark Akenside, born the 9th November, 1721; baptised the 30th of the same month by the Rev. Mr. Benjamin Bennett."

There was at that time in Newcastle one William Wilson, a member of the community that assembled at Close Gate Chapel, an amiable and scholarly man, who kept a private school, and occasionally preached for the minister. With him, after a short course at the Royal Grammar School, young Akenside was placed to complete his elementary education. The boy was a cripple, through an injury to his foot by a cleaver falling on it while playing in his father's shop at the age of seven, and this defect assisted the natural bent of his mind towards books and study. It soon became apparent that he was gifted beyond the common run of Newcastle boys. Before he was sixteen he had written verses that gave promise of future

success in literature, and his father and his father's friends encouraged him to adopt a literary career, with the dissenting pulpit as the stepping-stone to competence.

Towards the close of April, 1737, the editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine* received a letter and a poem from Newcastle that attracted his attention, and he printed them both. The poem was entitled "The Virtuoso, in Imitation of Spenser's Style and Stanza," and the letter was as follows:—

Newcastle-on-Tyne, April 23.

I hope, sir, you'll excuse the following poem (being the performance of one in his sixteenth year) and insert it in your next magazine, which will oblige yours, &c.,

MARCUS.

The writer was young Mark Akenside, the butcher's son, William Wilson's scholar.

Thus encouraged, Akenside followed up his maiden effort in print by an ingenious fable, called "Ambition and Content." It appeared in the succeeding issue of the magazine, and in July he contributed "The Poet, a Rhapsody." This was followed by "A British Philippic" against the Spaniards, which was so much to Mr. Urban's taste that he issued it in folio as a separate publication at sixpence a copy. The Newcastle boy had become an acknowledged poet.

> As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
> [He] lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.

And now the time arrived when the hopes of his friends, and the yearnings of his own ambition, were to be gratified. He was in his eighteenth year, and must go to college. Akenside the elder was only a small tradesman (a brother at Eachwick had paid young Mark's education hitherto), and the expense of a collegiate course was beyond his means. But some members of the dissenting congregation (removed in the meantime from Close Gate to Hanover Square) were wealthy; there was a fund for training pious youths to be ministers; and, believing that Mark Akenside, junior, would be an ornament to Nonconformity, they provided what his father lacked, and sent him to Edinburgh University to qualify himself for the Presbyterian ministry. Before he had been there many weeks he discovered his mistake. The restraints of a pulpit were not for him. He had begun to climb Parnassus, and could not encumber himself with the small clothes of theology nor wear the fetters of the sects. For one term only did he pursue the course of study marked out for him. Then he repaid his father's friends their generous loan, and entered himself as a medical student.

In the study of medicine, however, Akenside made less progress than his friends desired. Not only were his hours of study interrupted by poetic digressions, but his ambition soared away beyond both poetry and physic. He looked forward to a political career and a seat in Parliament. With this object he took a leading part in the discussions of the Edinburgh Medical Society, and in the opinion of Dugald Stewart, one of his fellow-students, was "eminently distinguished by the eloquence which he displayed in the course of the debates." But, as he himself sung in later years—

> The figured brass, the choral song,
> The rescued people's glad applause,
> The listening senate, and the laws
> Fixed by the counsels of Timoleon's tongue,
> Are scenes too grand for fortune's private ways.

And, as time went on, his ideas became more practical. When he returned to Newcastle he had probably made up his mind to follow the profession of medicine, and to combine with it, as far as was compatible, the cultivation of the poetic muse. He styles himself "surgeon" in a letter from Newcastle dated August 18, 1742, though it is not known that he ever practised in the town. His biographers believe that he was chiefly occupied on his return from the University in the composition of his great didactic poem, "The Pleasures of Imagination." There is no doubt that he completed it in its original form in the summer of 1743, for at that time, with the MS. in his possession, he went to London to find a publisher. Fortune assisted his adventure. Dodsley bought the poem for £120, and in January, 1743-44, it was published anonymously. The favour with which it was received raised the author, at the age of twenty-three, to a recognised position among British poets.

Elated by his literary triumph, Akenside went to Leyden, and at the University of that town on the 16th May, 1744, took his degree of doctor of physic. Returning to England, he commenced practice at Northampton as a physician; thence proceeded to London, and by the aid of a college friend (Jeremiah Dyson, Clerk to the House of Commons, who allowed him £300 a year) settled there. From this period his connection with his native town came to an end. If he did not actually disown his birth-place, he ceased to identify himself with it, and his career thenceforward belongs to general rather than to local history. In 1753, he was admitted to a doctor's degree at Cambridge, and was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. In the following year he became a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, in 1759 physician to St. Thomas's Hospital (where his rudeness, not to say brutality, to the patients shocked his contemporaries), and in 1761 one of the physicians to Queen Charlotte. He died of fever on the 23rd June, 1770, and was buried in St. James's Church, Westminster.

"Akenside," writes one of his biographers, "had a pale and rather sickly countenance, but manly and expressive features. The formality of his deportment, the precise elegance of his dress, his ample wig in stiff curl, his long sword, his hobbling gait, and his artificial heel rendered his appearance far from prepossessing. . . . In general society his manners were not agreeable. He seemed to want gaiety of heart, and was apt to be dictatorial in conversation. But when surrounded only by his intimate friends he would instruct and delight them by the eloquence of his reasoning, the felicity of his allusions, and the variety of his knowledge. He had no wit himself, and took ill the jests of others. He was gifted with a memory of extraordinary power, and perfect readiness in the application of its stores. With the exception of Ben Jonson, Milton, and Gray, it would be difficult to name an English poet whose scholarship was of a higher order than Akenside's."

Akenside's poems have been published in various forms, and are included in all the collections of British poets that have been issued since his decease. Biographies of him have been written by Charles Bucke (1 vol., 8vo, 1832); Dr. Johnson ("Lives of the Poets"); Dr. Lardner ("Cabinet Cyclopædia"); Alexander Dyce ("Aldine Poets"); P. H. Gosse ("Dictionary of National Biography"), and others, and every history and handbook of Newcastle contains more or less copious sketches of his career. The street in which he was born has been re-named "Akenside Hill," and a modern thoroughfare in Jesmond is called "Akenside Terrace." Unfortunately his birth-

AKENSIDE'S BIRTH-PLACE, BUTCHER BANK.

place in Newcastle has been pulled down, and the house rebuilt. But before it succumbed to the restorer the old place was the scene (in 1821) of a centenary demonstration, whereat enthusiastic Novocastrians recited turgid verse and dined merrily.

Newcastle is proud of Mark Akenside, although Mark Akenside's pride hindered him from being proud of Newcastle.

Rev. Berkeley Addison,

VICAR OF JESMOND.

On the 13th of January, 1882, at Jesmond Vicarage, in his 67th year, died Canon Berkeley Addison, M.A., Vicar of Jesmond. He was the second son of the Rev. Jos. Addison, of Shiffnell, Shropshire, and was educated at St. Peter's College, Cambridge, where he was classical prizeman in 1836, and graduated B.A. in 1839. Ordained deacon in 1839, and priest in 1840, he held brief curacies at Brighton and Kensington, and in 1843 settled in Edinburgh as curate under Dean Ramsay, editor of the well-known books on Scottish wit and humour. There he remained twelve years, preaching with great

acceptance. In 1855 he was appointed rector of Collyhurst, near Manchester, and it was from thence, when Jesmond Church was completed, at the close of 1860, that he was brought to Newcastle.

The story of the erection of Jesmond Church, as a protest against the election of Vicar Moody to the Mastership of the Mary Magdalene Hospital, will be told hereafter. It is sufficient to say, in this connection, that Mr. Addison was unanimously appointed to the living, and that his ministrations justified the choice of the trustees. An eloquent preacher, a fluent platform speaker, and a liberal-minded man, he soon became popular in Newcastle. When the School Board was formed in the town, he was put forward as one of the Church candidates, and, of the fifteen representatives elected, was returned tenth on the poll. His fellow members elected him to be the first vice-chairman of the Board, and on the death of Mr. Falconar, he succeeded to the chairmanship, a post which he occupied until his retirement in 1877. From 1874 to 1880 he was proctor for the Archdeaconry of Northumberland, and in the meantime was presented with an honorary Canonry of Durham. The congregation at Jesmond celebrated the twentieth anniversary of his ministry by presenting him with a purse of gold containing £320, and an address (signed by John Cutter and James Thompson, the churchwardens), in which his faithful services were recog-

THE REV. BERKELEY ADDISON.

nised, and a hope was expressed that he might be long spared to uphold and expound those great principles of the Reformation which Jesmond Church was founded to perpetuate.

Canon Addison was not a voluminous writer, but he had a ready pen, and frequently used it. He was the author of two goodly volumes, "The Ark of Israel" and "The Rod of Moses." He also published various pamphlets against the tendencies of Romanism, and a series of addresses entitled "Manchester Lectures."

Thomas Addison,

"ADDISON OF GUY'S."

About the time when George Stephenson was sending his son Robert to Rutter's School, at Long Benton, Joseph Addison, grocer, in that village, was arranging for his younger son Thomas to study medicine in the Edinburgh University. Mr. Addison was a member of a family of yeomen that had been settled for generations at Lanercost, in Cumberland, and, knowing the value of education, as Cumberland dalesmen usually do, he gave his children the best that his station in life as a village grocer permitted. He had them educated by the younger Moises at Newcastle Grammar School. Thomas was a promising pupil at the old institution in the Spital, and, desiring to be a doctor, went to the university as a medical student when he was seventeen years of age. In Edinburgh he made quick progress, and within five years of his entry graduated M.D. He wrote for his inaugural treatise "De Syphilide," and, devoting himself to the study of the special disease which that treatise covers, he obtained the appointment of house surgeon to the Lock Hospital.

Afterwards, although an M.D., he entered himself as a student at Guy's Hospital, and in due time was elected one of the assistant physicians of that institution, and lecturer on materia medica. In 1837 he was promoted to be one of the physicians of the hospital, and entered upon a career of remarkable success as a clinical lecturer. "Addison of Guy's" became a famous name, and the hospital itself attained a high character as a school of medicine. In 1855 he made one of the most brilliant medical discoveries of the century—the existence of disease in the supra renal capsules. These organs had not been previously suspected to be the seat of disease, but Dr. Addison showed that they were capable of producing a fatal malady, indicated by special symptoms, one of which is a discoloration of the skin. For some time the medical world was incredulous, and inclined to doubt the physician at Guy's; but in a few years the truth of his theory was demonstrated and confirmed, and the affection is now universally known as "Addison's Disease."

Dr. Addison published several important treatises, and contributed valuable papers to the medical societies. He died at Brighton on the 29th June, 1860, and was buried at Lanercost Abbey among his ancestors. A collection of his writings, edited by Drs. Daldy and Wilks, was issued in 1868.

Jack Crawford, the Hero of Camperdown.

THE heroism of Sunderland sailors has more than once received ample illustration. Hardy sons of the North, enjoying the excellent physical development peculiar to the inhabitants of this severe locality, trained to battle with the elements in peaceful times, they were ever valuable for intrepidity, skill, and daring, when "wild war's deadly blast" called men from industrial occupations. Their valour has not passed without recognition in well-informed and influential quarters. A committee of the House of Commons, in the year 1820, paid the sailors employed in the coal trade the following high compliment by resolution :—"That the number of men obtained in the course of the war, from Newcastle and Sunderland, does not indeed bear a great proportion to the whole of the men employed and raised in the same time for the navy ; but their value is not altogether to be estimated by their number. The difficulties of the navigation in the coal trade are admitted to give the seamen derived from it, in point of skill and experience, patience of fatigue and hardship, an incontestable superiority over those drawn from other maritime trades of the kingdom. During the late war, our naval officers gave a decided preference to sailors bred up in the coal trade."

JACK'S BIRTH AND BIRTHPLACE.

Jack Crawford, the hero of Camperdown, was born in what is now called the Pottery Bank, Sunderland, in the spring of 1775. His father was a keelman on the Wear. The boy was fond of the sea, and served a regular apprenticeship in the Peggy, of South Shields. A difference in his family occurring about 1796, Jack left Sunderland, and entered on board a man-of-war. In the following year he became famous by the daring deed which he performed on board Admiral Duncan's flag-ship, the Venerable.

THE BATTLE OF CAMPERDOWN.

The battle of Camperdown, one of the famous naval victories won by British sailors when "wooden walls", were in their glory, was fought between the English and Dutch fleets on the 11th October, 1797. The fleets were commanded, on the English side by Admiral Duncan, and on the Dutch side by the famous De Winter. Duncan had been blockading the Dutch coast for months, and he found it necessary to proceed to Yarmouth to refit, leaving only a small squadron of observation under the command of Captain Trollope. Scarcely had the Admiral reached the Roads when a vessel at the back of the sands gave the spirit-stirring signal that the enemy was at sea. Not a moment was lost in getting under sail, and early on the morning of the 11th he was in sight of Captain Trollope's squadron, with a signal flying for an enemy to leeward. He instantly bore up, made signal for a general chase, and soon came in sight of the enemy, meanwhile forming in line on the larboard tack, between Camperdown and Egmont, the land being about nine miles to leeward. Each fleet consisted of sixteen sail of the line, exclusive of frigates, brigs, and other craft. As they approached each other, the British Admiral gave orders to his fleet to break the enemy's line and engage to leeward, each ship to choose its opponent. The signal was promptly obeyed, and, getting between the enemy and the land, the action commenced about half-past twelve, and, by one, was general along the whole line. The Monarch was the first to break through. The Venerable, Admiral Duncan's ship, failed in an attempt to pass astern of De Winter's flag-ship, the Vryheid. As the Venerable came up, the States-General, another vessel of the enemy, filled the gap through which Duncan had intended to pass. The Venerable, although the original intention failed in execution, was not to be denied, and, immediately pouring a destructive broad-side into the States-General, compelled that vessel to abandon the line. Admiral Duncan then engaged the Vryheid, and a terrible conflict ensued between the two commanders-in-chief. But it was not a single-handed fight. The Dutch vessels, Leyden, Mars, and Brutus, in conjunction with the Vryheid, poured broadside after broadside into the Venerable till Duncan deemed it expedient to give ground a little, although he did not retreat. Meanwhile, the Triumph came to the Venerable's assistance, when the two vessels gave a final blow to the gallantly-defended Vryheid, a terrific broadside bringing the masts by the board, and reducing the ship to an unmanageable hulk. De Winter struggled a little while longer on what was left of his gallant craft ; but further opposition was fruitless, and, it is said, he pulled his flag down with his own hands, remarking, when he presented it to Admiral Duncan, that he was himself the only man left unwounded on the quarter-deck of the Vryheid. Throughout the rest of the line the contest was not less fiercely sustained. But with the surrender of the Dutch flag-ship hostilities ceased ; nine vessels were captured by the English ; and De Winter was brought on board the Venerable a prisoner of war. Shortly after the States-General had received the fire of the Venerable, she escaped from the action, and, along with two others, was carried into the Texel. The carnage on board the two admirals' ships was fearful. Not fewer than 250 men were killed and wounded in each. The total loss of the British was 191 killed and 560 wounded, while the loss of the enemy was computed to have been twice as great. At the conclusion of the battle the English fleet was within five miles off

the shore, where many thousand of the Dutch witnessed the defeat and destruction of their fleet. Admiral Duncan was created a peer of Great Britain by the title of Viscount Duncan of Camperdown and Baron Duncan of Lundie, to which estate he had succeeded by the death of his brother. A pension of £2,000 a year was granted his lordship for himself and the two next heirs of the peerage. The thanks of both Houses of Parliament were unanimously voted to the fleet, and Lord Duncan was presented with the freedom of the city of London and a sword valued at 200 guineas. Gold medals were struck in commemoration of the victory, and presented to the admirals and captains of the fleet. People wore "Camperdown" ties, hats, and ribands, and the story of the battle was on the lips of all.

JACK'S DARING DEED.

When the Venerable was hard pressed in the unequal combat, with four vessels concentrating their energies for her destruction, an incident occurred which was dwelt upon with just pride by chroniclers of the engagement, which called forth the most enthusiastic popular applause, and which in itself was a proud illustration of the bravery of the British tar. The fiercest cannonade rattled through the shrouds and rigging of the vessel. It came from all sides, slashing and tearing, bearing death and destruction on its wings of fire, and sadly crippling the gallant seventy-four which carried Admiral Duncan's flag. Several times had the colours been shot away, and as often had their place been promptly supplied. At last, part of the mast which bore them came crashing down on deck with the "red rag" still clinging to the broken spar. The Admiral was near when the accident occurred. Coolly stooping down, he tore the flag from its fastenings, and, looking round, sought for some one who would once more replace the ensign. It could no longer be run up in the usual way, since the necessary part of the mast had succumbed to the enemy's fire. He called for some one to mount the rigging and nail the colours to the broken mast. It was a dangerous duty, and he who dared it took his life in his hand. A pause ensued before a volunteer appeared, but the pause was short, and there stood before the Admiral one whom he had learned to trust, and whose townsmen he had come to respect for their resolute bravery and skill. "Here, John," he said, handing the colours to the sailor, "nail them up, and save further orders about them." Armed with a marling-spike as hammer, "John" climbed the rigging, ropes and rattlings dangling uselessly, and bullets cutting those that remained of service to shreds before him. Up, up he went, bearing as it seemed a charmed life, for the shot went harmlessly past him as the battle raged fiercely down below. Clinging to the broken timber, he literally nailed the colours to the mast, nimbly slid down the topmast backstay, and jumped on deck amid the cheers of his comrades and the approbation of his commander. The sailor was Jack Crawford, of Sunderland. Sir John Hamilton, who was in command of the Active, which acted as tender to the Venerable, saw Crawford go aloft, and then understood the reason of Duncan's partiality for North-Country seamen. Jack had not escaped scatheless. He was shot through the cheek, the missile inflicting a wound which proved rather troublesome to heal. But he had done his duty, and vindicated the honour of England.

ANOTHER VERSION.

There is a different account of the daring act from the one we have just given. We have assumed that Admiral Duncan gave the order to nail the flag to the mast; but some local accounts agree in saying that Jack Crawford performed the act of heroism on his own account. In the sketch of Jack's life written by the late Captain Robinson it is stated that Duncan gave the order, but the circumstance is thus referred to in Richardson's Local History and in the Percy Anecdotes:—"In the memorable engagement which Admiral Lord Duncan had with the Dutch fleet on the 11th of October, 1797, the flag of the Venerable, Lord Duncan's ship, was shot away by the Dutch Admiral De Winter. John Crawford, a sailor belonging to Sunderland, then on board the Venerable, upon observing this, immediately ran up the shrouds (amidst the fire of the enemy) with a marling-spike in his hand, and, with the greatest coolness and intrepidity, nailed the Venerable's flag to the topgallant mast-head." Whichever account be the correct one, enough of glory remains to stamp the act as one of the boldest which a man could dare to do.

"RULE BRITANNIA."

If the news of the victory at Camperdown was received with great enthusiasm throughout the country, the sensation created by the intelligence in Sunderland seems to have been more intense than could have been generally prevalent. At that time the post arrived in the town at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. The news arrived on Sunday, when the good folks of Sunderland were at worship. A loyal citizen, elated with the joyful intelligence, in passing St. John's Church, opened the north door and shouted at the top of his voice, "Admiral Duncan's defeated the Dutch fleet at Camperdown!" The congregation were at prayers at the time, when Mr. Haswell, the organist, immediately struck up the national air of "Rule Britannia," and the congregation responded to heir organist's enthusiasm by trising while the spirit-stirring air was performed. Prayer was then quietly resumed.

JACK'S REWARDS AND HONOURS.

These demonstrations of joy were made in utter ignorance of the gallant exploit of the Sunderland sailor, and further satisfaction was in store for the inhabitants when they learned what Jack Crawford had done. Ordinary expressions of delight failed to satisfy the public appreciation of the sailor's bravery, and in March of 1798, the year after the battle, an elegant silver medal was presented to Crawford, at the expense of the town. On the one side was engraved a view of two ships in action, with a scroll on the top

bearing the emblem "Duncan and Glory." The reverse bore coat-of-arms, quadrant, and on the shield appeared the motto "Orbis est Die," while below was engraved, "The town of Sunderland to John Crawford, for gallant services, the 11th of October, 1797." Crawford received many other marks of honour. So far down as July, 1802, we find it recorded that at a dinner given by the friends of Mr. Rowland Burdon, M.P. for the county of Durham, at the Gray's Inn Coffee House, London, Sir Frederick Merton Eden, Bart., in the chair, among the toasts given was the following, which received an enthusiastic response:—"Jack Crawford, the Sunderland sailor who nailed the British colours to the mast-head in the action off Camperdown." When the great National Demonstration was observed in London, soon after the battle, to commemorate the victory of Camperdown, Jack Crawford was not forgotten. It was arranged that there should be an open carriage in the procession with a sailor bearing the Union Jack, and this sailor was to have been the gallant Crawford; but he could not be found when wanted, having, as Robinson puts it, gone "on the spree with his Poll." As the carriage passed through the streets it was one of the most interesting features of the procession. The crowd showered into it money of all kinds, and the sailor reaped a rich harvest. This was but a too true illustration of the carelessness of his own interests which Jack, with sailor-like thoughtlessness, practised during his life. He had no ambition. He did his duty like a man and a British sailor, and he was not solicitous to reap material advantage. It is said that when in London a member of the Royal Family asked what he could do for him Jack requested, in reply, that a keel should be bought for him, and that he should be allowed to go and ply it in his native North.

JACK'S MEDAL AND COLOURS.

When Jack left the navy he received a pension of £30 a year. He returned to Sunderland, and there followed the avocation of a keelman. Generous and sociable, his company was courted, and he often yielded to temptations which surround men of his quality who have done something to win the admiration of their fellows. His habits often left him in hard straits for money, and eventually he pledged his medal, which lay for 29 years at a Mrs. Dunn's before it was redeemed. Speaking of the medal, Jack's son, a keelman on the Tyne, said to his father's biographer:—"I ought to have had that now; after my father died, I had it for a few months, but my mother said she had more right to it than me, and that I should have it at her death, which happened about six years after my father. I never saw it any more. I was told that Mr. Robert Burdon Cay, the attorney, gave my mother £5 for it; from Mr. Cay it became the property of the late Mr. John Moore; from Mr. Moore it passed into the hands of another gentleman of the name of Moore, a relative, I believe, of Mr. Moore, and by whom, I have been told, it was given to the Earl of Camperdown, in whose possession it now is. I should like to have kept it in the family, but I am too poor a man ever to think of being able to purchase it from its wealthy possessor." The medal really passed into the hands of the Duncan family, by whom it is retained, together with the colours that Crawford nailed to the stump of the mast head, and the colours which the Dutch admiral presented to the English commander. Jack was present at the burial of Nelson, and walked in the procession with his medal on his breast, before hard times had obliged him to part with this mark of his townsmen's honour and esteem. It is stated that when Vauxhall was in its glory one of the exhibitions consisted of a representation of the battle of Camperdown. Crawford was offered £100 per week to exhibit nightly in the act of nailing the colours to the mast, but he replied, "No, I will never disgrace the real act of a sailor by acting like a play fool!" and the enterprise of the managers could not tempt him aside.

JACK'S FAMILY AND FATE.

Jack was married at St. Paul's Church, London, in 1808. His wife's maiden name was Longstaff, daughter of a shipbuilder of that name in Sunderland. He had a family of several sons, and at least one daughter, who married in Sunderland. The eldest son became a keelman on the Tyne, and other two, who were sailors, left Sunderland many years ago. It is supposed they went to Australia. Jack Crawford died at Sunderland in 1831. In that year the cholera broke out on the coast, and the hero of Camperdown was the second victim. He lived in a locality of the town and amid surroundings calculated to invite the pestilence, and he succumbed to the fell disease. As the first visitation of cholera to this country took place in that year, and as Sunderland was one of the towns first attacked, Crawford was among the first Englishmen who died at home of the pestilence. It is supposed that his remains lie near the grave of the late Rev. Robert Gray, rector of Sunderland. No stone marks the spot. Poor Jack had to struggle with poverty in the decline of life. He was a great bird fancier, and spent much of his time in catching the feathered warblers. Some years ago a movement was commenced in Sunderland to erect a monument to his memory. Subscriptions were promised or received, but the proposal fell through. A lithograph representation of Jack nailing the colours to the broken mast of the Venerable was published in Newcastle soon after the event.

The Vicar of Lesbury.

THE spiritual oversight of the parish of Lesbury, near Alnwick, was committed, in the first year of the reign of King James the First, to a wonderful man of the name of Patrick Makel Wian, or M'Ilwaine, who has somehow escaped the notice of the indefatigable Sykes, and of whom we should have known nothing, nor even so much as have heard, but for the equally industrious and more famous Fuller, who gives some account of him in his "Worthies."

While fulfilling the duties of chaplain to the king's army, and accompanying the troops from place to place throughout the country, Fuller employed himself in collecting materials for his immortal work, and one of the gentlemen whom he found to give him valuable information was Alderman Atkins, of Windsor, who wrote to him as follows:—

Windsor, Sept. 18, 1657.

There is an acquaintance of mine, and a friend of yours, who certified me of your desire of being satisfied of the truth of that relation I made concerning the old minister in the North. It fortuned, in my journey to Scotland, I lay at Alnwick, in Northumberland, one Sunday, by the way; and, understanding from the host of the house where I lodged that this minister lived within three miles of that place, I took my horse after dinner and rode thither, to hear him preach, for my own satisfaction. I found him in the desk, where he read unto us some parts of the Common Prayer, some of holy David's Psalms, and two chapters, one out of the Old, and the other out of the New Testament, without the use of spectacles. The Bible out of which he read the chapters was a very small printed Bible. He afterwards went into the pulpit, where he prayed, and preached to us about an hour and a half. His text was, "Seek ye the kingdom of God, and all things shall be added unto you." In my poor judgment, he made an excellent good sermon, and went clearly through, without the help of any notes. After sermon, I went with him to his house, where I proposed these several following questions to him:—Whether it was true the book [the alderman does not say what book] reported of him, concerning his hair? Whether or no he had a new set of teeth come? Whether or no his eyesight ever failed him? He answered me distinctly to all these, and told me he understood the news-book reported his hair to have become a dark brown again, but that it is false. He took his cap off and showed me it. It is come again like a child's, but rather flaxen than either brown or grey. For his teeth, he had three come within these two years, not yet to their perfection; while he bred them he was very ill. Forty years since he could not read the biggest print without spectacles, and now he blesseth God there is no print so small, or written hand so small, but he can read it without them. For his strength, he thinks himself as strong now as he hath been these twenty years. Not long ago he walked to Alnwick to dinner, and back again, six North-Country miles. He is now one hundred and ten years of age, and, ever since last May, a hearty body, very cheerful, and stoops very much. He had five children after he was eighty years, four of them lusty lasses, now living with him: the other died lately; his wife yet hardly fifty years of age. He writes himself Machel Vivian. He is a Scottish man, born near Aberdeen. I forget the town's name where he is pastor. He hath been there fifty years.—Your assured loving friend,

THOMAS ATKINS.

There is inserted in Wanley's "Wonders of the Little World, or General History of Man," a quarto volume, printed in 1791, for C. Taylor, opposite to Brook Street, Holborn, a letter from the aged pastor himself, giving the most distinct and satisfactory information that we can obtain. This letter was addressed to one William Lealkus, a citizen of Antwerp, and handed over by him to the Dutch physician, Dr. Vopiscus Fortunatus Plempius, whereupon it was inserted by him in his "Fundamenta Medicine," an esteemed work in its day. It is dated from Lesbury, October 9th, 1657, and reads as follows:—

Whereas, you desired a true and faithful message should be sent from Newcastle to the parish of Lesbury, to inquire concerning John Macklin: I give you to understand that no such man was known ever to be or hath lived there these fifty years past, during which time I, Patrick Makel Wian, have been minister of that parish; wherein I have all that time been present, taught, and do yet continue to teach there. But that I may give you some satisfaction, you shall understand that I was born in Galloway, in Scotland, in the year 1546, bred up in the University of Edinburgh, where I commenced Master of Art; whence, travelling into England, I kept school, and sometimes preached; till, in the first of King James, I was inducted into the church of Lesbury, where I now live. As to what concerns the change of my body, it is now the third year since I had two new teeth, one in my upper, and the other in my nether jaw, as is apparent to the touch. My sight, much decayed many years ago, is now, about the hundred and tenth year of my age, become clearer. Hair adorns my heretofore bald skull. I was never of a fat, but a slender, mean habit of body. My diet has ever been moderate; nor was I ever accustomed to feasting or tippling. Hunger is the best sauce; nor did I ever use to feed to satiety. All this is most certain and true, which I have seriously, though over hastily, expressed to you, under the hand of

PATRICK MAKEL WIAN, Minister of Lesbury.

The perusal of what is contained in Wanley's book, which was put into his hand by a person at Alnwick, led the generous and eccentric Percival Stockdale, who, in the last century, resided nine or ten years in the village as vicar of the parish, to make many inquiries concerning him, but to very little effect. Those who had heard of him could give no information but what was vague and trifling; and many were not acquainted even with his name. One day Stockdale asked his next-door neighbour, the inheritor of a small patrimony, whose ancestors had lived in Lesbury from time immemorial, if any account had ever been given to him of Patrick Makel Wian, an old vicar of the parish, who was remarkable for his great longevity. He replied that he had never heard his name mentioned. The same answer was made to the querist by several intelligent persons, likewise old residents, from whom he had expected some satisfactory account. So much for the permanence of the memory of even remarkable men, when trusted to the keeping of local tradition. Patrick Makel Wian was worthy of being remembered for his virtue and piety, as

well as for his very great age; yet there is not even a simple freestone slab, far less a marble tablet, erected in commemoration of him in or near the church in which he faithfully ministered for considerably more than half-a century. Mr. Stockdale sought to find the spot where this venerable clergyman was buried. An old farmer in the village conjectured, but with great uncertainty, that he was interred in the church near the altar, betwixt the chancel door and the passage to the vestry. He likewise told Mr. Stockdale that, about forty years before, Mr. Thompson, the curate of Lesbury, copied some inscription or other, which might have been over the remains of the old vicar, from a flat stone in the space indicated. The floor was carefully examined, but not the faintest trace of an inscription could be discerned. As the clergyman of the parish, he should certainly, as Mr. Stockdale observes in his brief account of his fruitless explorations, have been buried in the chancel; "but, perhaps," he adds, "in those days they were not so accurately respectful on such occasions."

The old Vicar's grand-daughter was buried, it seems, at the northern extremity of the churchyard, opposite the parlour window of the vicarage; and it is not improbable that this was the place of his own interment also. Mr. Stockdale had the tombstone at the head of the grave taken up, as he supposed that some part of the inscription upon it might have been sunk through time. On the lap of the stone was the name of William Gair, who died on the 27th of May, 1749. This man married the granddaughter of the centenarian. She kept a school in a house which was afterwards the parish poor-house. It was recollected of her that she was a "terror of a schoolmistress," on which Stockdale makes a brief comment—"A female Busby in severity; but not, I apprehend, in learning." William Gair, her husband, was a carpenter; and in one instance, at least, he exercised his profession in a somewhat remarkable way. He made a coffin for himself, and another for his wife, probably at times when work was slack; and these grim mementoes were lodged in his house, ready for the event certain to come, many years before either of them died.

An old register book deposited in the vestry chest in Lesbury Church contains (or contained) the following entry:—

> Agnis Machel Wyan, of Lesbury,
> Buried the 17th of May, 1701.

The likelihood is that this woman was the daughter of the venerable vicar.

One anecdote of the old man, communicated to Mr. Stockdale, does credit to his memory. The terrible plague which devastated London in the year 1665, and of which Defoe gives such a graphic account, reached the remotest parts of the kingdom, and among other places Lesbury. It occasioned a considerable mortality in the village, which was then, we believe, more populous than it is now. Such of the villagers as were infected with the dreadful malady were removed to tents, which were erected for their reception on the neighbouring moor; and there the pious and venerable pastor, though approaching his hundred and twentieth year, attended the sufferers with great assiduity, consoling them with his prayers, and assisting in procuring for them such medicines as their malady required.

Centenarians in the Northern Counties.

The late Sir George Cornewall Lewis was not a believer in the common accounts of extraordinary longevity, such as Mr. Makel Wian's. He disputed the correctness of parish registers, as well as of old people's recollections as to their own age. In the main, doubtless, he may have been right; but, in the present case, there seems very little ground for rational scepticism. And if we accept only a tithe of the accounts which we have of persons who have lived far beyond what is termed the allotted, and is certainly the usual, term of human life, in Northumberland and Durham alone, we shall find ourselves in the presence of a very considerable army of centenarians—persons who have survived their hundredth year, and in some cases nearly reached a hundred and forty. Sykes records the names of 173 men and women who lived to above a hundred in the two North-Eastern Counties, between 1657 and 1799, and of 250 between 1800 and 1831. Latimer, in his continuation of Sykes, enumerates 116 from the latter year down to 1855. And Mr. William Brockie, in his "Folks of Shields," gives a list of 72 old people who died at North Shields, Monkseaton, Tynemouth, Cullercoats, Collingwood Main, Percy Main, Whitley, Chirton, Preston, South Shields, and neighbourhood, previous to 1857—the eldest on record in that district, John Ramsay, mariner, having lived to one hundred and fifteen, and none of the others to less than a hundred. Some particulars, not in Sykes, with regard to three or four of these exceptionally long-lived persons may be added. In a curious book, printed at Salisbury by James Easton, who was also its compiler, the name, age, place of residence, and year of decease of 1,712 persons who attained a century and upwards, from A.D. 66 to 1799, are recorded, with anecdotes of the most remarkable. Of Adam Turnbull, who died at Wooler, in July, 1744, at the age of 112, Mr. Easton tells us that he was able to walk twelve miles a day till within three years of his death. He had married four wives, and the last when he was over a century old. Ralph How, omitted by Sykes, died at Pickley Hill, near Bishop Auckland, in 1768, aged 103. James Palmer, of Newcastle, fisherman, who died in the following year, aged 106, never had a day's illness in his life. John Nicholls, of Darlington, died at that place in 1773, in his 112th year; and Mrs. Cooper, of Chirton, who departed this life in the same year, was only eight years his junior. Margaret Wilkinson, of Chester-le-Street, who died in 1780, reckoned her-

self 107 years old. And, finally, Mrs. Kerr, of Akeld, Northumberland, who died in 1786, aged 111, retained her mental faculties to the last.

Joseph Saint, the North Tyne Centenarian.

Mr. Joseph Saint died on Monday, April 26, 1886, at Chollerton, North Tyne, in the 103rd year of his age. The deceased was born at Haltwhistle, on February 21st, 1784. He left Haltwhistle at an early period in his life, and settled down at Chollerton. He had passed upwards of seventy years in the house in which he died. Although so long past the allotted span of human life, Mr. Saint preserved almost to the last a fair measure of health and strength. A presentation was made to him on his hundredth birthday, the ceremony taking place in his house in the presence of the Rural Dean, the Rev. Canon Rogers, of Simonburn, and a few friends. When the Northern Political Union was an active force, Mr. Saint was a prominent politician on North Tyne. Nor had he, even as late as 1885, lost interest in political questions; for he was among the voters who participated in the contest for the Hexham Division in that year—probably the only centenarian who exercised the ballot throughout all England at the general election then held. Mr. Saint's portrait, as here given, was copied from a photograph taken by Mr. Thomas Scott, of Haltwhistle, a few months before the worthy old gentleman's death.

JOSEPH SAINT, AGED 102.

Laplanders at Ravensworth Castle.

On May 24, 1786, Sir Henry George Liddell, Bart., of Ravensworth Castle, great grandfather of the present Earl of Ravensworth, embarked at Shields, on board the Gothenburg Merchant, Captain George Fothergill, on a tour through Sweden, Swedish Lapland, Finland, and Denmark. He was accompanied by Mr. Stoney Bowes and Mr. Matthew Consett, and an account of the tour, written by the latter gentleman, with plates by Bewick, furnishes particulars of a remarkable experiment.

It is said that this tour, which extended as far as Tornea, at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, was undertaken in consequence of a wager made by the baronet that he would visit Lapland, return thence in a certain time, and bring home with him two females of that country and two reindeer. Whatever truth there may have been in this report, it is certain that he fulfilled the specified conditions, having brought two Lap girls and two reindeer to England, within three months of the time of his leaving home. The party returned to Ravensworth after a pleasant journey, at ten o'clock on the evening of the 17th August, or twelve weeks and a day after he had set out.

They were first met with at Igsund, in Western Noorland, between twenty and thirty miles south-west of Hernosand. This small place, at which the travellers lodged for the night both in going and returning, is stated to have been the property of Class Grill, Knight of the Order of Vasa, and chief director of the Swedish East India Company. That gentleman received them most politely, treated them hospitably, and put Sir Henry in the way of getting the two reindeer he wanted, as well as two suitable females to attend upon them. The girls' names were Sigree and Anea, and they were natives of Jokmo, on the Lulea Elv, a little way below the Lulea Trœsk, in Lulea Lapmark. With respect to their persons, they were low in stature, with broad features, like the rest of their countrywomen. Sir Henry had no difficulty in persuading them to undertake the enterprise. They seemed so satisfied that his intentions were good, and relied so entirely on the baronet's promise that he would send them safely back again to their friends and country, that they made very little opposition to his proposals. In all probability the poverty of these females, joined to an enterprising spirit, occasioned their easy acquiescence. Mr. Consett says:—"As their minds were entirely uncorrupted by the influence of foreign intercourse, as they had never travelled beyond their native mountains, and as their return was at least uncertain, it is very remarkable that they should so easily be prevailed upon to leave their friends and connections, their huts and their flocks, to undertake a dangerous, or at least a tedious, journey and voyage, to visit a country of which they were ignorant, and reside among a people whose manners and customs they could not know." "Many unfair and uncharitable censures," he tells us, "were thrown upon these innocent Laplanders. The voice of busy rumour is not often silent upon such subjects. An easy constitutional temper, joined to good health and good spirits, is very apt to be misinterpreted by the morose and censorious. But it is cruel malevolence to attempt to depreciate innocence from mere suspicion. And that this was the only foundation for any reflections upon the Lapland girls, I dare venture to affirm."

The parents consented without much ado to their daughters undertaking this arduous journey. They did so without any bribe or other consideration than the faithful promise of the baronet. They dropped, indeed, some natural tears, but wiped them soon. From Igsund, they accompanied their children a part of the journey, then took an affectionate leave and returned home. This extraordinary confidence of the old people was founded on the idea that their daughters would return laden with opulence. Probably nothing else could have tempted them to part from them, though even this is not apparent, as they were not so mercenary as to expect to be bribed into consent. "Will it be allowed me to reason from hence," asks Mr. Consett, "that the nearer we approach to a state of nature, the less the human mind is subject to suspicions?" The two adventurers, with three more females as companions, walked on foot with the five reindeer near 600 miles before they reached Gothenburg, where the English tourists met them, and they embarked all together for England.

The dress they wore when engaged was that of their countrywomen. They had never in their lives used any kind of linen. They had on close breeches, or rather trousers, of coarse cloth or "wadmal," reaching down to the shoes, which were made of untanned skin, pointed and turned up before, and so roomy that in winter they could put a little hay in them, as our old-fashioned North-Country ploughmen used formerly to do. Their doublets were made to fit their shape, and open at the breast. Over the doublet they wore a close fur-bordered coat with narrow sleeves, the skirts of which reached down to the knees, and which was gathered round them by a leathern girdle, embroidered with brass wire, and ornamented with tin plates. In this girdle they had long knives stuck, as well as a flint and frizzle, tobacco, pipes, and other smoking apparatus. They wore their coarse black hair either coiled up under close-fitting peaked caps, or hanging down in the loose fashion lately called water-falls by ladies of the present day.

Mr. Consett tells us that the reindeer bred after their arrival in England, and were likely to become very prolific. This expectation, however, was not realised. The animals perished in a succeeding winter, mainly, we believe, from the carelessness of those in whose charge they were left.

The female Laps were received in this country as great curiosities, and were visited by all ranks of people. They were not only lively and cheerful, but graceful and un-

affected. During their stay in Northumberland, they lost none of those natural accomplishments which they brought along with them. Though introduced to people of distinction, they lost none of their modesty and humility; though distant from their native land, and possibly uncertain of their return, they lost none of their liveliness.

The time came when they were to return, and they re-embarked in the same ship that brought them, reaching Sweden in safety, after an absence of several months. Their appearance at Gothenburg, Stockholm, and other towns they passed through excited considerable interest. The curiosity of the Swedes was great, and their interrogatories many, concerning the reception they had met with in England. To all these questions they were able to give the most satisfactory answers. Their comfortable new English clothes, and the little stock of riches they brought back with them, testified to the manner in which they had been treated. When Charles, Duke of Sudermania, brother of Gustavus III., heard of their arrival in Stockholm, he expressed a desire to see them. They were accordingly ushered into his presence. The duke went very particularly into all the circumstances of their journey. The whole of their replies tended to the honour of England, and they did not conceal their reluctance to leave our hospitable country.

When they returned to their native huts among the pine forests of Lapmark, they found themselves possessed of fifty pounds sterling—quite a fortune in their country. Nor was this all their riches; for they had, besides, many beautiful presents of trinkets, both valuable and various. It is understood that they married advantageously, and "lived very happy ever after."

Sir Henry George Liddell also brought over a Lapland sledge, a figure of which illustrates the chapter "Of the Reindeer" in Bewick's volume of the "Natural History of Quadrupeds," and forms the frontispiece to Consett's "Tour." Unfortunately this sledge was allowed to be sold at a sale of the furniture of Ravensworth Castle, when the old place was pulled down in 1808 to make room for the present edifice.

Mrs. Jameson in Newcastle.

Mrs. Jameson, the celebrated authoress, resided, when young, some time in Newcastle. Her father was named Murphy. Mr. Murphy was a miniature painter, and lived in this town a few years, early in the present century. He painted a portrait of Thomas Bewick, the wood engraver, and also one of William Charnley, bookseller, both of which were engraved. The former portrait is among the Bewick relics in the Natural History Museum, Newcastle. WM. DODD, Newcastle.

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In the year 1802 the father of Mrs. Jameson, Mr. Brownell Murphy, came to live in Newcastle to carry on his profession of miniature painting. Mr. Murphy soon became known and esteemed in Newcastle, and acquired many friends. His daughter Anna, the future Mrs. Jameson, was eight years old at this time. During the first year of their residence in Newcastle, the children were sent to stay at Kenton, whilst their father and mother were in Scotland. Thinking that the people in charge of them were not kind to her little sisters, Anna arranged for them all to walk to Scotland to join their parents, and they actually set out, carrying slices of bread and bundles of clean clothes for Sunday, as it happened to be Saturday. They were soon observed and safely brought back. F. H., Newcastle.

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Mrs. Jameson's maiden name was Murphy. Her father was an Irishman and an artist. He was connected with the United Irishmen, and was a friend of Wolfe Tone, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Napper Tandy, and other men of '98. He married an English lady, and for family reasons he was compelled to come to this country, and by that means probably escaped the fate that befel his political associates. He took up his residence, first, at Whitehaven, where he lived for a short time. Then he came to Newcastle-on-Tyne, and was here for some years. He lived above the shop of Richard Miller, a bookseller in Mosley Street. Mr. Murphy left Newcastle for London about 1804 or 1805. Mrs. Jameson's husband was a barrister, and at one time held a judicial position in the West Indies, and afterwards in Canada. The marriage was not a happy one, but there was no formal separation. Her first essay in literature, however, was occasioned by a difference (which was afterwards settled) that took place between her and her husband. It is to be regretted that there are no trustworthy details of the life of Mrs. Jameson, who was one of the most remarkable women of this century. She had a great aversion to publicity, and many of the materials which would have constituted interesting matter for her memoirs she destroyed. Her niece, who married a descendent of Macpherson, the translator of "Ossian," published a story of her aunt's life some ten years ago. Mrs. Macpherson was prompted to do this for the purpose of answering some charges made by Miss Martineau against Mrs. Jameson. Mrs. Jameson never lived in Newcastle after she left with her father when a child, but she visited this district several times, and in her memoirs, and in those of Miss Martineau, there is some interesting correspondence between the two ladies when Miss Martineau was living at Tynemouth, curing herself, as she thought, by mesmerism. Mrs. Jameson was at one time a very intimate friend of Lady Byron. I remember seeing her and hearing her speak at the Social Science Congress at Bradford in 1859. She was then a remarkably handsome old lady, and she greatly impressed the audience by her earnestness and eloquence. C., Newcastle.

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The following further account of the escapade at

Kenton is given in Mr. Welford's "History of Gosforth":—

Mr. Murphy, with his wife, being frequently absent from home, his four daughters, of whom Anna (Mrs. Jameson) was the eldest, were left in charge of a governess named Yokeley. In 1803, when Anna was nine years old, the father and mother went on a journey to Scotland, and the governess accompanied the children to lodgings at Kenton for the benefit of the air. But, writes Mrs. Jameson's biographer, Miss Yokeley, in her turn, accepted an invitation to visit friends, and the little girls were left alone for two or three days under the charge of the people of the house in which they lived. These temporary guardians interfered to prevent some delightful composition of mud pies on which the young children had set their hearts, and the wail that followed the prohibition came to the ears of the elder sister, who had not a moment's hesitation in proposing that they should all start that very evening to join their father and mother in Scotland. They must be sure and eat all the bread and butter they possibly could at tea, and stow away in the front and pockets of their frocks whatever amount of slices could be secretly abstracted from the plates; then, each provided with a tiny bundle containing a change for Sunday, they would start on their journey. All went as smoothly as possible, no suspicions were aroused, and the little girls stole softly from the house and hurried one after another down the village street. But the unusual appearance of the party soon attracted attention, and first one and then another wondered to see the little Murphys running off by themselves. Some gossip more energetic than the rest took it upon herself to give the alarm, and, greatly to Anna's chagrin and disappointment, they were pursued and captured before meeting with a single adventure, save that one of the little bundles fell into a ditch, and a little red shoe was lost for ever.

EDITOR.

Lambert's Leap.

In all the history of Newcastle there is nothing more curious than the strange series of three almost similar accidents which befel at the place named after the first of them, "Lambert's Leap."

A hundred and twenty-eight years ago, on the 20th September, 1759, young Cuthbert Lambert, of his Majesty's Customs, son of the famous Newcastle physician, Dr. Lambert, of Pilgrim Street, was riding along Sandyford Lane, when his mare took fright and bolted in the direction of Benton Lane. At that time the little burn, which, rising somewhere near Brandling Village, flowed open through the fields into the Drop Well ravine and joined the Ouseburn opposite Heaton Haugh, was crossed by a bridge at the junction of Sandyford and Benton Lanes, where there was a rather awkward turn. The frightened mare, instead of taking this turn, flew straight ahead in the line of Sandyford Lane, and jumped the parapet of the bridge into the ravine below, "making a leap of forty-five feet and thirty-six perpendicular." Luckily for the rider, the fall was somewhat broken by the projecting branch of an old ash tree, so that he managed to keep his seat to the bottom, and miraculously escaped without any further injury than a severe shaking. The poor mare, however, was not so fortunate, for every joint of her back bone was dislocated, and she died almost immediately. The event caused a profound sensation, and we may imagine how the Newcastle people would flock to the scene of the accident, the very place where the leap occurrred being afterwards marked by the words "Lambert's Leap," cut on one of the coping stones of the bridge.

It caused a sensation even so far off as London, where a Mr. Pollard, in 1786, published a large print of the incident, afterwards copied and engraved by Mr. John Scott for the "Sporting Anecdotes." The print, however, like some of the pictures in the sensational illustrated papers of the present day, was evidently drawn from imagination; for, says Sykes, "it is neither a view of the place, nor does it give the true version of the facts." The view we give is a copy of the print, so that the reader will be able to judge for himself as to how far it agrees, or disagrees, with the true story as we have related it. For many years past the same pictorial version has been displayed on the sign of the "Lambert's Leap" public-house in Sandyford Lane.

Twelve years after Mr. Lambert's adventure—that is to say, on the 18th of August, 1771—another similar accident took place at the very same spot. A servant of Sir John Hussey Delaval, of Seaton Delaval, was riding into Newcastle from his master's seat, when his horse took fright at the Barras Bridge, and ran away with him along Sandyford Lane. Some people attempted to stop it at the bridge; but it sprang over the parapet into the dene below, just as Mr. Lambert's mare had done. Again the rider escaped with very little damage. The horse, however, was shot to put it out of pain, so much was it injured. The man, though he fell beneath the horse's body, was saved by landing between two large stones, which prevented its weight from crushing him.

Fifty-six years or thereabouts passed away, and again, for the third time, Lambert's Leap was the talk of the town. It was on the 5th December, 1827, that a young Newcastle surgeon, Mr. John Nicholson, was riding along Sandyford Lane. Again the horse took fright, and again it leaped over the parapet, in so doing kicking down the incised coping stone: but this time it was the horse which escaped injury, and the rider who was killed. Mr. Nicholson died the same evening from the effects of the fall.

Another engraved coping stone soon replaced the original, which had been broken by falling into the dene, and still it may be seen, and still we may look over the parapet and see the deep ravine below, the scene of these three accidents. The course of the burn north of the bridge has long since been arched over and covered in, and the landmarks round about have strangely altered. No more can we see the little lane which used to lead from the end of Shield Street to Lambert's Leap, by the side of which stood the "bumping stone," or "lucky stone," on which as boys we laid our ear to hear the "witches roaring," or "the devil washing his dishes," and suffered for our credulity

at the hands of our comrades. No more exists the pleasant lane which led from Lambert's Leap, past Shieldfield House, towards Stepney. No longer is Sandyford Lane the Sandyford Lane of yore, with its garden palings and hedges rich in moths and "logger-heads" on one side, and its cornfields and dreaded stable where the man hung himself on the other. And doubtless soon the Drop Well ravine itself, where used to grow such glorious store of red-cheeked apples and luscious pears, will be filled up; and there will be no more need of the parapet wall, and it too shall be levelled and cleared away. When that day comes we hope the stone inscribed in memory of Lambert's Leap may be preserved in some place where we and those who come after us may be able to look upon this memorial of the strange and startling incidents we have described. R. J. C.

LAMBERT'S LEAP.

The Murder of Ferdinando Forster.

THE Forsters and the Fenwicks were equally ancient, and almost equally important, Northumberland families. The former rose to the highest position short of ennoblement when James I. bestowed upon them the castle and manor of Bamborough, and they fell from this high estate along with their neighbour and relative, Lord Derwentwater, in the rebellion of 1715. Thomas Forster, who took so prominent a part in that unfortunate rising, was the son of Ferdinando Forster, of whose tragic fate we have now to write. The Fenwicks have been famed in Border legend ever since Northumberland and South Scotland had scribes to indite their rude annals, or poets to sing their deeds of robbery, love, and war. They are of far-dated Saxon origin, and derived their name as a clan from their ancient fastnesses in the fenny lands about Stamfordham. The House of Percy from of old looked upon the Fenwykes (such was the original spelling) as amongst its most faithful and foremost retainers. From the dawn of history they were in the van of all the border fights, and the slogan or gathering cry, "A Fenwyke! a Fenwyke! a Fenwyke!" was a deadly sound in the ears of the Scotch invaders. From the time of Henry IV. to that of William III., the head seat of the Fenwyke family was Wallington. But they were evidently a prolific as well as a powerful clan, for their roots struck out far and wide until their name is so truly Northumbrian that a Fenwick would be hailed as a son of the far North by Englishmen all the world over.

In the year 1701 one John Fenwick was residing at Rock Hall, near Alnwick. His wealth appears to have been derived in some considerable measure from a colliery at Kenton, near Newcastle. He was regarded as a man of high position, and in this capacity, as was natural, his name figured in the grand jury lists of the county. He had been summoned to serve in Newcastle at the Summer Assizes, and was in attendance on this duty. Ferdinando Forster, of Bamborough Castle, Member of Parliament for Northumberland, was in town on the same service. On the 22nd of August, the Grand Jury dined together at the Black Horse Inn, then the best house of entertainment in Newcastle, but since taken down to make way for the present Clayton Street. Tradition glorifies these banquets at Assize time as among the most festive re-unions for county gentlemen the period afforded. The Whigs of the day swore by the Act of Settlement and the Protestant Succession, whereas the Tories plotted and brooded over their treason in the hope that one day it would be hatched into a new revolution. Most of the Fenwicks were inclined to the Jacobite cause, and it may be assumed that the Forster who took part in the Derwentwater rising was not the first of his name who had favoured the hopeless cause of the Stuarts.

Only three years before the date of our tale, Sir John Fenwick, of Wallington, had been beheaded on Tower Hill for "compassing and imagining the death of the king, and adhering to his enemies"—a crime which was specially created by Act of Parliament to secure his condemnation. We need not suppose, then, that the gentlemen of the grand jury quarrelled about politics over their cups in the hostelry of the Black Horse; but it is clear that there was some sort of family feud between Mr. Forster, of Bamborough, and this particular Fenwick, of Rock. It may have been an old family quarrel, or some dispute about lands and territorial rights. One tradition points to a gambling transaction as the origin of the bad feeling between the two squires. It is more than probable that there had been an old grudge rankling in one or other or both hearts, and that the excitement of the gaming table had stirred the smouldering fire to flame. According to the version given by Mr. Edward Collingwood, Recorder for Newcastle, to Alderman Hornby—and purporting to have been transmitted from the Recorder's father, who was an eye-witness of the quarrel, if not of the actual tragedy—the immediate provocation was that Mr. Fenwick came into the dining chamber hilariously singing a partizan song, of which the refrain was "Sir John Fenwick's the flower among them," and as this ditty was in glorification of the Fenwick clan as compared with the Forsters and many other North-Country families, the member for the shire took umbrage at the arrogant sentiment. Heated words were exchanged, and matters would have been speedily carried to extremity but for the intervention of the rest of the company.

So far as appearances went, the mediation was successful, but unfortunately events proved that the wounds in the feelings of both gentlemen had only been skimmed over. They quaffed "the cup of kindness" together, but it was a simulated healing of the feud. The next day Mr. Fenwick and Mr. Forster met by accident in Newgate Street, on a spot where a white thorn grew, and near to the Old White Cross. Here the ill blood of the previous night began to grow hot once more. Angry words were exchanged. Both gentlemen wore swords—as did all who pretended to the quality of gentlefolk in those days—and in a few minutes they were engaged in fierce combat. Mr. Forster was killed, and Mr. Fenwick fled for his life.

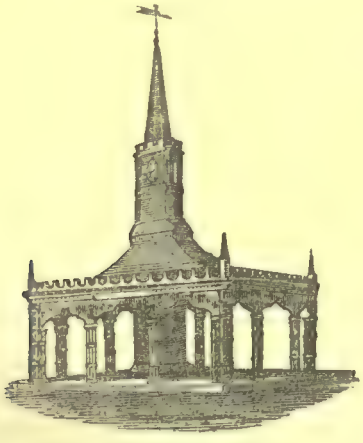
Another account says that the quarrel of the dining-room issued in a challenge, which was accepted on the

spot, and while the two enraged squires were going out to fight in the open air, Fenwick came stealthily behind Forster and stabbed him in the back. This would seem to be the more likely version, because in those days fatal results from duelling were rarely, if ever, construed into murder, as was the case in this instance. It also tallies better with the tradition that Mr. Fenwick became a fugitive, and was only captured after a long search. An entry in the old register of St. Andrew's shows that a reward of forty shillings was actually paid to a man as a reward for pursuing and taking Fenwick after the fatal affair at the white thorn tree.

But whether it was a dastardly assassination or a stand-up fight, it is obvious that the slayer of so important a person as Mr. Forster—a knight of the shire—would be sure in the first instance to aim at concealment and escape. It is probable that he did not get very far; indeed, it is said that he was almost instantly taken in a garden attached to a house in Gallowgate.

The Assizes were still proceeding, so that the preliminary examination before the magistrates led to Fenwick being forthwith put upon his trial before the very judge with whom a few days before he had been engaged as an assessor and dispenser of justice. He was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged—an extreme instance of legal vengeance, if we are to assume the fact of a duel, but unexceptionable on the supposition of cowardly stabbing. It is quite in accordance with the custom of that day that he should have been sentenced to be hung on the actual scene of his crime; and hence may have originated the statement that he was hanged near the white thorn tree. The Collingwood account preserved in the manuscript notes of Alderman Hornby, which professes to be in correction of the common report relied on by Brand in his "History of Newcastle," represents the execution as having taken place on a scaffold erected for the purpose between the gaol and the governor's house. Both versions agree in the story of the town gates being shut prior to and during the execution. One of them alleges as the reason for this extra precaution the great veneration felt throughout the northern part of the county for the name of Fenwick—a reverence which, in these lawless times, was very apt to show itself in open defiance of judge, gaoler, and hangman. The other account assigns a more specific object of fear to the minds of the authorities. The Kenton pitmen were employed by Mr. Fenwick, and it was thought that they would create a riot, under cover of which they might rescue their unfortunate master. There appears to be no doubt, however, that the gates were shut, and this fact alone would show what solemnity the justices attached to an occasion on which a Fenwick was to suffer death for the murder of a Forster.

The White Cross, the scene of the tragedy we have described, is figured in the little woodcut we print below. It was removed many years ago; but the site it occupied in Newgate Street, immediately opposite Low Friar Street, is marked by a circle of stones in the middle of the road.



THE WHITE CROSS, REMOVED IN 1808.

Over the Churchyard Wall.

The interesting paper which is here presented to our readers was contributed to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* in July, 1885. The initials at the end of it are those of an esteemed contributor to that paper, the now venerable JAMES CLEPHAN.

Over the churchyard wall, and through the iron railings, peep the tombstones of St. John, Newcastle. On the one side, the city of the living: on the other, the city of the dead. The throng and hurry of warm life is here—the quick step and the passing salutation; and there, dust and ashes and unbroken silence. The lettered stone looks over the wall, with its remembrance of death and departure, appealing to young and old as they pace the way their fathers have gone; but with unconscious gaze they hasten by, heedless of the admonition. "Jack Scott," Lord Chancellor of an after day, scaled the fence with his playmates, and bestrode the headstones with mimic horsemanship, over against the school in which he got his learning; and now, near upon the churchyard path, is the recorded death of one of his neighbours in the days of his youth. Barbara Bowes, born before the Rebellion of 1745, and of about the same age as Lord Stowell, lived on the opposite side of the thoroughfare where dwelt his parents, and, as the sculptured memorial tells, died May 29, 1834, aged 90. Lord Eldon was wont to say, when sitting in Chancery, that he ought not to complain of the narrowness of his court, having been born "in the foot of a chare." Narrow enough was Love Lane—narrower even than now—when the youthful Barbara ran up stairs and down under the parental roof; for she would gossip with her grandchildren in the nineteenth century, not without some pardonable sense of pride, how she had often shaken hands with Eldon and Stowell, and their brothers and sisters, reaching over the way to each other from the upper windows of their homes.

Farther away from the street than the grave of Barbara Bowes, and unmarked by any monument, repose the remains of William Thomas under the churchyard path. Coming to Newcastle a poor lad, extensive estates were gradually committed to his charge; and while he was living in Denton Hall, and when the proposal of a canal between the eastern and western sea was commanding public attention, he was the first to suggest that preference should be given to an iron road. At the monthly meeting of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle, February, 1800, when Thomas Bewick (whose tailpiece of the boys mounted as racers on the churchyard stones preaches of the contrast and companionship of life and death) had been nominated as a member, William Thomas read a paper in which he not only recommended the construction of a railway, but that it should be made for the conveyance of passengers, as well as for the transit of minerals and general merchandise. Mr. Thomas died on the 20th of April, 1824, at the age of 66, when the world's earliest passenger railroad, the Stockton and Darlington, was approaching completion; and he was laid to rest in the churchyard of St. John ere the Newcastle and Carlisle project was realised.

Not far distant had been interred, in 1773, John Cunningham, the pastoral poet, whose lines,

> In the barn the tenant cock,
> Close to Partlet perched on high,

and so on to the end of "The Day," the boys of the Stockton Grammar School, when I was one of them, were piping in the ears of the master from Lindley Murray's "Reader," till he was doubtless weary of the tune. Undisturbed by the prompter's call, the "poor player" rests from his vocation, and no longer treads our streets with purse ill-lined, in the worn form portrayed by Bewick when death was walking by his side.

Close against the churchyard wall, catching the eye in Westgate Street, is the brief record of William Charnley, apprentice of that

> Martin Bryson on Tyne Brig,
> An upright, downright, honest Whig,

with whom Allan Ramsay, author of this rhyming postal address, rejoiced to hold correspondence. His indentures fulfilled, the apprentice joined his fortunes with those of his master, and afterwards succeeded him in the business carried on from 1716 over the great tidal highway of the Tyne. There, the poems of Cunningham were "sold by W. Charnley" in 1766; and there, with his trumpet at his ear, the bookseller was found, in 1771, by the overwhelming flood which ruined the viaduct in a November night, and brought loss and embarrassment to many a prosperous shopkeeper whose trade lay on the picturesque roadway over the river. Not until the close of the year 1773, "by the kind assistance of his friends," was Charnley "enabled to begin business" anew at the bridge end; and thence, in 1777, he removed to the Groat Market, where, on the site at present occupied by the entrance to Collingwood Street, he died at the age of 76, on the 9th of August, 1803. Not the most delicate of trumpets could now bring the music of the human voice to "the dull, cold ear" that lies mouldered over the churchyard wall at the foot of his memorial stone.

The new thoroughfare—undertaken in 1809, notwithstanding the protests of those who stood by the ancient ways, "that it would let the west wind into the town!"—

was named in honour of the great admiral born at the head of the Side, who died on the 7th of March, 1810, while it was in course of formation; and now, not remote from the tombstone of William Charnley, but nearer the Cunningham window, Frances Oviston, wife of a Collingwood Street "bookseller and stationer," has her graven note of kindly remembrance, reminding elderly Novocastrians of the delight which they derived in their young days from the attractive pictorial panes opposite the Turf Hotel, when the mail-coach and its guard were in their roseate glory.

"The burial-place of Edward Chicken, twenty-five-years clerk of this parish," lies between the south wall of the church and the flagged footway, the parochial registrar passing in 1746 from his pulpit within to his resting-place without. Author of "The Collier's Wedding," he also earned for himself, as arbiter and peacemaker, the honorary and honourable title of "The Mayor of the White Cross."

Over the churchyard wall lie bookseller and poet, parish-clerk and railway projector, and Barbara Bowes of the Quaysids chare, who shook hands with the Scotts over the narrow way, all finding, with the dust of generations, a common home round the old church of St. John. "In the chancel, much defaced," in the time of Brand, was the storied monument of the Astells, writ in prose and verse, in Latin and English. William Astell, flourishing under the Monarchy and the Commonwealth, was a devoted Royalist,

. . . . whose heart bled
When rebel feet cut off their head.

Some years he survived the fall of Charles on the scaffold; and when time had softened his sorrows, and his wounds were healed in death, he was laid to rest, "till the last trump shall sound," with an inscription invoking the attention of the living to the memorials of the dead that were strewn around:—

Stay, reader, stay, who would'st but canst not buy
Choice books, come read the Church's Library,
Which, like sibylline leaves, etc.

Another parishioner, who also found commemoration in the chancel in the seventeenth century, was Oswald Chaytor, a worthy predecessor in the reading desk of Edward Chicken. Bravely he had played his part in the pitiless pestilence that fell upon Newcastle after the Armada. He was among the heroes of the hour, and one of its recorders. When Drake and Howard, and the winds of heaven, had scattered the invading fleet of 1588, the plague, a more formidable foe, took the field in 1589. Seldom long absent from the land of our forefathers, it now swept into the grave in Newcastle upwards of seventeen hundred men, women, and children, about one-fifth of whom were buried at St. John's. The curate of the parish, and the grave-maker, were of the number. Chaytor's first entry occurs on the 8th of June, 1589:—"1 child and 1 woman died in the plague." On the 4th of July:—"A poor man buried, the first which died in the plague." It was in October that the pest attained its most fatal height. In this single month, 128 of the parishioners were devoured by the epidemic; "whereof," says the parish clerk, "three score and three were children, thirty-two young men and maids, and thirty-three married folks." Far down into the reign of Queen Elizabeth's successor, the exemplary official outlived the sweeping mortality, "departing to the mercy of God, July 21, 1623, aged 68 years," during 38 of which he had held and justified his appointment. He had also followed the vocation of a linen-weaver, and thus represented two callings now extinct within the shadowy mural boundaries of Old Newcastle, and food for antiquaries.

What materials for history are to found within the circuit of one of our closed burial-grounds! Here, going back beyond William Astell and Oswald Chaytor, is John Wilkinson, the Sheriff of 1555, the Mayor of 1561, who was making his will on the 1st of February, 1571, in our now departed "Middle Street," and unconsciously giving us our first historic mention of the monarch of musical instruments in the parish churches of Newcastle; desiring (says Bourne) "to be buryed in Saincte John Churche, on the northe syde of the same churche, nyghe where the organes doithe stande." One of the merchant adventurers and drapers of the borough, besides remembering the poor and needy, he instructs his executors to provide a dinner at his funeral for his brethren and neighbours in the Middle Street, where he had his house and place of business. Mixed and multifarious were the commodities in which he dealt—thread and "thymble," saffron and "synemount," tape and tacks, trenchers and playing cards, "catechismes" and "a-be-cees," "quyck-silver" and "pyk" [pitch], silver goods and lead, with "yron" of all kinds and countries, and everything else besides.

At what date the music of the organ was first heard on the Tyne, at St. John's or elsewhere, is not on record; but from the second volume of Mr. Welford's "History of Newcastle and Gateshead," pp. 239, 240, it is to be learnt that the Dissolution under Henry VIII. found the instrument in the religious houses. After the surrender of the monastery of the White Friars, overlooking the Close, January 10, 1539, there was an inventory of "the stuff and other things" comprised therein; with, "In the Quire, a pair of organs"; and also, "In the Lady Chapel, a pair of organs." "Pair of organs" was a familiar form of speech at a period when the instrument, exposing its inner life to view, and not compactly imprisoned in a case, conveyed to the eye but little sense of unity. "Pair" was used indeed, in many directions, synonymously with set. The widow of Lord Fitzhugh, of Ravensworth Castle, Richmondshire, Constable of England at the coronation of Henry the Fifth, making her will in the autumn of 1427, touchingly bequeaths to "Geg" (a name of fond endearment) "a paire" (or string or set) "of bedes of gold." (Wills and Inventories: Surtees Society.) Nor is the phrase yet altogether obsolete amongst us, if less common than once it was. We still hear, occasionally, of a pair (or flight) of stairs, a pair (or chest) of drawers, &c.

Speech, however, varies as generations come and go;

and not the tongue alone is mutable. All around the venerable church of St. John, gardens and orchards formerly flourished. From their home in Rosemary Lane, embowered among flowers and fruit trees, when George III. was king, the Collingwoods looked over the churchyard wall on the grey old tower and the mounds of the slumbering dead. Here, in 1775, died Cuthbert Collingwood, "formerly a merchant in this town," his widow Milcah, "mother of Captain Collingwood, of the Minotaur," surviving down to 1788. In June, 1791, the future admiral and peer, when in command of H.M. frigate Mermaid, married the eldest daughter of John Erasmus Blackett, Mayor of Newcastle for the fourth time; of whom it is noteworthy to state that, when appointed to the office of Sheriff in 1756, he had no predecessor on the municipal roll, in either capacity, bearing two Christian names. Camden says, indeed, that when King James crossed the Tweed, in 1603, there were but two of his English subjects who had been thus endowed at the font. But he who reads a newspaper in the light of the present day sees how common it is to have two or more.

J. C.

Charles I. in Northumberland.

In the spring of 1639, King Charles I. passed through Northumberland with a strong army to negotiate with, and if necessary fight, the covenanting Scots, who were threatening to invade England. In his train was Edward Norgate, a courtier full of humour and full of spirit. Norgate wrote to Secretary Windebank and others very copious accounts of the royal progress, and of the somewhat tedious proceedings which culminated in the short-lived Treaty of Berwick. Usually State papers are not very entertaining reading, but in those of 1639 Norgate's jaunty letters lighten up the page, and give animation to an otherwise monotonous record. Here is an extract from one of his letters dated Newcastle, May 9th:—

The king prepares for his march hence on Wednesday next, against which time all are commanded to be in readiness to attend his person and to take up their lodgings as he doth, in the fair fields *sub dio*, to which purpose the army is moving before, to be ready upon the way some five or six miles hence, with whom the king intends to march their slow pace and easy journeys, about seven or eight miles a day, till we come to Berwick, which is already so full as little shelter will be allowed to any but some few of the principal servants, and to mend the matter there are no villages near, nor friendly bush nor brier to lend assistance.

Yesterday marched through this town about seven or eight companies of foot with some horse, before whom rode the Lord General gallantly mounted and vested *à la Soldado*, with his scarf and *panache*, with many brave attendants, who brought the foot to their first quarter a few miles hence. The Earl of Holland and the horse troops have gone forward two days since, and this day the gross of the army, yet behind, pass on to their fellows. Much discourse here is whether we shall fight or no. At Durham the bishop feasted the Lord General, the Lord Chamberlain, and other grand seignors, amongst whom it pleased him to call me.

I remember a great man said that he marvelled why the Scots did think we should be so in love with their country as to seek to take it from them, that many of that nation were gallant soldiers and deserving men, whom he valued and honoured according to their merits; but for his part he never saw anything in Scotland worthy the fighting for.

The following is an extract from a letter dated Berwick May 28th:—

At Newcastle there was great debate about the king's going forward or staying there till the army was in readiness. My lord of Bristol was very earnest for his stay there, producing a Scot who offered to be hanged if they did not see ten or fifteen thousand Scots upon their march hitherward, and how unsafe it was to venture the king's person among an untaught and inexperienced army, unentrenched, and, perhaps, as ill fed as taught, was easy to imagine.

However, the king went on Ascension Day to Morpeth, 12 miles, and thence to Alnwick, 14, where he lay that night, with intention to be at Berwick the next, which was 12 miles to Belford and as far thither. The next day I followed, intending that night to lodge at Alnwick, whence I supposed the king gone the morning that I set out from Newcastle, but, riding through Morpeth, I was stayed by my lord of Bristol, whom I found walking in the street. He wished me to go no further, for the king made a halt at Alnwick, and would, contrary to his first purpose, stay there all that day and the next, upon some alarm that was in the camp, whereof he received information from the Lord General, so that persons of great quality lay in their coaches, carts, &c., the town being very little and the company great. So at Morpeth I stayed, but the next day went on to Alnwick, whence the king was that morning gone to the army at Goswick, for the alarm was false.

The next morning, passing through Belfort (nothing like the name either in strength or beauty), it being the most miserable, beggarly, sodden town or town of sods that ever was made, in an afternoon, of loam and sticks, there I stumbled on Mr. Murray, one of the cupbearers to his Majesty, who had taken up the every and only room in the only alehouse. Thither he kindly invites me to a place as good as a death's head or memento for mortality, the top, sole, and sides being all earth, and four beds no bigger than so many large coffins; indeed, it was, for beauty and convenience, like a covered sawpit. Our hostess was a moving uncleanly skeleton. I asked him who had condemned him thither. He said *durum telum necessitas*, that he with four score other gentlemen of quality, a horse troop, being billeted the night before at a little village three miles further, coming to the place after a long and weary march, found no other accomodation than a dark and rainy night, in all the town not one loaf of bread, nor quart of beer, not a lock of hay nor peck of oats, and little shelter for horse or man; only a few hens they roasted and ate without bread, but not without water. Their horses had nothing. He told me I should find the army in little better condition, the foot companies having stood in water up to the ankles, by reason of the rain; that in forty-eight hours they had no bread, no other lodging but on the wet ground, the camp being low, near the seaside, nor any shelter but the fair heavens. After dinner, I rode to the army, where I think there was not above 7,000 foot, the horse elsewhere disposed into villages, about 3,000. [Margin, "1,000 horse in all here."] There I found the cause of the late want was for lack of carriages to bring bread to the army, but now they were better accomodated, yet lay *sub dio*.

The king was in his tent, about which some of the lords had pitched theirs. I think none who love him but must wish the army ten times doubled, and those ten fifteen times better accomodated, especially seeing this town as ill provided as the other, and the hourly reports of the Scots advancing 10,000 in one place and 15,000 in another to second their fellows. Yet we are told they come with a petition; but it seems they mean to dictate the reference

themselves, wherein, I believe, Sir Edmund Powell will have little to do. To this town I came last night, where Sir John Burrows and I could hardly get a loaf of bread for supper; a black cake we got, scarce edible; I went to Mr. Secretary's to beg one, and had it given me with much difficulty, Mr. May protesting that his master was glad to send to my Lord Governor for bread for him and his the day before, and that he got but two small halfpenny loaves. This day our host, fetching us some for dinner, had it snatched from him by one of the soldiers, who much complain. The people here say that if some speedy order be not taken, they shall want bread for their families, the soldiers devouring what can be got, and the Scots, by whom it seems this town was formerly supplied with victual of all kinds, and that in a plentiful manner, and cheap, being now debarred, they fear extremely the want of provisions, the country on the Northumberland side being very barren, but plentiful beyond the bound rod [boundary rod] towards Scotland.

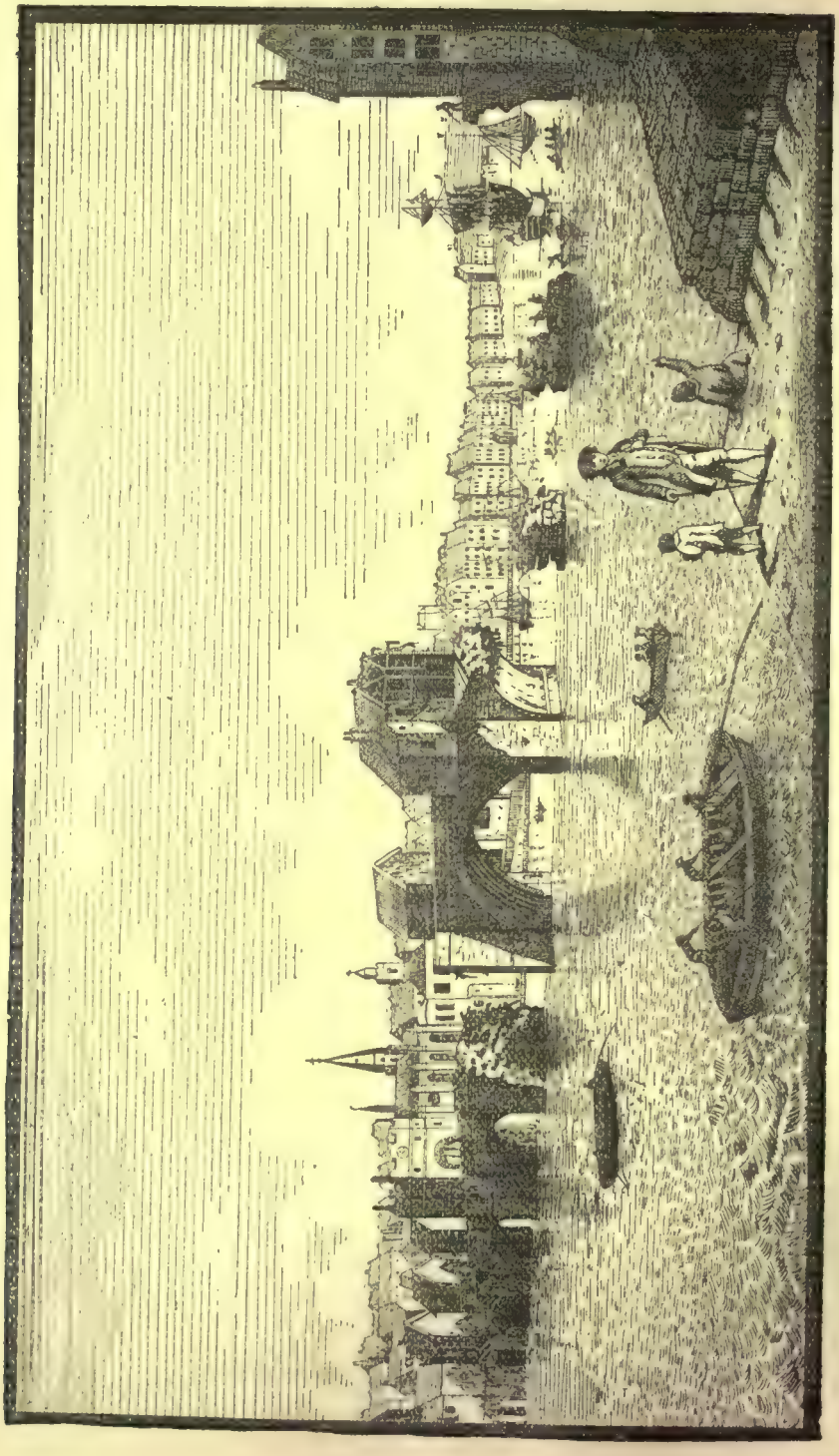
Old Tyne Bridge.

As at recent Exhibitions at South Kensington and Edinburgh the ghosts of "Old London" and "Auld Reekie" revisited the glimpses of the moon, so, on Newcastle Town Moor next May, when the Royal Jubilee Exhibition opens, we may expect to find the "counterfeit presentment" of Old Tyne Bridge spanning the still waters of Lodge's Reservoir, or what is left of it, as the original did the swirling stream of coaly Tyne in days gone by. It will be a notable and a cheering spectacle in the eyes of those of antiquarian taste, as affording a rare example of what Mackenzie calls the "improving spirit of the age" diverted from its usual channel of destruction into the opposite one, the revival of old things

It would perhaps have been going too far back to have attempted to show the similitude of the Roman bridge of A.D. 120, which Hadrian threw across the Tyne, and which, as far as we know, though doubtless with many patchings and repairings, seems to have lasted for 1,130 years. But in the reproduction of the edifice which succeeded this and lasted up to 1771, we can look with more sympathising eyes, as being nearer our own epoch, and we may say almost linked to it by memory; for are there not men now living who have known and conversed with those who were familiar with, and perhaps even lived on, Old Tyne Bridge? The original and its copy are, in a certain way, linked together by a curious coincidence; for the one was erected during the reign of the first English monarch who saw the jubilee year of his accession, as the other will be, if all goes well, during the reign of the last who has enjoyed a similar rare experience.

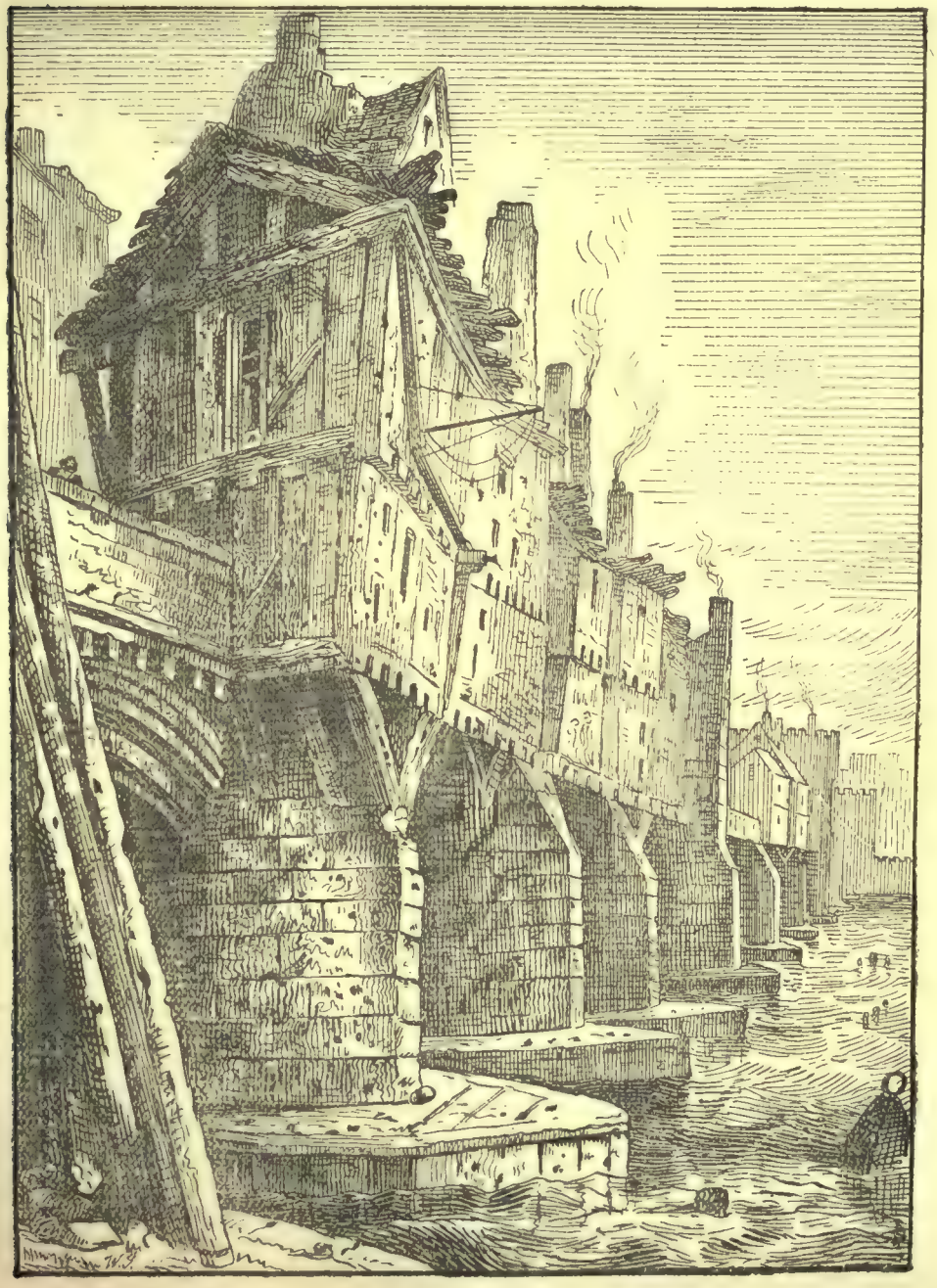
It was in 1250, in the reign of Henry III., that Old Tyne Bridge was built of stone, on the site of its predecessor, which, as recorded by Matthew Paris, was destroyed by fire in 1248. What a wealth of romantic incident and historic association is there not bound up with the story of the old bridge which stretched across the Tyne, and formed part of the high road between North and South for over five hundred years —commencing on the eve of the summoning of England's first representative Parliament, and ending on the eve of the American War of Independence! When we look on its restored form, what pictures could not be conjured up from the dark recesses of the past—of the structure and its fortunes and changes, and of the succeeding generations which have in turn passed over it and out of ken, save for the glimpses we catch of them now and again by the faint and uncertain light of the torch of history!

The bridge itself we may see, in our mind's eye, in process of evolution into a hanging street—houses being added and extended, altered and rebuilt, as the years passed on. We may see the massive tower near the centre, with its portcullis and frowning arch, degenerating from a military work into a house of detention for thieves and vagabonds. We may see its lonely hermit in his cell, praying, as enjoined, for the soul of that Newcastle worthy of worthies, old Roger Thornton. We may see the gateway built at the south end, where was once a drawbridge, and the rising of the magazine gate at the north end, where was set up by loyal hands and pulled down by the Parliamentarians the statue of King James I., and where, after the Restoration, was placed the statue of the Merry Monarch now to be seen in our Guildhall. We may see, too, on occasion, spectacles gruesome enough in all conscience, evidences of barbarous ages—at one time the severed right arm of Scotland's betrayed champion, Sir William Wallace, displayed upon the battlement of the Bridge Tower; at another, and that as late as the reign of Elizabeth, the head of Edward Waterson, a seminary priest who suffered in Newcastle, elevated on a spike on the same place; many a time and oft such common sights as the heads of a few Tynedale mosstroopers bleaching there in the wind and rain "for the encouragement of the others." But we may see a more cheering sight—the gorgeous pageant of the nuptial procession of Margaret of England, daughter of Henry VII., pass over the bridge on its way north, where the fair princess was to wed the King of Scots who afterwards fell on Flodden Field. We may, still in imagination, hear the doleful scream of that poor servant maid of Dr. James Oliphant, who, one mid-day in 1764, leaped from her master's cellar window, to find her death in the deep waters of the Tyne. (The four-storey house of Dr. Oliphant stood over the southernmost arch of the bridge—the cellar, so called, hanging below the arch, its floor very little above the level of the stream.) We may see the changing crowds passing and re-passing along the narrow roadway of the bridge, with the timbered houses towering high above and almost meeting overhead. We may see them stopping, perhaps, to cheapen the goods in the shops—milliners', mercers', hardwaremen's, booksellers', cheesemongers'—which line the bridge on either side. We may see, perchance, the fire which destroyed the shop of "upright,



OLD TYNE BRIDGE AFTER THE GREAT FLOOD, 1771.

From a View in Brand's History.



OLD TYNE BRIDGE. *From an Etching by T. M. Richardson, Sen.*

downright, honest" Martin Bryson, bookseller, and friend of Allan Ramsay. And, last scene of all, we may see the destruction of the whole quaint fabric in 1771.

On Saturday morning, the 16th of November in that year, the bridge stood perfect, presenting the aspect we see in the copy of an etching by T. M. Richardson, sen., made from an ideal sketch by his son George. At night, the river, swollen by the recent rains in the west country, rose to an extraordinary height, and, as darkness fell, was heard rushing with fierce violence through the arches, so that the bridge quivered and shook in an alarming way. Before daybreak next morning Old Tyne Bridge was no more. The story of its fall, of the tragic fate of some of its dwellers, and of the exciting adventures of others fortunate enough to escape, has often been told. The other view we give, which is taken from a plate in Brand's "History of Newcastle," will convey some idea of the ruins as they appeared a few days after the catastrophe.

Soon a sturdy successor arose from the ruins—the Tyne Bridge which most of us remember well, and which was replaced in 1876 by the present Swing Bridge.

R. J. C.

Raymond Lully at Raby Castle.

According to an old tradition, Raymond Lully, surnamed the Enlightened Doctor, one of the most famous philosophers of the thirteenth century, visited the North of England, in the course of his long, weary wanderings. It was not only the object of his travels to proclaim the necessity of a fresh crusade for the recovery of the Holy Land from the Saracens, and to labour, wherever he went, earnestly and persistently, in season and out of season, to convert infidels to the true faith, but likewise to utilise his special ability as an alchemist or chemist, and also as a physician, he being deeply versed in those secret arts which the Arabians had long cultivated, and acquainted, moreover, with the standard medical works of Celsus, Galen, Avicenna, Averrhoes, and, of course, Hippocrates and Aristotle. He had been conversant at one time of his life, either as pupil or friend, with the celebrated Roger Bacon.

Making his way towards Durham, on the invitation of its powerful prince-bishop, Antony Bek, through the North of England, then in a very disturbed state, owing to the seemingly interminable troubles in Scotland, he fell into the hands of Ranulph de Neville, Lord of Raby, Keverstone, Brancepeth, and Middleham, who was then at feud with the proud and haughty prelate, and who carried the accomplished foreigner to Raby, in hopes that he might there be induced to make use, for his host's special benefit, of his alleged art in transmuting the baser metals into pure gold. This secret, it was understood, Lully was willing to utilise, for the benefit not of himself personally, but of others, and particularly of such as professed themselves willing to assume the Cross, and use their utmost endeavours to propagate the true religion, whether as soldiers or otherwise. For his own enjoyment, it was certain, he wanted no worldly wealth, having devoted himself entirely to the duties of a Christian missionary, and to the study of the most recondite branches of science and philosophy then known, so as to qualify himself to reform both, and thereby the world itself. The son of a Spanish nobleman, in high favour at the Court of Aragon, Raymond, while yet a youth, entered the army, where he soon became celebrated at once for his valour and his gallantries. But, having been led to see that the license of a soldier's life was incompatible with the good of his soul, he suddenly passed from one extreme to another, threw up his military appointment, withdrew from the court, and retired, like John the Baptist, into a wilderness, where he fancied himself to be illuminated in heavenly visions, being visited, as he averred, by fiery seraphs, who called him to the highest work in which a man can possibly be engaged—the conversion of the human race from the worship of Satan in its infinitely varied forms to that of the true God. Returning to the busy haunts of men, he gave himself up to science and devotion. He graduated at the University of Paris, and studied alchemy under Arnold de Villanova, who taught that there are three elemental substances—mercury, sulphur, and arsenic—the potent and penetrating qualities of which enabled them to dissolve, precipitate, sublimate, and coagulate all other substances. He showed his pupils how gold, the most incorruptible of metals, was dissolved by means of mercury, as water dissolves sugar; and, presenting a stick of sulphur to hot iron, he let them see how it penetrated the metal like a spirit, and made it run down in a shower of solid drops, a new and remarkable substance, possessed of properties belonging neither to iron nor to sulphur.

Raymond Lully's life, from the period of his entering upon what he deemed to be a special mission, was one of rigorous asceticism, unwearied labour, and enthusiastic enterprise. He was in great danger over and over again: on one occasion he was nearly stoned to death, and more than once he was cast into prison and subjected to dreadful torments. But nothing could tame his indomitable spirit.

Ranulph de Neville was a very ambitious man, and pugnacity was not the least potent element in his disposition. He was one of those who fomented the hot disputes then going on between Bishop Bek and the people of the Palatinate, or Haliwerk-folk, touching the right of the prince-bishop to order them to the wars in Scotland under St. Cuthbert's banner, maintaining that their fealty to the See of Durham required them to take up arms only when the bishopric was invaded. He likewise quarrelled with the Prior of Durham, respecting the

offering of a stag every year, upon St. Cuthbert's day, by which service, and a yearly rent of four pounds, he held Raby, with the eight adjoining townships. He not only required, as a matter of right, that the prior should feast him and all the company he chose to bring with him, at the offering of that stag, but that the prior's own menial servants should be set aside on that occasion, and his lordship's should be put in their stead. The prior, on the other hand, adduced proof that the Nevilles had never enjoyed such a privilege, and that before this Ranulph's time none of them ever made any such claim, the fact being that, when they brought the stag into the hall, those who carried it only had a breakfast; nor did the lord himself ever stay to dinner, unless he was invited. How this dispute ended, we have not ascertained, but most likely the proud baron had to yield the point.

Lully's profound skill as a mediciner enabled him to act, while at Raby, as the family leech or physician; and, though his lodgment there seems to have been at first compulsory, he became an honoured guest before long, having restored to health, by means of his sage treatment, the son and heir of the lord of the mansion, who had fallen into a decline, then deemed incurable. To enable him to carry on his chemical investigations, a complete laboratory was fitted up for his use, in a remote room at the top of one of the castle towers, which was so constructed as likewise to serve as an observatory. Here furnaces of a novel description, invented by Lully, and known as athanor furnaces, were built for the purpose of fusing the most intractable metals and minerals. They were so constructed as to maintain a uniform and durable heat, having a lateral tower attached to them close on all sides, which was kept filled with fuel, so that as the fuel below was consumed that in the tower fell down to supply its place. In the same chamber, a number of retorts, receivers, and condensers were kept at work for the purpose, amongst other objects, of sublimating, and distilling, and liquifying drinkable gold (*aurum potabilis*), the virtues of which, when swallowed in proper quantity, not only ensured the participant any conceivable amount of worldly wealth, but likewise perpetual rejuvenescence. Chemists now know that this potable gold was nothing less or more than gold dissolved in nitro-hydrochloric acid, or *aqua regia;* but, in those days, it was firmly believed to be the very elixir of life, capable of transforming the most infirm old man, sunk into second childhood, into a hale, robust, and highly accomplished youth. The stoker's part in Lully's marvellous furnaces was performed, it is said, by a strange creature called a salamander, which was engendered therein, owing to the fire having been kept up, without extinction, for a sufficiently long term. This monstrous reptile was not only able to endure the hottest fire without being consumed, but its very existence depended on the presence of intense heat, and it was understood to do some essential service in the occult processes of transmutation.

Lord Ranulph is said to have been an intimate friend of John de Baliol, of Barnard Castle, that one of the competitors for the North British crown to whom Edward Longshanks awarded it, in preference to Robert Bruce, of Hartlepool; and although he is said to have paid but little attention to secular affairs, spending much of his time in conversation with the Prior of Coverham, who was his near neighbour at his Yorkshire seat of Middleham, he accompanied the king, as in duty bound, in his Scottish campaigns, having met his sovereign at York, with a hundred lancers in his company, and his quota of men-at-arms, archers and other retainers.

The story goes that the Spanish alchemist had before this time produced, in presence of Lord Neville, and of his reverend guests, the prior and sub-prior of Coverham, a massive ingot of pure virgin gold equal in weight to a quantity of coarse, inferior base metal which they had just seen him throw into a crucible. And, this fact having been reported to King Edward, he carried him off, on his return from Scotland, and lodged him sumptuously and honourably in the Tower of London, where tradition says he produced, to meet the king's urgent need, by his alchemical labours, from the baser metals, six million pieces of gold, or fifty thousand pounds weight of bullion, the nett value of which, in current coin of Victoria's mintage, would be £193,750, sterling. The king is said to have ostensibly required this liberal subsidy to defray the cost of another crusade against the Saracens, which he had vowed to undertake, but which the Fates had destined him never even to enter upon.

It has never been ascertained when, where, or how Raymond Lully died. Some say he retired to his native country, Majorca, to spend the last days of his life, and that he expired there peaceably in his own home, having previously fallen into dotage; others say he was stoned to death in Algeria by a fanatical Mussulman mob; while others again maintain that he was alive in England as late as 1332, which was the fifth year of the reign of King Edward III. However this may have been, and however many myths may have gathered round his name, it can scarcely be questioned that he was one of the most notable foreigners that ever took up his temporary abode in the North, as he was one of the most daring experimentalists of the age he lived in. He was one of the very few who, though devoutly religious, according to the light of his time, sought to free philosophy from the sway of theology and the despotism of the school-men, contending that reason, instead of either being chained to faith or fettered by authority, should set out from doubt, study nature at first hand, accept the truth wherever it is found, and seek to know rather than to believe.

WILLIAM BROCKIE.

The Hawks Family.

THE name of Hawks has been honourably identified for considerably more than a hundred years with one of the most important of the great staple industries of the North of England. It was about the year 1745—the famous Highlander year—that a few forges were first established on the south shore of the Tyne, below Gateshead, to work up the old iron which the collier vessels at that time brought from London in lieu of ballast at the merely nominal freight of a shilling per ton, and to supply the shipping which the coal trade was every year attracting more largely to the port of Newcastle with chains and anchors. The speculation was begun by Mr. William Hawks, who was originally a working blacksmith, and who first commenced business, it is said, with Mr. Michael Longridge, a gentleman of great spirit and business capacity, who then carried on the Bedlington Iron Works, which were among the oldest and most extensive in this part of the kingdom. After this connection was dissolved, Mr. Hawks proceeded on his own account. His industry being equal to his ingenuity, he soon created a thriving business in the production of wrought and cast iron, chain cables, anchors, steam engines, boilers, and general smith work; and during some years he was ably assisted by his son William, who was, if not, like the cooper of Fogo, "his father's better," at least his equal in general ability.

A story is told of William Hawks which may be worth relating here, although we dare not presume to vouch for its literal truth. The chain and anchor smiths in his time, and for a good while afterwards, were a very drunken lot, or, as one of them was once heard to express himself, they were "tigers for beer." It was customary in those days for the more speculative men amongst them to take from the master such jobs as he had on hand, and associate with themselves a sufficient number of their mates, so as to get the work done within the time stipulated; and when they had got it finished, the money due to them was laid out upon the anvil, and each man came forward and took up his share. William Hawks could make a deal of money in this way; but he spent the greater part of it in a certain public-house, the precise locality of which our informant could not specify; and one day, when he had exhausted his stock of ready money all but a penny, he stepped into a neighbouring baker's shop, and bought a penny roll. He then came in and sat down again, and began to eat it. The landlady had something very savoury in the process of being cooked, and, tempted by the appetising smell, the hungry man dipped his roll in the gravy to the landlady's great disgust. His angry hostess called him some ugly name, and ordered him out of the house; and, after a vain attempt to pacify her, he went away, metaphorically shaking the dust off his feet, and vowing that she should have no more of his custom, and that he would certainly be revenged upon her for the shabby way she had acted, after she had got so much of his money. Being a man of strong will and determined purpose, he gave up the habitual use of beer from that day forward; and it was not long before he had laid by money enough to begin business for himself. In the course of a few years, when he had risen to a prominent position in the manufacturing world, the public-house from which he had been so summarily driven came to be in the market, and Mr. Hawks bought it. He lost no time in calling on the old landlady, and told her what he had done, on hearing which the poor woman concluded that she would have to quit the premises at the first term. "You will, perhaps," said Mr. Hawks, "remember that I said I would be revenged upon you, and I am now come to fulfil my threat. But I mean to do it like a good Christian, and return good for evil. If it had not been for your treating me in the way you did, I might have been going on all this time spending my money in public-houses; but you led me to think what a fool I was, and I resolved to put my earnings to better use. So you have really been the best friend I ever had; and I think I cannot better repay you for the service you unwittingly did me than by letting you sit rent free in this house as long as you live." Thus far our informant, who is one of the oldest chain and anchor makers in the North, but now for many years retired from business.

The works at New Deptford, Gateshead, were not the only establishment of the kind which the Hawks family took in hand. The firm carried on for some time extensive works in wrought iron at Bebside and Bedlington on the river Blyth, where the ironstone was found lying thickly embedded in the strata of indurated clay in the coal measures, and where the cost of shipment of the manufactured article, in the shape of chain cables, bars, and sheet iron, &c., was comparatively light, owing to the near vicinity of the port of Blyth. About the year 1780, William Hawks got Robert Fenwick of Sunderland, to join him in buying Lumley Forge, where the very best description of iron for Government purposes was then made; and, an intelligent manager for that concern being required, a clerk in the Gateshead office, Mr. John Wight, was sent to take charge of it. This gentleman subsequently took the place on his own responsibility, and carried it on until the forge was dismantled,

between fifty and sixty years ago, on account, it is said, of the noise of the forge hammer being considered a nuisance at Lumley Castle. Somewhat extensive ironworks on the Teams, at Urpeth, near Chester-le-Street, were another of Mr. Hawks's undertakings. The Bedlington works, which the firm had purchased from the Malings of Sunderland, who had been very unsuccessful in their management, were eventually disposed of to a London firm, after having been considerably extended by Messrs. Hawks and Co.

During the long French war, a deal of work was done at New Deptford and other places where the firm had establishments for the service of Government in anchor and mooring chains, cannon, and other requisites of the largest description then made. The firm likewise executed several large contracts of the same kind for the East India Company. It was not, however, until the Scotch pig iron trade rose into importance that rolling mills were erected, and bar iron manufactured to any extent at the Gateshead works, although, as far back as the year 1799, Mr. William Hawks wrote, in reply to a customer, "We will certainly roll the iron to the dimensions you mention," so that rolling mills were probably introduced in this quarter a very short time after their invention by Cort, who patented the rolling of bar iron in 1783.

It was not until the discovery of the rich beds of ironstone in Cleveland, that the Tyne manufacturers were able to compete successfully in some of the most profitable departments of their trade with the Welsh, Staffordshire, Lanarkshire, and other great works of the kingdom. The transformation consequent on this discovery led to the connection of the Hawks firm with a branch of the well-known family of Crawshay, the most powerful of the "iron kings" of Wales, whose Merthyr-Tydvil and Cyfarthfa works are celebrated all over the world. The designation of the firm was thenceforth changed into Messrs. Hawks, Crawshay, and Sons, and its operations became more extensive than ever. The Crawshays, like the Hawkses, owed originally little or nothing to what is termed the favour of fortune, but everything to their own splendid talents, great practicality, and indomitable perseverance. Mr. George Crawshay, of Haughton Castle, a leading member of the Gateshead firm, is, we believe, the great-grandson of Mr. Richard Crawshay, who, about the middle of the last century, came into possession of the Cyfarthfa works, then comparatively insignificant, and quickly raised them in extent and importance, under his own direct superintendence, till they became the largest in Wales.

Mr. William Hawks died on the 4th December, 1810, aged eighty years. His son William had predeceased him by about three years, at the age of thirty-five; and another son, Thomas, had died two years previously, aged twenty-eight. His eldest surviving son, Robert Shafto Hawks, thus became the second head of the firm. He was a very active man, and carried on the works most successfully. He was knighted by the Prince Regent, afterwards George the Fourth, at Carlton House, in April, 1817, on the occasion of presenting an address from the borough of Gateshead, at the time of the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, consequent on the notorious Green-Bag Inquiry. Sir Robert died at his house, 4, Clavering Place, Newcastle, on the 23rd February, 1840, aged seventy-one; and his widow, Lady Hannah Pembroke Hawks, died on the 11th November, 1863, aged ninety-seven. His son, David Shafto Hawkes, who lost his sight in early infancy, was a true musical genius. He performed the service on the organ at the Gateshead Church in 1798, when he was only seven years of age; and on the 15th of April, 1827, he presided at the opening of the organ in Gateshead Fell Church, to the building of which his father had been a chief contributor. He was likewise a composer of music, and wrote, although he did not publish, at least one overture, said to contain some very brilliant passages; also, variations on the "Keel Row." Sir Robert took a leading part in everything of a public nature that occurred in Gateshead. In May, 1824, he presided at the dinner in the Black Bull Inn, on the occasion of the perambulation of the parish boundaries—a formality which had not been observed since the year 1792. He was a man, like Yorick, of infinite jest, and several good anecdotes are still currently told of him. Thus, on the death of one of the workmen, who had left a widow and family, the eldest being a girl, he got one of the other men's wives, who was what is called a notable woman, to train her for domestic duties, with a view to taking her into his own service; and sometime afterwards, happening to meet her on her way to the works, carrying the workman's dinner, he asked her how she was getting on, and what she could do. The reply was, "Please, sir, I can tally." "You can what?" asked Sir Robert. "I can tally, sir." "What in the devil's name is it you can do?" rejoined the knight; but the only answer he could get was, "I can tally, sir." Of course the poor girl meant that she could use an Italian iron. Another day, Sir Robert and his son were entering the works when the men were about leaving, and he said to a lad who was passing out, in high-flown English:—"Tell your father I want him directly." The boy looked at him in amazement, not being able to understand his meaning, whereupon young Mr. Hawks smiled and said:—"Shoot o' thee feythur, lad," a request which was thoroughly comprehended and instantly obeyed.

Two of the Hawks family, George, son of William and Elizabeth Hawks, and William Stanley, son of George, died at Lee, in the county of Kent, a few miles from Greenwich, within a few days of each other, in the month of June, 1820, the father aged fifty-four years and the son thirty-one. They were both interred in one grave. William Stanley Hawks was a great favourite with the men, and there is a monument dedicated to his memory,

on the south pillar at the entrance into the chancel of Gateshead Church, erected by the Hawks's Manufacturers' Benefit Society, as "a mark of their sincere sorrow for his loss, and in grateful remembrance of a kind and generous benefactor."

On the death of Sir Robert Shafto Hawks, the chief management of the works devolved upon his nephew, Mr. George Hawks, the son of John Hawks, master mariner, and Jane Longridge, of Sunderland, and grandson of William Hawks, the founder of the concern. He inherited all the ability and tact of his predecessors, and worthily sustained the dignity of the honourable name he bore. Besides the time necessarily devoted by him to his own business, he found leisure to do a vast deal of work in the service of the public. He was the first Mayor of Gateshead, having been chosen to fill that honourable office in 1835, on the incorporation of the borough under the Municipal Reform Act; and he was elected to the chief magistracy a second and third time, in 1848 and 1849. During his public career he did good service to the cause of political progress. He was a firm supporter of Mr. Hutt, afterwards Sir William Hutt, whom he generally nominated at the elections for the borough. By the men at the iron works he was most devotedly esteemed. He took the chair every year at the annual meetings of the sick and burial benefit society in connection with them, and in every way imaginable was the staunch friend of those under his charge. He was likewise a most liberal supporter of the local schools and charities. Of a genial disposition, he was fond of relating incidents connected with the rise and progress of the establishment of which he was one of the chiefs. One of his anecdotes was that his grandfather, the founder of the business, used to stand at the water-side wharf and see the iron landed from the vessels on the Tyne, and inspect every pig of iron that was set down on the shore; that the works were then so different from what they are now that a stream of clear water ran bubbling through the midst of the factory; and that the notes of the blackbird might be heard in the immediate neighbourhood on pleasant summer evenings. This excellent man died on Thursday, the 12th November, 1863, in his sixty-third year, at his country house at Pigdon, near Morpeth, to which he had removed from his usual residence at Redheugh, about ten days before, for a short sojourn. His death was universally lamented by all with whom he had ever come into contact. Mr. Hawks left behind him a widow and a family of three sons and two daughters.

To enumerate the large undertakings contracted for and successfully carried out by the firm of Hawks, Crawshay, and Sons in the course of the last fifty years, would occupy several columns. We can only specify a few. The contract for the metal work of the High Level Bridge over the Tyne at Newcastle was taken by them for £112,000. The total weight of iron employed was 5,050 tons; and the last key of the noble structure was driven into its place by Mr. George Hawks, then Mayor of Gateshead, on the 7th June, 1849, thereby closing the sixth and last arch, the first segment of the first of which arches had been fixed not twelve months before. It is said that, some opposition having been offered to the band of the Gateshead works playing at the inauguration of the noble structure they had raised, Mr. Hawks vowed that if his band did not appear neither the Queen nor anybody else should—the bridge being then still the property of the firm.

About the year 1842, the firm erected a cast-iron bridge at York, which spans the river Ouse in one arch of 172 feet in width. They also reconstructed Rowland Burdon's famous iron bridge at Sunderland, which consists of a single arch of about 237 feet span, at a level of about 90 feet above high water mark. They constructed the wrought iron gates for the Northumberland Docks, and the iron lighthouses at Gunfleet, Harwich, and Calais; and supplied the materials for the iron pier at Madras—a work of considerable magnitude.

At the time of the visit of the British Association to Newcastle in 1863, there were fifteen hundred hands employed in the works, and up to that time the firm had completed 92 marine and 58 land engines of 5,000 horse power in the aggregate. The number of puddling furnaces they had then in operation was thirty-three.

We have seen it stated that the first iron boat ever built was a row-boat, in the year 1821, on the river Tyne, at the Gateshead Ironworks. The inventor was a man named Samuel Thyne, who is said to have died in poverty at South Shields between twenty and thirty years ago. Three brothers and two other persons joined him in the experiment; and when their employer, Sir Robert Shafto Hawks, found out what they were buying sheet iron for, he made them a present of as much as was required. When the tiny vessel was launched, cannons were fired, and quite a demonstration made. The boat afterwards ran races successfully against wooden boats of the same capacity; but a party of twelve having ventured on board of it on Ascension Day, 1826, to accompany the Mayor's barge, according to ancient custom, it was unfortunately upset by a steam vessel on the return in the evening, a little above the Crooked Billet, and a young man and a young woman named John Lambton and Mary Gregg lost their lives. This caused the owners of the boat to lay it up, and it rusted away.

WILLIAM BROCKIE.

About seven or eight years ago the firm of Hawks, Crawshay, and Sons was destroying many of its old books, and, like some others, I had the curiosity to look into a few of them. On the inside of the back of one of the books was written a memorandum, of which I subjoin a copy. As it had evidently been written by the late Mr. George Hawks,

it may be of some interest. I am sorry I did not keep the original, but simply took a copy of it at the time. I might also say that I believe the family of which I am a member has been in the employ of the said firm from its commencement; if not, certainly very shortly after that time. THOMAS TINDALE, Gateshead.

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(COPY.)

The present firm of Hawks, Crawshay, and Sons was commenced by Mr. William Hawks, who commenced business with a few blacksmiths' shops near New Deptford, in or about the year 1747.

Signed by G. HAWKS,
January 7th, 1827,
Grandson of the last named Wm. Hawks.
Attested by Elias Henderson, aged 81 years, the oldest servant of the Company, from his own knowledge and that of his elders.

The rolling mills, erected to roll hoop iron some time about 1800, were afterwards altered to roll bolts, &c.

The testing machine, some time about 1813, and believed to be the first one erected in England. The present machine was opened 1st January, 1818.

William Hawks, senior, and Co., commenced making studded cable chains in 1813. Short link-chain (without studs) were in use before this time for mooring ships to quays nd wharfs.

Houghton Feast.

Houghton Feast was originated in the time of Queen Mary by Barnard Gilpin, Rector of Houghton-le-Spring. When the rector provided the feast, he generally killed a bullock, and with that and other articles of food he feasted the poor. Gilpin was ordered to be beheaded according to the decree of Queen Mary, and was on his way to London for that purpose when the horse on which he was travelling fell down, and, through the fall, Gilpin had his leg broken. He was taken care of by an innkeeper. During his illness, Queen Mary died, and Queen Elizabeth, who succeeded her, ordered all clergymen who happened to be prisoners at the time to be set free. After his demise, the feast at Houghton continued to be observed by the people. It gradually got to assume greater importance, and strolling players visited the place on the anniversary of the day on which Gilpin had entertained the poor. The feast falls between the 5th and the 10th of October.

WILLIAM ROBSON, Fence Houses.

The Betsy Cains.

During the hearing of a case in the Admiralty Court, in December, 1855, Dr. Lushington remarked that, somewhere about forty years before, he was engaged in a suit in which the identical vessel that brought over William the Third from Holland was concerned. That vessel was the Princess Mary. According to the most reliable accounts, she was built on the Thames in the earlier part of the seventeenth century. There is a popular story to the effect that she was afterwards purchased by the Prince of Orange, or his adherents, as an addition to the Dutch-built fleet which was destined to play so essential a prelude to the Revolution of 1688. The prince, it was said, expressly selected this vessel to convey himself and suite to England; and he bestowed upon her the above name, in honour of his consort, the daughter of James the Second.

When the Revolution was an accomplished fact, the claims of the Princess Mary to the royal favour were not overlooked. During the whole of William's reign, she held a place of honour as one of the king's yachts, and, after his demise, she was regularly used as the pleasure yacht of Queen Anne. By this time, however, her original build had been much interfered with, through the numerous and extensive repairs she had from time to time undergone. On the death of the Queen, she came into the possession of that "wee bit German lairdie," his Majesty King George I., and, by his order, she ceased to form part of the royal establishment. About the middle of last century, she was sold by the Government to the Messrs. Walters, of London, from whom she received the name of the Betsy Cains, in honour, we are told, of some West Indian lady of that name. After having been long and profitably employed by her new owners in the West India trade, she was sold to another London firm of the name of Carlins; and, alas for the mutability of fortune! the once regal craft was converted into a collier, and employed in the conveyance of coals between Newcastle and London. Through all her varied vicissitudes, however, she is said to have still retained her ancient reputation as "a lucky ship and fast sailer." About the year 1825, she was transferred by purchase to Mr. George Finch Wilson, of South Shields, and finally, on the 17th of February, 1827, having sailed from Shields with a cargo of coals for Hamburg, she met with a heavy gale from the east-south-east, and was obliged to put back for the Tyne. When she reached the bar, however, the sea was breaking tremendously upon it, and she was driven upon the Black Middens, near the Spanish Battery, at the north side of the entrance. It was for some time expected that the tough old craft would be got off, but the weather continuing tempestuous she finally went to pieces. The crew were taken out of the vessel by the Northumberland lifeboat.

The news of the disaster to the Betsy Cains excited a very lively sensation throughout the North-Country. She had always been regarded, especially by the sailors, with an almost superstitious feeling of interest and veneration; and, at the time of the wreck, this feeling was doubtless in no small measure enhanced by the quotation of one of those "memorable" prophecies which are every now and then cropping up, and which was said to be associated with this particular vessel's fortunes, viz., "that the Catholics would never get the better while the Betsy Cains was afloat!" The Catholic Association was then

threatening to convulse the kingdom, and Catholic Emancipation came two years afterwards.

While the vessel was lying in a wrecked state, many strangers visited the spot to take a more or less minute survey of her. After she broke up, the folks of Shields were inundated with applications for portions of her remains. The applications on the part of the Orange lodges were especially importunate. Snuff-boxes, knife-boxes, candle-boxes, and souvenirs of various kinds were made in large numbers of bits of the wreck, and such as were sold by their makers brought exorbitant prices. Each of the members of the Corporation of Newcastle was presented with a snuff-box.

A painting of the Betsy Cains, which was made by Mr. James Ferguson, of North Shields, was, at one time, in the possession of Mr. Henry Hewison, of Seaton Burn. A lithograph was subsequently executed from the picture by Mr. William Davison, of Sunderland. A carved figure, part of the night-heads, is still in the possession of the Master and Elder Brethren of the Trinity House of Newcastle, and a beam with gilt mouldings, which formed part of the principal cabin, was among the rich antiquarian treasures of the late Mr. George Rippon, of Waterville, near North Shields.

As already indicated, it was long a popular belief that the Betsy Cains was the ship in which the Prince of Orange took passage to England. Even Dr. Lushington, as we have seen, shared in the general impression. It was this belief that led the Orangemen of the North to place so much value on mere scraps of the wreck. There is no reason to think that the impression that has been so thoroughly ground into the popular mind can be easily and speedily eradicated. Nevertheless, the Betsy Cains had really no claim to the honour, if we may so call it, that was conferred upon her. When the late Mr. Robert Sutherland, of Shields, related the story in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* in 1875, a correspondent from Sunderland hastened to correct it. Calling attention to Macaulay's description of the passage of the fleet up the Channel, wherein the historian says that the vessel in which William landed at Torbay was a frigate named the Brill, the Sunderland writer went on to say that, some years before, a gentleman, then well-known in Newcastle, wrote to Mr. Macaulay, directing his attention to certain paragraphs anent the Betsy Cains that had appeared in the local newspapers. Macaulay's reply, which was not published till the Sunderland correspondent forwarded it to the *Weekly Chronicle*, settled the matter. A copy of the historian's statement is here appended:—

Albany, London, Jan. 31, 1856.

Sir,—There must be some mistake about the ship you mention. She may have been one of the Royal yachts in the seventeenth century, and William may have come over in her to marry his cousin, the Princess Mary, in 1677. It is probable that the vessel received its name on that occasion. But it is quite certain that the voyage of William from Helvoetsluys to Torbay, 1688, was performed, not in a yacht, but in a man-of-war named the Brill. That voyage was no pleasure excursion. There was every reason to expect a battle, and the Prince had made all his arrangements in anticipatiun of such an event. The fact that he sailed in the Brill is established by a mass of evidence, against which no tradition can be of the smallest avail.—I have the honour to be, sir, your faithful servant, T. B. MACAULAY.

THE WRECK OF THE BETSY CAINS.

From a Picture by J. W. Carmichael.

Ralph Lambton and his Hounds.

Something like twenty or thirty years ago, Mr. Ralph Lambton, of Morton House, and his renowned foxhounds were yet well remembered, and often gleefully alluded to, by many an old stager in Durham county, who in times past had eagerly followed this rattling pack on "shankey's naig," or, perchance, astride some "shaggy naig ta'en frae the pleugh." Now, alas! of these there remain but few (and they are far advanced in life) that are left to tell of the exploits which they witnessed in the chase with the Lambton hounds, when, in the "twenties" and earlier, the redoubtable owner and master of the hounds, with his burly huntsman, Jack Winter, provided such royal sport for the hunting fraternity within the Palatinate.

Mr. Lambton, like a fit and proper M.F.H., and not unlike the great Bonaparte in generalship, though it was in hunting—which the Iron Duke said possessed all the excitement of war, with a tithe of its dangers—knew the name and character of every dog in his kennels; and, moreover, it has been stated, could recognise the particular voice of any hound that chanced to "give mouth" when in cover. His lusty "Hark! to Brevity"—a hound of fine scent—has been heard more than a mile away when the pack has been ranging the Ryhope Dene. Here, one day, when the dene had apparently been drawn blank, that notorious character, Dicky Chilton, late of Bishopwearmouth, wildly threw up his hat, and bawled out, "Stole away!" (An *old lady*, brambling, it seems, had just informed Richard that the fox had, some time that morning, startled her by the cover side!) Dicky's welcome cry at once attracted Lambton, who, with the hounds and a hundred horsemen in scarlet, came dashing around to the opposite side of the dene, where Chilton, like the boy in the wolf story, stood. "*Where* did you see the fox, Chilton?" demanded the impetuous squire, suspiciously, on recognising the hallooer. "I didn't *see* the fox, sir; an old woman told me," coolly answered this Merry Andrew, who would have cheeked the Grand Seignor himself. "An *old woman* told you!" said Lambton, grinning, and grasping his weighty whip. "Do you always believe an *old woman's* story, you traitor?" "No, sir," said Dick promptly—he was eyeing the whip—"nor a *young* woman's either, an' it please your honour." Chilton was gifted in repartee, and, withal, was as cute as the vixen. His diverting reply is said to have tickled and somewhat appeased the old fox-hunter, who would have thought little of giving Dicky Chilton as sound a flogging as he once gave to Tommy Clegram, the earth-stopper, in Tunstall Hope.

Two other anecdotes are related of Mr. Lambton, which are especially characteristic of this honest, outspoken squire of old, in his capacity as a proud master of his own well-trained hounds. On one occasion, when hunting, Mr. Ralph had been more than usually "put out" during the day by a group of reckless men on horseback, who would persist in getting in advance of the hounds, and even, sometimes, heading the fox, in their wild career. At last, losing all patience with these pests to every hunt, the old fox-hunter cried loudly to his huntsman, in his own deliberate and most sarcastic tones, "Call my hounds off! Call my hounds off, Jack Winter! The gentlemen will catch the fox!" Sometimes, however, the gentleman fox-hunter, a member of the hunt, would be severely rebuked by Mr. Lambton, who was no respecter of persons, if he at all transgressed the laws of the chase. It so happened that a Northern gentleman, well-known in hunting circles, did so transgress; in fact, like Byron's hero to the letter, it is said:—

> He broke, 'tis true, some statutes of the laws
> Of hunting—for the sagest youth is frail;
> Rode o'er the hounds, it may be, now and then,
> And once o'er several country gentlemen!

At least, in misadventure—the old huntsman's son told me—this fiery rider from the North rode over two or three of the famous hounds, when, of course, the grand old M.F.H. reproved him wrathfully. Mr. Harley, I shall call him, who was, at that day, full of youth, retorted somewhat sharply; and Mr. Ralph, in return, told him to be d——d. "I did not come *here* to be *d——d*, Mr. Lambton," said the young gentleman, soothingly. "Then, go home! *Go home*, Harley, *and be d——d!*" enjoined the Lambton Nimrod, in a voice of thunder.

REN, Fence Houses.

Coal in the North.

Coal is said to have been known in this district in the time of the ancients. The discovery of ashes in the Roman stations at Ebchester, Lanchester, and other places, is recognised as conclusive testimony to the use of coal by that people.

Fordyce, in his "History of Durham," says:—"One of the earliest documents in which coal is mentioned, relative to the county of Durham, is the Boldon Book of Bishop Pudsey, 1180, in which, though the term 'wodlades' frequently occurs, are the following notices of coal:—At Bishopwearmouth, 'the smith has twelve acres for the iron work of the carts, and finds his own *coal*'; and at Sedgefield, the smith has one oxgang upon similar conditions. At Escomb, near Bishop Auckland, a collier holds a toft and croft, and four acres, providing coals for the cart-smith of Coundon." He goes on to say that the earliest workings of coal in the county of Durham are understood to have been by drifts at its outcrop, "along its western limit, which passes by Heleyfield, Broomshields, Wolsingham Common, Bedburn, Woodlands, and Barnard Castle."

With regard to the early shipment of coals from the North, the following incident, which is related in the *Shipping World* for November, 1883, proves that there

was not only a coal trade on the Tyne five centuries and a half ago, but a foreign coal trade, however limited it may have been in its scope and character:—"During the night of the 31st of July, in the year 1325, when Edward II. had exhausted the patience of the nation, Thomas Rente, a merchant of Pontoise, was sailing in the North Sea, homeward bound. Suddenly he found himself surrounded by armed ships, and taken as a French prize into the harbour of Yarmouth. Rente petitioned the king and Parliament for the recovery of his goods, affirming that he was a liege man, who had been to Newcastle with a cargo of wheat, and was returning with a cargo of coals, and had nothing to do with the king's troubles in France. The petition was preserved, and printed in the Rolls of Parliament." The same article goes on to say:—"By the time that the first Stuart monarch in England was established on his throne, four hundred English ships were engaged in carrying coals from this river to various parts of his Majesty's dominions, besides foreign vessels that came in fleets of fifty sail at once," as often and rapidly as wind and weather permitted, to convey the staple produce beyond the seas.

MARK NOBLE, Blackhill.

The statement that Henry III. granted license to the good men of Newcastle to dig coals, &c., is probably an historical fiction. It was originally made by Ralph Gardiner in his "England's Grievance Discovered," and has been faithfully copied ever since. Brand found some difficulty in accepting the statement, for, in quoting it, he adds, "which, however, on a search in the Tower of London, I could not find." No one seems to have taken any further trouble in the matter till Mr. Robert L. Galloway, making a searching investigation into the early history of the coal trade for a paper he was about to read before the Society of Antiquaries a few years ago, discovered that Gardiner was wrong. Instead of the grant being made by Henry III. in 1238, it was not until 1350 that the men of Newcastle obtained it, and the monarch who gave it them was Edward III. Here is the proof from Mr. Galloway's paper in the *Archæologia Æliana*, vol. viii., p. 184:—

We have now arrived at the period when the men of Newcastle obtained their first license from the king to dig and to take coals and stone in certain portions of land outside the walls of the town, and to make their profit therefrom in aid of their fee-farm rent. In the year 1350, upon supplication made, they obtained a grant on the following terms:—"The king to his beloved Mayor and bailiffs and good men of our town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, greeting. Because on your part petition has been made to us that, since you hold the town aforesaid from us at fee-farm, we may be willing to concede to you that in the common ground of the town aforesaid, without the walls of the same town, in places called the Castlefield and the Frith, you may have the power to dig and to take coals and stone from thence, and to make your profit of the same in aid of your farm aforesaid, as often and in such way as may seem to you to be expedient; we, favourably acceding to your petition in this matter, have caused a license of this kind to be granted to you. And this to you, and others whom it may concern, we signify by the present letter . . . to have effect during our good pleasure. Witness as above [witness the king at Westminster, the first day of December], by the king himself and Council, and for 20s. paid into the haniper."

The above payment is acknowledged in the Exchequer Roll for the same year:—"Maior ballivi et probi homines ville Novi Castri super Tynam dant viginti solidos solutos pro licencia fodiendi carbones et petram in communi ville predicte extra muros ejusdem ville."

The license recited above occurs on the Patent Roll of the twenty-fourth year of Edward III. That this is the license usually stated to have been granted to the men of Newcastle by Henry III. on the first day of December, in the twenty-third year of his reign, is evident, not only from the terms of the grant, but also from the circumstance that Gardiner [upon whose sole authority the statement seems to rest], having given it as belonging to the reign of Henry III., makes no allusion to it under the reign of Edward III., among the rolls of whose reign it is now to be found. Several writers have noticed a difficulty in connection with the date which Gardiner has assigned to this grant; but, the patent roll for the year to which it was referred happening to be one of the few which are missing, the detection of the error was more difficult. The Exchequer roll for the twenty-third year of Henry III. is, however, extant, and there is no such payment from the men of Newcastle entered upon it.

In regard to the second grant stated by Gardiner to have been made to Newcastle by Henry III., in the thirty-first year of his reign, it need only be remarked that it is evidently a mistaken reference to that given to the town by Edward III. in the thirty-first year of his reign.

The Patent and Charter Rolls for the thirty-first year of Henry III. are in existence, and in neither of them is such a grant to be found.

Those who care to investigate the early records of the coal trade should read Mr. Galloway's paper, which is the most exhaustive treatise of the kind that we possess. In the meantime, readers of this note will promote the accuracy of local history if they will make a marginal reference to Mr. Galloway's discovery in the following publications:—

Bourne's History of Newcastle, page 146.
Brand's History of Newcastle, vol. ii., pages 140 and 252.
Mackenzie's History of Newcastle, page 603.
Sykes's Local Records, under date 1239.
Richardson's Local Historian's Table Book, vol. i., page 72.
Industrial Resources of the Tyne, Wear, and Tees, page 17.
Bruce's Handbook to Newcastle, 1886 edition, page 7.

RICHARD WELFORD, Newcastle.

At about the close of the twelfth century William the Lion (whose reign terminated in 1214 A.D.) granted the monks of Holyrood Abbey the tithe of the colliery of Carriden, near Blackness, along with the tithe of the harbour at the same place. This seems to be the first reliable record in the history of coal mining. In the same reign (between 1210 and 1214) the monks of Newbattle Abbey received the grant of a colliery and quarry on the sea-shore at Preston, in the lands of Tranent, a district which from that early period downward continued to be famous for its production of coal.

Previous to the reign of King John, there appear to be no allusions to the existence of a coal-trade in England. At the close of his conflict with the barons, when, by the granting of Magna Charta (1215), a greatly increased security was given to subjects in the possession of these lands and rights, we have evidence of a commencement having been made to work coal and to convey it from the North to London. As early as the year 1228

a lane in the metropolis is mentioned under the name of Seacole Lane, clearly showing that some trade in sea coal was at that time in progress there.

In 1236, the monks of Newminster Abbey, near Morpeth, in Northumberland, received a grant of some land on the sea-shore near Blyth, with a right-of-way to the shore to obtain seaweed for tillage, and sea coal wherever it might be found. In 1240, the same monks received another charter authorising them to get sea coal for use of the *forge* at one of their Granges. From this time forward references to the working and use of coal are frequently to be met with.

The earliest allusion to the coal trade at Newcastle-upon-Tyne appears to be in 1268-9, when a number of persons were brought before the justices to answer the complaint of the Prior of Tynemouth for "having *vi et armis* come to the Prior's mills, at Shields, burned them down, threatened and maltreated some of the monks, and seized and taken away a ship of the Prior's, lying there laden with sea coal." In 1281, the town was returned as worth £200 (temp. Edward I.) to the burgesses, the advance in its value being ascribed to the new trade in sea coal.

The working of coal soon became general throughout the kingdom, and, at the close of the reign of Edward I. (1307), the mineral was being dug, though doubtless on a small scale, in most of the coalfields of England, Wales, and Scotland. J. M. Russell, Liverpool.

Old Newcastle Tradesmen.

ALDER DUNN.

Ever since Mr. Grainger's time, Newcastle has had a high reputation for handsome shops in almost every branch of business. In that respect, at least, few towns in the kingdom can equal it. Thirty or forty years ago many of the tradesmen had made a name for their specialities, and their customers believed in them as *the* draper, *the* clothier, *the* hatter, *par excellence*, and patronised them accordingly. The old class of pitman was a true conservative in his dislike of change, and stuck to certain shops which had gained his confidence, most religiously. A friend would ask, "Where did ye buy that bonny goon, Janey?" "At Alder Dunn's! Aa wadn't gan ne way else," would be the answer. "That's a clivvor cap, Geordie. Whor did ye buy't?" "At Palmer, Franks's; aa elwis gan thor," Geordie would likely reply. The once noted tradesmen whom we here mention have long since retired from business, and joined the great majority, so that we cannot be said to be puffing either them or their wares.

Of the three great drapery establishments in Market Street, one was, for several years, occupied by Mr. William Alder Dunn. Although it is close upon thirty years since that gentleman retired into private life, elderly ladies still grow animated and aglow with pleasure at the mere mention of his name. Most gentlemanly and courteous in his manners, with a smile and bow for the poorest and the humblest, Mr. Dunn was the very prince of "shop-walkers." The elderly lady, who is still fond of a little occasional shopping, will tell you that, although there are many fine gentlemanly men still in the great drapery establishments of Newcastle, there is not one who can "hold a candle" to Alder Dunn. For many years, Mr. Dunn was one of the best-known figures in Newcastle. He was to be seen at his shop-door in Market Street from morning till night, bareheaded, smiling, and pleasant, ready to take charge of his lady patrons and introduce them to the salesmen they wanted. His pleasant manner never varied. He was as bland and courteous to the fish or basket woman who wanted a yard of cheap calico as to the lady customer alighting from her carriage. It is pleasant to be able to add that Mr. Dunn's admirable courtesy was not on the surface; for he was a most kind and indulgent master. He certainly took care that his employees did their work with civility and attention, and so far he was very strict. But his old shop assistants still speak of him with the greatest of respect and liking; and all who had business dealings with him admit that he was an upright and honourable tradesman.

Mr. Dunn first began business in the Side, nearly fifty years ago. He was the first draper in the district who accommodated his customers with chairs, and the innovation, it is said, was received with great surprise. After leaving the Side for Market Street, he entered into partnership with Mr. E. M. Bainbridge, now head of the establishment of Bainbridge and Co. This would be about forty years ago; and on dissolving partnership with Mr. Dunn, Mr. Bainbridge, in company with Mr. Muschamp, entered on the great and flourishing business now so widely known. Left alone, Mr. Dunn conducted a successful trade for many years, under the style of W Alder Dunn. It was somewhat peculiar that the shop was never called by customers Dunn's, or Mr. Dunn's, but always "Alder Dunn's"—pronounced as though it were one word.

Mr. Dunn, having realised a fortune, gave up business in September, 1858, and the large concern passed into other hands, retaining, however, the name under which it has ever since been conducted.

HADWEN BRAGG.

As the large and handsome establishment of Bragg and Co., Pilgrim Street, has just entered upon the hundredth year of its existence, completing its centenary at the end of 1887, a sketch of the founder of the concern may perhaps be found more than usually interesting.

Hadwen Bragg was one of the "people called Quakers," and a native of Cumberland. He came to Newcastle when a very young man, and first began business as a draper at the east end of Mosley Street, in the year 1788.

Before long Mr. Bragg felt himself justified in entering upon larger premises, and so he purchased from the Misses Peareth a small portion of the building now occupied by the firm. He had by this time gained the reputation of an honest, upright tradesman, and a man of great business capacity, and, of course, all the confidence which such a character brings with it. He had married a lady who was a prominent member of the Society of Friends, and a preacher, or what was then called a "minister," in that connexion. By this marriage he had two sons and two daughters — one of the latter marrying a Mr. Priestman. This gentleman we believe to have been the late Mr. Jonathan Priestman, who was well-known in Newcastle, in his younger days, as the "handsome Quaker," but better still as forward in almost every good and philanthropic work in the town.

The life of a quiet, gentle, sedate man of business, such as Mr. Hadwen Bragg's seems to have been, presents little material for a biography. Like most of the Friends, of his time especially, he interested himself in all the various charities and good works of the town. "Not slothful in business," he always found time for public usefulness, and in this he had the ready and willing assistance of his admirable wife.

Mr. Hadwen Bragg died about 1823, and at his decease the name of the firm was altered to Margaret Bragg and Sons—*i.e.*, John Hadwen Bragg and Charles Bragg. On the death of their mother, and for some years after, the two sons conducted the business under the style of Charles Bragg and Co. About the year 1840, Messrs. Bragg purchased the business and stock of Messrs. Dearman, Robson, and Co., Market Street. To assist them in this, they engaged a young man named Thomas Foster Potts, who remained with the firm until the death of Mr. Charles Bragg, which took place in 1874, when Mr. Potts became sole proprietor. Prior to this, very large additions (including the premises of the old *Newcastle Courant*) were added to the already extensive concern.

Mr. Potts survived Mr. Charles Bragg only five years, having died in 1879. On his decease, his widow and nephew (Mr. Murton) succeeded to the business, and are now the sole proprietors of the extensive concern.

While going over the large and handsome establishment in Pilgrim Street, the writer could not help looking back forty or fifty years, and seeing, as it were, the busy printers, and all the flurry, excitement, and bustle of a publishing night (inseparable from even an old-fashioned weekly paper), and contrasting it with the quiet calm of an aristocratic drapery establishment. The old building recalled also the kindly, pleasant face of Edward Walker, who lived on the premises (as nearly all tradespeople did in his day), and who was noted for his hospitality and as a good and generous employer. The house itself, with its broad staircase of black oak, its beautiful carving, and the fine tracery of the ceilings of its rooms, is still pretty much as it was sixty years ago, save for the different uses to which the several apartments are now put. We dare say that but few of our readers will remember the sad death of Mr. Walker, who expired while at dinner in his own house, from suffocation, due to a fish-bone having lodged in the throat.

It is interesting here to mention that the respected general manager of the North-Eastern Railway Company, Mr. Henry Tennant, was, when quite a young man, employed in the counting-house of the Messrs. Bragg. He left that firm to fill a subordinate position on the North-Eastern Railway; but his merits soon procured him promotion, until he attained the high position which he now so worthily fills.

Those unacquainted with old Newcastle will be hard to persuade that, sixty years ago, there was a large garden in Railway Bank, which extended down to dull, gloomy Manor Street. Yet such was the fact, and we mention it to call attention to a robbery committed in Messrs. Bragg's old premises in 1817, the thieves gaining admittance from the garden at the back. We copy a quaint little bill, which is framed and glazed and still kept in the office of the firm:—

SHOP BROKEN.

Whereas, on Saturday night or Sunday morning last, the shop of Mr. Hadwen Bragg, of Pilgrim Street, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, was feloniously broken, and the following valuable articles stolen therefrom:—Several dresses of printed sarsinets, principally dark blue ground, or white; several also on light blue ground; some of each with borders, for robes. Several imitation Indian scarf shawls, with pine and white ground, crimson, scarlet, and emerald green; and set short scarfs or mantlets of the same description.

A handsome reward will be paid for the discovery or apprehension of the offender or offenders, and the restoration of the property, on the conviction of such offender or offenders, by application to the Mayor's Chamber, where information is requested to be communicated.

It is particularly requested that if any goods of the above description be offered either to pawnbrokers or drapers, they will detain the parties, and give notice, &c., as above.

Mayor's Chamber, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Oct. 13, 1817.

Captain Nicholls and his merry men would be surprised if such a bill as the foregoing were to emanate from the Mayor's Chamber now-a-days. It is gratifying to mention, however, that the "offenders" concerned in the above robbery were afterwards captured in Dublin, and were treated to a long sea voyage at the expense of the Government.

W. W. W.

Hadwen Bragg's Kinsmen and Descendants.

I have read with much interest the article on Hadwen Bragg which appeared in the columns of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* of January 22. To the people of Newcastle and Tyneside generally it must be gratifying to know that the founder of one of the oldest established concerns in the district was, as W. W. W. observes, "an honest, upright tradesman, and a man of great business capacity"; but the name of Hadwen Bragg should have an interest for hundreds of readers in other parts of the country who never heard of the firm of Bragg and

Co., now completing its centenary. I, therefore, ask permission to tell something about "the quiet, gentle, sedate man of business" who commenced life as a draper in Mosley Street in the year 1788.

At the beginning of last century there lived at Netherand, in Cumberland, one Isaac Bragg, and he had a son named John Bragg, who, in the year 1749, married at Colthouse, near Hawkshead, in North Lancashire, Margaret Hadwen, the daughter of one John Hadwen. This pair had five sons and two daughters; one of the sons being Hadwen Bragg, the Newcastle draper. W. W. W. says "He married a lady who was a prominent member of the Society of Friends, and a preacher, or what was then called a 'minister' in that connection." The lady thus referred to was Margaret Wilson, a daughter of Isaac and Rachel Wilson, of Kendal; and the marriage took place at that town—probably in the Friends' Meeting House—in the year 1790, the bridegroom being then 27 years of age, and having been two years in business in Newcastle. How, it may be asked, did Hadwen Bragg, of Newcastle, and Margaret Wilson, of Kendal, become acquainted? In those days Newcastle and Kendal were not in easy communication with each other. Even now a railway journey between the two towns consumes a considerable part of a day. The origin of the acquaintance between the pair may be found in the fact that both belonged to Quaker families. Kendal was then, as it is now, a stronghold of the Society of Friends; and there was, doubtless, frequent intercourse between the Friends there and those scattered over Cumberland and in Newcastle and Darlington. There was, moreover, already a connection between the Braggs and the Wilsons for twelve years previously. Margaret Wilson, the first cousin of the wife of Hadwen Bragg, had married Isaac Bragg, who, if I mistake not, was an elder brother of Hadwen. After a useful life, Mr. Hadwen Bragg died in 1820, leaving sons and daughters. W. W. W. says, "One of the latter married a Mr. Priestman. This gentleman we believe to have been the late Mr. Jonathan Priestman, who was well known in Newcastle in his younger days as the 'handsome Quaker,' but better still as forward in almost every good and philanthropic work in the town." This is so. Mr. Priestman, who was the son of Mr. David Priestman, was born in 1787, and in 1814 he wedded Miss Rachel Bragg, then in her 24th year. In the following year there was born to them at Summerfield a daughter, named Elizabeth Priestman, after her paternal grandmother. Other sons and daughters followed, all born at Summerfield, and the name of Priestman is not likely soon to become extinct. In 1839 the name became linked with another name probably destined to have an enduring place in English history. In that year a young Quaker from Rochdale, named John Bright, came to Newcastle and wedded the Elizabeth Priestman already mentioned, the grand-daughter of Hadwen Bragg. Their married life was, however, but of short duration, for Mrs. Bright died in 1841. It was when overwhelmed with grief for the loss of his young wife that Mr. Cobden saw Mr. Bright, and urged him to join in the battle for the repeal of the Corn Laws, with the result which all students of history know. Mrs. Bright left one daughter, named Helen Priestman Bright, who married, in 1866, Mr. William Stephens Clark.

Allow me another paragraph in which I may say something about other kinsmen of Mrs. Hadwen Bragg. Her brother, John Wilson, married Sarah Dillworth; and one of the sons of this pair, Isaac Wilson, married Mary Jowett, of Leeds, by whom he was the father of Mr. Isaac Wilson, the present M.P. for Middlesbrough. Dorothy Wilson, an elder sister of Mrs. Hadwen Bragg, married, in 1764, John Whitwell, and was the mother of Isaac Whitwell, who was the father of Mr. John Whitwell, for a number of years M.P. for Kendal. Rachel, a sister of Isaac Whitwell, and, of course, a niece of Mrs. Hadwen Bragg, married at Kendal, in 1796, Mr. Edward Pease, of Darlington, and was thus the grandmother of Sir Joseph Whitwell Pease, M.P. for the Barnard Castle Division of Durham, and of Mr. Henry Fell Pease, M.P. for the Cleveland Division of Yorkshire; and the great-grandmother of Mr. Alfred Pease, the member for the city of York.

ZETA, Carlisle.

My Lord 'Size.

Tyneside is celebrated for its songs. One of the most famous of these is undoubtedly the lyric which narrates the adventure of Mr. Baron Graham, one of the judges of Assize, in the River Tyne. Some account of the author, now partly printed for the first time, together with a few particulars of the accident, will give additional interest to the words of the song.

THE AUTHOR.

The author of "My Lord 'Size" was a tradesman of Newcastle—John Shield, who, along with his brother Hugh, was in business for many years as a wholesale and family grocer. It was in Middle Street, which stood on the site of the present Corn Market, that the shop of the firm was situated. The brothers, according to the account of one who knew them well, were very different in character. While John was remarkably quiet and inoffensive, full of the "milk of human kindness," Hugh, though of a generous disposition, was of so warm a temper that any attempt to take advantage of him, or offer him slight or insult, aroused his ire at once.

A story in point has come to us from the authority to which we have referred. When the erection of the Corn Market was first mooted (the old building, of course, *not* the present Corn Market), the brothers had thoughts of retiring from business. One day, however, a fussy attorney entered the shop, and, unfortunately for him, was received by Mr. Hugh Shield. "Ah!" said the

lawyer, rather haughtily, "your shop, Mr. Shield, is wanted for a public purpose. So you must think of moving. We have agreed to give you——" (mentioning the sum). For a moment Mr. Shield glared at him, and then burst out, "Ye hev agreed to gie. Whe are ye? Ye beggor, ye shanna ha'd! Get oot!" The Corn Market Committee of that day, however, would doubtless have power to claim the site in question; but the solicitor for Messrs. Shield found some legal flaw in the deeds, and he was instructed to fight the question in the law courts. The subsequent litigation was costly, for the expenses came to much more than the brothers would have willingly taken for their property. The Corn Market Committee lost the action, and, of course, had to pay all the costs on both sides.

Hugh Shield, on retiring from business, bought a small estate at Broomhaugh, near Hexham, where he resided for many years. He was a bachelor, and on his death he left this estate to his brother John, who had previously been living in Newcastle. Mr. John Shield removed to Broomhaugh, and died there in 1848 at the venerable age of 80 years.

The following kindly and appreciative notice of Mr. Shield appeared in the *Newcastle Chronicle* of August 11 in that year:—"Mr. Shield was a highly-respected and most worthy man. For a long series of years he occupied a very prominent position in Newcastle, and, in addition to his many amiable and social qualities, he possessed poetic gifts of no mean order, and added largely to our stock of local songs. Most of his writings were distinguished by a rich vein of humour, mixed occasionally with keen strokes of satire, and always displaying a lively imagination and good feeling. But it was not in songs alone that he was distinguished, for he wrote many pieces of a higher character, which were also deservedly admired. As an example of his different styles, we are sure we need only mention 'The Drowned Judge,' and the verses addressed to Mr. Greathead, as the inventor of the lifeboat, to prove the versatility of his talent, and recall to the minds of the elder portion of our readers the pleasure they were accustomed to derive from the productions of Mr. Shield's muse. He was indeed one of our Newcastle worthies, whose memory will ever be held in veneration."

Besides his local songs, which were certainly among the best and most humorous in the dialect, Mr. Shield was the author of various pathetic pieces of very considerable merit. "Poor Tom, the Blind Boy," and the address to Mr. Greathead, mentioned in the preceding paragraph, were, perhaps, among the best of his fugitive pieces. The first time "My Lord 'Size" appeared in print, we believe, was in a collection published in 1827 by the author's friend Akenhead.

From all that we can learn, however, it would seem that Mr. Shield's song-writing proclivities did not commend themselves to the members of his family. The ladies of his household, we are assured, did all they could to discourage his poetic flights. It thus happened that he generally wrote his songs when he was away from home on his frequent business journeys in the country. He thus accumulated a great number of manuscript pieces which were never printed. This was well-known to one or two friends. When the furniture and library at Broomhaugh were sold by auction, after his death, a near relative instructed the auctioneer to buy the precious manuscript, naming a price which he thought would effectually debar competition. Another gentleman, however, gave a commission to buy the book at any price, and, of course, got it. The purchaser, we believe, is still alive. If this notice should meet his eye, it may be hoped that he will allow at least a selection from his store to be given to the public.

The Shield family has been widely respected in Newcastle for many generations. One of the sons of Mr. John Shield is still in the land of the living, as well as several of his grandchildren. Mr. Hugh Shield, the eminent barrister, until lately member of Parliament for Cambridge, is a grandson of the poet.

THE ACCIDENT.

The accident to Mr. Baron Graham, in describing which the author of "My Lord 'Size" no doubt took the usual poetic licence, occurred many years ago. The Mayors of Newcastle at that time occupied the Mansion House in the Close, where they entertained his Majesty's judges. According to veracious history, his lordship was about to take a trip on the river, pretty much as Roger North describes the trip of Lord Guilford. While in the act of stepping into the handsome Corporation barge lying at the Mansion House stairs, he fell into the Tyne, but was, of course, immediately fished out. Like Mr. Pickwick, after his bath, the learned judge was put to bed, and accommodated with a glass of hot brandy and water. Next morning, doubtless, he was able to be introduced to several gentlemen who were by no means covetous of that honour.

As far as we can ascertain, there appears to be no contemporary account of the disaster. According to Mackenzie, Mr. Baron Graham paid four visits to Newcastle—in 1800, 1804, 1806, and 1810, his first visit being paid in the year he was elevated to the judicial bench. From official documents to which we have kindly been allowed access, we learn that "Sir Robert Graham, Knight, one of the Barons of our Lord the King of his Court of Exchequer," was accompanied, in August, 1810, by Sir Alan Chambre, one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas. It was probably in that year that his lordship was soused in the Tyne. Certain it that he never came back again. The affair does not seem to have attracted the attention of the newspapers. At all events, there is no mention of it in the

Newcastle Chronicle of the date specified. This is explained by the fact that every effort was made by the authorities to keep the accident from coming to the knowledge of the public. It came out at last, however, with the result we all know.

The official calendar, signed by "Fler. Rigge, Clerk of Assize for the Northern Circuit," shows that five persons were tried before Mr. Baron Graham and Mr. Justice Chambre for what were then capital crimes: two for burglary, two for horse stealing, and one—a woman named Ann Shell—for "feloniously stealing a cow of the price of five pounds." All were sentenced to be hanged; but four of them were afterwards reprieved. The fifth—John Bowman, "guilty of horse stealing"—was presumably executed. Here we get a glimpse of the sort of justice that was meted out to common thieves sixty or seventy years ago.

Concerning Mr. Baron Graham, the following biographical sketch is given in Foss's Lives of the Judges:—"Graham, Robert, was the son and heir of James Graham, Esq., of Dalston, in Middlesex, and was born at Hackney, on October 14, 1744. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and, entering the Inner Temple in 1766, he was called to the bar in due course. After many years' practice, he was, in February, 1793, made Attorney-General to the Prince of Wales, and King's Counsel in the April following. In June, 1800, he was raised to the Bench of the Exchequer, on which he sat for nearly twenty-seven years. He was not considered a very efficient judge, and that his previous reputation as a lawyer was not very high appears from Sir Edward Law's remark when he was appointed, 'That he put Mr. Justice Rooke upon a pinnacle.' His principal distinction was his equanimity of temper. So great was his politeness and urbanity to every one, that Jekyll said of him, 'No one but his sempstress could ruffle him.' His dignity must have been somewhat disturbed by an unlucky accident which befell him at Newcastle, while judge of assize there, and which was made the subject of a humorous song, from the pen of Mr. John Shield. He resigned in February, 1827, in his eighty-third year; but lived several years afterwards, and died at his sister's, at Long Ditton, in Surrey, when he was beyond ninety."

BOLD ARCHY.

One line in the song, it will be seen, refers to Bold Archy, a noted Newcastle character sixty or seventy years ago. Bold Archy, whose real name was Archibald Henderson, was, according to Sykes, "a man of great stature and muscular power," though he is stated to have been "inoffensive in his manners." He is immortalised in several of the local songs of the day. Moreover, he forms one of the group of "Newcastle Eccentrics" which was painted by H. P. Parker. Bold Archy died in May, 1828, in the 87th year of his age.

THE SONG.

The gaoler, for trial, had brought up a thief,
Whose looks seemed a passport for Botany Bay;
The lawyers, some with and some wanting a brief,
Around the green table were seated so gay:
Grave jurors and witnesses, waiting a call,
Attorneys and clients, more angry than wise,
With strangers and town's-people, thronged the Guildhall,
All waiting and gaping to see my Lord 'Size.

Oft stretched were their necks, oft erected their ears,
Still fancying they heard of the trumpets the sound,
When tidings arrived which dissolved them in tears,
That my lord at the dead-house was then lying drowned!
Straight left *tête-à-tête* were the gaolor and thief;
The horror-struck crowd to the dead-house quick hies;
Even the lawyers, forgetful of fee and of brief,
Set off, helter-skelter, to view my Lord 'Size.

And now the Sandhill with the sad tidings rings,
And the tubs of the taties are left to take care;
Fishwomen desert their crabs, lobsters, and lings,
And each to the dead-house now runs like a hare.
The glassmen, some naked, some clad, heard the news,
And off they ran smoking, like hot mutton pies;
Whilst Castle Garth tailors, like wild kangaroos,
Came tail-on-end jumping to see my Lord 'Size.

The dead-house they reached, where his lordship they found,
Pale, stretched on a plank, like themselves out of breath;
The coroner and jury were seated around,
Most gravely inquiring the cause of his death.
No haste did they seem in their task to complete,
Aware that from hurry mistakes often rise;
Or wishful, perhaps, of prolonging the treat
Of thus sitting in judgment upon my Lord 'Size.

Now the Mansion House butler thus gravely deposed:
"My lord on the terrace seemed studying his charge;
And when, as I thought, he had got it composed,
He went down the stairs and examined the barge.
First the stem he surveyed, then inspected the stern,
Then handled the tiller, and looked mighty wise;
But he made a false step when about to return,
And souse in the water straight tumbled Lord 'Size."

Now, his narrative ended, the butler retired,
Whilst Betty Watt muttering, half drunk, through ner teeth,
Declared, "In her breast great consarn it inspired,
That my lord should sae cullishly come to his deeth."
Next a keelman was called on, Bold Archy his name,
Who the book as he kissed showed the whites of his eyes;
Then he cut an odd caper, attention to claim,
And this evidence gave them respecting Lord 'Size:

"Aa was setting the keel, wi' Dick Stavers and Matt,
An' the Mansion House stairs we were just alangside,
When we a' three see'd somethin', but didn't ken what,
That was splashing and labbering about i' the tide.
'It's a fluiker,' ki Dick: 'No,' ki Matt, 'it's owre big;
It looked mair like a skyet when I forst see'd it rise.'
Kiv aa—for aa'd gettin' a gliff o' the wig—
'Ods marcy! wey, marrows, becrike, it's Lord 'Size!'

"Sae aa huiked him, and hauled him suin into the keel,
And o' top o' the huddock aa rowled him aboot;
An' his belly aa rubbed, an' aa skelped his back weel,
But the water he'd drucken it wadn't run oot.
Sae I brought him ashore here, an' doctors, in vain,
Forst this way, then that, to recover him tries;
For ye see there he's lying as deed as a stane,
An' that's a' aa can tell ye aboot my Lord 'Size."

Now the jury for close consultation retired:
Some "Death accidental" were willing to find;
Some "God's visitation" most eager required;
And some were for "Fell in the river" inclined.
But ere on their verdict they all were agreed,
My lord gave a groan, and wide opened his eyes;
Then the coach and the trumpeters came with great speed,
And back to the Mansion House carried Lord 'Size.

Castle Garth Stairs.

Standing upon the Swing Bridge over the Tyne at Newcastle, and looking up at the steep hill on which stand the Castle and the Moot Hall, it is hard to imagine the state of the declivity before its face was covered by the blocks of houses which now crowd it. Still harder is it, looking up the Castle Garth Stairs, hemmed in as they are on either side by high buildings, to recall the time when it was a mere footpath running up the wooded side of the hill to the ancient British fort perched on its summit. Yet it is not unreasonable to suppose that such was the case, and that the footpath occupied this very site. However this may have been, there is no reason to doubt that there was here a roadway up the hill at least as early as A.D. 120, when Hadrian built his bridge across the Tyne, for it would be the nearest means of access from the bridge to the Roman castle, which was built where the Moot Hall now stands. It is probable, too, that stairs were then formed, and that they have ever since followed the same line.

At what period houses were first built on either side of the stairs it would be hard, if not impossible, to determine; but it is unlikely, as long as the eminence above was occupied by fortifications fit for service, that any buildings would be allowed here to form a sort of covered way for an attacking enemy. What was the nature of the buildings on the hill top in Saxon times, when Newcastle was the abode of religion and went by the name of Monkchester, we know not; but, in the time of the Conqueror, his eldest son Robert erected a castle here, afterwards rebuilt by William Rufus, and again replaced, in the reign and under the direction of Henry II., by the magnificent pile of which the Keep and some other portions still remain.

The Postern which stands near the head of the stairs, as shown in our illustration, and which Dr. Bruce says is the only Norman Postern extant in England if its circular arch is original, is a proof of the importance attached to this climbing roadway. The arch does not go straight through the gate tower, but, for greater security against an attacking force, changes its direction about half way, and goes off at an obtuse angle from its original course. So we may safely conclude that for some time after the building of the Castle no houses were built upon the stairs. But we know how the Castle Wardens in time began to neglect their duties, and suffered the place to fall into disrepair; for, when Edward III. came to the throne, "the castle of Newcastle-on-Tyne was so decayed that there was not in all the castle a single house or room where one could be received, nor one gate which could be closed." Of all this neglect advantage would doubtless be taken by enterprising citizens; and so dwellings and shops would be erected on the stairs. King Edward set to work with vigour, and repaired the castle; but, as the town walls were now completed, there was less need of the inner fortress, and the clearing of its approaches might not be thought so necessary as before.

The history of the Castle after this period is a history of decadence and decay. People in time were allowed to do pretty much as they pleased around it, and its precincts became a resort and sanctuary for debtors and offenders against justice; for, being within the liberties of the County of Northumberland, the town authorities had no jurisdiction here. In the Castle Garth, tradesmen who were not members of any of the Newcastle Guilds, and who could not engage in business in the town, opened shops in defiance of the burghers and their laws. Tailors and shoemakers seem always to have predominated in the locality. There is mention of the extraordinary gathering of cobblers here in the reign of Charles II., and down to our day we may notice the same peculiarity. Not so numerous as we can remember them, but still to be seen in goodly numbers on either side of the steep stairs, are the open shop fronts with row upon row of boots, shoes, and clogs, new and second-hand, displayed to allure the passer-by, just as foot coverings of another fashion were shown in the reign of the merry monarch, and probably long before. Many of the shops, we are sorry to say, are now closed, depression in trade having evidently reached even this out-of-the-way spot. It is a place, nevertheless, worth visiting on occasion; for there is an old-world quaintness about the shops and the street of steps not often to be met with now-a-days, even in old towns.

The Postern alone is a sight an antiquarian would travel many miles to see. Above it used to stand the gaoler's house, and there is a tradition that once upon a time a subterranean passage led from it to the Keep hard by. Just below the Postern a lane runs from the stairs westward, under the outer wall of the Castle, and a little further down another (now called "Low Way") runs nearly parallel with it. There is no thoroughfare now through either of them; both are blocked up as being unsafe by reason of the ruinous state of the adjoining building; but at one time they used to lead out to near the head of the Long Stairs, and the upper one is probably the lane mentioned by Mackenzie, called in its east part Bankside, and in its western part Sheep's Head Alley.

We hope it may be long before the fate of these lanes befalls the Castle Stairs themselves, for we could ill afford to lose such a relic of the past life of our old town and its people.

The Bowes Tragedy.

The old castle of Bowes, situated on the little river Greta, which flows into the Tees at Rokeby, is supposed to be the "Turris de Arcubus" of mediæval records, built by Alan, first Earl of Richmond, in the time of the Conqueror. It stands on the north-east edge of that high, hilly, and solitary tract called Stainmore, or the Stony Moor, a forest without trees, which extends from the neighbourhood of Barnard Castle to Kirkby Stephen, in Westmoreland.

In the early part of the last century Bowes was the scene of a tragedy which William Mallet, originally Malloch, a Scotchman from Crieff settled in London, and characterised as "a vainglorious, worthless person, but a good poet and facile miscellaneous writer," made the subject of a popular ballad—"Edwin and Emma."

On the publication of this ballad, in the year 1760, Mallet subjoined an attestation of the truth of the facts related in it, which Thomas Evans, in his "Old Ballads, Historical and Narrative," published in 1784, gives his readers literally. It is an extract of a letter from the curate of Bowes to a Mr. Copperthwaite, who is said to have lived at Merrick, a village situated on the Swale, about eight miles above Richmond, and who had, it appears, inquired into the particulars of the affair.

It seems there was living at Bowes, at the date to which the story refers, a young man named Edwin Wrightson, whom the ballad-maker represents to have been "the pride of swains, a soul that knew no art." His father, who had by his toil as a husbandman acquired what was considered in those days ah andsome competency, expected and required that his son should marry suitably—that is to say, a girl with money. But Edwin had fixed his heart unalterably on a pretty young creature named Emma Railton, who lived in a humble cottage, "fast by a sheltering wood," in the vale of the Greta, with her mother, a poor widow,

> Whose only wish on earth was now
> To see her blest, and die.

Emma was as modest and unassuming as she was lovely and innocent, being one of those rare women who—

> Though by all a wonder owned,
> Yet know not they are fair.

Edwin and Emma were both much of the same age, that is, growing up to twenty. In point of birth there was no disparity, but in point of worldly pelf, much. For Emma's father had died poor, while Edwin's was, as we have said, passing rich. Between this interesting pair, who saw each other every day, "a mutual flame was quickly caught." But, though this was soon known and acknowledged on both sides, their courtship was all by stealth, as Edwin rightly divined that his parents would never approve of it, and he could not make up his mind to marry without their consent, and so be cut off in his father's last will and testament with a shilling, as was the orthodox rule in such cases.

After the love-meetings had continued for about a year, the secret was found out by old Wrightson, who had, indeed, for some time suspected that they were enamoured of each other, but had pre-determined that nothing should come of it. His wife cordially joined him in his cold, calculating, mercenary views; and a hunchbacked daughter, named Hannah, would have gone many miles out of her way to blight the matrimonial hopes of Emma. Ever ready and keen to work mischief, in which she took delight, she employed every art to induce her brother to

break off his connection with his chosen sweetheart, besides circulating all sorts of lies about her behind her back, treating her, when she met her, with notable contempt, and flouting at her on all occasions, as if she were a worthless baggage who had nothing but her fair face to recommend her. In short, the trio held it as a maxim, that blood was nothing without groats.

The result was that old Wrightson sternly forbade his son ever to meet Emma again in private, and told him he would never, on any consideration, consent to his marrying a penniless wench. And now the ballad tells us that—

In Edwin's gentle heart a war
Of different passions strove;
His heart, that durst not disobey,
Yet could not cease to love.
Denied her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept,
To catch a gleam, to mark the spot
Where Emma walked and wept.

Oft, too, in Stainmore's wintry waste,
Beneath the moonlight shade,
In sighs to pour his softened soul,
The midnight mourner strayed.
His cheek, where health with beauty glowed,
A deadly pale o'ercast;
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
Before the northern blast.

In short, the young lover sickened, and took to his bed about Shrove Tuesday; that festival fell on the 13th of February in the year 1714, and he died on the Sunday seven-night after, the 25th of the month. On the last day of his illness, when his parents

——— with late remorse,
Hung o'er his dying bed;
And wearied heaven with fruitless vows,
And fruitless sorrow shed,

he desired that, if "sweet mercy yet could move their souls," they would instantly send for her whom he so dearly loved.

She came; his cold hand softly touched,
And bathed with many a tear;
(Fast falling o'er the primrose pale,
So morning dews appear).
But oh! his sister's jealous care—
A cruel sister she!
Forbade what Emma came to say:
"My Edwin, live for me."

"It is true," says the good curate of Bowes, "the young woman was civilly received by the mother, who bid her welcome when it was too late; but her daughter Hannah lay at his back, to cut them off from all opportunity of exchanging their thoughts."

As Emma went homewards, hopeless and weeping bitterly, along the churchyard path,

—the death-bell smote her ear,
Sad sounding in the gale.

She knew it was tolling for her lover's departure from this weary, wicked world. "He is gone!" she exclaimed, "and I shall see him no more!"

On reaching her aged mother's dwelling, which was not many yards off, she screamed aloud that her heart was burst, sank powerless to the ground, and expired some moments after.

The then curate of Bowes inserted it in his register that they both died of love, and were buried in the same grave, March 15, 1714, old style.

There is a monument to the lovers in the churchyard of Bowes, which is famous also as being the supposed scene of Dickens's famous Dotheboys Hall.

Cock-Fighting in Newcastle.

A century ago every number of the *Newcastle Chronicle* contained at least half-a-dozen advertisements of cock-fights in the various "pits" in the town. Seventy, fifty, and a hundred pounds were the sums generally fought for. We copy one announcement from the *Chronicle* of December 1, 1770, and the same paper contains six similar advertisements, the prizes in the aggregate amounting to £720—a large sum in those days:—

TO be Fought for, at Mr. Mordue's New Pit in the Flesh Market, on Monday, the 31st of December, FIFTY POUNDS, by Cocks and Stags, 3lbs, 14oz.

On Tuesday, the 1st of January, ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, by Cocks and Stags, 4lb. 2oz.

On Wednesday, the 2nd, by Cocks, Stags, and Blenkards, 4lb. 2oz.

To weigh the Saturday before, between Ten and Twelve o'clock, and fight with fair Silver Spurs. The Stags for the Monday to be allowed one ounce; Tuesday, the Stags to be allowed one ounce and a half; and on Wednesday, the Stags to be allowed one ounce, and Blenkards one ounce and a half.

N.B.—Whereas, there have been many complaints made by the Gentlemen of the Sod in regard to their Cocks fighting with Candle Light, to prevent which for the future Mr. Mordue is determined to have a pair of Cocks upon the Sod precisely at Ten o'clock each Day.

Dr. Bruce's excellent "Handbook of Newcastle-upon-Tyne" contains the following remarks upon this once popular pastime:—"Cock-fighting was a favourite pastime of the inhabitants of Newcastle from an early period. Even during the Commonwealth, when other sports were rigorously interdicted, if we are to credit tradition, a cock-pit flourished at the Westgate, just outside of the Corporate jurisdiction. As early, at all events, as 1712, we have an advertisement of cock-fighting in this locality, at the Crown, without the Westgate, contemporary with which was a cock-pit at Dunston Bank. Shortly afterwards we find covered cock-pits attached to many of the principal inns of Newcastle, the arena of those of an earlier date being uncovered. At first the sports were carried on at very short intervals during the season; but by degrees the principal attendance was concentrated in the Race Week, when the fighting was introduced under more imposing auspices, the gentlemen of Northumberland appearing as the competitors of the gentlemen of Durham, Cumberland, or Yorkshire. "Gentlemen" is rather an elastic term; but the "mains" between individuals show that the pastime was then patronised by persons of the highest rank and station, up, at all events,

to the close of the last century, without any impeachment of their refinement or humanity. Amongst the competitors in Newcastle cock-pits were the Duke of Hamilton, Sir Henry Liddell, General Beckwith, Mr. Fenwick of Bywell, Mr. Brandling, &c. In 1790, a long main was fought at Hexham, between the Duke of Northumberland and Mr. Fenwick; and another main the same year at Alnwick, between the Duke of Northumberland and Charles Grey, Esq. (the late Earl Grey), jointly, and Mr. Fenwick. In this district, at least, after the death of Sir Harry Vane in 1813, the sport was in a great measure left in the hands of persons of a very different class in society."

When cock-fighting was a legal sport, the mains were mostly fought during the first half of the year. Cock-lists were printed, containing the entries, &c., which were sold to the spectators at 6d. each. About fifty years ago, and down to the time of the prohibition, most of the cock-pits in Newcastle, were in Forth Street, Newgate Street, and Gallowgate. The pit was simply the centre of a large room, the spectators sitting on seats rising above each other. In an inner circle, railed off from the birds, were the betting men or bookmakers, and there was always a deal of betting over the various fights. The most celebrated of the bookmakers at one time was named Sinclair, and he was noted for his marvellous memory. He would take or give the odds thirty or forty times, and never use pen or pencil, without ever making a mistake as to the wagers. Fighting or game cocks were bred and trained as carefully and as regularly as greyhounds and race-horses are now-a-days. They were bred, in most cases, by pitmen, and, when old enough to be fought, were brought into the town, where they were taken in charge by the "feeders." These men looked after them, fed them, kept them in practice and in training, and were expected to bring them to the cock-pit in fit condition for the fray. The birds were always provided with silver spurs, which they freely used, and often with deadly effect, during the fight, although Nature has provided them with a formidable weapon of their own.

Of course, wherever there is sport, no matter of what sort, from pitch and toss to horse racing, the pitman is always found to be in it. Many of the old school of miners were especially fond of cock-fighting; and on the pay Saturdays a special tournament was got up for Geordie's delectation. And it paid, in spite of the almost prohibitive price (2s. 6d. was charged for admission), for the different pits were always crowded by eager and interested pitmen.

Like the prize ring, cock-fighting was long ago declared illegal; but mains continued to be fought in spite of law and police. There was a cock-pit in Gallowgate for years after the sport became unlawful; but frequent raids by the police, followed by heavy fines, ultimately put an end to its existence. Many gentlemen of position in Newcastle, long after the sport was condemned by Act of Parliament, took great interest in cock-fighting, and were quite willing to pay for their favourite amusement. A well-known alderman and magistrate, who died within the last few years, kept game cocks; and, the back portion of his house being well screened from public view, he frequently had a private "fight" for his own entertainment and that of a select number of friends, amongst the latter being a certain learned judge, who was always delighted to assist in breaking the law—to that extent at least—when he travelled the Northern Circuit.

The English are a law-abiding people, however, and when a thing has been declared illegal it soon ceases to be respectable. Just as the prize-ring has been left to blacklegs and the most disreputable of the sporting fraternity (although time was when the "manly art" was patronised by the nobility and gentry, and not a few of the clergy), so has cock-fighting been gradually extinguished. Perhaps it was not more cruel than pigeon-shooting, or greyhound coursing, or even fox-hunting; but still there are very few who lament its abolition, or who would care to see it revived. M. H.

Rules and Regulations of the Cock-Pit.

The first and most important point in cock-fighting was the weight of the birds. In most agreements for a cock-fight—"articles for a cock-match" was the technical phrase—it was stipulated that no cock should weigh less than 3lbs. 6oz. or more than 3lbs. 8oz. When the cocks on each side had been weighed, the next thing was to pair them. This was done by matching all the cocks, on either side, whose weights came within one ounce of each other. The lightest pair of cocks were always made to fight first, and then those gradually heavier, until the heaviest pair fought last. This venerable rule had been in use since the days of King Charles II. Although the limbs of the birds were always cut, they had to appear "with a fair hackle, not too near shorn, nor cut, nor with any other fraud." The spurs were usually of silver, at least in the great matches.

At the time appointed for the cock-fight to begin, "the masters of the match" took their seats opposite to each other, on either side of the cock-pit, accompanied by two officials termed the "setters-to." Then the two "feeders" appeared, each carrying a cock. After due examination, the birds were made over to the setters-to, and they handed them to the masters of the match, who started the "fun" by putting the cocks upon the mat on the floor of the cock-pit. The next part of the business the cocks managed for themselves.

The "noble sport" now began in earnest, and sometimes two good birds would fight until one cock had killed the other, or thrashed him to helplessness. But not uncommonly, after a sharp round, both cocks would suspend hostilities to gain breath, and, withdrawing to a little distance, each would watch the other in the hope of catching

him in a careless or listless moment. For a short time this rather added to the excitement of the spectators; but human patience soon became exhausted when two cocks stood solemnly eyeing each other.

Now the limit of time for cocks to ogle without fighting was fixed at the interval during which an official, called "the teller of the law," could count 40. When this limit was passed, human science was brought to the assistance of the birds. The setters-to then caught them, and, carrying them to the middle of the pit, "delivered them on their legs, beak to beak." If either of them had been blinded in the previous battle, their heads were to be made to touch each other. If one cock refused to fight, he was tried ten times, and he had to refuse to fight as many times before he was considered beaten.

It sometimes happened that the cock which would fight died from his wounds before his adversary had refused ten times, and in that case the craven bird was considered to have won the battle. The law further provided rules in case both cocks refused to fight, as well as in other cases, which it is hardly necessary that I should enumerate; but they were nearly all based on the principle that the teller of the law should count 40, 20, or 10, according to circumstances, between the interval of the fights.

Cock-fighting was fashionable in Greece at least 500 years B.C., and it was probably a very ancient sport in China, where it is still highly popular. In India, again, cock-fighting is an institution of very great antiquity. Both Henry VIII. and James I. were fond of "cocking"; Oliver Cromwell legislated against it, but Charles II. revived it. The Royal Cockpit at Westminster, which was the headquarters of cock-fighting, was established by Henry VIII., and even in the present century mains have been fought in it.

It is said that a thousand game cocks have been killed in fights during one week in Newcastle.

KENNETH, Dumfries.

North-Country Wit & Humour

THOMAS BINNEY.

Thomas Binney, the popular preacher, was once visiting the scenes where his early youth had been spent in Newcastle, and in his search came upon an old friend, whom he found installed as landlord of a small public-house in Pandon. Going into the bar, the divine waited patiently until his old friend Watty had filled sundry whiskies and "gills o' yell" ordered by previous entrants. The landlord then turned with his usual brisk air, and looked expectingly for the new-comer's order for a glass of something. "Don't you know me?" said the preacher. "Don't you remember Thomas Binney?" "Bliss me sowl!" replied the astonished Watty, "is that ye, Thomas? Whaat'll ye hev?"

POOR PINCHER.

A facetious miner, residing near Newcastle, had the misfortune to lose his dog, and, from information received, had reason to think that he had "strayed" into one of the pork establishments of the town. Consequently he repaired thither in search of his canine friend. His inquiries leading to little satisfaction, he bawled out at the top of his voice, "Pincher!" and, according to the account of the worthy pitman, "the sassages aall trimmill'd agyen." "Lads alive," says he, "whaat mair did aa want?"

KING LEAR.

During a Shaksperian revival at a Newcastle theatre, a man not accustomed to stage performances was induced to accompany some friends to witness the representation of "King Lear." Not understanding the play, he bore with the appearance of Lear for some time in patience. At length, when the old king once more tottered on to the stage, he exclaimed in despairing accents to his friends: "Tut, tut, tut! here's that fond aa'd man agyen!"

THE WRONG TRAIN.

A few years ago a pitman went to the Central Station, Newcastle, with a return ticket for Seghill. He presented himself at the first platform, and got into the south train. Before starting, the guard inquired at the door "All for the south?" Geordie exclaimed, "Aa's for Seghill." The guard consequently told him to come out. Geordie sallied off, and then got into the Sunderland train, with the same result. Next time he strolled to the opposite end of the station, and got into the Carlisle train. He now, quite bewildered, inquired of a porter, and then found that he had got to the wrong station. He at last arrived at the Blyth and Tyne terminus, and got all right. Seating himself beside some acquaintances, he, with a volume of strong oaths, detailed to them his misfortunes, to the evident annoyance of a minister, who accosted Geordie with, "My good man, do you know where you are going to?" "Ay," says Geordie, "aa's gan te Seghill." "No, my good man, you are going to hell!" says the minister. "Whaat!" cries Geordie; "in the wrang train agyen!" and thereupon jumped out, when the train started and left him to find his road to Seghill on foot.

THE BOOT-JACK.

A pitman in full dress, and with some savings in his pocket, arrived in London, and, deeming that money makes or mars a man, he thought that for once he would try to enact the gentleman. Scorning the idea of entering a public-house, he betook himself to an hotel, and, entering the coffee-room, which until then was empty, he took a seat, but scarcely had he composed himself before in walked a smart "commercial." In answer to a summons from the bell, the waiter appeared for orders. "A glass of brandy, waiter," said the gentleman. "Fetch me a

glass o' brandy an' aall," says the pitman. On the waiter's return, the gentleman said, "Waiter, bring me the newspapers." "Waiter, fetch me sum newspapers an' aall," cries Geordie, determined to make the behaviour of the traveller his own line of conduct. After a brief lapse of time the rope of the bell was once more agitated. "Waiter," says the gentleman, "serve me with some tea and a chop." "Waiter," says the pitman, "bring me some tea an' a chop." The gentleman, evidently annoyed, but restraining his anger, more hastily than usual finished his repast. Geordie, quite equal to the occasion, as speedily devoured his meal. The traveller, determined to administer a rebuke, and at the same time, to deliver a hint to his neighbour, rang the bell with a tug which soon again brought in the attendant. "Waiter, bring me a boot-jack," said he. "An' waiter," says the pitman, without any delay, "fetch me a boot-jack, tee.' The commercial, now thoroughly aroused, and no longer able to control his indignation, fiercely looked at his unabashed companion, and sternly demanded, "Fellow, what do you want with a boot-jack, when you have a pair of low shoes on?" "Low shoes or high shoes," replied the offended pitman, "that's ne bissiness o' yors; aa'll back aa can eat a boot-jack as weel as ye!"

North-Country Obituaries.

About the close of the Old Year the deaths were announced of Mr. J. H. Mole and Mr. T. A. Prior, both natives of Newcastle, though they had long ceased to reside there. The former gentleman, though self-taught, attained considerable eminence as a painter in water colours. At the time of his death he was vice-president of the Water Colour Society. Mr. Prior served his time with the late Mark Lambert, and soon after the termination of his apprenticeship went to London, where he met Turner, and was entrusted by the great landscape painter with the engraving of a drawing of Heidelberg. Mr. Prior was engaged about seven years upon the plate, which sold for £800.

A local paper of January 1st announced the death at Morpeth of Margaret, better known as Peggy, Douglas, one of the old stock of Yetholm gipsies, at the advanced age of 86. Her grandfather was a Faa of Yetholm; but, on coming to Morpeth, he changed his name to Young, which his descendants still retain.

There died at Hexham, on Sunday, January 2nd, one of the oldest inhabitants of the town, Mrs. Ann Hedley, at the ripe age of 95 years. She was able to attend to her household duties until her 93rd year.

On the 4th of January, Old Mark Aynsley, a well-known character in Coquetdale, died at his son's house at Rothbury, in the 79th year of his age. He was a native of that town, and had lived all his life in it. By trade a shoemaker, he was exceedingly fond of the rod and line, in the use of which he was very proficient; and he often boasted of having taught Sir William Armstrong to fish.

The death by suicide, at Aberdeen, was reported on the 8th of January of Mr. Alexander Adam, formerly proprietor of the South Tyne Paper Mills at Hexham, where he carried on a large business. The deceased gentleman, who was 64 years of age, had for thirteen years been an inmate of the Lunatic Asylum at Aberdeen. Mr. Adam, by his will, left £5,000 to the English Presbyterian Church at Hexham, of which for many years he had been an elder.

Mr. W. E. Franklin, bookseller, Mosley Street, Newcastle, died on the morning of the 8th of January, at his residence, 4, Belgrave Terrace. The deceased gentleman was a native of Berkshire, and was intended for the Church, but afterwards drifted into business. Many years ago, he opened premises in the Central Station, at Newcastle, for the sale of books and newspapers, and had also charge of the various bookstalls at all the stations between Newcastle and York and between Edinburgh and Newcastle. He afterwards gave them up in favour of a London firm—who in turn gave way to Messrs. Smith and Son—and started business in Neville Street, as well as at North Shields. On account of the improvements in West Grainger Street, the Neville Street shop was removed to make way for the new thoroughfare. Mr. Franklin transferred his business to temporary premises in the Arcade, and afterwards opened a shop in Mosley Street, which he occupied till the time of his death. The deceased gentleman, who was 63 years of age, took an active interest in the affairs of St. Nicholas's Church, in which for some time he filled the post of sidesman.

At a late hour on the evening of the 8th of January, a telegram was received in South Shields, announcing the death, at San Remo, in Italy, of Mr. Collin Wawn, solicitor. The deceased gentleman, who was only 28 years of age, and unmarried, had left Tyneside some time previously for the benefit of his health. He was a son of the late Mr. Christopher Wawn, solicitor, South Shields, and a relative of the late Mr. J. T. Wawn, who represented the borough in Parliament many years ago. Mr. Collin Wawn was an enthusiastic bell-ringer, and took an active interest in getting a new peal of bells for St. Hilda's Parish Church.

On the 9th of January, the Rev. Alexander Reid, for many years pastor of St. Paul's Congregational Church, Arthur's Hill, Newcastle, died at the residence of his son, the Rev. Stuart J. Reid, at Wilmslow, in Cheshire. A native of St. Andrews, in Scotland, Mr. Reid came to Newcastle in 1829, as minister of the old chapel in the Postern. On the removal of that place of worship to make way for the High Level Bridge approaches, service was carried on for a time in the Lecture Room, Nelson Street, in the Zion Chapel, Westgate Street, and afterwards in West Clayton Street Church, until, in 1854, Mr. Reid and his congregation removed to St. Paul's, which had formerly been used as a chapel-of-ease for St. John's Parish Church. Having completed fifty years of ministerial work in Newcastle, the rev. gentleman, conscious of increasing infirmity and advancing years, retired from the pastorate in 1880, and shortly afterwards left Newcastle to reside with his son in Cheshire. Mr. Reid was eighty-two years of age, and among his other sons is Mr. T. Wemyss Reid, for many years editor of the *Leeds Mercury*, and now manager of the firm of Messrs. Cassell and Co., publishers.

Mrs. Richard Wellington Hodgson, of North Dean, Gateshead, widow of the late Alderman Hodgson, J.P., son of the Rev. John Hodgson, the historian of Northumberland, passed away on Thursday, January 10th. She was eighty years of age.

On the 11th of January there were interred in the little village cemetery of Whitburn, in Scotland, the re-

mains of James Nicolson, one of the survivors of the crew of the steamer Forfarshire, who were so gallantly rescued by Grace Darling, when the vessel was wrecked off the Farne Islands in 1838. Nicolson was in the 71st year of his age. Another of the crew of the ill-fated vessel, and probably the last survivor, is now residing within a few miles of the county town of Forfarshire.

Mr. Charles Binns, J.P., of Clay Cross Hall, near Chesterfield, a contemporary and fellow-worker with George Stephenson, died at that place on the 14th of January, in the 74th year of his age.

On the 19th of January Mr. Moses Pye, who, for upwards of a quarter of a century, was well known in the borough of Tynemouth and in Newcastle as an auctioneer and valuer, died at North Shields, in the 75th year of his age.

Mr. Christopher Scott, clerk to the Tynemouth Board of Guardians, and about 40 years of age, died on the 22nd of January, at his residence in North Shields.

The remains of Mr. Wm. James Barker, who for many years had carried on the business of an ironmonger, in Blackett Street, Newcastle, and who was also an excellent musician, were, on the 25th of January, interred in Jesmond Cemetery, the deceased having died two or three days previously from the effects of a fall upon the ice.

On the 24th of January was announced the death of the Rev. Joseph Lee, Unitarian minister of Barnard Castle, of which place he was a native. Mr. Lee, who had formerly been in business, was 67 years of age.

On the 25th of January, died, at the age of 78, Mr. John Buchan, for upwards of 47 years in the employment, in the public works department, of the Corporation of Newcastle. The deceased came to Newcastle first to work for Mr. Brown, contractor, who built St. Thomas's Church.

The Rev. Father D. Jordan Riley, O.P., formerly of St. Dominic's, Red Barns, Newcastle, died on the 3rd of February, at the Holy Cross Priory, Leicester.

On the 4th of February was announced the death of Mr. W. J. Clarke, of Sunderland, son of the late Mr. George Clarke, of the Southwick Engine Works. The deceased gentleman was a Justice of the Peace for the Borough of Sunderland, and had also served on one or two local public bodies.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

JANUARY.

1.—Clear, bracing, frosty weather prevailed in Newcastle and district on New Year's Day; and many thousands of people found seasonable and invigorating exercise on the ice in the parks and elsewhere. On the evening of New Year's Day, the Newcastle Temperance Society and the Central Hall Blue Ribbon Army held a very successful united gathering in the Town Hall, under the presidency of the Bishop of Newcastle (Dr. Wilberforce).

—Arrival at Dundee of James Gordon, a man who had wheeled a "barrow" from that town to London and back, passing through Newcastle and other Northumbrian towns in going and returning.

5.—Presentation of watch and address to Mr. George Tunnah, on his retirement from the office of superintendent of the detective department of the Newcastle police force.

—The Bishop of Newcastle, to-night, opened the new St. Andrew's Hall (late Church Institute), in Percy Street, Newcastle, to be used for parochial purposes for St. Andrew's Church.

6.—Dedication by the Bishop of Durham of St. Alban's new Mission Church at Trimdon Grange.

8.—The final official list in connection with the Newcastle Hospital Fund was issued to-day, the result showing the total collections in October, 1886, to have been £3,889 19s. 6d., as compared with £3,412 5s. 1d. in the previous year.

—Mr. Charles Mitchell, of Jesmond Towers, Newcastle, laid the corner-stone of St. George's Church at Jesmond, the entire cost of the erection of which he has undertaken to provide.

9.—The Rev. Arthur O. Medd, new Rector of Rothbury, was publicly instituted to that living by the Bishop of Newcastle.

10.—A party of sword-dancers left Jarrow *en route* for London and back, a large crowd following them out of town.

13.—At the Newcastle Assizes, John Henry Fenning was tried, and acquitted, on the charge of having murdered Elizabeth Tait, in the Low Bridge, in that city, on the 27th of November last.

—Conclusion, after successive adjournments extending over six days, of an inquiry before Mr. A. E. Owen, barrister-at-law, as to the re-arrangement of the wards of Newcastle, on the principle of the creation of sixteen wards, each returning three representatives, as proposed by a committee of which Mr. William Temple was chairman.

—A destructive fire broke out in the ironmongery shop of Messrs. Harrison and Co., Market Place, Hexham, the damage done amounting to considerably over £2,000.

—The final report of the Royal Commission on Trade Depression was issued to-day; and Sir C. M. Palmer, M.P., while signing the report of the whole Commission, as one its members, appended a special report of his own.

14.—A special committee appointed to investigate the financial position of the Newcastle Infirmary issued its report to-day. Among the suggestions it contained was a recommendation to abolish admission letters, thereby converting the Infirmary into a free institution.

—A new hall in connection with St. George's Parish Church, Cullercoats, was opened by Canon Lintott, of Newcastle.

15.—The South Shields Volunteer Life Brigade celebrated its twenty-first anniversary.

17.—James Sanderson, a miner employed at the Bessy Pit, near Morpeth, left that town, pushing a pit-tub before him, on a journey to London and back.

18.—Henry Mullen died in Newcastle Infirmary from injuries received through the fall of some scaffolding on the Ouseburn Railway Viaduct, on the works for the widening of which he was employed, another workman being somewhat severely injured on the same occasion.

—There were no cases for hearing at the Gateshead County Police Court to-day—an occurrence which had not taken place for many years previously.

—Her Majesty's gunboat Firm ran ashore on the rocks at Beadnell Point, on the Northumberland coast, during a severe south-easterly gale and snowstorm.

19.—A coroner's inquest into a disaster at Elemore Colliery, in the county of Durham, which occurred on the

2nd of December, 1886, resulting in the loss of 28 lives, terminated, after a series of adjournments, to-day, when the jury found that there was not sufficient evidence to show the cause of the explosion.

20.—At the Newcastle Assizes, the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff, with £75 damages, in the case of Taylor *v.* Stephenson, which was an action for malicious prosecution.

21.—The office of the *Jarrow Guardian* newspaper, belonging to Mr. Jackson, was destroyed by fire, the damage being estimated at £2,000, which, however, was covered by insurance.

22.—An action was suddenly interrupted in the Newcastle County Court, by the announcement of the death of the plaintiff, Mr. Frank Renner, fish merchant, who had, that morning, been found dead on Newbiggin Moor.

24.—The members of the Northumberland Hunts entertained the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society to a grand banquet in the Banqueting Hall, Jesmond Dene, Newcastle, under the presidency of Earl Percy.

25.—At the Durham Assizes, Thomas Thompson (39), joiner, was charged with the wilful murder of his son, a lad about 4 years old, on the 16th inst. The prisoner had at the same time attempted to take the life of an older son, who, however, escaped. The defence set up was one of insanity; but the jury found the prisoner guilty, and he was sentenced to death. The convict eventually received n reprieve, followed by a commutation of sentence.

—Sir William Armstrong was examined before the Royal Commission on Warlike Stores.

—For the first time in the history of the Royal Agricultural Society, a show of thoroughbred stallions was held in the Jubilee Exhibition Buildings, at Newcastle, and proved very successful. Five prizes, each of £200, were awarded; and thirty-eight animals were entered for competition.

26.—John McCann (31), miner, was convicted, at Durham Assizes, of the murder of John Dixon, at Houghton-le-Spring, on New Year's Eve. The two men had been drinking together, and the defence was that there was no intention on the part of the prisoner to commit the murder, but that the result was occasioned by a struggle for a knife which McCann held in his hand. The jury accompanied their verdict by a strong recommendation to mercy, and sentence of death was passed in the usual form. The sentence was subsequently commuted into one of penal servitude for life.

26.—The first meeting of a newly-formed Newcastle Parliamentary Debating Society was held in the Northumberland Hall, Mr. Temperley being elected Speaker.

27.—At a town's meeting in Gateshead, it was resolved to erect a Children's Hospital in commemoration of Queen Victoria's Jubilee.

—Mr. Albert Grey met with a somewhat serious accident by being thrown from his horse, while hunting, at Tetbury, in Gloucestershire.

—Commencement of a general strike in the Northumberland coal trade, the men having refused to accede to a reduction of 15 per cent. in wages demanded by the masters. The number of men who voted for acceptance of the employers' terms, as ultimately reduced to 12½ per cent., was 2,167, and for a strike 9,745. A second ballot shortly afterwards took place, on a proposal, suggested by Mr. John Morley, M.P., who had intervened at the request of the Mayor of Newcastle, to offer to accept a conditional reduction of 10 per cent. The result was—for 10 per cent. reduction, 1,850; for a continuance of the strike, 8,238. On the 7th of February, the officials of the Miners' Union, headed by Mr. Thomas Burt, member for Morpeth, issued a circular, expressing their readiness, on account of indications of dissatisfaction, to put the question of confidence or want of confidence in their conduct to the test. The question was subsequently submitted to the collieries, when 126 votes were recorded in favour of the officials, while 51 were given for calling a delegate meeting.

—In a local paper, to-day, it was reported that a marriage had just been celebrated at Lamberton Toll, the scene of many a similar ceremony in olden times, the officiating "priest" being "Germin Jim," a Berwick worthy.

28.—The wife of Thos. F. O. Townsend, shoemaker, was safely delivered of two girls and a boy, in Hill Street, Newcastle. The customary donation of £3 from the Queen was afterwards remitted to the parents.

29.—Workmen employed at the Cleveland Steel Works, to the number of about 2,000, came out on strike, an advance of 10 per cent., for which they had asked, having been refused by the masters. The strike was brought to an end on the 12th of February by the men agreeing to accept the masters' offer of 2½ per cent. advance in their wages.

FEBRUARY.

1.—At the annual meeting of the Literary and Philosophical Society, Newcastle, held to-night, under the presidency of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Dr. Robert Spence Watson, one of the hon. secretaries, explained a scheme for affiliating the Newcastle University centre with Cambridge University, and it was adopted. A resolution was also passed, agreeing to an exchange of the vacant ground at the rear of the building for a piece of ground to the east of the institution, belonging to the North-Eastern Railway Company, the company paying the society £5,500 as compensation.

—A strike commenced to-day in the North and South Shields branches of the North of England Seamen and Firemen's Society, for a rise of from 28s. to 30s. on the weekly boats, and from £3 10s. to £4 on the monthly boats. A strike took place at Sunderland for the same wages.

2.—The Marquis of Hartington visited Newcastle, and addressed a meeting in the Town Hall, on the Irish question, under the presidency of the Earl of Durham.

3.—At the meeting of the Northumberland magistrates, held in Newcastle to-day, it was announced that Superintendent Stephenson, believed to be the oldest police officer in the country, had retired.

—A heavy gale of wind passed over Newcastle and district, and a good deal of damage was done to property.

4.—At the half-yearly meeting of the North-Eastern Railway Company, a dividend of 6¼ per cent. was declared for the half-year ending December 31, 1886.

—A party of so-called Greek gipsies arrived in Durham, and took up their quarters in the Parson's Field at the head of Old Elvet.

5.—The body of Mr. Watson, who had been missing from Gateshead since December last, was found, to-day, in a pond at Washington Station.

7.—Mr. John H. Amos, who had for upwards of twenty years been connected with the Corporation of Newcastle,

holding, during a considerable portion of that time, the office of Committee Clerk, was unanimously elected clerk to the Tees Conservancy Commissioners.

—At the annual meeting of the Bishop of Newcastle's Fund, it was reported that the subscriptions received during the year had amounted to £7,964 8s. 9d., bringing the total up to £58,823 15s. 10d.

10.—Mr Septimus Scott was appointed clerk to the Tynemouth Board of Guardians.

—At a meeting held under the presidency of the Bishop of Newcastle, a new association, called the Newcastle-upon-Tyne Temperance Federation, was established.

11.—A fire, which did considerable damage, broke out at the residence of Mr. H. F. Swan, shipbuilder, North Jesmond House Newcastle.

12.—At a meeting convened in Newcastle by the Duke of Northumberland, as Lord Lieutenant of Northumberland, and presided over by Earl Percy, a resolution was adopted in favour of the Imperial Institute by which it is proposed to celebrate the jubilee of Queen Victoria's reign.

14.—Seventy thousand valentines passed through the Newcastle Post Office, being a little in excess of those of last year.

General Occurrences.

JANUARY.

1.—A telegram was received from Madras, stating that a fire had occurred in the People's Park in that city. Several hundred people were burnt or crushed to death.

2.—A large gas meter exploded at Cambridge Barracks, Portsmouth, killing four soldiers and wounding a dozen others.

—Mr. G. J. Goschen joined the Conservative Ministry, accepting office as Chancellor of the Exchequer, vacated by the resignation of Lord Randolph Churchill.

—The Delegates from Bulgaria visited England, and were the guests of the Marquis of Salisbury and the Earl of Iddesleigh. They were also entertained by the Lord Mayor of London at the Mansion House.

3.—Government prosecution in Ireland of Messrs. John Dillon, David Sheehy, Matthew Harris, W. K. Redmond, Daniel Crilly, and William O'Brien, for conspiring to solicit tenants not to pay rents.

6.—The Earl of Iddesleigh resigned the office of Foreign Secretary.

12.—Conference of miners at Birmingham, under the presidency of Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P.

—Introduction of a bill into the German Reichstag to increase the standing army. The bill, which was strongly supported by Prince Bismarck, was subsequently rejected, and the Reichstag thereupon dissolved.

—Sudden death of the Earl of Iddesleigh. His lordship visited Lord Salisbury at his official residence in Downing Street. On arriving at the top of the stairs, he was observed to gasp. Assisted to a seat, he expired shortly afterwards, the cause of death being syncope.

13.—Terrible eviction scenes reported from Kerry, Ireland. Some of the tenants were emaciated with hunger, and half-naked.

19.—A terrible disaster occurred during an amateur entertainment at the Jewish Club, Princess Street, Spitalfields, London. About 500 persons were present, mostly Jews. A cry of fire was raised, the gas was extinguished at the meter, and a panic ensued. The whole audience rushed to the doors in a solid mass, struggling and fighting to get out. Seventeen persons were killed, being either trodden to death or suffocated. The alarm was without cause, inasmuch as there was no danger at any time.

23.—Death of Sir Joseph Whitworth, engineer. He was distinguished for his improvements in guns and tools, and was the first to introduce the "uniform" system of screws. He was created a baronet in 1869.

26.—Mr. Goschen having become a candidate for the Exchange Division of Liverpool, rendered vacant by the death of Mr. David Duncan, the result of the election was made known to-day. Mr. Goschen was defeated, his opponent, Mr. Ralph Neville, having a majority of only seven votes.

27.—Meeting of Parliament. The principal event was a speech by Lord Randolph Churchill, in which he gave his reasons for resigning as Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons.

30.—Riots at Belfast. The police and people were engaged in a conflict which at one time appeared to be serious. There were, however, no fatalities, although the police fired on the crowd. About thirty persons were arrested.

31.—News received that the emigrant ship Kapunda, with nearly 300 persons on board, had been sunk by collision off the coast of Brazil. Only about eight persons were saved.

FEBRUARY.

2.—Panics on the European Stock Exchanges, caused by rumours of war between France and Germany.

5.—A new opera by Verdi, entitled "Otello," was produced in La Scala, Milan.

8.—Serious riots in the Blantyre district of Lanarkshire, Scotland. A numerous body of miners on strike attacked the shops of tradesmen, carrying off all the eatables. The Riot Act was read, the mob was charged by the police, and a body of cavalry was despatched to the scene of the disturbance.

9.—Reported bomb outrage at San Francisco. During a concert, a man, supposed to be insane, attempted to take a package from beneath a seat, when a loud explosion took place, the only person injured being the individual himself. It was supposed that it was his intention to throw the explosive at Madame Adelina Patti, who was at the moment singing upon the stage.

—Lord Algernon Percy having retired from the representation of St. George's, Hanover Square, London, Mr. Goschen contested the seat, the other candidate being Mr. Haysman, Gladstonian Liberal. The result was declared to-day as follows:—Goschen, 5,702; Haysman, 1,545; majority for Goschen, 4,157.

10.—Death of Mrs. Henry Wood, novelist.

—Renewal of the riots in Lanarkshire. Another provision shop was looted. A number of arrests were made, including twenty women, who had some of the stolen property in their possession.

12.—Death of M. Raoul Duval, French politician.

Printed by WALTER SCOTT, Felling-on-Tyne.

The Monthly Chronicle

OF

NORTH-COUNTRY LORE AND LEGEND

VOL. I.—No. 2. APRIL, 1887. PRICE 6D.

Jean Paul Marat in Newcastle.

By James Clephan.

A TOWNSMAN of Newcastle, going to and fro in his daily rounds, saw lying on the ground four pages of what seemed to him familiar print, and picked them up. His conjecture was verified. He held in his hand a fragment of "The Chains of Slavery" of Jean Paul Marat, slain by Charlotte Corday in the summer of 1793. Printed in English in 1774, presentation copies of the book were sent to incorporated companies and others in Newcastle. Of these last-century gifts, some few are yet in existence; and to one of the number, passing away as waste paper, the stray leaves had probably belonged—a crumpled waif, in which, apparently, butter or bacon, or other commodity, had been handed over the counter to a customer, with no consciousness on either side of the rarity of the wrapper. Such are the vicissitudes of literature!

Marat, a native of Switzerland, was born at Neufchatel in 1744; and, coming over to England in his early manhood, passed many years of his life in this country, tarrying for a time in Newcastle, frequenting the circulating library of Robert Sands in the Bigg Market, and leaving behind him the reputation of a man familiar with horses and their ailments. He had studied medicine in Paris, and plumed himself on his veterinary skill. There is a lingering legend of his having had a hand in the institution of the Literary and Philosophical Society, and even a confused tradition of his presence at the laying of the foundation stone of its building in the West Gate. But as he had left our island some time before 1793, the year in which the society was founded, and as the erection of the building was not begun until 1822, the two-fold tale, like many others of the kind, falls a prey to dates. Coming into collision with "chiels that winna ding," it suffers wreck. Those, however, who believe that traditions have always some fact to fall back upon, may have their theory supported by this story as to Marat. There was established somewhere in the West Gate, in 1775, a Philoso-

phical Society which debated such knotty problems as "What is Virtue?" It was at one of its meetings that the author of "The Spencean System" undertook to prove "Property in Land Every One's Right"; it was at the

next that poor Spence was expelled ; and it is not at all improbable that Marat may have attended one or two of the fortnightly discussions of this club.

We turn to the *Newcastle Chronicle* of 1793, hoping to find, in connection with the record of his assassination, some reminiscence or other of his sojourn on the Tyne ; but his fate had prompted in the printer no recollections sending him to his types ; not a gleam of the visit of the French revolutionist lights up the page. The hope, indeed, was idle. The provincial papers of the period were not addicted to such efforts. They gave not a line to many a local subject which would now command a column. Either the "printer"—(there was no "editor" then)—thought it needless to relate what his neighbours already knew, or he had some other reason for not going into town gossip: we cannot say. Certain it is that the old files mingle marvellously little of home incident with their news from afar ; and of Marat in Newcastle they indulge us with next to nothing.

The soiled and greasy scrap of his "Chains of Slavery," blown about our streets by a March wind of 1878, comprises pp. 35-38 of the edition of 1774. Only two copies of the work have come under our notice. One of these had been sent (doubtless by the author) to the Skinners and Glovers' Company of Newcastle, the obliterating hand of Time having dimmed the donor's words of dedication until hardly a powerful glass would make them decipherable on the cover. The other, after having long reposed among the antiquarian collections of the late Mr. Thomas Bell, was secured by the vigilant librarian of the Literary and Philosophical Society for the vast storehouse of literature in Westgate Road.

We learn from the "Historical Studies" of Mr. Herman Merivale, published in 1865, that the early appearance of Marat's essay—a pamphlet in form, but a volume in fact—was announced in Woodfall's paper, the *Public Advertiser*, May 3, 1774 ; and also in the *Gentleman's* and *Scots Magazine* of the same month—the price to be 12s. Thus runs the title :—

> THE CHAINS OF SLAVERY,
> A Work wherein the Clandestine and Villainous Attempts of Princes to ruin Liberty are pointed out, and the dreadful Scenes of Despotism disclosed.
> To which is prefixed,
> An Address to the Electors of Great Britain, in order to draw their timely attention to the Choice of proper Representatives in the next Parliament.
> —— *Vitam impendere vero.*
> London : Sold by J. Almon, opposite Burlington House in Piccadilly ; T. Payne, at the Mews Gate ; and Richardson and Urquhart, near the Royal Exchange.
> MDCCLXXIV.

The author's name is not given ; and the book purports, as it goes on, to be written by an Englishman. Thus, in a chapter on "Fruitless Efforts of the People," the writer remarks (page 127) :—"In our civil wars of the last century, it was the constant artifice of the Court to sow dissension among the Tories and Whigs ; among Papists, Anglicans, and Presbyterians." And again, where he is treating of the "Folly and Inconsideration of the People," having observed that "it is the folly of all nations to exult in the pretended wisdom of their own laws," he adds (page 195) :—"What people did ever deserve this last reproach more than ourselves ? We never cease boasting of the excellencies of our Constitution ; and, by continually extolling it, we are not sensible of its defects, and neglect to reform them."

At the time when the book was written, a dissolution of Parliament was in prospect, and was casting its shadows before, in the shape of agitation and excitement. A few weeks after the newspaper and magazine advertisements of the month of May, there appeared a paragraph in the *Newcastle Chronicle* recording the arrival of presentation copies :—"Yesterday (May 27), the Company of Bricklayers, the Company of Goldsmiths, and the Lumber Troop in this town, received each, by the fly, two large quarto volumes, from an unknown person in London, entitled 'The Chains of Slavery,' with a prefatory address to the electors of Great Britain, in order to draw their timely attention to the choice of proper representatives in the next Parliament. The work is spirited, and appears through the whole a masterly execution."

Previous to the arrival of the work thus summarily disposed of, there had been organized in Newcastle a "Constitutional Club," the points of whose Charter were Triennial or Shorter Parliaments, a reduction in the number of placemen and pensioners in the House of Commons, a more equal representation of the people, and the rescinding of the resolution which seated Luttrell for Middlesex in the place of Wilkes. The month of May saw also the formation of another and similar club, "The Independent" ; its members (who were Free Burgesses) rejecting every bribe, emolument, treat, &c., from any candidate, and resolving to vote for none who would not give a pledge to restore the House of Commons to its pristine state. This second club assembled at Sheville's in the Bigg Market ; and a "third society of patriots," formed in June, met at Hume's in the Close.

Before, therefore, the Dissolution came in September, the electors were actively preparing for the fray. The men in municipal office had been challenged to a trial of strength by the independent electors ; and each party had two leaders, known as the Magistrates' and the Burgesses' candidates. The corporate champions were Sir Walter Blackett, "The King of Newcastle," and Sir Matthew White Ridley ; and the other two were Mr. Thomas Delaval and the Hon. Constantine John Phipps. The Incorporated Companies were great centres of political action in those days ; and they were eagerly wooed by the prime movers, freemen of the borough being the sole electors of its Parliamentary representatives. Not the least active and energetic were the members of the Bricklayers' Company, to whom

Marat had sent a copy of his "Chains of Slavery." They admitted Phipps and Delaval to the freedom of their incorporation; and, having made them Bricklayers, they presented to the Arctic navigator and his colleague silver trowels and mahogany hods! Of all the companies in the borough, only the Bricklayers and the Joiners, when the time came, gave a majority of votes to both the Burgesses' Candidates, Delaval and Phipps.

Throughout the summer of 1774, the agitation went on, the two parties exerting themselves to the uttermost; but, notwithstanding the ammunition of Marat's bulky quarto, the Magistrates' Candidates defeated the Burgesses by a vast majority. Two to one was the proclamation of the poll, the voting running on from the 11th to the 19th of October.

Another October came—the October of 1775—and there was inserted on the 21st, at the head of a column of local news in the *Newcastle Chronicle*, in larger type than was vouchsafed to the neighbouring paragraphs, an announcement of a further edition:—"☞ Next week will be published, price 10s. 6d., and sold by the booksellers in Newcastle, THE CHAINS OF SLAVERY, written by Dr. MARIOT. A work well worthy the attention of the public." The name of the author was now given; but it was not then so familiar to the world as it was one day to become, and the erring printer spelt it amiss.

In due time the advertisement of the work appeared; with, in addition to London publishers, the names of North-Country booksellers. It was inserted on the 28th of October and 4th of November:—

This day is published, price 10s. 6d.,
And sold by J. Almon in Piccadilly; T. Slack, W. Charnley, and E. Humble, in Newcastle; J. Graham, in Sunderland; J. Pickering, in Stockton; N. Thorn, in Durham; E. Lee, in Hexham; and A. Graham, in Alnwick,

THE CHAINS OF SLAVERY. A work in which the clandestine and villainous attempts of Princes to ruin Liberty are pointed out, and the dreadful scenes of Despotism disclosed.

To which is prefixed,

An Address to the Electors of Great Britain, in order to draw timely attention to the choice of proper representatives.

By J. T. MARAT, M.D.

Vitam impendere vero.

The surname of the author was now printed accurately, but not the initial of his second Christian name.

Not unlikely Marat was in Newcastle when this announcement was made; and, if so, it is more than probable that he attended the meetings of the Philosophical Society set on foot in 1775, and kept in existence for two or three succeeding years. On Wednesday, the 25th of October, its members discussed the question, "Which is the better form of Government, a Limited Monarchy, as in Great Britain, or a Republic?" and it was decided, by a majority of two, "that a Republic might be formed productive of more real advantage to the governed than can be effected by a Limited Monarchy like our own."

Seldom was England in a state of greater unrest and excitement than at this moment. The American revolution was on foot; the battle of Lexington had been fought; and our countrymen had everywhere taken sides on the great question of the day. At the next meeting of the club that had decided by a narrow majority in favour of a Republic, held on the 8th of November, the members were debating, "Whether are Charters granted to Particular Companies, of a Free and Exclusive Trade to Particular Places, an Advantage or Disadvantage to the Nation that grants Them?" The division on this occasion was still closer. It was so close that the casting vote of the President was called for; and he gave it on the side of disadvantage. Whereupon a question for the next fortnightly meeting was appointed, viz., "What is Virtue?"

Leaving the philosophers puzzling themselves with this enigma, we return to Mr. Merivale's "Studies," a book which casts some light on both editions of "The Chains of Slavery." From his "Few Words on Junius and on Marat," we learn that in the autumn of 1792, our visitor of a former day, enamoured of the quarto he had circulated among our forefathers, and having, after a lapse of far on to twenty years, extended resources at his command, again committed it to print in the city of Paris. "In the well-known handsome type which had been consecrated to Government purposes," he brought out a French edition of his "Chains of Slavery" and "Address to the Electors of Great Britain," with a preface, or notice, containing particulars relating to himself. In the prefatory pages he describes his herculean labours of 1774—how his reading, extracting, adapting, translating, and printing "was an affair of three months," during which period he "laboured regularly one and twenty hours a day." "I scarcely allowed myself," says he, "two for sleep; and, in order to keep myself awake, I made such excessive use of coffee without milk that it nearly killed me, and injured me more than excess of work. . . When I had sent it ['The Chains of Slavery'] to the publishers, thinking I had nothing more to do than to wait quietly for its success, I fell into a kind of mental annihilation or stupor; all the faculties of my soul were stricken down; I lost my memory and intelligence, and remained thirteen days in this state, from which I was delivered only by the help of music and rest." He then states that on his recovery he found to his surprise that his publishers had failed to perform their engagement, and tried others, who put him off in various ways. At last, when he had got "on the right scent," he "discovered, too late, that the Minister had bought up printer, publishers, and newspapers," and "had no difficulty in tracing this to its source." His "printer was a Scotchman, attached to Lord North, to whom he transmitted the sheets as they came from the press." "Indignant at the difficulties placed in the way of my publication, I adopted (he states) the course of sending almost the whole edition, in presents, to the patriotic clubs of the North of England, which passed for the unrest in the kingdom. The copies

addressed to them were punctually delivered by the carriers." The "fly," as we have seen, bore presentation copies to the Goldsmiths, Bricklayers, and Lumber Troop; and others, it would seem, were borne into Northumbria by the historic "Newcastle Waggon."

These were of the first edition; we shall now come to the second, of which we have seen no copies.

Mr. Merivale, continuing his abstract of the "notice" accompanying the Parisian volume, says:—"The narrative now gets wilder and wilder. Lord North set spies to watch Marat, bribed his landlord and servant, and intercepted his letters. To put the persecutors off the track, he went over to Holland, and came back to London by the North of England, visiting by the way the clubs to which he had sent his books. He stayed three weeks at Carlisle, Penrith, and Newcastle. Three clubs sent him letters of admission in a golden box, which an emissary of the Minister stole; that of Newcastle published a new edition of his work; but the appearance of this edition was delayed by Government at an expense which, a member of Parliament afterwards assured him, did not fall short of eight thousand guineas. It was not allowed to appear until after the elections, and then the author's intention of influencing them was altogether disconcerted."

Fact and fancy may be blended in Marat's romantic narrative, written after the lapse of far on to twenty years from the occurrences he recalls. But the file of the *Newcastle Chronicle* shows that copies of his book came to Newcastle, as he stated, in 1774, and also that a republication was announced in 1775, when no election was at hand, and when the title-page was altered accordingly. It gives us, however, no glimpse of an intended local re-issue in 1774, with a view to influencing the fortunes of the contested election of that year. Weighty as was this massive tract, it could, indeed, count for little in the scale. There was no contending against so royal a canvasser as Sir Walter, "acknowledged by all who knew him to stand unrivalled." "All competition with him for the representation of Newcastle," said Captain Phipps, was hopeless; and on his death, which occurred in 1777, his nephew, Sir John Trevelyan, won the vacant seat.

We cannot close our article on Marat and leave untouched the notice bestowed upon him by the late Dr. Lonsdale, of Carlisle. In his admirable volume of 1873 on "The Worthies of Cumberland," including "The Loshes of Woodside," he dedicates half a score of his pages to "James Losh, Recorder of Newcastle-upon-Tyne," born in the summer of 1763. "His love of liberty, not less than a desire to improve his educational status, induced him to visit France during the throes of the great Revolution in 1792." "He attended the meetings of the Convention, listened to the classical appeals of Vergniaud and the Girondists, and saw that 'grim son of France and son of Earth,' as Carlyle describes Danton, and probably heard his stentorian voice proclaim, *Il nous faut de l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace*—'to dare, and again to dare, and without end to dare'—words that 'thrilled abroad over France like electric virtue.' The daring of the mob soon merged into a *Sansculotte* despotism, encouraged by the 'Commune,' whose conscience was Marat. This came home to Mr. Losh whilst walking along the Rue de Richelieu. Let it be premised that he was a handsome and conspicuous figure, and elegantly dressed. His hair, lustrous and abundant, hung in long tresses over his shoulders. Such a personality, savouring of aristocratic life, could not fail to attract the *Sansculottes*, one of whom stared and growled, and then exclaimed, *Aristocrat! quelle belle tete pour la lanterne!* A pretty compliment, forsooth, to a man's head, that it would grace a lamp-post! Mr. Losh smiled, and continued his walk; yet he must have heard of Foulin's fate at the lamp-iron, at the corner of the Rue de la Vannerie—the convenient gallows for carrying out the Jeddart law of the Reign of Terror. His confidence in his own safety probably rested on his favourable opinion of the French character, and not, as has been supposed, on the protective influence of Marat, who had resided in Newcastle, and gained much esteem there, before Mr. Losh was out of his nursery at Woodside."

Dr. Lonsdale adds, in a foot-note:—"Jean Paul Marat studied physic in Edinburgh, and probably graduated there as M.D. He practised both human and veterinary medicine in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, about the years 1770-73. His knowledge of horse-flesh gave him an *entree* to the higher circles, whilst his politics pleased the ear of the populace; and it has been generally believed that his philanthropic services during the prevalence of an epidemic gained him the honorary freedom of the town. It was difficult for me to conceive the sallow man, with pock-pitted countenance, black flat hair, blood-shotten blinking eyes, and spasmodically-twitching mouth—the incarnation of the repulsive—so highly regarded; and this difficulty was increased by another statement, admitted to be valid, that Mr. Croker, of the *Quarterly*, on a visit to Paris in 1847, called on a sister of Marat, who felt the compliment as part of the respect shown by the English to her brother, and then showed what purported to be the diploma of the freedom of the town of Newcastle. Mr. Croker probably took her statement for granted, and did not examine the document. Thinking it well that this matter should be cleared up, I applied to Mr. Cail, the present Mayor of Newcastle, who kindly caused a full search of all the books of the Corporation, but found no such name as Marat's on the list of freemen. Further inquiries, aided by my friends Mr. James Clephan and Mr. Joseph Cowen, the proprietor of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, revealed the existence of several patriotic clubs in the North of England, in part, if not wholly, organised by Marat, to which and to various trade guilds in Newcastle he sent his famous quarto volume, 'The Chains of Slavery,' in the year 1774. These clubs he afterwards, as he states, personally visited, staying

three weeks at Carlisle, Penrith, and Newcastle. Three of these clubs sent him letters of admission in a golden box, which, according to his belief, an emissary of the English Minister stole. Now the probability is that the document in the possession of Marat's sister in 1847 emanated from one of the Newcastle patriotic clubs—the parchment and big seal and other flourishes misleading Mr. Croker.'

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford,

Author of "A History of Newcastle and Gateshead," &c.

John Adamson,

ANTIQUARY AND PORTUGUESE SCHOLAR.

FEW men were better known in Newcastle during the first half of the present century than John Adamson. Whether in business as a lawyer and an official of a railway company, or in literature as a scholar, and the life-long secretary of two learned Newcastle societies, he was equally a man of light and leading in the Tyneside community.

John Adamson

John Adamson came of a good stock. His great grandfather, Cuthbert Adamson, of the city of Durham, married on the 30th January, 1703, Jane, daughter of Henry Eden, gentleman, of Shincliffe, where a branch of the Edens of West Auckland and Windleston had been seated for many generations. His grandfather, Blythman Adamson, a member of the Trinity House of Newcastle, married at St. Andrew's Church on Aug. 21, 1724, Eleanor, daughter of Taylor Thirkeld, of the Nolt Market, gentleman, a descendant of the Thirkelds of Denton. His father, Cuthbert Adamson, was a lieutenant in the navy, and was in the Racehorse in Capt. Phipps's voyage (1773) to the Arctic Regions—Nelson being a midshipman in the Carcass, her consort. He was twice master of the Trinity House of Newcastle—in 1775 and in 1795. John Adamson was the issue of Cuthbert's second marriage, his mother's name being Mary Huthwaite. He was born at Gateshead on the 13th September, 1787.

When at the age of sixteen he left the Royal Grammar School, where his education had been superintended by the Rev. Edward Moises, he was sent to his elder brother Blythman, who had established himself as a merchant in Lisbon It was intended that the brothers should unite in the business there, but the unsettled state of the country in prospect of a French invasion rendered that project impracticable, and John returned to Newcastle, and was articled to Thomas Davison, attorney, and clerk of the peace for the county of Northumberland. Mr. Davison was a man of culture, and encouraged the pursuit of literature. Thomas Bedingfield and George Pickering, local poets, and James Ellis, the editor of their published poems, had been clerks in his office, and when John Adamson entered it he found in his employer and his employer's sons congenial and appreciative minds. While in Lisbon he had mastered the language of Portugal, and formed a strong attachment to the poetry and literature which it unfolded to him. Among other Portuguese stories Nicola Luis's tragedy of "Dona Inez de Castro" impressed him, and in 1808 he was encouraged to publish a translation of it. Two years later he issued a small collection of sonnets, chiefly translated from the minor works of Camoens. Having served his articles with Mr. Davison, he entered the office of Mr. Walter Heron, who, in 1807, had succeeded Nathaniel Punshon in the under-shrievalty of Newcastle. Mr. Heron died in 1811, and Mr. Adamson, obtaining his office of under-sheriff, and one or two minor appointments, commenced

business in Newcastle on his own account. At the close of the following year he married his cousin, Elizabeth Huthwaite.

There was at that time in Newcastle an energetic collector of coins and other old and curious objects, who conceived the idea of forming a society for the study of records and memorials of the past. He issued circulars, signed by his now familiar name of John Bell, but met with scant response until Mr. Adamson joined him, and then the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries was founded. The little band of inquirers (with Mr. Adamson and the Rev. John Hodgson as joint secretaries) obtained leave to meet in the Castle, but were driven from it by cold and general discomfort, and then they held their meetings in Mr. Adamson's office, and distributed their treasures round the grass plot in his back garden. For two-and-forty years the name of John Adamson appears as that of one of the secretaries of the society. His official connection with it ceased only with his life.

Stimulated probably by the example of John Bell, Mr. Adamson became an omnivorous collector in several departments of research. Numismatics was one of his earliest hobbies, and by-and-by he had as many as three thousand different specimens of coinage in his cabinets. Conchology was a favourite study, and to encourage it he published a number of conchological tables, which were intended to be useful to amateurs in that fascinating department of natural history. To Portuguese literature he was always devoted, and in a few years had gathered together a library of Portuguese authors which was probably without equal in the kingdom. Fossils and minerals also were carefully collected, identified, and assorted in such manner as to combine something educational or instructive with the curious and the beautiful.

Organisation was one of the leading features in Mr. Adamson's career. He was a founder of the Newcastle Law Society, which, originally started in 1815, expanded, in 1826, into the Newcastle and Gateshead Law Society. When in 1828 the Corporation of Newcastle sanctioned the formation of the Incorporated Company of Scriveners, he was one of the seventeen attorneys whose names appeared on its first roll of members. The following year he assisted to found the Natural History Society of Northumberland, Durham, and Newcastle, and received the thanks of the inaugural meeting for his spirited exertions. On the death of the Rev. Anthony Hedley in 1825 he undertook the duties of co-secretary of the Newcastle Lit. and Phil. Society, and discharged them until his death. To him (and to Mr. J. T. Brockett) the Typographical Society of Newcastle owed its origin; he wrote three of its publications and edited half a dozen others. And all the labours which these various offices and undertakings involved were performed whilst following the profession of a lawyer, occupying several public offices, and, in particular, acting in a capacity in which at that time no experience of other men was forthcoming—namely, as secretary of a railway company!

Late in life Mr. Adamson suffered from a great and widely-regretted calamity. His Portuguese library and many other books and papers were burnt in a disastrous fire which occurred at his residence in 1849. He survived the loss of his treasures six years. On the 27th September, 1855, in his 68th year, he died, and two or three days afterwards was buried in Jesmond Cemetery.

His principal literary works are:—

Dona Ignes de Castro. Translated from the Portuguese of Nicola Luis. Newcastle, 1808.

Sonnets from the Portuguese of Luis de Camoens. Newcastle, 1810.

Catalogue of the Library of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries. 1816.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Luis de Camoens. 2 vols. London, 1820.

Conchological Tables, compiled principally for the use of Shell Collectors. Newcastle, 1823.

Bibliotheca Lusitana: or Catalogue of Books and Tracts relating to the History, Literature, and Poetry of Portugal. Newcastle, 1836.

Lusitana Illustrata: Notices of the History, Antiquities, Literature, &c., of Portugal, with Biographical Sketches of the Authors. Two parts. Newcastle, 1842-46.

A Collection of Sonnets. Newcastle, 1845.

The literary tastes which Mr. Adamson cultivated have been inherited in various degrees by three of his four sons. The Rev. Edward Hussey Adamson, vicar of St. Alban's, Heworth, has given us *Scholæ Novocastrensis Alumni*, and is an active contributor to the *Archæologia Æliana;* Major William Adamson of Cullercoats, has written "Notices of the Services of the 27th Northumberland Light Infantry Militia"; Mr. Charles Murray Adamson, of North Jesmond, has contributed to local literature some charming books on ornithology.

Outside of Northumberland and Durham John Adamson is best known by his Portuguese studies. His memoirs of Camoens, published in two vols. in 1820, brought him into prominence both at home and abroad, and in due time procured his enrolment among the knights of the Order of Christ and of the Tower and Sword of Portugal. Here upon Tyneside he is more faithfully remembered as the promoter of learned societies, and the representative of culture and taste in what may be called the by-paths of busy lives. To those whose remembrance extends beyond the great fire and explosion which devastated the river sides of Newcastle and Gateshead, in October, 1854, there are few more pleasing memories than those of the annual meetings of the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway Literary Institute, where, with his foreign orders on his breast, the English biographer of Camoens, venerable in age, counselled the young men of his day to cultivate the graces and refinements o literature.

The Aireys:

JOSEPH, THOMAS, AND SIR GEORGE.

The Aireys of Newcastle are conspicuous in local history through their association with the family of Ambrose Barnes, the Puritan alderman, and for the remarkable fidelity with which, down to recent years, they adhered to

the principles and practice of Nonconformity. It was through their instrumentality that the valuable manuscript life of Ambrose Barnes was preserved, and it was from their hands that the Rev. William Turner, pastor of the Unitarian church which they attended, received the precious document, and transferred it to the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle, which he was mainly instrumental in establishing. They formed a somewhat numerous family, and Sir Cuthbert Sharp found it difficult to link the various branches of it together. Their names appear in the commercial records of Tyneside, "writ large," as merchants, bankers, lawyers, coalfitters, master mariners, and so on. We shall look in vain for them in the records of the municipality. They were sturdy and uncompromising Dissenters, and the sacramental test was in force. So they kept out of the Corporation, and were spared the guzzling and quarrelling which were the concomitants of municipal government in the last century, and after.

The connection of the Aireys with Ambrose Barnes arose through the marriage of George Airey (described, in 1693, as a mercer, and, in 1710, as a gentleman) with Barnes's second daughter, Ann. It was not a fortunate union, for George Airey failed in business, his wife grew peevish and discontented, and the Puritan patriarch was sadly impoverished. "She married a man"—so runs the "Life"—"who begun the world with a good estate, but all was blasted, and he broke," which breaking left Ambrose Barnes "involved in so many debts and bonds for him to answer as swept away almost all he had in the world." There were four or five children, issue of the marriage, and two of them—Joseph and Thomas—became leading citizens of Newcastle. Joseph married his cousin, Ruth Hutchinson,—daughter of Mary, Ambrose Barnes's eldest daughter, and Jonathan, eldest son of Barnes's friend and relative, William Hutchinson. The intertwining of Barnes, Hutchinson, and Airey seems to have been approved and encouraged by the respective families. For when Thomas Barnes, clerk, youngest son of Ambrose, was making his will, in 1731, he made Joseph and Ruth Airey his executors, and gave them his property in Sidgate, his two mills called "Chimney Mills," with the houses, fields, &c., in the Castle Leazes, his books and papers, and all his real and personal estate. Joseph Airey left no family, and his widow, dying in 1767 (buried at All Saints', November 8), bequeathed £200 to the Unitarian Church and the Charity School. Thomas Airey was coalfitter to Lord Ravensworth. He was buried at All Saints', February 1, 1771. His son, Joseph, a banker in partnership with Ralph Carr, of Dunston Hill, was one of three or four persons who originated Newcastle Infirmary, and was the first treasurer of the institution. Another son, Henry, followed his father's calling of a coalfitter, and resided at Benwell, while a third, Jonathan Airey (named after his relative, Jonathan Hutchinson), was a coalfitter like his father, and one of the elder brethren of the Trinity House, of which company he filled, in 1765, the honourable post of Master. It was in Thomas Airey's family that the manuscript "Life" of Barnes was preserved. A curious correspondence respecting it, edited by Mr. George Noble Clark, surgeon, forms No. 82 of the publications of the Newcastle Typographical Society. Brand had borrowed the MS. for his "History of Newcastle," and in the preface to that work he acknowledges his indebtedness to "Jonathan" Airey. Ten years after the history was published, John, son of Henry Airey, of Benwell, wrote to Brand asking for the return of the document. He informed the historian that Jonathan Airey, his uncle, had nothing to do with the MS., or the lending of it; that it belonged to his father, Henry Airey, who had entrusted it to Alderman Hornby for Brand's use, and that the thanks to his uncle were misplaced. Brand replied that he conceived the memoirs had been lent by Jonathan Airey to Mr. Saint (printer and publisher of the *Newcastle Courant*), who in turn lent them to him; that the MS. had followed him to London in one of his boxes, and had narrow escapes of being taken by the French and lost in a storm; that he would return it by Mr. Robert Punshon, then in London, if Messrs. Henry and Jonathan Airey would request him to do so in a joint letter acknowledging that the ascription of proprietorship to the latter was a mistake. There Mr. Clark's pamphlet left the question, and all that was known was that the MS. came back to Newcastle, and was given by John Airey to the Rev. William Turner. But in 1885 the present writer became the owner of Brand's own copy of his history, and there, fastened to the preface, as Brand may have placed it eighty-eight years before, was a receipt for the MS. in the following words:—

> Sir,—Be pleased to deliver the MS. you had from Mr. Brand to Mr. Henry Airey, who lent it to him, and I have no business with it.—Sir, your obedient servant,
> J. [JONATHAN] AIREY.
>
> Newcastle, 19th June, 1796.
>
> Received the above mentioned book for my father, Mr. H. Airey. JOHN AIREY.
> Rt. Punshon, Esq.

One of Jonathan Airey's sons became a famous soldier in the Peninsular War, and rose to the position of Sir George Airey. He was born in Newcastle about 1760, and went to the Royal Grammar School. The Rev. Hugh Moises was head master then, and young Airey received the severe but manly training which Mr. Moises gave to his scholars throughout his career. His school-days ended at a most eventful time. Europe was ablaze, fighting against Bonaparte, and the military spirit predominated in all ranks of society. George Airey was caught by it, and with thousands of other British youths desired nothing so much as to go out and fight Napoleon. Jonathan Airey did not, apparently, discourage his son's aspirations, and, in 1779, the great-great-grandson of Ambrose Barnes entered the service as ensign in the 91st Foot. Promotion was rapidly gained in those days of

conflict, and, after a few months' experience in the West Indies, where he showed both tact and courage, he was sent out to the Mediterranean with an important command. The French were besieging Porto Ferrajo, the capital of the island of Elba, and George Airey was appointed commander of the British troops there. He held the town against the besiegers until the peace of Amiens in 1802, when Ferrajo was evacuated, and then, his occupation being gone for a time, he returned to England. But the peace of Amiens proved to be only a temporary adjustment, and in 1803 England had to grapple alone with her implacable foe. Lieutenant-Colonel Airey was sent as military secretary with General Fox to Gibraltar, and acted for a time as Adjutant-General in Sicily. Whilst there, his old master, Mr. Moises, died, and he joined a number of old pupils in erecting the elegant monument in St. Nicholas's Church, Newcastle, which preserves Mr. Moises's likeness, and the record of his scholastic attainments. From 1811 to 1813 Lieutenant-Colonel Airey commanded the Ionian Islands, and, when Napoleon had been finally crushed, he was appointed quartermaster-general to the forces in Ireland. He became colonel of the 39th Regiment in 1823, and ten years later, on the 18th February, after 54 years spent in the service of his country, he died in Paris. His son, known in our own time as Sir Richard Airey, the Crimean quartermaster-general, and afterwards as the first and last Baron Airey in the peerage of England, died September 14, 1881.

The Maison Dieu, Newcastle.

THE Hospital of Saint Katherine, or, as it was generally termed, the Maison Dieu or Maison de Dieu, was situated upon the Sandhill, Newcastle-on-Tyne, to the east of the Guildhall. It was founded by royal licence, June 10, 1412, by the celebrated Roger Thornton, for a warden (being a priest), nine poor men (brethren), and four poor women (sisters), who were to be provided with meat and clothing in this "House of God," where they should pray daily for the health of the mayor, sheriff, aldermen, and commonalty of Newcastle, and, after their respective deaths, for their souls, the souls of the father and mother of the founder, and of all the benefactors of the hospital.

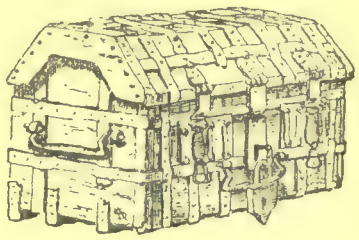
Dedicated to Saint Katherine, the institution was also called Thornton's Hospital. Mackenzie and other historians inform us that Roger Thornton, by will dated 1429, bequeathed to this place, which he styles "The Meson-Dieu of St. Katherine of my foundation, for their enorments," twenty pounds. In 1456, the son of the founder granted to the Mayor and community the use of the hall and kitchen belonging to this hospital "for a young couple," says the Millbank MS., "when they were married, to make their wedding dinner in, and receive the offerings and gifts of their friends; for at that time houses were not large." The establishment was dissolved in the 37th year of the reign of Henry VIII., but the property still remained in the Thornton family.

In Speed's plan of Newcastle, the Maison Dieu is the only public place, or building, marked on the Sandhill. Grey, in his "Chorographia," printed in 1649, says that "the Merchants' Court was built upon the Maison Dieu."

The building was at a later period converted into warehouses; but in 1823 it was pulled down altogether. It was when the place was being demolished that T. M. Richardson made the sketch which is shown on the next page.

The Hutch.

An old oak chest, or "hutch," was formerly kept in the Maison Dieu, in which money and valuables were placed for safe keeping. As an interesting relic of days gone by, a drawing of it (kindly lent us by the secretary of the Society of Antiquaries) is here given. Bound with strong iron bands, and secured by a formidable padlock,



the hutch is a veritable "strong box." It is about four feet long, by nearly two feet broad, the height being about two feet, and may be seen any day in the museum of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries at the Old Castle. So far as we can ascertain, the "hutch" has no individual history; it served its purpose, and is now relegated to the company of curiosities and antiquities.

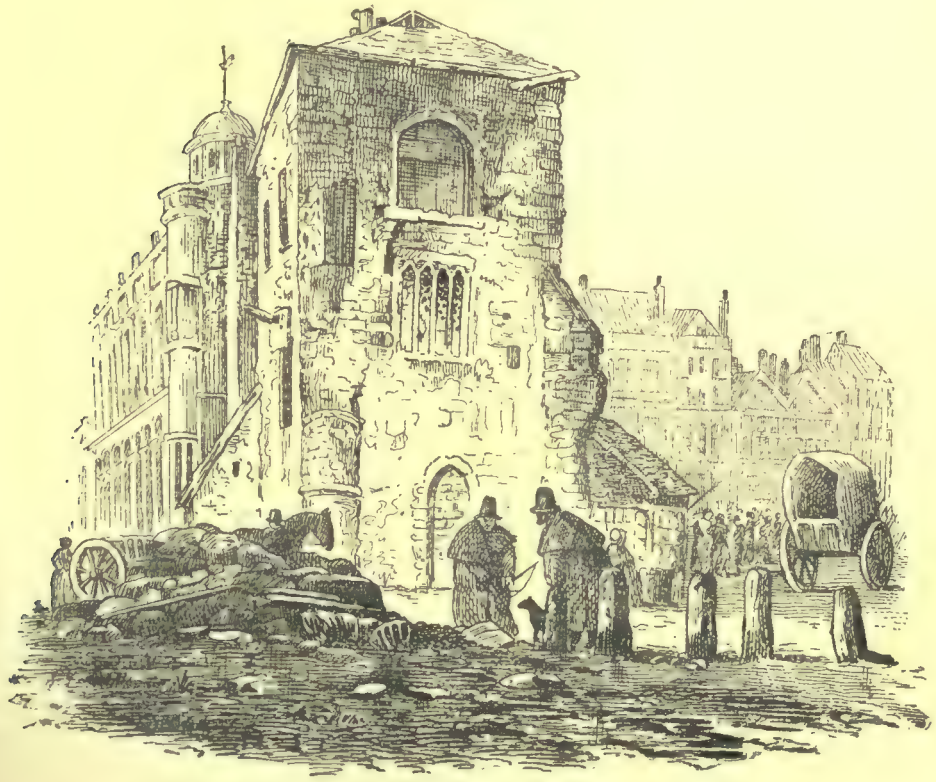
The hutch derives its name from the French *huche*, a hutch, trough, meal-tub. It retains its name as such in France, where it now serves, as in England, for country people for keeping flour. In very early times, down to the 15th century, it was called a trunk (or *bahut* in French). From that date, trunk and hutch seem to have been synonymous. In the Middle Ages no chamber was without its trunk. In it was enclosed either clothing, silver, linen, or precious objects. It served at times as a table or bench, and formed, with the cupboard, press, and the bedstead, the principal piece of furniture of rich as

well as poor people. In the dependencies of churches, such as sacristies, chapter-houses, friars' vestries, trunks were placed. There were enclosed in them hangings, tapestries, curtains destined for the decoration of choirs on festive or solemn days, parchments, charts, Acts, &c.

The most ancient trunks are strongly bound with wrought iron, often forged with great luxury, the wood being covered with skins or well-painted linen cloth. The ordinary fixed trunk was a long coffer, placed upon four short legs, furnished with one or more locks, according to the preciousness of the objects enclosed. The trunk was a coffer, hutch, bench, sometimes a bed press, and treasury, and it was the most common piece of furniture in the Middle Ages. In the 13th century, the "Huchers" formed part of the corporation of carpenters, for whom there were special regulations. There is a large number of these chests (cists), trunks, or hutches still preserved in the kingdom, and an immense number in France. The plainer or massive ones, bound with iron, are not unfrequently seen in the offices of solicitors. The richer ones, beautifully panelled and carved in their fronts, are found in vestries of churches. There is a fine one in the old church at Alnwick, and I have an exquisite one, which I rescued from being used as a bacon chest at Thropton, which had formerly contained vestments at Brinkburn Priory. Lincolnshire abounds with them in farm-houses and the like, where they are used as blanket chests, whence many of them are being bought by old furniture-dealers for sale.

The hutch now in the Old Castle contained, no doubt, some of the documents or precious things belonging to the Maison Dieu.

FRED. R. WILSON,
Author of "The Churches of Lindisfarne," &c.



THE MAISON DIEU, NEWCASTLE, 1823.

A North Shields Mystery.

NORTH Shields has often been the scene of mysterious disappearances. Its commanding view of the German Ocean appears to have exerted an irresistible fascination over the fancy of successive generations, while its activity and prosperity in shipping business must at all times have given this fascination an exceedingly practical turn in the shape of allurements to fortune-hunters. Being from the earliest times the resort and lounging-place of Jack ashore, it was inevitable that tales of the sea and of the distant lands teeming with wealth and wonders should often complete the enchantment already at work in youthful minds. Many a tender-hearted mother has had to mourn the long absence, and some the utter loss, of runaway boys, who had secretly nursed in their souls a passion for the sea, until it won the mastery over filial love and the strong attractions of home. For the most part, however, these scapegraces have either been heard of as dead, or have come back bronzed, hardy, brave, and sometimes successful. But of all the sudden and mysterious disappearances which have occurred within the memory of the living, none ever produced such a profound sensation, or gave rise to more painful surmise, than that of young Margetts sixty years ago.

DISAPPEARANCE OF MARGETTS.

This young man was apprenticed to Dr. Greenhow, and had almost completed the terms of his probation, when the tragic occurrence took place of which an account is now to be given. He resided with the doctor in Dockwray Square. He was of a steady, plodding, unromantic disposition, and had at no time displayed any of those flighty notions of a seafaring life which have led so many Shields boys to run away from home. In the middle of the night, between Wednesday and Thursday, 21st and 22nd February, 1827, Dr. Greenhow was summoned to attend a Mrs. G——, who had been taken suddenly ill. It was only a short distance—probably not more than eighty or a hundred yards—and it would have been practicable for the doctor to have made the distance shorter by passing through his own back premises. Having visited the woman, he returned to his surgery, made up a prescription, and awoke his apprentice to take the medicine to the ailing woman's house. Margetts hastily rose, and, it being dark, and the distance not great, he just drew on his trousers and coat carelessly, and ran out on his errand without hat or stock, slipshod and half awake. He delivered the medicine; but from that moment he was never again seen or heard of in North Shields. The morning had not far advanced when he was missed. Of course, inquiries were made at the patient's house, and resulted in the information that he had been there, but had not stayed a moment longer than was necessary. Naturally, both his employer and his parents, who lived in the next street, were anxious to know what had become of him, but before long ugly whispers began to get abroad. It was a period of universal panic on account of the atrocities of Burke and Hare, and more than one circumstance pointed to the conclusion that he had suffered violence. Rumour begat rumour, and the brood of horrible imaginings speedily threw the whole town into the utmost excitement. As no syllable either of information or confession has ever reached the public, there is still, as at first, unlimited scope for the indulgence of fancy; but, from those who were alive and old enough at the time of the occurrence to know what passed in connection with it, we gather that there were three principal attempts to explain the mystery. To each of these solutions attaches its own set of facts or fancies for and against the supposition.

DID HE RUN AWAY TO SEA?

This was the readiest guess in such a town as Shields, but beyond the general probability of a Shields boy making for the sea at one time or other there was nothing whatever to lead up to such an opinion. On the contrary, it was pointed out at the time that he had never indicated any special yearnings in this direction; and that, had he felt any such desire, there were daily and hourly opportunities of gratifying it without rushing off while on an errand of urgency, half dressed, hatless, bootless, watchless, and penniless. Further, it was considered a freak altogether out of keeping with his character, and there was absolutely nothing to sway him towards such a singular course. He stood well with his employer, was very nearly out of his time, and was greatly attached to his parents. Why should he take such a foolish frolic into his head? Some year or two after he was missed, there was a flying rumour that a letter had been received from him dated from some place in America, and giving an account of his well-doing. It was said that the letter attributed his disappearance to a sudden temptation. A vessel was lying in the river all ready to sail that day, and he took it into his head to go just as he was. Whether such a letter was ever received or not, the family of the missing man persisted in denying all knowledge of his whereabouts.

WAS HE KIDNAPPED?

One report was that two suspicious persons had been seen hanging about the end of the street near the time he would be due at Mr. G——'s shop, and while this gave rise to one hypothesis, the two persons declaring themselves originated another and more serious suspicion. Taking the suppositions in the order of their rise, we are confronted first with the theory that the young man was kidnapped or pressed for naval service. England was not at that time engaged in any imperial war, so that it could not have been what is usually understood, by "pressing"; but it was no uncommon thing, if all stories are to be believed, for the crimping agents of the Hon. East India Company to kidnap likely men for service abroad. It was conjectured, then, that

the two persons noticed were part of an irregular press-gang, and that, having waylaid young Margetts and stunned him, they bore him off to some ship where he would lie under hatches until the hue-and-cry had died away. So plausible did this explanation appear to his friends and neighbours, and so firm was its hold on the public mind, that for years the East India Company's offices in Leadenhall Street were deluged with letters of inquiry, suggestion, or advice. And more than once in succeeding years there arose reports, more or less true, which seemed to lend some slight confirmation to this particular explanation. In vain did the officials of the Company repudiate all knowledge of such a man in their employment; in vain even did Sir George Grey, as President of the Board of Control, assure his teasing correspondents in the North that the matter had been thoroughly investigated, and that the name of Margetts was not to be found in any of the Company's registers. One likely-looking fact was more influential with public opinion than any amount of ministerial and official denial. News came that, along with Lady Sale, Sir George Lawrence, and others, an army surgeon named Macgrath had been captured by the Afghans, and the sanguine relatives of Margetts jumped to the conclusion that, under this slightly disguised name, their lost one had been found, only to be lost once more. After an interval of several years, when the mystery had assumed a very serious aspect for the family of the woman at whose house the lost one was last seen, tidings came that a returned soldier of the East India Company, residing in Carlisle, had seen Margetts in India. No time was lost in hunting up the Carlisle man. A meeting was forthwith organised by the principal inhabitants of North Shields, with the view of disabusing and quieting the public mind in reference to the obnoxious and suspected family of G——. At this meeting, the soldier from Carlisle stated that he had known Margetts in India, where he held the rank of army surgeon, and that they had talked together on the subject of his kidnapping. So far good. The people had almost sickened under the gloomy misgivings which pointed to a more tragic solution, and they were glad to accept assurance so positive, without troubling themselves to understand how Margetts had allowed his relatives to remain so long ignorant of his fate. But—wonder upon wonder, mystery upon mystery, and suspicion upon suspicion—this man not long afterwards wrote a letter to the papers confessing that he had trumped up the whole story, and that he had been offered £100, besides a fair daughter of the suspected family in marriage, to come forward, and, by means of falsehood, restore them to the shattered respect and confidence of their neighbours. This, then, leads directly to the last of the three suppositions.

WAS HE BURKED?

It will be remembered that two persons were said to have been seen loitering in the immediate locality of G——'s shop. These two were in all probability the man and woman who afterwards came forward and stated that they saw Margetts enter the house, but that *he never came out*. When this terrible version of the mystery got abroad, there was indescribable excitement in the town, and several reports took wing which tended further to inculpate the family residing in the fatal house. It was told from one to another with bated breath how a little boy, the son of G——, had blurted out in school that "they had soon done for Margetts, and put him in a box." It was observed also, or rumoured, that Mrs. G——, who had been so seriously ill during the night, was up and about in the morning as if nothing had ailed her. The interpretation put upon all these things by a half-crazy public was that the sickness was a ruse, and that the young man, having entered the house, was suffocated, and his body despatched to the College of Surgeons in Edinburgh by those fearsome ministers of science known as "resurrection men." The feeling in the town became so exasperated against the supposed culprits that before very long they were in danger of their lives, and were compelled to flee the town. But, before leaving, Mr. G—— brought two actions for defamation of character, in one of which he obtained £5 damages, and in the other £1. It must have been some time after this that the house was partly renovated, and, there being occasion to dig deep in the garden behind, a skeleton was discovered. This affair getting into the papers, revived all the old suspicion and horror; though a little reflection would have prevented or lessened the general agitation. If the bones found were those of Margetts, there was an end to the burking theory, for his body, according to that supposition, had been sent to Edinburgh; and what other possible motive could have induced anyone to murder a half-dressed young man out on an errand of mercy? Of course, the skeleton was duly examined, and was found to be that of a Newfoundland dog, which had been a great favourite with a former tenant, who had buried it in his garden. Reason or no reason, a perfect panic took possession of people in all grades of society. The house of G—— was regarded as worse than haunted. While the perturbation was still at its height, an unfortunate wight came to reside in the town, and brought with him certain long boxes of ominous weight and shape. He got a man to help him in carrying them upstairs, and then adjourned to the nearest public-house in order to recompense the little service in the usual way. But baleful Panic had been before them. The publican was aghast with fright, and refused to draw them a glass of ale, and bade them begone for a couple of villainous murderers. The poor fellow, guessing the cause of this agitation, persuaded the publican and some of the quickly-gathered mob to inspect his boxes, and they were somewhat relieved to find that the contents were not clay-cold corpses, but machinery for spinning worsted. The fright-fever extended to the educated and well-to-do; at all events, after nightfall, hardly

any in the town could honestly declare exemption from the spell.

THE BEREAVED FAMILY.

The Margetts family naturally became the objects of the warmest sympathy, and, their humble station in life gave ample excuse for alms, they derived no little practical advantage from the romantic nature of their loss. After a time the fickle public got the notion that the family knew what had become of the lost one, but withheld the information lest the stream of charity should suddenly dry up. For this suspicion, however, there was no room in the actual facts of the case. The mother became completely insane. Day after day, she would make her way to a neighbouring ash-heap, and spend a considerable time in poking about for the slippers of her dead son. The father also sank into premature dotage and imbecility. One of the sons, fourteen years ago, was a lunatic pauper in the Tynemouth Workhouse. No light, however, has ever pierced the mystery from the day of its occurrence to the present hour.

"A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR HER SON."

By way of illustrating the feelings of the people, and as a proof that popular ballad-making on such theories was not confined to the "Bards of Seven Dials," we append a copy of a few verses written by William Patton, of Monkseaton, and printed for the author by J. K. Pollock:—

Good people, to my tale give ear,
Sad, shocking news you soon shall hear,
For I have lost my darling son.
Alas! alas! I am undone,
I fear he is no more.

Could I once more behold his face,
Which often shone on me with grace;
But oh, alas! he is no more,
And I am left for to deplore,
For he is dead.

Dead do I say—can it be so?
Then, after him I soon shall go,
For I have done a mother's part,
And this, I'm sure, will break my heart.
Who can but feel for me?

Two ruffians stole my son away,
'Twas on the twenty-second day,
At five o'clock on Thursday morn.
My heart! my heart! my son is gone,
And now he is no more.

He with some medicine was sent,
To cure the sick was his intent,
When these two ruffians seiz'd their prey,
They bound my son—took him away—
And never yet was found.

Two persons saw these villains stand,
But little thought what was in hand;
The instant he had left the door
They bound his hands—he spoke no more,
For he is dead.

Oh! if these villains I could see,
No human beings they could be;
My tongue can't tell—my pen can't write
The feelings which my mind excite,
For my son is no more.

Now, with a mother share a part,
And judge the feelings of my heart
As I am left for to deplore
My dearest son I'll see no more—
I hope he's happy now.

The Story of Park and Watt.

THE accounts which every post brought from the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies in 1856-7 were truly heart-sickening. It seemed as if it had been intended to read a lesson to the world upon the state to which despotic government may bring a nation. Since the miseries endured by Rome under Caligula, hardly any case had occurred in which civilization had been outraged with such atrocity, or in which a people had been reduced to a condition of such extreme unhappiness. Every day wholesale arrests were made in the streets—arrests of men who had given the Government no other cause of suspicion than the fact that they belonged to the middle or upper and more intelligent class, and that they did not hold office under Ferdinand II. (otherwise King Bomba) or swell the ranks of his flatterers. No man's life or liberty was safe for a day. Public and private amusements were suspended. No one went to the theatres, lest he should be arrested for same unconscious act or word, such as applauding or not applauding, which might be construed into treason by a police for ever on the watch to find criminals and to invent crimes. Nobody dared enter a coffee-house for a quarter of an hour to look at a journal or sip a cup of chocolate, lest the establishment should be closed in the meanwhile, and he himself be carried off to prison. The carnival, so joyous a festival in other Catholic countries, and in happier days a scene of festive riot and wild enjoyment in Naples itself, passed away under the Bourbon in the gloom and silence of a Puritan Sabbath. The prisons—more properly styled dungeons—were crowded, till the police had nowhere to stow any more captives away. The poor creatures were left there to rot, till such time as the tardy courts found leisure to try them, and in

most cases their trial, when it did take place, was a mere farce, like those before our own Judge Jeffreys at the Bloody Assize.

The course of misrule on which Ferdinand entered soon became so bad that his utter ruin seemed imminent. The grand idea of a United Italy, of which Mazzini was the chief apostle, and which Count Cavour was intriguing to bring about in a somewhat different fashion from that contemplated by the author of "The Duties of Man," became even more and more of a fixed principle and motive of action in the minds of all intelligent, honest Neapolitans; and it did not need much foresight to enable any one to predict that, whether by absorption into an Italian Republic or accession to the Kingdom of Sardinia, the Two Sicilies were doomed to a fundamental change of condition. More than one insurrection broke out, to be suppressed with difficulty; and several expeditions were planned and set afoot, from other parts of Italy, with or without the connivance of the Sardinian Government.

One of these expeditions was led by two daring friends of Mazzini, Pisacane and Nicotera. (Colonel Pisacane was afterwards shot, but Baron Nicotera became later a distinguished member of the Italian Parliament.) The adventurers sailed from Genoa on board the steamer Cagliari, belonging to a Genoese company, managed by Signor Robertini. The vessel was bound for Tunis, and had on board the Bey of Tunis's family doctor. The captain, a Genoese, had all his property in money and goods on board, and is said to have been ignorant of the design of the passengers to invade Naples. The chief and second engineers were two Englishmen, named respectively Henry Alexander Watt and Charles Park. These men knew nothing of any conspiracy. A few hours before leaving port, Pisacane discovered the nationality of the engineers, and, as he could not speak their language, he dictated to Miss Jessie Meriton White (now Madame White Mario) the following manifesto in Italian, which that lady translated into English, giving copies to the men to carry about them, in proof of their innocence, in case anything untoward should happen:—

We desire to avoid the shedding of blood. Our only object is to liberate our brothers from the horrible prisons of Bomba, King of Naples, so justly abhorred by the English. By assisting our efforts, you will acquire the consciousness of having done a good act, an act which will be approved by the two nations, Italian and English. You will also have the merit of preserving this vessel for your employers. All resistance is useless. We are resolved on accomplishing our enterprise, or on dying.

The following is an account, in Mr. Park's own words, of what happened on the voyage:—

On the night on which the rebels rose on board of the Cagliari, I was on deck with the captain. A number of men, dressed in red, suddenly appeared. "What is the matter?" I said; and, turning to one of the men, I asked, "What are you after?" "You will soon know," was the reply. I went and spoke to Watt, saying that something serious was going on, and told him that we must prepare for the worst. A letter was given to me, which, as it was dusk, I could scarcely read. It contained menaces against our lives if the machinery was not kept in perfect order, and we did not do our duty. I managed to decipher it, and read it to Watt. I was followed down by five or six men, armed with pistols and daggers. They remained below, whilst another guard was placed above. On passing Admiral Lyons's fleet, fears were entertained that we might signal them, and additional precautions were taken, for we were not permitted to come up. When we approached Sapiri [on the Gulf of Policastro], we were told that we must join the revolutionists; but we answered that we were not fighting men, and that our duty was to manage the vessel. Later on the voyage, on seeing some Neapolitan vessels, the rebels thought that they had been betrayed, and counselled together to murder passengers and crew. Eleven were about to do so, but at this moment one of their number fell down in an apoplectic fit. It was regarded as an interposition of Providence; all fled to the boats. Some of the rebels came to me and asked how much coal we had on board. I told him a less quantity than we really had, and the answer was that I must make it, together with the wood, last so many hours, or we should be murdered. We were returning to Naples when we were captured. Our intention was to deliver ourselves up and state the whole case, for we had not coal enough to enable us to escape had we been disposed to do so. A Neapolitan officer came on board, and I delivered to him the letter which I had received from the rebels. He said, "You had better keep it for your exculpation." I went down and made a correct copy of it, and then gave the original to the officer. The copy was left in my cabin in the hurry of my arrest and removal.

Mr. Watt, it appears, was only the substitute of another man, who was kept at home by sickness; and he did not know any length of time beforehand that he would have to proceed on the voyage. This fact disposes of the question of any complicity he could have with the conspirators.

The object of the expedition, which embarked on the 5th of July, 1857, was to liberate the political prisoners confined on the island of Ponsa, which object was effected. It was while returning to Naples that the Cagliari was captured by a Neapolitan war vessel on the high seas. On arriving at Naples, all on board, excepting the two Englishmen, were handcuffed and taken to prison. In the cell allotted to Park and Watt they were stripped naked, whilst other prisoners were looking through the iron bars which separated them from the new comers, laughing and joking at their expense. They were then examined and cross-examined with regard to the letters found upon them, and on which the accusation against them was afterwards based. The gaolers afterwards led them round chambers and cells fearful to look upon, and said that if any guilt was proved against them they would be put in these. Finally, they were confined in a separate cell, damp and dark, the only window there was being high up in the wall. During the hot summer weather, the stench was insufferable. For three months they were not even allowed to change their clothes. The prison fare was a soup which they could not drink, bread so hard and bad that they could not digest it, and a few beans. In fact, they were compelled to beg for money for their support from sympathisers outside. At their earnest entreaty they were put into another cell, and at length they were removed to Salerno to await their trial. They were handcuffed, and that severely, and bound by ropes round

their arms so tightly to each other that their flesh was black and blue for five days after. Watt, who was a strong man with much feeling, was very indignant; and in his agony he lost for a time the control of his reason. The poor fellow, while in this state, attempted his life with a razor. Blood flowed from the wound, and Park, who was in a nervous state, fell to the ground in a swoon. The captain of the Cagliari wrested the razor from Watt's hand, and thus saved his life. The effect of the close confinement, bad fare, and cruel treatment was such as to give a great shock to the constitutions of the men. Park became subject to violent palpitations of the heart, and was evidently affected in his head. He was bled, in consequence of his nervous sensitiveness, by the Bey of Tunis's doctor, who was his fellow-prisoner, and who believed he had thereby saved his life. Watt, also, was bled once, if not twice. Park, in his delirium, gave away a portion of his clothes among the prisoners, who were probably worse clad than himself.

Reports of the state of the English engineers oozed through the walls of the prison, and were sent in due course to the London papers by their Naples correspondents. The excitement caused by the news in this country was intense, particularly in Newcastle, to which town Mr. Watt belonged. Indignation meetings were held to demand the intervention of the English Government. One of these, convened by the Mayor of Newcastle, Mr. Anthony Nichol, was held on the 23rd November, 1857, and was addressed by the late Sir John Fife, the late Dr. Newton, Mr. Joseph Cowen, Jun., Mr. R. B. Reed, Mr. Robert Warden, Mr. Ralph Curry, Mr. Thomas Gregson, and others. The matter was frequently brought before Parliament, where Mr. George Ridley, then member for Newcastle, was foremost in pressing the subject upon the attention of Ministers. Indignant appeals were also made to the sense of the honour of England in the House of Commons by Mr. Monckton Milnes, Mr. Kinglake, Mr. Headlam, Mr. Roebuck, Mr. Horsman, Mr. Gladstone, and Lord John Russell. It was urged that the capture of the Cagliari on the high seas by Neapolitan cruisers was contrary to the law of nations, and that, whether or not, the continued imprisonment of the English engineers, without trial, was illegal. The unfortunate prisoners were still in confinement when the Government of Lord Palmerston, defeated on the Conspiracy Bill in 1858, gave place to that of Lord Derby. When fresh appeals were made in Parliament, Mr. Disraeli pleaded that the jurisdiction of the Neapolitan Government not having been disputed at first, they were precluded from opening the question now, and it seemed to him that all they could do was to take the most efficient steps to obtain prompt justice for their unfortunate countrymen. Mr. Roebuck characterised this language as unworthy of a British Minister. Mr. Gladstone took much the same ground, while Lord John Russell pointed out that, even if the capture of the engineers had been lawful, there was no justification for the barbarities under which one man lost his health and the other his reason.

Mr. Park, the second engineer's father (who had removed with his family from Glasgow to Genoa when his son was about four years old), went to Naples himself, with letters from Lord Clarendon; and, after some little demur, got leave to visit the prisoners. He found them in one small room, about seven feet by twelve, five of them—viz., the two engineers, the captain and mate of the Cagliari, and the commander appointed by the insurgents. Three beds and a small table took up most of the floor, leaving a space of four feet square, on which they could walk, and which they had worn down with their footsteps. Mr. Park, who went in company with Mr. Acting-Consul Barber, the British Vice-Consul at Salerno, and two Neapolitan officials, was frightened at the pale, nervous, feverish, excited looks of the prisoners. The captain of the Cagliari seemed regularly broken down. He protested his perfect innocence. He had, he told the friendly visitors, a young wife and two children at Genoa—one having been born since his arrest—and they were in a state almost of destitution, for the bulk of his property, with which he meant to trade, had been on board his ship, and was now in the hands of the Neapolitan Government.

Forced to vigorous steps by public opinion, and by the tone and attitude of many of their staunchest supporters, the British Government at length interfered in a more spirited way; and the result of a note delivered to the Neapolitan Court was the immediate liberation of Watt whose mind had been most dangerously affected, and an assurance that the trial of Park should proceed with all possible despatch, in order that he might speedily be set at liberty and enabled to return to England with his fellow-prisoner. The poor fellows were only released after seven months of horrible torture.

The opinion of the Crown lawyers was then taken, and they were unanimous in declaring that the detention and imprisonment of Park and Watt was illegal. In consequence of this, the Government, "after full deliberation," addressed a despatch to the Minister of the King of Naples, Signor Carafa, demanding compensation for the grievances which had been experienced by our two countrymen. An unsatisfactory answer having been received, the Earl of Malmesbury, then Secretary for Foreign Affairs, forwarded a second despatch, in which he declared that, if the Neapolitan Government persisted in its refusal of compensation to the engineers, England would resort to reprisals, and would immediately place an embargo on Neapolitan vessels. The result was that Signor Carafa, after consultation with the King at Gaeta, where his Majesty then was, accepted unconditionally the proposals of England. The following despatch was then sent to Lord Malmesbury:—

Naples, June 8th, 1858.

My Lord,—In reply to the letter which your Excellency has done me the honour of addressing to me, under the date of the 25th of May last, I hasten to acquaint you

that the Government of the King, my august master, has never imagined, or been able to imagine, that it could find means to oppose the forces which the Government of her Britannic Majesty has at its disposal. Setting out from the point suggested by the tenor of the said letter, that the affair of the Cagliari, as your Excellency clearly expresses it, "can to no one be of greater importance than to Great Britain," the Neapolitan Government finds that it has neither any argument to propound nor any opposition to make to it. I have the honour of informing your Excellency that the sum of three thousand pounds sterling, paid into the mercantile house of Pook (*sic*), is at the disposal of the English Government. As far as concerns the men forming the crew of the Cagliari, now under trial before the Grand Criminal Court of Salerno, and the Cagliari herself, I have it in my power to announce to you that the men and the vessel are at the disposal of M. Lyons; they are consigned to him, their departure will depend on him, and orders have been given to the competent authorities. This being settled, the Government of his Sicilian Majesty has no need to accept any mediation, and it delivers up everything to the absolute will of the British Government.—I have the honour to be, with the highest consideration, your Excellency's most devoted and obliged servant, CARAFA.

This satisfactory termination left no diplomatic question open between England and Naples.

Within a few weeks of the surrender of the Cagliari, and the compulsory release of the innocent prisoners, the judges received instructions no longer to defer the trial of the insurgents. According to the letter of the law, the leaders of the enterprise alone had become liable to capital punishment; but the king had determined to make a theatrical display of his merciful disposition, and so the Court of Salerno was ordered to sentence seven of the prisoners to death, that their doom might be afterwards ostentatiously commuted. Which it was.

Mr. Watt, who was a young man of twenty-five when the capture of the Cagliari took place, is now living with his sister, Mrs. Innis, Percy Street, Newcastle. Although his physical health is still good, his relatives declare that his mind has really never recovered from the effects of the ill-treatment he received at the hands of the agents of King Bomba thirty years ago. As to Mr. Park, he was by last accounts continuing his occupation as engineer at one of the Italian ports.

Spotty's Hole.

FROM a little to the north of Hartlepool to a little to the north of Sunderland, the East Coast of Durham is broken or indented by deep ravines locally called "denes," or, when they are small, "gills." Castle Eden Dene is famous all over the North of England; but Roker Gill, in the parish of Monkwearmouth, three-quarters of a mile to the north of Sunderland Harbour, has not attained more than a parochial celebrity, and that much only in connection with a now somewhat dubious and almost mythical personage called Spotty.

But, first of all, who was Spotty? Incredulous people are to be found who daringly say with Betsy Prig that "there never was no such person." Sir Cuthbert Sharp observes in a note to the song called "Spottee" in his "Bishoprick Garland":—"Spottee was a poor lunatic, who lived in a cave between Whitburn and Sunderland, which still retains the name of Spottee's Hole." Garbutt, in his "History of Sunderland," says:—"The name of Spotty's Hole, by which this place is now generally distinguished, is derived from a foreigner who, some years ago, having probably left some vessel in the harbour, took up his residence in this dreary abode. Being unable to speak the English language, his daily subsistence was gained among the farm-houses in the neighbourhood, where he endeavoured to make himself understood by means of signs, and was known by the name of Spotty, on account of the variegated spots on his upper garment." Tradition and probability, according to the late Mr. W. Weallands Robson, are on the side of Garbutt, who, so far, is right, and Sir Cuthbert wrong.

Spotty was, in fact, a vagabond of the Lascar genus. But Garbutt is as far wrong himself as Sir Cuthbert when he goes on to add:—"Having lived for some time in this subterraneous habitation, he suddenly disappeared, and was supposed either to have died suddenly, or, by advancing too far into the cavern, to have fallen a prey to foul air." That Spotty suddenly disappeared is beyond doubt, but whether he died suddenly and prematurely, or whether he died a lingering death at the close of the ordinary span of life, nobody ever pretended to be able to say. One thing is very certain, that he did not die in his hole, where his body might and would have been found, and it is now quite clear that, for the very best of all possible reasons, he could not have advanced so far into the cavern as to have fallen a prey to foul air. The truth was that Spotty kindled a fire at the mouth of his hole to keep himself warm. Wood was then and long afterwards plentiful enough on the beach just above high-water mark, and the glare of Spotty's fire, being mistaken for the light of the town, lured a small ship to its destruction, upon which Spotty prudently disappeared.

On the principle of *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, the most absurd and exaggerated ideas were formed of the extent of Spotty's Hole. Nobody knew exactly how far it did, or rather did *not*, go, and therefore everybody felt free to make it go as far as he pleased. Some had it that it was a subterranean passage to the ancient monastery of Monkwearmouth; others would have it that it went as far as Hylton Castle; and probably, if the notion had been suggested, we would soon have had it going all the way to Jarrow, or to Finchale, or to Durham Abbey. It actually went nowhere at all! Garbutt gravely says:—"This secret way, which most probably has been wrought by the monks, with a view of eluding their enemies in times of invasion or civil commotion, was some time ago partially explored by three of the inhabitants of Monkwearmouth. After they had advanced a little way from the entrance, they found

the passage perfectly good, in general allowing them to walk upright, and entirely hewn out of the limestone rock, with which this place is surrounded. Having proceeded a considerable distance in the direction of the site of the monastery, without meeting with any considerable impediment, they thought it prudent to return, on account of the danger of coming in contact with foul air, to which they might have been exposed by a further progress." Alas for the credit of veracious history! In all human probability, the three faint-hearted or vain-glorious inhabitants of Monkwearmouth thought it most prudent never to go in at all. Their whole story was a fib, or a fiction, or a fancy, as much so as Don Quixote's account of the Cave of Montesinos.

When the present Sir Hedworth Williamson succeeded to his patrimonial estate, he unfortunately resolved to test the truth of the stories he had heard in the nursery: so the worthy baronet employed some men to explore the cavern. They "howked" a little marl out to facilitate their entrance, and soon brought their labours to an end—with the end of the cavern! The romance of the place was destroyed directly. The unfathomable aperture, the secret way wrought by the monks, turned out to be nothing else than an ordinary natural fissure in the rock, not very much more than would have fitted it for the burrow of a badger or the earth of a fox!

The present appearance of Spotty's Hole may be gathered from the accompanying sketches of it. Our artist was informed that the cavern is used as a sort of store-house for something or other. But the whole character of the neighbourhood has lately been changed. Roker Gill now forms part of Roker Park, while a substantial new bridge across the ravine has been constructed to afford an easier mode of communication between Whitburn and Sunderland than formerly existed.

We subjoin the song which Sir Cuthbert Sharp printed in the "Bishoprick Garland." The Jacob Spenceley mentioned in it was an ancestor of the late Captain Burne of Bishopwearmouth, who married one of the Allans of Blackwell Grange. He was a man of considerable property in Sunderland, some of which descended to, and was sold by, Captain Burne. The name of Spenceley is still preserved in Spenceley's Lane, otherwise called Bet Cass's Entry. Laird Forster we take or conjecture to have been either Alderman Forster, the owner of a good deal of land at Whitburn which was inherited by his nephew, Mr. Thomas Barnes, or some predecessor in name and estate of Alderman Forster. "Floater's flood" is the local name of a great flood which carried away Floater's Mill, near Houghton. The "carcasses" spoken of were the woodwork of which the North Pier of Sunderland Harbour was built, and which was replaced by stone some forty or fifty years ago. Sir Cuthbert Sharp, Knight, the preserver of the song, was Collector of Customs at Sunderland, and afterwards at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where he died in 1849.

The following note prefaces the song in the "Bishoprick Garland":—"This curious ditty is printed from a copy found in the papers of the late Thomas Clerke, Esq., of Sunderland (and possibly written by him). He was a gentleman of powerful convivial talents, and the author of several spirited and anacreontic songs which are now attributed to others. He was a cheerful member of society, and his poetical contributions were remarkable for their ready wit and sparkling humour. His 'Sons of the Wear' is bold and enlivening, his 'Musical Club' is full of good-natured point and playful fancy, and his 'Ode to Silver Street' is a pungent and lively portrait."

And now for the song itself:—

Come all ye good people and listen to me,
And a comical tale I will tell unto ye,
Belanging yon Spottee that lived on the Law Quay,
That had nowther house nor harbour he.

The poor auld wives o' the north side disn't knaw what for te de,
For they dare not come to see their husbands when they come to the Quay;
They're feared o' their sel's, and their infants, tee,
For this roguish fellow they call Spottee.

But now he's gane away unto the sea-side,
Where mony a ane wishes he may be weshed away wi' the tide,
For if Floutter's flood come, as it us'd for te de,
It will drive his heart out—then where will his midred be?

The poor auld wives o' Whitburn disn't knaw what for te de,
For they dar not come alang the sands, wi' their lang tail skates in their hands, to Jacob Spenceley's landing, as they us'd for te de,
They dare not come alang the sands, wi' their swills in their hands,
But they're forced to take a coble, and come in by the sea.

As Laird Forster was riding alang the sands,
As he or ony other gentleman might de,
Spottee cam' out, his tanter-wallups did flee,
His horse teuk the boggle, and off flew he.

He gathers coals in the day-time, as he's well-knawn for te de,
And mak's a fire on i' the neet, which kests a leet into the sea,

Which gar'd the poor Sloopy cry, "Helem a-lee,"
And a back o' the carcasses com poor she.

"Alack and a well-a-day," said the maister, "what shall we de?"
"Trust to Providence," said the mate, "and we're sure to get free;"
There was a poor lad that had come a trial vaige to sea,
His heart went like a pair o' bellows, and he didn't knaw what for te de.

Johnny Usher, the maister, wad ha' carried him away,
But the ship's company swore deel be their feet if they wad with him stay;
We'll first forfeit our wages, for ganging to sea,
Before we'll gan wi' that roguish fellow they call Spottee.

SPOTTY'S HOLE, ROKER GILL, SUNDERLAND.

From a Special Sketch.

Andrew Mills.

THE story of Andrew Mills is one of the oldest and most generally known traditions of the North. While retaining a place in local history, it has never ceased to interest the popular mind. Resting on a firm basis of fact, it has, however, been covered over by fiction till the original elements of the story are scarcely discernible among the contributions of time. That such a tragedy did take place is beyond a doubt. The stone in the churchyard of Merrington, the entry in the parish register, and the united testimony of many competent historians, combine to prove the fact that a person of weak mind, named Andrew Mills, in January, 1683, murdered the son and two daughters—the whole family of John and Elizabeth Brass—while the parents were absent on a Christmas visit. That the murderer was executed, and then hung in chains, is likewise a fact about which the authorities are agreed. The rest of the tradition varies according to the fancy of the narrators. In what follows we have adhered to the main current of the legend, filling out what is imperfect, and arranging the circumstances so as to satisfy the requirements of common sense.

The scene of the tradition is situated in the County of Durham, not far from Bishop Auckland. In the parish of Merrington, in the year 1683, John Brass, and Margaret Brass, his wife, occupied the Hill House, and farmed the land adjacent. Let us suppose that theirs had been a prosperous life—that children had followed wedlock, that seed-time and harvest had come in their seasons, and that cattle and means had increased. At the time when our story opens, let us imagine that their son John, aged 18, had come to be of use on the farm—that one hand less was consequently required, and one yearly wage was saved in the cultivation of the fields. We still continue our hypothesis. At one time old Brass had to employ a hired hand to do the work which his son was now able to perform, and in his later years his own labours were lightened and his own heart cheered by the presence of immediate help from one of his own blood. Nor was Mrs. Brass less fortunate in her household affairs. The eldest daughter, Jane, was now twenty years of age, and well fitted to play a woman's part in the peculiar work which then fell to a woman's share. While an adept in the duties of the kitchen, she would occasionally lend a hand to business which more particularly pertained to the male portion of the household. She was all the more apt to concern herself in these matters from the fact that her brother manifested a weak and easy

character. He was valuable in carrying out orders which he was able to perform, but he could neither devise nor execute on his own account. The father was blind to his faults—indeed, rather liked them—for few fathers in those days, any more than in the present, cared to see a spirit in their sons which too soon showed itself independent of parental control. With more force of character than her brother, and less partiality than her sire, Jane, with a woman's instinct, divined the state of matters and acted accordingly. There was, moreover, a dash of the heroic in her nature, combined, as it often is, with a full flow of animal spirits, rendered brighter by perfect health, and made temptingly beautiful by an archness of manners which tantalised the young farmers who spent evenings at the Hill House. Jane was not long to waste her young years in single wretchedness, looking after her mother's dairy and making the farm-house bright and clean—a beacon to all the young swains of the neighbourhood. She had already given her heart and hand to one who was worthy of both. The anticipated break-up in the household, while a cause of somewhat tearful joy, was not looked upon as approaching desolation, principally for the very practical reason that Mrs. Brass had another daughter, Elizabeth, aged eleven, gradually coming up to take the place of her who was soon to enter upon a new world of interests and responsibilities. Elizabeth was a lively rural maiden, somewhat saucy, as maidens about her years generally are, but kind-hearted and wise above her years. These three, with the parents and a servant lad of some eighteen or nineteen summers, formed the household of the Brasses. The servant lad, the Andrew Mills aforesaid, was reckoned quiet and inoffensive, and was credited at the same time with deficiency of intellect and a partial derangement of that which he had. Mills and Elizabeth took kindly to each other. She humoured his fancies, and seldom tried to irritate him, as the others of the household and casual visitors would sometimes do. Although quiet when let alone, he was wild enough when in anger, and when in this mood a dangerous light flashed from his usually dull eye. But exhibitions of temper were few and far between, and he was never so sullen or so fierce that Elizabeth could not lure him into peacefulness, and engage him in some girlish game.

Christmas came with its hallowed festivities. Merrington had taken its part in the general enjoyment. And Christmas festivities in those days were something to be talked of for a twelvemonth. At one time Christmas was observed in England—not as now on one hurried day snatched from the fleeting moments of a year rushing past at lightning speed—but a whole decent week or two was quietly appropriated to spend and be spent in social communion. The people of the Hill House farm were, we should imagine, no exception to the general rule. Mr. and Mrs. Brass valued the sweet uses of hospitality, and joined heartily in the good customs of the period. Besides, Mr. Brass loved well a talk over farming matters along with his brethren in agriculture; and at that time, when Charles II. was drawing near his end, when nobles were being executed every day and plots discovered every hour, there was much to engage men's minds round the social board, although the rate at which news travelled was excessively slow, and people in rural districts were, as a rule, a few months behind events.

One evening, about the 26th or 28th of January, 1683, the good couple left home to attend one of their neighbourly festivities. The two daughters, the son, and the servant lad Mills remained in the house. What followed is buried in the deepest mystery. No account could be got of the matter but that furnished by Mills in his confession as to the part he took in the fearful tragedy. The only thing definitely known is the fact that before the unhappy parents returned their whole family had been murdered by the half-witted creature who had been hitherto considered so inoffensive. He gave no motive for his crime beyond declaring that he had done all at the suggestion of the devil. He appears by one tradition to have chased the two sisters and their brother into an inner room, whither they had run expecting to escape his fury. Reason would say that the son and eldest daughter should have been something like a match for one younger—or, at least, not older—than themselves, had not alarm unnerved them. The son, true to the character we have given him, stood aloof from the struggle till his more heroic sister was murdered and his own turn came to die. Once inside the room, the first thought was how to secure the door, so that the maniac should not follow. The elder daughter is here credited with an act of most determined heroism which well justifies our estimate of her character. No bolt being available, she thrust her arm through the capacious staples, and thus barred the approach of the murderer for a time. One can well appreciate, and shudder while the thought is present, the feeling of the few fearful moments which sufficed to break the poor girl's arm and burst open the door which stood between the family and death. The door once open, and Andrew's principal antagonist so maimed that further resistance was fruitless, the elder girl and the son were immediately killed. A gleam of his old favour for the little girl, Elizabeth, seems to have shone through the madness of the moment, and he spared her life at least till she had time to plead for mercy. With artless simplicity, and with a wisdom quite precocious amidst such a scene of terror, she promised him bread, butter, sugar, and toys, if he would not take her life. He left her disarmed of his evil intentions; but, as he said himself, the devil again met him in the passage, and the words, "*Kill all! Kill all!*" so rung in his ears that he returned to the fatal chamber, dragged the poor child from below the bed where she had hid herself, and finished his work by dashing out her brains. One account says Mills made no attempt to escape, but remained

among his mangled victims till their parents returned; another tradition says he ran to Ferryhill, where his wild appearance and incoherent statements caused him to be arrested; and a third relates that he met the parents at the place where he was afterwards gibbeted, and at a spot where the horse on which the couple rode was so terrified by the unearthly howlings of dogs and screechings of owls that the animal had refused to proceed further on its way home. Here Mills is said to have been seized by some troopers on their march from Darlington to Durham.

Whatever truth there may be in the story of his arrest, there is no doubt the wretched Andrew was arrested, tried, executed, and hung in chains on what was at that time a common about a mile and a half to the north of Ferryhill. Justice in those days required the criminal to suffer in full view of the scene of his crime, and in the case of Mills the requirement seems to have been rigidly carried out. Juries in the seventeenth century were not so humane as they are now. Were an Andrew Mills of our time to murder a family and lay the blame on the devil, there are not twelve men in England who would agree to hang the murderer. He would be immediately voted insane, and kept from doing mischief to his fellow-creatures during the rest of his natural life. And there cannot be a doubt that ours is the better plan. The execution of Mills seems to have been more instrumental in making him famous than the fact of the triple murder. It is around his gibbet that most of the romance of the story hangs.

Popular tradition has it that the poor sinner was suspended alive—that day after day, as life ebbed fast and hunger grew keen, his cries of agony were heard for miles adjacent, till the people about Ferryhill and the neighbouring hamlets abandoned their homes, unable to bear his piteous wailing, and only returned when death had silenced his voice and assuaged his sufferings. It is said likewise that Andrew's life was prolonged by the kind offices of a sweetheart, who nightly fed him with milk through the iron cage in which his limbs were bound. And, still further to pile up the agony, one story relates how a loaf of bread was placed within his reach, but with an iron spike so arranged that it entered his throat every time he endeavoured to allay the pangs of hunger. One wonders how such tales of ingenious cruelty could originate. Edgar Allan Poe and the Spanish Inquisition could scarcely have been more fertile in devising means of human torture. It is needless to say that all these tales are, without exception, false. Yet Andrew Mills, on account of his deeds, and still more on account of his fabled sufferings, is a name to conjure by in Durham even to the present day. Foolish mothers frighten refractory children by mention of the long dead and half-crazed creature's name. They impress upon the "young idea" that its dreaded owner can be at any time called from his long sleep to punish disobedience or compel theperformance of disagreeable tasks. Nothing could prove more conclusively than this the strong hold which the tradition still retains on the minds of the people. Even the remains of the gibbet were pressed into the service of surviving humanity. A portion of the erection, known as "Andrew Mills's Stob," remained standing for many years. Splinters taken from it were supposed to be instrumental in removing such serious troubles as ague, toothache, and similar ailments. This being the case, it was not to be expected that a source of so much value in removing the ills which flesh is heir to would be left unvisited, or allowed to stand without being robbed of the virtues which it was supposed to possess. Nevertheless the tough old stick held out to the last, and did not succumb to the suffering and credulous persons who used it, till Mr. Laverick, who purchased the property, removed it bodily—report sayeth not where.

Some light is thrown upon the tragedy by the table monument in Merrington Churchyard, which bears the following inscription :—

Here lie the Bodies of
John, Jane, and Elizabeth, children
of John and Margaret Brass,
who were murdered the 28th of Jan., 1683,
by Andrew Mills, their father's servant,
for which he was executed and hung in chains.

Reader, remember, sleeping
We were slain ;
And here we sleep till we must
Rise again.
"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."
"Thou shalt do no murder."

Restored by subscription in 1789.

Another tomb in Merrington Churchyard records the death of the mother, Margaret Brass, in 1703, and of the father, John Brass, in 1722. The inscription is rather quaint, and may be transcribed as follows:—

1703. Margaret Brass, wife of John Brass.
In peace therefore lie downe will I
Takeing my rest and sleep
For Thou only wilt me, O Lord,
Alone in safety keep.
Dun By Me, A. Kay.
Here lieth the body of John Brass of Ferryhill,
who departed this life Jan. 22nd day 1722.

Although it is stated on the tombstone of the murdered family that it was restored by subscription, it is well known that this work was done at the expense of Mr. George Wood, Senior Proctor of the Consistory Court of Durham, who died in 1799. Surtees, in a foot-note in his "History of Durham," says :—"He restored Brass's tomb, though he chose to state that it was done by parochial subscription, and he gave the old parish register a gallant new cover of Russia, wisely considering that a good coat sometimes saved an honest man from neglect."

The inscription on the monument to the children indicates a belief that they were killed in their sleep; but

neither tradition nor the following extract from "Bee's Diary" would appear to bear it out :—

Jan. 25, 1683.—A sad cruell murther committed by a boy about eighteen or nineteen years of age, nere Ferry-hill, nere Durham, being Thursday at night. The maner is by report :—When the parents were out of dores, a young man, being sonne to the house and two daughters, was kil'd by this boy with an axe, having knockt ym in ye head, afterwards cut their throats; one of ym being asleep in ye bed, about ten or eleven years of age; the other daughter was to be married at Candlemas. After he had killed the sonne and the eldest daughter, being above twenty years of age, a little lass, her sister, about ye age of eleven years, being in bed alone, he drag'd her out in bed and killed her alsoe. This same Andrew Millns, alias Miles, was hang'd in irons upon a gybett near Ferry-hill, upon the 15th day of August, being Wednesday this year, 1683.

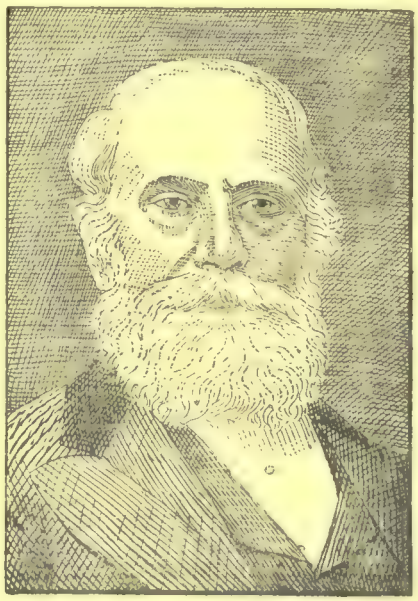
As no quarrel or provocation, or other motive, was ever known to have instigated the murder, Surtees asks the question whether it is not likely that jealousy may have had some share in producing the horrible catastrophe. "Andrew Mills," he says, "was alone with the girl who was to be married at Candlemas; and, during this nocturnal conference, might not his sleeping passions have been roused into madness by some rejection or disappointment?" In the first place, however, it nowhere appears that Mills and the girl were alone at any "nocturnal conference," and if jealousy had had any part in the tragedy, the fact has been entirely overlooked by all the traditions on the subject.

It is right and necessary to add that the names of the murdered Brasses in the parish register of Merrington show them to have been respectively of the ages which we have indicated at the beginning of this paper :—"Jane, daughter of John Brass, of Ferrihill, baptised Feb. 22, 1662; John, ye sonne, &c., Aug. 29, 1665; Elizabeth, daughter, &c., 1672." W. S.

Old Newcastle Booksellers.

JAMES WATSON.

James Watson came from London (where he was born, educated, and served his apprenticeship) to Newcastle about the year 1848. He was, we believe, a cork-cutter to business; but, shortly after coming to the North, he opened a book-stall in the Green Market, with a very small stock-in-trade. However, he was not a likely man to remain satisfied with his small stock and little business. He soon let it be known that he did not intend to devote all his energies to the retailing of old books. He was a keen politician, an energetic platform speaker, well read and intelligent. He was a Chartist, as a matter of course, and his services were in constant demand for public meetings, not only in Newcastle, but in the neighbouring towns and villages. Forty years ago, the demand for political reform was universal. Quiet, moderate men, who could not go as far as the Charter, freely admitted the necessity of lowering the franchise, as well as abolishing the many abuses of that time. Mr. Watson, however, was not a moderate man, at least not in that sense. He employed his bitter, sarcastic tongue in denouncing the Government, and in demanding the most radical changes. He was most thoroughly in earnest, although his fame as an agitator helped him greatly in his business. He made many friends in the colliery villages, and the pitmen, not unmindful of his services, gave him their custom freely. At that time, if the penny daily paper was not in existence, there were publications of a high class, though at a low price, pleading the cause of the working man. Such writers as George Julian Harney, Thomas Cooper, Ernest Jones, and other intellectual giants, were eagerly read, and their works were always to be found on Mr. Watson's stall.



James Watson

His business extended; he added largely to his stock of books; and, being a careful, thrifty man, he soon placed himself beyond the reach of want, and in what are called comfortable circumstances. But he did not, as many do, become more Conservative as he advanced in prosperity. About twenty years ago Mr. Watson retired from his bookstall in the Market, and took a shop in Blackett Street (now occupied by Johnston Brothers). Here he conducted a news agency and general bookselling and stationery business, and with such success that he was enabled in a few years to retire to the pleasant village of Gosforth on a handsome competence. Here he enjoyed his well-earned leisure for some time; but he was suddenly seized, for the first time in his life, we believe, by severe illness. This

necessitated a most peculiar and very severe operation, which only a man of strong, robust constitution could have survived. Mr. Watson recovered, and for a short time seemed almost himself again. What he had undergone, however, had been too much even for his strong frame, and his long and useful life was brought to a close on March 27, 1883, at the age of 68. Mr. Watson's business made him acquainted with the more thoughtful and studious class of workmen; but none had a better knowledge than he of the North-Country pitman. He was to be seen, every pay Saturday at least, surrounded by a knot of eager talkers and listeners. Several years ago, when talking with a London journalist, Mr. Watson told him that his best customers for really good books, and more especially mathematical works, were miners. This found its way into nearly all the London papers—even the mighty *Times* itself—and occasioned some astonishment and comment, especially amongst those who believed that Geordie's only recreations were pitch and toss, his bull-dog, and his "bool." Many young men who afterwards filled high positions were indebted to Mr. Watson for advice and counsel as to the employment of their scanty leisure time, and the study of the most suitable books to fit them for the battle of life.

GEORGE RUTLAND.

For many years, the late Mr. George Rutland was well-known to book-buyers of every class, from the man of large means, who bought handsome volumes as he bought beautiful furniture, because it was the fashion and he could afford it, to the poor student, or humble workman, who sometimes picked up a bargain from the extensive stock of books temptingly displayed on the well-known stall in the Market.

Mr. Rutland was thoroughly acquainted with his business. No one knew what a book was worth and what it would fetch better than he. He was thoroughly honest and fair-dealing, also; and often astonished a poor man, compelled to part with his little library, by the large price he offered, if it contained some literary treasure that George knew would "fetch a penny." But he scorned to take advantage of a person's ignorance either one way or the other. If he bought cheap at an auction, he sold cheap; and if he gave a large price for a work, he would keep it for years rather than sell it for less than its value, though he rarely made a mistake about the worth of a book. With rare books and rare editions he was most familiar, perhaps no man in England more so. At his stall were to be found lawyers, doctors, bishops, priests, and deacons—in fact, all sorts and conditions of men, a class who would not know their way to the Market now-a-days, though that locality is perhaps more than ever the resort of dealers in old books and rare engravings. Mr. Rutland took great delight in handsome bindings; and if a first-class work, or rare edition, came to him in a rather dilapidated condition, he would send it off to Edinburgh to be re-clothed in morocco, calf, or Russia.

It is about twenty-five years since Mr. Rutland gave up the stall in the Market which he had conducted so successfully, and opened a handsome shop in Blackett Street. Here everybody was made welcome. A person might enter the shop and stay as long as he liked, and take down and examine any book, and never be asked to purchase. Of course, the shop did not contain a fourth of Mr. Rutland's stock, as his house—he lived on the premises—was always packed with books. The list of new additions to his stock, which appeared once a week in a local paper, often caused people to smile at the quaint and curious way in which it was written; but it was always eagerly read, and brought him great numbers of fresh customers.

Mr. Rutland, as everybody else does in time, found that he was getting old; but, *unlike* a great many people, he found that he had realised enough from his industry and great knowledge of books to spend the remainder of his days in comfort. He sold his business to an enterprising firm in Grey Street, and retired into private life. But he could not live idle. He was to be seen at every great book sale, on the look-out, on behalf of an old customer, for some choice work—a scarce county history or the first edition of a Bewick.

We do not suppose that Mr. Smiles would have thought it worth while to include the subject of this brief sketch amongst those who have raised themselves from a humble position to one of wealth and influence. Yet there is something cheerful in Mr. Rutland's career. Commencing life a poor little orphan lad, almost friendless, and without education, he managed to get a few books together, worth only a very few shillings. From this humble beginning, he got from less to more, earning not only a great reputation amongst scholars and antiquaries for his large acquaintance with literature in every department, but, better still, a high character for honesty and fair-dealing.

Towards the end of 1884, Sir John Swinburne requested Mr. Rutland, in whom he had great confidence, to arrange his library at Swinburne Castle. While engaged in this work the old bookseller was seized with a fit, and died in a few hours—December 2, 1884—aged 62 years. His remains were interred in All Saints' Cemetery. W. W. W.

Otter Hunting: John Gallon.

MANY a glorious day's otter-hunting have I enjoyed along with the late Mr. John Gallon, who was drowned in the river Lugar, South Ayrshire, on the 16th of July, 1873, while hunting the otter in the company of Mr. Morton Macdonald, of Largie Castle, and other sportsmen of North Britain. For many years previous to his untimely death he

frequently hunted the North Tyne, Reed, Coquet, Wansbeck, and other rivers of Northumberland. Mr. William Turnbull, the renowned otter-hunter of Bellingham (now of James Street, Jarrow), for twenty-seven years accompanied Mr. Gallon in nearly all his Border otter-hunting excursions. He describes him as the model otter-hunter, a man of undaunted courage, a veteran in the hunt, and a thorough gentleman in manner. For my own part, I don't think Mr. Gallon could swim a stroke, but when the otter was afoot and the hounds were in full cry, I have seen him plunge into the deepest pool, and he appeared to keep himself afloat by the aid of a long pole. Scorning the use of the spear, he would tail the otter in the centre of the pack, and, amid the cheers of his followers, bring the prize to land, and in fair combat try the courage of some favourite terrier. Long will our Border sportsmen hold in remembrance the name of the gallant sportsman who lies interred in Elsdon Churchyard, near Otterburn! The following lines were written by Mr. James Armstrong, author of "The Wild Hills of Wanny":—

Some sing of bold Napoleon, that man of warlike name.
Of Wallace, Bruce, and Wellington, all heroes of great fame;
Ye otter-hunters, one and all, in chorus join with me.
And we will of John Gallon sing, in numbers wild and free.

Although John Gallon is no more, yet of him we will sing,
That gallant sportsman to the core, the otter-hunter king.

Northumbria's brave and dauntless son so gaily takes his way
To hunt the Lugar's fatal stream, at the first break of day,
With Starlight, Hopwood, Ringwood, too, those hounds of glorious fame,
When Ormidale and Waterloo the otter's drag proclaim.

Through shaggy cleugh, by willow stump, they hunt each hover true,
Old Wellington and Mitford still the wily game pursue;
The music of each favourite hound the sleeping otter wakes;
He dives and tries his wildest shifts as his dark path he takes.

The sportsmen all join in the hunt. See where the bells they rise!
The otter's up and breathes! Hurrah! The cheers they reach the skies.
He's down again, and down the stream, by rugged rock and scaur,
The gallant pack pursue their game in imag'ry of war.

Through darksome cleft, by thundering linn, are hounds and otter gone;
John Gallon, too, so bold and true, to follow him not one.
But, oh! in deep and treacherous pool, unseen to mortal eyes,
He's down, the daring hunter brave, he's down no more to rise!

No more we'll hear his cheery voice, so early in the morn,
No more he'll wake the echoes wild, or wind his bugle horn;
No more the sportsmen of the North, with Gallon will combine
To hunt the otter in the streams of Wansbeck, Reed, and Tyne.

OTTER-HUNTER, Willington.

Mad Maddison.

SYKES'S "Local Records," under the date September 16th, 1694, states that the following entry is said to have been found at Durham:—"*Lord* Atkinson, of Cannyside Wood, was killed by Ralph Maddison, of Shotley Bridge. He was afterwards hanged for the murder." *Lord* would seem to be a mistake for *Laird*, the Northumbrian and Cumbrian as well as Scotch term for a proprietor of land, however small his estate, and whatever its tenure, while Cannyside may have been Conside or Consett, which name is said to be a corruption of Conkesheved. Ralph Maddison, who was the laird's murderer, and who suffered the last penalty of the law for the deed, was one of those turbulent characters to whom the unsettled condition of the North of England for centuries previous to the union with Scotland had given birth. The end of his career was quite in keeping with its whole tenor. Behind his back he was never called by his Christian name, but was dubbed by common consent "Mad Maddison." Most of his pranks were played for the pure fun of the thing, but in many of them he displayed what may be termed Satanic malevolence. He lived, we are told, immediately opposite the village of Shotley Bridge, on the Northumberland bank of the Derwent, at the confluence of the Rothley Burn, in a plain, good house, which stood where the offices attached to Shotley Hall now stand. He had considerable estates in the neighbourhood, and officiated for some time as a sort of warden of the district. A worse choice for such an office could scarcely be imagined; for old and young, male and female, who were forced to go near his residence, or any place he was accustomed to frequent, were in more or less fear and dread of him.

One of the fords across the Derwent, near Shotley, is said to have been the scene of a characteristic exploit of his. The river was flooded one day from heavy rains, but still not so high as to be impassable on horseback. Maddison, on coming down to ride across, found standing on the bank an old woman, who was very anxious to get over the stream, but saw it would be madness to attempt it by wading. The bridge was a good way round about, and she was in a hurry. Maddison, after hearing her story, volunteered to take her across behind him, if she durst trust herself on his spirited nag's back. The woman was very willing to do so, saying she was very glad to have met with such a "canny man," and adding that she had been much afraid of meeting Mad Maddison, whom, it appears, she had often heard of, but never seen. The "canny man" got her mounted on the crupper, and plunged into the river. But when he reached the middle, he pushed her off into the flood, and, laughing heartily, like a genuine water kelpy, left her to sink or swim. The poor creature was carried a long way down, but providentially gained the shore. That she was not drowned outright and her corpse carried down to Derwenthaugh, was no thanks to Mad Maddison.

Another form which his madness took was to plague the neighbouring lairds and tenants by overturning their stacks of hay and corn in the night, especially if it was likely to rain, or if the wind blew very strong. One old man, whom he had often annoyed in this way, foiled his malevolence one season by building his stack round the stump of an ash tree. Maddison, who was not aware of this, came one dark night to "coup ower" the old man's rick, but found that it resisted his utmost strength. Dare-devil though he was, he was very superstitious, and so, after repeated attempts made to no purpose, he concluded there was some witchcraft in the case, and "ran away in great fear."

On another occasion, seeing two webs of linen laid out to bleach, he went deliberately past the woman who owned them, lifted one of the webs, and was carrying it off. The woman had the hardihood to protest that he would have to pay dearly some day for what he was doing, whereupon Maddison seized the other, saying, with an oath, "Then I will have both, for it is as well to hang for a hog as a halfpenny." And away he strode with them.

The common failing of the village lairds in those days was addiction to the bottle. Their leisure hours, which were many, were commonly spent in the ale-house. Almost every night, most of them went to bed more or less muddled, and sorely needed next morning a hair of the dog that had bitten them. Joviality, degenerating into senseless brawling, rude hectoring, and outright homicide occasionally, was a prominent feature of country life under the Merry Monarch, and for a long time afterwards. Mad Maddison was, of course, one of the foremost among the Derwentwater royster-doysters. He was "sudden and quick in quarrel." He had never been taught, and had never even tried, to govern his temper or curb his humour. While he was yet a boy, his father, instead of taking the least pains to "mould the coinage of his fevered brain," chuckled at his mischievous tricks, his habitual disobedience to his mother, his pert and saucy stable-boy insolence to the servants, his wild horse-play with other and less robust youths—in short, did all he could to spoil him. And as he grew up to manhood, he grew, not in grace, but in gracelessness. So that when men talked of him they shook their heads, and whispered one another in the ear, the hearers making "fearful action with wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes," as Shakspeare says of threatening news-bearers and their terrified auditors. He had "no leaning on the prudent side." In him, every inch that was not fool was rogue. To use the words of Dryden, the midwife might have laid her hand on his thick skull, when she brought him into the world, with this prophetic blessing :—

> Be thou dull;
> Drink, swear, and roar; forbear no lewd delight
> Fit for thy bulk.

There was no pause in his career of wickedness, and the discretion was not in him to spare his own kith and kin, or those who were nearest and should have been dearest to him. Thus, one time when his son-in-law and himself had been indulging freely in the bridge-end public-house at Shotley, and the former, who had the weaker stomach and head of the two for carrying strong drink, had got unsteady on his legs and faltering in his speech, Maddison proposed that they should go home, and that he would himself walk while the other should ride. So his own wild horse, a gallant dapple grey, the swiftest ever known in the country round, and of particularly high temper, having been brought out, he set his poor, helpless son-in-law on the impatient beast's back, with his face to the tail, and put a bunch of thorns where they made the horse frantic. The infuriated animal darted across the river, with its rider clinging like grim Death instinctively to its back, and, instead of making for Shotley Hall, it galloped right away past Black Hedley, near which place it threw and killed the unfortunate man.

The widow, who is said to have been a beautiful woman of great talent, having thought proper to marry again, her father attempted the life of her second husband by shooting, either because he did not approve of the match or out of some sudden passionate freak.

The reprobate was hauled up at last for a murder most likely committed under the influence of drink. The scene of the catastrophe was probably the bridge end ale-house, though that is uncertain. About Laird Atkinson, Maddison's victim, tradition has handed down nothing, except only his place of residence, and that but approximately. Whether he was a quiet, inoffensive man, on whom the bully had managed to fasten a quarrel, or a rude, drunken fellow like himself, can never be known. But, at any rate, he fell dead under the madman's hand.

No constable or county-keeper daring to beard him in his den, and, Maddison loudly declaring that he would shoot any man that ventured to come near with a magisterial warrant to take him, a troop of soldiers was sent to protect the civil power. Hearing this, the fellow took to flight. His horse happened to be grazing in a field occupied by one of his tenants. He made his way thither as fast as he could, and, getting the nag saddled and bridled, away he darted up the road towards Eddy's Bridge, confident he would get clear off into the Cumberland wastes. But on entering Muggleswick Park, his long-tried horse refused, for the first time, to answer either spur or rein. Finding he could not get the horse to proceed, he dismounted, and fled into the neighbouring wood, hoping to conceal himself there. But the soldiers, after much search, found him ensconsed in a large yew tree, from which they dragged him forthwith, and carried him bound to Durham, where, at the ensuing assizes, he was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to death, which sentence was duly executed.

"Mad Maddison will catch you!" "Mad Maddison, come and take the naughty bairn!"—these were among the exclamations that were long heard on the banks of the Derwent, uttered to frighten froward children.

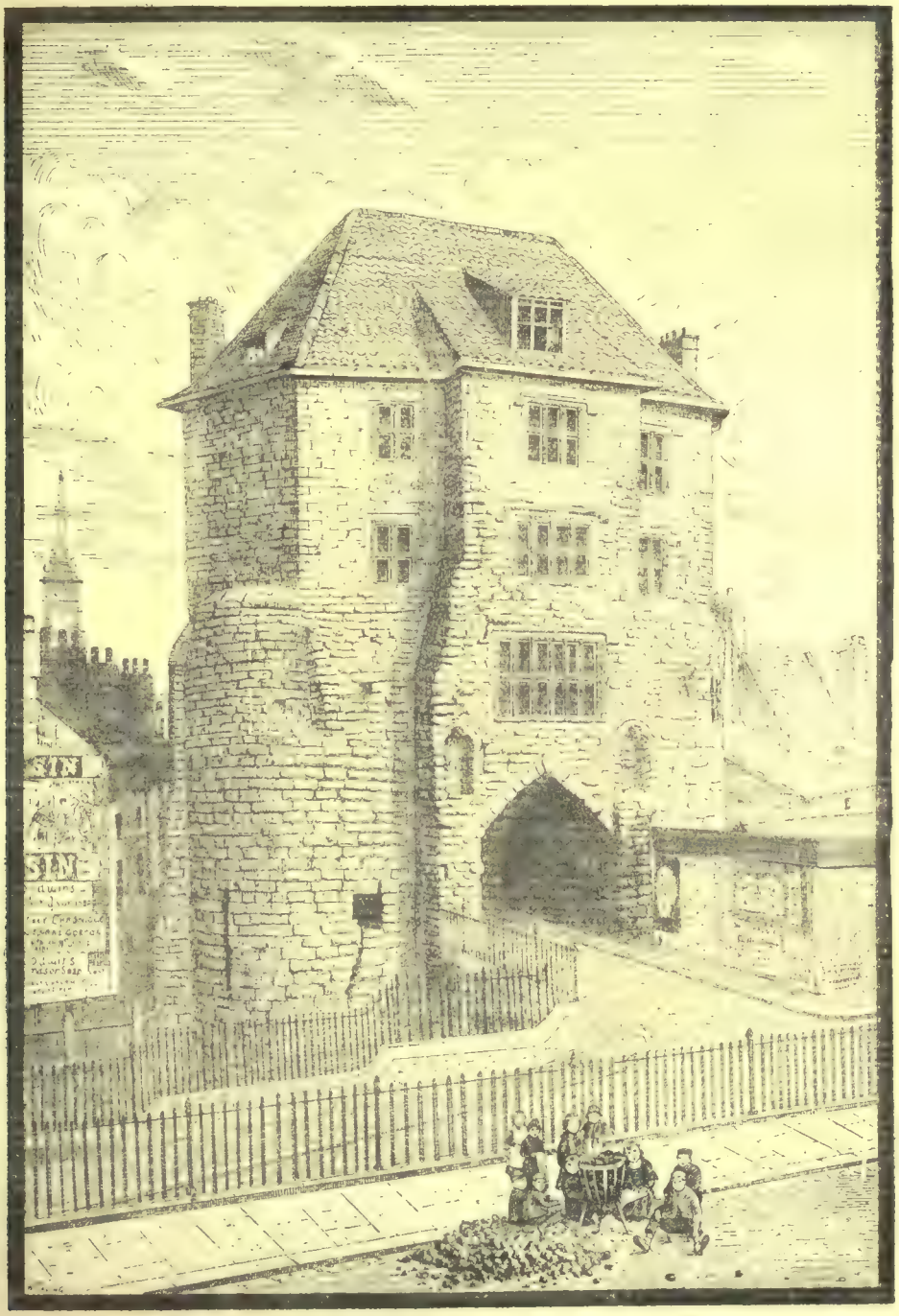
The Black Gate.

THE Black Gate, the principal entrance to the Castle of Newcastle-on-Tyne, was built by King Henry III. in 1248, about seventy years after the completion of the keep and other parts of the fortress by Henry II. It still stands, at least the lower part of it, a splendid specimen of the beautiful architecture of the age which produced it. The upper portion, the work of later times, is scarcely less interesting, telling, as it does, the story of the varied fortunes of the gateway after the close of its military career. In its original condition it must have formed a noble spectacle, as pleasing to the eyes of its friends as it was formidable to those of its foes.

Around the platform of the castle, an area of three acres, the enclosing curtain wall was drawn, with gates and posterns at various points, and here, at the northern angle, towered up the massive form of the main gateway, known in later days as the Black Gate. Outside the wall on this side was a fosse or moat, and access to the gate was by a drawbridge, defended by a barbican. Impregnable we may well consider this entrance to have been. Say that an enemy had forced the barbican, driving back its defenders, and had crossed with them the drawbridge before it could be hoisted, there were the two portcullises of the main gate to bar his further way, while the defenders hurled down upon him, through the openings for the purpose in the vaulted arch above, the heavy missiles or molten lead held in reserve for such emergency. Even could he have passed the portcullises, and penetrated the curved way, with high massive walls on either side, he would have come upon another gateway to be carried before he found himself within the castle yard.

This second gateway stood at the further end of the present narrow curved street within the Black Gate—the street is commonly called the Castle Garth—but no trace of the gateway now exists. On either side of it stood one of the castle prisons. That on the north-east side was called the "Great Pit"; that on the opposite side the "Heron Pit." There is some interesting information concerning the prices of material and the wages of working men of the period in the accounts of repairs to these prisons in the reign of Edward III. Candles, we learn, were 1½d. per pound; "trees of great timber," for joists, were 2s.; and great trees of 44ft., for sills, were 3s. 4d. each. "Est-

THE BLACK GATE IN 1877.



THE BLACK GATE IN 1887

landbord" (Baltic timber), for flooring, was 3d. per piece. The blacksmith received 6d. per stone for working Spanish iron, bought of Adam Kirkharle, into bolts, bands, crooks, staples, manacles, and fittings for the stocks. Carpenters' and masons' wages were 2s. 6d. per week in November, reduced to 2s. 1d. in March; labourers received 1s. 9d. per week in the former, reduced to 1s. 6d. in the latter month. The timber was bought of John Wodseller, and was landed at Gaolegrip (now the Javel Group) in the Close. Sand was brought from the Sandgate, and lime from the "lyme-kilnes," and both were led by "Adam the lym-leder."

After the completion of this work, there is very little mention in history of the Black Gate until the reign of James I. By this time the whole castle had fallen into a miserable state of dilapidation. The only houses in the castle yard were a herald's house, the gaolor's house, and two houses near the Black Gate. The keep was used as a prison, "wherein," as a grant of King James puts it, "is kept the sons of Belial." One Master Alexander Stevenson, a page of the king's bedchamber and "a Scottish man," we are told, "begged the castle of the king," and obtained a lease of it, with the exception of the keep and Moot Hall, for fifty years at forty shillings rent. He began to build, upon the ruins of the Black Gate, the upper portion with the square mullioned windows still to be seen, and the building was completed by one Pickle, who kept a tavern in the Gate House. Jordan, a Scotchman, and a sword-slipper to trade, built a house on the south side of the gate, and Thomas Reed, a Scotch pedlar, took a shop on the north side. Soon the vicinity of the Castle Garth became a thriving business place, principally inhabited by tailors and shoemakers, as it continued down to quite recent days. On Stevenson's death, his uncompleted lease came into the possession of one Patrick Black, and it is from him that the gateway probably derives its name.

In 1732, the Black Gate had again fallen into a state of great decay, caused by the neglect of the Newcastle Corporation, which had, after many attempts, obtained a lease of the Castle Garth. This lease came to an end in the year named, and another was granted to Colonel George Liddell, afterwards Lord Ravensworth. In 1739, part of Stevenson's work, on the eastern side of the gate, fell with a great crash, and was re-built in a mean way with brickwork. From this time the building seems to have been let off in tenements, and to have gradually fallen into the wretched state in which it remained until 1884, when the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries restored it and adapted it for use as a museum. Our illustrations show it as it appeared before and after this restoration.

A visit to the Black Gate is a rare treat to those who delight in relics of past times. The outside aspect of the ancient tower is full of interest. There before us we still see the work of Edward III.; then above that the portions added by Masters Stevenson and Pickle; the whole surmounted by the red-tiled roof so judiciously added by the Antiquaries. Under the archway we see the beautiful trefoil arcades, and the vaulted chamber on either side. Then, inside, there is glorious store of antique wealth. Relics of all periods, from the Stone Age to the age of tinder boxes and sulphur matches, are here gathered together. Roman altars and inscribed stones, with which, by means of drawings, scholars in all parts of the world are familiar, and which they would sacrifice much to look upon in their reality, stand here, close by the very doors of the people of Newcastle. Verily the Black Gate is "rich with the spoils of time."

R. J. C.

The Birtwhistle Wicht.

THE subject of this song, or rather ballad, which is supposed to have been written by Mr. Robert Surtees, the historian of Durham, is said to have been Andro o' the Birtwhistle, who flourished in the reign of Henry VII., and was one of the most noted mosstroopers of his time. According to popular tradition, he was a man as famed for gallantry with the fair sex as for successful raiding and foraging; and he was so fortunate in his wild vocation as to escape all the wardens and country-keepers on both sides of the Border; so that he died at last, well stricken in years, "in his awn hoose at hyem," and left behind him a numerous hopeful progeny, to walk, as far as circumstances permitted, in their father's footsteps.

I rede ye tak tent o' the Birtwhistle wicht;
He forays by day, and he raids by the nicht;
He cares na for warden, for baillie, or reeve:
Ye may post him at kirk, and he'll laugh in his sleeve;
He'd harry, tho' Hairibee tree* were in sicht,
So daring a chiel is the Birtwhistle wicht!

The Tyne and the Tarras, the Tweed and the Till,
They never could stop him, and, troth! never will;
At the mirk hour o' midnicht, he'll cross the dark fen;
He knows every windin' o' valley and glen;
Unscathed he can roam, tho' na star shed its licht,
For wha wad dare question the Birtwhistle wicht?

The proud Lord o' Dilston† has deer in his park;
He has keepers to watch them, and ban-dogs ‡ to bark;
The Baron o' Thirlwall § has owsen and kye,
And auld Gaffer Featherstone's ¶ pigs i' the stye—
The priest canna claim them or tythe them of richt,
But they a' will pay tythe to the Birtwhistle wicht.

* Hairibee, or Harraby Hill, about a mile and a half south by east of Carlisle, was the site of the gallows upon which, in the good old times, "hundreds of lewed, disorderlie, and lawlesse persons, commonlye called moss-troopers," had the ill-luck to be "justified," after reciting their "neck-verse," with the assistance of a priest.

† The ancestor of the Earls of Derwentwater, Sir Edward Ratcliffe, who, by his marriage with Joanna Claxton, daughter of Sir Robert Claxton, got possession of the Dilston, Wittonstall, and other estates in Northumberland, adding them to his ancestral domain of Derwentwater in Cumberland.

‡ The ban-dogs he kept in his castle were a large, fierce kind, kept chained by day and let loose at night, and, when taken out by the keeper, held by a leam or band—whence the name.

§ Thirlwall of that ilk, on the Tippal Burn, near Gilsland.

¶ Featherstonehaugh of Featherstone Castle.

The Prior o' Brinkburn is telling his beads ;
He patters his avés, and mutters his creeds ;
At each pause o' the choir he starts when the breeze
Booms its dirge thro' the tower, or sichs through the trees ;
He prays to the Virgin to shield him thro' nicht,
From the powers o' Hell and the Birtwhistle wicht !

Fair lasses o' Cheviot, he bodes ye na gude ;
He'll ne'er kneel at altar, nor bow to the roode,
But tell ye your eyne ha' the gowan's bright sheen,
The whiles he's preparin' your mantles o' green.
He'll grieve ye and leave ye,—alas, for the plicht !
For reckless in love is the Birtwhistle wicht.

O ! gin he were ta'en to the Hairibee tree,
There'd be starers and gazers of every degree ;
There'd be shepherds from shielings and knichts from their ha's,
And his neck-verse would gain him unbounded applause ;
But it's na in a hurry ye'll witness *that* sicht,
For wary and 'cute is the Birtwhistle wicht.

Northumbrian Saints.

By Richard Welford.

St. Acca,

BISHOP OF HEXHAM.

Amongst the notable men who, after the Saxon conquest of Britain, strove to fan the flickering embers of Christianity into a lively flame, history assigns a high place to Wilfrid, priest and bishop, founder of the church and monastery of Hexham. Ambitious and daring, Wilfrid fought vigorously for the faith that was in him, sparing in his schemes of church extension and aggrandisement neither king nor noble, prelate nor patrician. Living in a time of widespread dissension, his career was one of great vicissitude, and his fortunes rose and fell like the tide that beat upon the shores of his native Northumbria. A few men, earnest and self-denying sons of the Church, merging their individuality in his pre-eminent genius, remained faithful to him in all the fluctuations of his life. Of them was Acca, a priest, whose youth had been spent in the household of Bosa, supplanter of Wilfrid in the bishopric of York. Identifying himself with the cause which Wilfrid had at heart, Acca accompanied his friend and patron throughout his mid-life wanderings. At Rome, whither Wilfrid journeyed twice to plead his cause with the Pope, Acca was his faithful coadjutor, living with him there on the last occasion for thirteen years. When, in his old age, the victorious prelate returned to his restored bishopric of Hexham, Acca settled with him on the banks of the Tyne, and assisted him in his administration of the see. So they continued until, in October, 709, death divided them. Acca succeeded his patron in the episcopal chair of Hexham, and entered into possession of the fruitful lands through which the Devil's Water and the Allen on the one side, and the North Tyne on the other, join the greater river in its journey towards the sea.

The Venerable Bede, who compiled his "Ecclesiastical History" at Jarrow during Acca's episcopate, writes lovingly of his diocesan, with whom he seems to have been personally and familiarly acquainted. He describes him as a most active administrator, "great in the sight of God and man ; most learned in Holy Writ, most pure in the confession of the Catholic faith, and most observant in the rules of ecclesiastical institution." Imbued with the spirit of his departed master, Acca spared no pains to adorn and beautify the edifice which the master had created. He made it his business, Bede tells us, to procure relics of the blessed apostles and martyrs from all parts, and to place them upon altars divided by arches in the walls of his church, and "industriously provided holy vessels, lights, and such like things as appertain to the adorning of the house of God." And being a scholarly man, desirous to encourage learning, stimulated thereto perhaps by Bede himself, he gathered together the histories of holy men and of their sufferings, and with them and other ecclesiastical writings created a "most numerous and noble library." Himself an "expert singer," he endeavoured to improve the services of the church by introducing at Hexham the solemn and stately tones of Pope Gregory. To that end he invited "a celebrated singer, called Maban, who had been taught to sing by the successors of the disciples of the blessed Gregory in Kent, for him to instruct himself and his clergy, and kept him twelve years to teach such ecclesiastical songs as were not known, and to restore those to their former state which were corrupted either by want of use or through neglect."

To Acca, Bede dedicated his "Hexameron" and his "Commentary on St. Mark's Gospel"; to him also he addressed a poem on the Day of Judgment. The commentary was written at Acca's suggestion, as was also a similar treatise on Luke. Bede was reluctant to undertake this last-named work, because St. Ambrose had written on the subject before him, whereupon Acca wrote to him a friendly remonstrance, exhorting him to proceed, and authorising him

to affix the hortatory epistle to his book. Bede's modesty yielded to the scholarly and genial appeal of his bishop, and in due time Acca was able to include St. Luke's Gospel among the series of commentaries from Jarrow that enriched his Hexham library.

The lines fell to Acca in pleasant places, and he had a goodly heritage. The turbulence and disquietude which marked Wilfrid's tenure of office had passed away, and he governed Hexham in peace. For twenty-four years he held the see, and then, for some reason which has never been explained, was deprived of his office. It is remarkable that Bede, who lived for two years afterwards, does not record the circumstances under which Acca was superseded. Nor is the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle" much more communicative. The events of the year 733, in which his deprivation occurred, are summarised in that document with tantalising brevity:—"This year Ethelbald conquered Somerton, and the sun was eclipsed, and the whole disc of the sun was like a black shield. And Acca was driven from his bishopric." Prior Richard, who wrote a history of the church at Hexham, is scarcely less laconic. He records the fact that Acca was expelled [*fugatus est*], and adds nothing but a vague tradition that the bishop went from Hexham to re-establish the see of Whithern, in Galloway. That he was not in disgrace may be inferred from the reverence paid to his remains, when, on the 19th of September, seven years after his deprivation, he was summoned to his reward. His body was brought to the church he had helped to build and beautify, and at the eastern end, "adjoining his sanctuary," was reverently interred. In memory of him the mourning monks set up two stone crosses, "wondrously carved"—one at his feet and the other at his head, the latter bearing an inscription indicating that in that place he was buried. A beautifully floriated lintel at Dilston, and a similar stone found some years ago in the chancel at Hexham, are supposed to have formed part of the memorial crosses which told the pilgrim and the stranger where the friend of Bede and Wilfrid lay.

> The silent flight of Time hath borne
> Long centuries of years away,
> Since Acca sang his dying lay,
> And monks their pastor's parting wept—
>
> His parting for celestial plains,
> Which, if more fair than those outspread
> On every side where'er we tread,
> How glorious thy unseen domains.
>
> *James Clephan.*

Acca had lived the life of a saint, and in due time his name was entered in the calendar. Three hundred years after his death his tomb was opened, and portions of the linen in which he had been buried, "clean and incorrupt" as on the day when they were wound round his corpse, were taken to Durham and devoutly preserved. In the wide territories which he had ruled so well, the fame of St. Acca ranked with that of Aidan and Cuthbert, Wilfrid and Bede. Miracles were wrought by his relics, his intercession was invoked by the faithful far and near, and children received his name in baptism. For many centuries the 19th of February—St. Acca's Day—was observed as a great festival in the diocese of Hexham, and throughout the North Humber land.

St. Aelred,

ABBOT OF RIEVAULX.

At the close of the eleventh century the ruined abbey of Hexham was in the hands of a race of hereditary provosts and priests—the former superintending the lands, and the latter the ordinances of the church. The last of these priests was Eilaf (son of Eilaf, surnamed Larwa), who succeeded his father somewhere about the year 1090. He was a man of energy and resolution, and devoted the first years of his control to restore, as far as possible, what remained of Wilfrid's beautiful edifice. We read that he covered the whole church with tiles, whitewashed the walls, renewed the mural paintings, laid down a pavement at the east end, on which an altar was set up, and prepared a shrine to receive the relics of the saints of Hexham—Acca, Alchmund, and Eata—which, through all the disasters of the church, had been carefully preserved.

To Eilaf three sons were born, one of whom was destined to become famous in the religious life of his country. Brought up among the ruins of Hexham, filled with the history and traditions, the glories and disasters of that sacred pile, the boy Eldred was imbued with a love of the religious life which never deserted him. His father did not foster his yearnings, but sent him to be a member of the suite of Prince David, afterwards King of Scotland. At the Scottish court his promotion was rapid, and he was raised, it is said, to the exalted position of High Steward of the Household. But in time the gaieties of the court wearied him, and his heart turned towards the solace of the cloister. Leaving his royal master and the court of Dunfermline, and crossing his native county and the bishopric, he entered the newly-founded Cistercian Abbey of Rievaulx, in the North Riding of Yorkshire. There Eldred the courtier became Aelred the novice, and conformed to the austerities of the order with the zeal of a convert and the devotion of a saint.

Eilaf had surrendered Hexham to Augustinian canons appointed by Thurstan, Archbishop of York, and in 1138 lay on his death-bed at Durham. Aelred was there and assisted his father through the dark valley. Perhaps he revisited the scenes of his infancy on the Tyne, and renewed the friendships of childhood among the cells of Hexham. Be that as it may, we hear little of him during his early career at Rievaulx. But in 1143, being then thirty-four years of age, he went with eleven brethren to Revesby, in the Lincolnshire fens, to establish another society—an offshoot of the Yorkshire foundation. He headed the colony, and the brethren made him their first abbot. When he had held this honourable office a couple of years, his old superior, the Abbot of Rievaulx, died. The brethren selected a successor from among their number,

who soon resigned his office. Then, with one consent, they sent for Aelred, and elected him to reign over them—Aelred, Abbot of Rievaulx.

In the new and exalted position to which he had attained the mental energy and physical endurance which marked Aelred's life as courtier and as novice found abundant scope. He travelled far and wide, at home and abroad, spreading the principles of his order, and labouring to strengthen the faith of his fathers among men and in the hearts of the rulers of men. What Bernard was to France, that was Aelred, while his strength lasted, to England; for, afflicted by a distressing malady, his life had no late ending. All too soon the time came when the weak flesh could not respond to the calls of the willing spirit. In 1166 he passed away, and the Church, whose devoted servant he had been, perpetuated his good name and godly life by canonization.

Aelred compiled several biographical and devotional works:—"The Mirror of Charity," "Lives of the Kings of England," "Life of St. Edward the Confessor," "Life of St. Margaret," "Life of St. Ninian," "The Battle of the Standard," "The Life of King David," and "Miracles Wrought by the Saints of Hexham." This latter, the most interesting, locally, of all his writings, is reprinted by Dr. Raine in vol. i. of "The Priory of Hexham." The learned doctor describes the work as faulty and confusing in arrangement, and turgid and weak in style, but excuses these defects by explaining that it was the author's intention to make it partly an historical document, partly a record of the miracles of the saints of Hexham church. "The miracles," he adds, "are derived from some legend that was preserved at Hexham, and seem to be merely re-cast in a new shape, to the intent that they might be perused by the convent. And when the canons heard the wondrous narrative recited to them, some, if not all, would call to mind with pride and gratification how, before the day of their own learned priors, Aelred of Rievaulx had lived and prayed within those walls, and that it was from the pen of an aged Cistercian abbot that the praises of their beloved saints had come."

St. Aidan,

FIRST BISHOP OF LINDISFARNE.

When, after the battle of Havenfelth, or Heavenfield, near Hexham, in the year 633, Oswald came to the throne of the Northumbrian Provinces of Bernicia and Deira, he determined to encourage Christianity among his people, and to spread a knowledge of its advantages in those parts of his dominions to which it had not before penetrated. While in banishment across the Border he had been baptised, and, now that he needed help in converting his subjects, he sent to Donald, King of Scotland, for a missionary. Donald sent him Corman, a monk of Iona—very learned and very pious; but Corman made no impression upon his hearers, and gave up the task in disgust. He returned to Iona and reported to the assembled brethren the failure of his mission. The Northumbrians, he said, were so ignorant as to be incapable of comprehending Christianity, and their habits were so inveterate that even if they had made greater progress in civilization they would probably reject the leading precepts of the Gospel with contempt. There was present in the conclave a monk named Aidan, who did not endorse all that Corman reported of these benighted people, who thought that the preaching of the baffled missionary might not have been simple enough for them, and who had the courage to stand up and say so. His words made an impression upon his brethren, and they unanimously agreed that he should be sent to resume the work which Corman had abandoned. Invested with the office and dignity of a bishop, Aidan left Iona and sought the court of King Oswald.

On the arrival of Aidan in Northumbria, "the king appointed him his episcopal see in the isle of Lindisfarne as he desired, which place, as the tide flows and ebbs twice a day, is enclosed by the waves of the sea like an island, and again twice in the day when the shore is left dry becomes contiguous to the land." Lindisfarne, no doubt, attracted Aidan by its resemblance to Iona, by its security, and by its contiguity to the royal castle of Bamborough. Oswald assisted heartily in Aidan's enterprise, condescending even to interpret for the benefit of the people the bishop's Scottish dialect. Aidan on his part laboured earnestly to win the hearts and touch the consciences of the scarce-reclaimed savages he had undertaken to teach, and, if possible, to save. Bede writes of him that "He was wont to traverse both town and country on foot, never on horseback, unless compelled by some urgent necessity; and whenever in his way he saw any, either rich or poor, he invited them, if infidels, to embrace the mystery of the faith, or, if they were believers, to strengthen them in the faith, and to stir them up by words and actions to alms and good works. All those who bore him company, whether they were shorn monks or laymen, were employed in meditation, that is, either in reading the Scriptures or learning psalms. If it happened, which was but seldom, that he was invited to eat with the king, he went with one or two clerks, and, having taken a small repast, made haste to be gone with them either to read or write."

In Aidan's hands the work prospered. Assistance came from Scotland, and soon he was surrounded by a goodly band of missionaries, earnest and self-denying men like himself. Northumbrian stubbornness was subdued by the patience and kindness of the new teachers. The message which the strangers brought was believed. Young and old were received into the Church by baptism, and the joys of marriage and the solemnities of death were celebrated with Christian rites. Churches were built and monasteries were founded, and

to each of these latter a school was attached to provide a succession of priests and teachers. Aidan and his colleagues gave their spare time to the education of native youth for the ministry, and among those whom they taught were some who rose to eminence—notably Eata, who became the first native Bishop of Lindisfarne, and Chad, successively Bishop of York and Lichfield.

For eight years after Aidan came to Lindisfarne there was peace in Northumbria. Then Penda, King of Mercia, invaded Oswald's territories, and, in revenging the insult, Oswald was slain. His death led to a division of the Northern kingdom. Oswy, his brother-in-law, reigned in Bernicia, and Deira was governed by Oswin, son of Osric, a former king of the province. Very soon they quarrelled, and Oswin, whose cause Aidan supported, was assassinated. Aidan was at Bamborough when the evil tidings came to him. Stunned by the loss of his patron, he sickened, and in a hut at the west end of Bamborough Church, on the 31st of August, 651, in the seventeenth year of his episcopate, and only twelve days after Oswin's murder, he died. His body was taken to Lindisfarne and buried, first in the cemetery of the monastery, and afterwards in the church on the right side of the altar. He was canonized in due course, and, in the opinion of Dr. Raine, who, in the "History of North Durham," has written a graphic account of his life and labours, the calendar bears not upon its page the name of a brighter saint than that of Aidan, the first Bishop of Lindisfarne.

Salt Mines at Middlesbrough

MESSRS. Bolckow, Vaughan, and Co., in boring for water, at Middlesbrough, first discovered salt in 1862. They tried to win the salt by sinking a shaft; but, finding the expenditure larger than they expected, they finally abandoned the experiment. In 1874, Messrs. Bell Brothers, on the opposite side of the river Tees, sank a bore-hole for the purpose of ascertaining whether the salt extended to their premises. They found a bed of rock-salt, 65 feet thick, at a depth of 1,127 feet, or about 80 feet less deep than Messrs. Bolckow, Vaughan, and Co. had found it. For some reason or other, probably expense, the matter remained in abeyance till 1881, when a member of the firm of Messrs. Bell Brothers suggested the present mode of winning the salt. It was afterwards discovered that the same method was being adopted in France.

A bore-hole is sunk, and lined with iron tubing, down to the bottom of the bed of salt. That part of the tubing which penetrates the salt is pierced with holes. An inner tube is then put down, and pierced with holes only near the bottom. Fresh water is sent down the space formed between the outer and inner tubes, and finds its way, through the holes, to the rock salt, which it converts into brine. The brine is raised by a pump, through the inner tube, from the bottom of the hole. It is then conveyed in pipes to large salt pans, where the moisture is evaporated by firing, and partly, in the case of Messrs. Bell Brothers, by waste gases from the blast furnaces.

There are now four firms producing salt on the north side of the Tees. Messrs. Bolckow, Vaughan, and Co., following the example of Messrs. Bell Brothers, are the only firm producing it on the south side. The greater part of the salt produced is used by chemical works on the Tyne; but one of the firms on the north side of the river makes domestic and other kinds of salt. The present total output of the district approaches 3,000 tons weekly.

J. R. S., Middlesbrough.

Joseph Lampton, Martyr.

THE number of Catholics who suffered death for their religion, in Durham and Northumberland, during Elizabeth's sway, is put down at 13; while throughout England, from 1577 to 1603, no less than 124 priests and 57 laymen and women fell victims to the Act which was passed in the 27th year of the Queen's reign, forbidding, under pain of death, any priests made by Roman authority to come over into England or remain here. Thus, on May 27th, 1590, Richard Hill, John Hagg, and Richard Holyday, all natives of Yorkshire, and Edmund Duke, born in Kent—the four being Roman Catholic priests—were all executed at Durham. And according to the Durham historians, on the 27th July 1593, Joseph Lampton or Lambton, a member of the family at South Biddick, suffered likewise in defence of his religion during Queen Elizabeth's attempt to extirpate the Catholic priesthood from the land.

This gentleman was of a family distinct from the Lambtons of Lambton, on the north side of the Wear, though apparently sprung from a branch of the latter, who anciently spelt their name *Lampton*. Joseph Lampton was educated at the college at Rheims, whence he went to the English college at Rome in 1589. Being ordained a priest, he was sent to England, where he was immediately apprehended, tried, and condemned. He suffered at Newcastle in the flower of his age, and in sight of his friends and relatives. Being cut down alive, a felon attempted to rip him up, but his heart so failed him that even this wretch preferred to die rather than proceed in the barbarous operation. A butcher from the neighbouring village was then prevailed upon by the Sheriff to execute the cruel sentence. An account of the martyrdom of Joseph Lampton is to be found in the "Memoirs of Missionary Priests," by Bishop Challoner, vol. i., page 159.

Mary Lambton, only daughter and heiress of Nicholas Lambton, was the last of the family of the martyred priest who enjoyed the South Biddick estate. She left it, and other considerable property, by will, to

John Dawson, who had been in her service, and who afterwards assumed the name of Dawson Lambton, and had a grant of arms. The estate was sold by auction to the Marquis of Londonderry, who afterwards disposed of the hall and lands to the Lambtons of Lambton.

The village of South Biddick, I may add, was formerly inhabited by banditti, who set all authority at defiance. The officers of Excise were afraid to survey the two public-houses, unless protected by some of the most daring of the colliers, who were always well rewarded for their trouble. There were in the village about ten shops or houses where contraband spirits were publicly sold without any license. The press gang were at one time beaten out of the place with the loss of two men, and never more were known to enter into it. If the gang were known to be approaching, the "Biddickers" used to sound a horn, the signal to fly to arms. Fires were lighted in various places; the keels in the river were seized and formed into a bridge of communication with Fatfield, a place on the opposite side of the Wear as lawless as their own; and the villagers kept watch and ward till the danger was past. In consequence the village became a resort for such as had violated the laws of their country.

An old native of South Biddick, whom I knew intimately—a relation of Dawson Lambton, by the way—and who died quite recently, used often, with evident pride, to declare to me, when alluding to his origin, that he was one of the "Bloody Biddickers," which, he said, was the veritable epithet by which they were a century ago commonly distinguished. It was here the unfortunate James Drummond, Duke of Perth, took sanctuary after the rebellion of 1745-6, under the protection of Nicholas Lambton, Esq., of South Biddick; and here he lived in obscurity and concealment till 1782, when he died and was buried at Painshaw.

N. E. R., Fence Houses.

The Auld Fisher's Fareweel to Coquet.

SPEAKING at the dinner held to commemorate the opening of the Newcastle Free Library, the late Sir Charles Trevelyan recommended his hearers to read Robert Roxby's poem, "The Auld Fisher's Fareweel to Coquet," which we now publish for the benefit of those of our readers who may be interested in it. This spirited song is one of the "The Fisher's Garland," to which Robert Roxby and Thomas Doubleday were the best known contributors. The manly pathos which breathes through every line of the effusion, and the high poetic spirit which pervades it, have rendered the song one of the most popular of the authors' productions. Two hundred and ninety copies were printed for Emmerson Charnley, on the 26th of March, 1825, and "one hundred copies were presented to the author" (Robert Roxby), though the "Garland" is the joint work of Roxby and Doubleday. Robert Roxby was born at Needless Hall, Reedsdale. Having lost his father at an early age, he was confided to the care of Mr. Gabriel Goulburn, a farmer in the neighbourhood. About the year 1798 he became a clerk in the banking-house of Sir W. Loraine and Co., Newcastle, and on the failure of that establishment he entered the bank of Sir M. W. Ridley and Co. In 1808, he published by subscription his famous poem, "The Lay of the Reedwater Minstrel," and subsequently produced, in conjunction with Mr. Doubleday, the series of lyrical pieces from which the song now given is a selection. Mr. Roxby died at Newcastle on July 30th, 1846, in his 79th year. Mr. Doubleday's life was spent on Tyneside, where he distinguished himself by his attainments in literature, and as an active participator in the great political movements of the present century. This estimable man died at his residence, Bulman Village (now called Gosforth), on the 18th of December, 1870, aged 81 years.

Come, bring to me my limber gad
I've fished wi' mony a year,
An' let me hae my weel-worn creel,
An' a' my fishing gear;
The sunbeams glint on Linden-Ha',
The breeze comes frae the west,
An' lovely looks the gowden morn
On the streams that I like best.

I've thrawn the flee thae sixty year,
Ay, sixty year an' mair,
An' monie a speckled troutie kill'd
Wi' heckle, heuk, an' hair;
An' now I'm auld an' feeble grown,
"My locks are like the snaw,"
But I'll gang again to Coquet-side,
An' take a fareweel thraw.

O Coquet! in my youthful days
Thy river sweetly ran,
An' sweetly down thy woody braes
The bonnie birdies sang;
But streams may rin, and birds may sing,
Sma' joy they bring to me;
The blithesome strains I dimly hear,
The streams I dimly see.

But ance again the weel-kenned sound
My minutes shall beguile,
An' glistening in the airly sun
I'll see thy waters smile;
An' Sorrow shall forget his sigh,
An' Age forget his pain,
An' ance mair by sweet Coquet-side
My heart be young again.

Ance mair I'll touch wi' gleesome feet
Thy waters clear and cold,
Ance mair I'll cheat the gleg-e'ed trout
An' while him frae his hold;
Ance mair at Weldon's frien'ly door
I'll wind my tackle up,
An' drink "Success to Coquet-side,"
Though a tear fa' in the cup.

An' then fareweel, dear Coquet-side!
Aye gaily may thou rin,
An' lead thy waters sparkling on,
An' dash frae linn to linn;
Blithe be the music o' thy streams
An' banks through after-days,
An' blithe be every Fisher's heart
Shall ever tread thy braes.

The Side, Newcastle.

OUR illustrations of the Side, or rather the reminiscences they are calculated to awaken, carry us back to a period in the history of Newcastle when the commerce of the town had for its arena not the Tyne itself, but the Lort Burn, a stream which, according to Grey's "Chorographia," was navigable to the very doors of the Cloth Market, in the line of Dean Street and Grey Street, as far as the High Bridge. "In after times," Grey adds, "the merchants removed lower down towards the river, to the street called the Side and the Sandhill, where the trade remaineth to this day." This was penned in the seventeenth century, and a hundred years later, we learn from Bourne, the Side was "from one end to the other filled with shops of merchants, goldsmiths, milliners, upholsterers, &c." Still another hundred years passed away, and we find Mackenzie, in 1827, speaking of the ascent being very steep; and "this, added to its extreme narrowness, and the dingy houses on each side, projecting in terrific progression, rendered the passage inconceivably gloomy and dangerous. Yet, before the erection of Dean Street, it formed the principal communication with the higher parts of the town." At this date, we read, it was mostly inhabited by cheesemongers. Bearing in mind the fact that the Lort Burn flowed down by the High Bridge, the Low Bridge, and the Sandhill, the origin of such names as Dean Street is easily explained. But the name of the Side, unless it be the side or steep bank of a river, has long been a source of perplexity. There is a traditionary story of a stranger who, receiving a Newcastle letter dated "Head of the Side," took it to be a slip of the pen, and wrote back to the "Side of the Head"—the Saracen's or some other Head, as he imagined. The Side as we know it is vastly altered; indeed, our views, one of which is taken from the entrance to Queen Street, looking towards the Old Grapes Hotel, represent a scene which is undergoing a constant process of change. Dean Street, spanned at the foot by the imposing Railway Arch, has invaded it, and year by year old buildings give place to new; yet some of the projecting houses and gabled roofs still survive to awaken recollections of the time when the principal traffic of the town passed this way, over the Old Tyne Bridge, and up the steep ascent. Here, too, were witnessed State progresses between the English and Scottish capitals. The two illustrations which we give are substantially the same, the only difference being that the one represented with little or no traffic is taken from a higher elevation at Queen Street. Perhaps, with the lantern tower of St. Nicholas's in thebackground, it would be difficult to find, in less space, so many distinct architectural features, the peculiarity being that palatial buildings, worthy of the most noble thoroughfares, are here mingled with the picturesque remnants of long ago. In proof of the interesting historic character of the scene, we may conclude with the following, culled from Grey's "Chorographia," that small quarto of a few precious pages printed in the year 1649:—"In the lower part of the street called the Side standeth a faire crosse, with columnes of stone hewn, [the roof] covered with lead, where is sold milk, eggs, butter. In the Side is shops for merchants, drapers, and other traders. In the middle of the Side is an ancient stone house, an appendix to the Castle, which in former times belonged to the Lord Lumleys before the Castle was built, or at least coëtany with the Castle."

THE SIDE, FROM QUEEN STREET.

THE SIDE, NEWCASTLE, FROM QUEEN STREET, QUAYSIDE.

Willie Carr, the Strong Man of Blyth.

A BABY was born at Hartley Old Engine, on April 23, 1756, that was destined to cut a great figure in the world in more senses than one. Whether the auspices of his birth afforded any foreshadowing of future greatness is not recorded; but his early childhood must have furnished the buddings of the stature, weight, and strength, which, by the time he reached the years of manhood, had developed into the qualities of a Hercules, a Milo, and a Daniel Lambert all combined. The name of this portentous individual was William Carr—a name that even yet awakens a sort of tremulous reverence in the minds of all who can appreciate gigantic physical force and fleshly proportions. But Carr was no mere man-mountain, and still less was he of the weak-kneed race of giants who go about in shows. He was a true, bold, clever, and witty fellow—every inch a man.

By the time he was seventeen years of age, Carr was six feet three inches in his stocking feet, and weighed sixteen stone. He was serving his apprenticeship to a blacksmith, and, while the trade was one admirably adapted to the development of his powers, it also brought him almost daily opportunities of exhibiting the enormous muscular energy and toughness on which his celebrity principally rests. He did not, however, content himself with the exertion of his marvellous bodily faculties, but so applied his mind to the trade he had adopted that he became a famous craftsman; and when at length he set up at Blyth on his own account, he turned out such capital harpoons that the whalers of the North-Eastern ports could not satisfy themselves that all was right with them unless they had some of Blyth Willie's implements of fishing as part of their equipment. His work, then, was mainly the forging of harpoons, but he was quite up to the general requirements of his trade in all its ordinary branches.

Carr's lifting and throwing soon became objects of keen interest to his neighbours far and near. He could raise with his arms not far short of sixty stones avoirdupois. He could "put" a weight of sixty pounds a distance of eight yards. When he was yet quite a young man, his amazing powers naturally provoked emulation, or doubt, or envy—at any rate competitive ambition of some sort—amongst those who had a name to lose, or were desirous of winning one at his expense. One Mick Downey belonged to the former class. He had a great reputation for muscular prowess; and he would fain measure muscle with "the pride of Blyth"—the Samson of the North. But after a contemplative survey of Carr's form and figure, as they revealed themselves in readiness for the tussle, Mick discreetly retired without bringing matters to the test of actual experiment.

In those merry old days Seaton Delaval Hall was a favourite resort of fast young bloods, and a centre of fashionable gaiety in all its phases. Lord Delaval, naturally enough, was not a little proud to have as a neighbour, and at first as a tenant, a man who was superlative in one particular line. For the amusement and edification of his South-Country guests he would often have Willie up at the hall to display his magnificent torso and his astonishing strength. On one occasion his lordship invited Big Ben, a noted prizefighter of the day, to contest the honours of "the ring" with the gigantic man of Blyth. Everything was made ready for the sport—the ground marked out, the ropes stretched, the seconds and umpire all in waiting. His lordship, wishing to make matters as pleasant as possible, persuaded the would-be pugilists to shake hands as a sign of friendship before the struggle began. Nowise bashful, Big Ben advanced to show good fellowship. Carr, always hearty and energetic, whatever he took in hand, no sooner got a grip of the boxer's fist than he put on the screw as if working a vice, and squeezed his new friend's hand till the blood spurted from the tips of his fingers. This was quite enough for Ben. He was wise, as well as brave and strong. Accordingly, he hinted to his bottleholder to throw up the sponge before the business began. The gay young bloods tried to hearten him to the fight by jeers and bribes and other like incentives; but Ben quietly remarked that he should "prefer a kick from a horse to a blow from such a fist as Carr's."

Mendoza, another champion of no mean or shortlived fame, also came down at the instance of Lords Strathmore and Tyrconnel to have a look at the giant, probably with a view to trying conclusions with him. If that was his notion or the object of those who brought about the meeting, "the better part of valour" happily got the better of rash bravery, and Mendoza went to the place whence he came to meditate on muscle, and carefully prune whatever excess of self-confidence he laboured under.

His lordship of Delaval evinced the genuine interest he had in his humble friend, "the village blacksmith," by having a splendid portrait taken of him, and hanging it in the gallery of his ancestral home. Subsequently it was transferred to the gallery at Gibside, and remained there during the tenancy of the estate by Lord Tyrconnel. Carr's fashionable patrons had occasionally more direct and less pleasant proofs of his amazing strength than such as they witnessed in experiments upon others. He early won the nickname of Lord Haddo, from the circumstance that, the nobleman of that name having struck him with his whip on Morpeth race-course, Carr instantly dragged him off his horse with such force and ease that his lordship was not likely to repeat the insolence.

By the time he reached the age of 30, he had attained his full development—weighing 24 stone, and measuring 6 feet 4 inches in height. His brawny hands and mighty arms were a sight to see and a caution to feel. It was not mere fat, as in other memorably obese men and women, but largely the solid bone and the leathery

cords of muscle that pulled the scale against 336 pounds balance.

Another feat of his illustrates his humour quite as much as his strength. He was one of the best tempered men that ever lived, and never otherwise than peaceably disposed. So far he resembled the general run of giants, and strong, capable men. It is the weakling or the malformed who is most given to peevishness and bad temper. On one occasion Willie happened to fall foul of a gang of gipsies or vagrant muggers. These gentry menaced the big man. By way of silencing them with a specimen of what he could do if they carried matters to extremes, he laid his big hands on their donkey as it was meekly browsing on the thistles by the side of the tramway, and quietly chucked it into an empty coal-waggon, leaving his enraged enemies in great wonder at the feat, and in great perplexity as to how they should recover their steed from the deep truck.

Some of his useful feats are still remembered with a sort of shuddering awe. In those days, as now, coal trucks would sometimes get off the line, and stoppage of traffic occur as the natural consequence. Where, then, was the lever to hoist them on to the track again? Well, if it happened anywhere handy, no lever was so ready or so useful as Carr's strong back and legs. He had but to stoop beneath the slipped waggon till he could get a good prise on it, and he then lifted it cleverly on to the rail again. It is told among the long-shore men of Blyth, to this day, how once five sailors belonging to the good ship Minerva were puzzling their heads as to the best means of removing their vessel's anchor with a piece of chain cable attached, then lying on the beach. The anchor and chain weighed half a ton, and, while they were wondering how to get it away, Willie walked in upon the circle of debate, and without more ado lifted up the iron, put it over his shoulder, and trudged away with it to his father's smithy.

Willie's powers of enduring fatigue—or, rather, of continued labour without showing symptoms of exhaustion—were most extraordinary in the days of his full vigour. He was once known to work for 132 consecutive hours, then sleep 12 hours, and resume with unabated vigour for 120 hours more. His powers of consumption, as regards victuals and drink, were on a par, of course, with the rate at which he expended his strength. He certainly was not a dissipated man in any sense, especially was he no drunkard; albeit he now and then put out of sight a quantity of strong waters, quite sufficient to drown some men, without seeming much the worse for the dose. It is told of him that once upon a time business called him to North Shields. When the business was finished, or possibly by way of facilitating the affair, he swallowed 84 glasses of gin, and reached his home at Blyth the same evening quite sober. The business which led to this potation deep and strong was quite remarkable enough without the incredible number of "goes of gin" to make it memorable. He had been dilatory in completing an order for harpoons, and the good ship Euretta was likely to be detained for want of this important part of a whaler's equipment. The day fixed for sailing had arrived, and the harpoons were still in Willie's shop on the south side of the Blyth Salt Pans. Carr took them to the carrier's, but found that the worthy man had departed much before his usual time. Willie made no more ado, but hoisted the hundredweight of harpoons on to his shoulders and marched off with them to North Shields, ten good miles away. After such a feat, the 84 glasses of gin will perhaps stand a chance of being swallowed by the public as having been swallowed by him.

Another feat of his had about it a smack of gallantry. It is told that on one occasion he tucked a plump young woman under his arm, and, thus handicapped, leaped a five-barred gate.

Considering his remarkable physical powers, and also the great demand for "likely fellows" at the end of the last century and the early part of the present, it is not surprising to learn that the Strong Man of Blyth was again and again wanted to serve the King But Carr had other views; he was fond of home—fonder still of liberty and honest toil. If the King wanted him, the King's men would have to come and fetch him—at their peril. The press-gang was a permanent institution in those days, prowling about seaports great and small, and picking up hands for the navy, both likely and unlikely; for hands are scarce when wars are plentiful. They had evidently set their hearts on Willie, and staked their professional pride on capturing him. But they seldom got a fair chance with him, and when they did his own wit and weight of fist made it no chance at all. A friendly grip of his hand was generally sufficient to elicit a hearty farewell from any captain of the press-gang whose valour had led him so far towards the great man's capture.

One capital story is told of his actually getting caught, and of his characteristic escape from the snares of the King's fowlers. He could swim as well as he could hammer. His lead-like weight ashore was buoyant as a cork in the water. Having fallen into the gin set for him by the cunning pressmen—possibly the snare was gin, as that was his favourite drink and his own weakness—Carr was handcuffed and taken on board a boat lying in the harbour; but when on his way to the tender lying off the coast, he inquired of the coxswain, in a comical way, whether that worthy could swim. "Why do you ask such a question?" rejoined the officer, instead of giving a straightforward answer. "Because," said the giant, "we shall all be swimming just now." And before the warning was well out of his mouth, he bowed himself, as did Sampson of old in the temple of Philistia, and split the boat in two with the strain of his back and legs. In a moment the crew were floundering and splashing in the

sea, while the giant was leisurely paddling himself back to liberty and home.

Up to the grand climacteric of his vigorous life, that is, to the end of his sixty-second year, Carr preserved a considerable measure of the force that had made him famous. But in that year he was seized with paralysis, and, though he lingered seven years longer, he never more left his bed. His ingenuity as a mechanic came to his relief when thus helplessly bedridden. Having made for himself what was in all probability the first iron bedstead ever manufactured, he contrived a clever and easily worked apparatus by which he could lift himself in and out of bed, or in such a way as to change his position without troubling anyone to help him. He finally rested from life's troubles and turmoil on 6th September, 1825, having reached within half a year the proverbially legitimate span of human existence.

Meg of Meldon.

WHO was Meg of Meldon, and wherefore was her troubled spirit doomed to haunt the moonlit banks of the Wansbeck? There may be little real history, but there is much tradition and more mystery in the legend of the miserly witch. The facts—if facts they are—make but a slender skeleton on which to hang the robes of fable.

It is said that she was one Margaret Selby, a daughter of William Selby, of Newcastle. Her father was a money-lender, and it may be that Meg inherited from him not only the fruits of life-long avarice, but the taint of avarice itself that leavened and damaged her better nature, till her name passed into a proverb for cruel greed. Her dower on marrying Sir William Fenwick, of Wallington, was a heavy mortgage on the fair estate of Meldon—the fettered inheritance of young Heron. Whether she unduly pressed or unkindly foreclosed, after underhanded schemes for preventing the young heir from obtaining the money for the discharge of the mortgage, none can now tell; but if she did not do one or other of these things, or all three, it is not easy to account for the bad odour in which her memory was preserved, nor yet for the story of her subterranean coach-road between Hartington and Meldon. For the tale goes that, beneath the beetling stone on which the castle maidens used to poss the clothes they wished to bleach, there was a descent to this underground coach-road, whereby, whenever she would, she could pass to and fro unobserved. She was a solemn and stately dame, and deported herself as became one who had brought great wealth to prop a falling house, and was the mother of at least one brave Fenwick, who died fighting for his king two hundred and thirty years ago. The now ruined gallery of Seaton Delaval contained, some seventy years ago, an authentic portrait of this famous lady. With her heavy ruff, her vandyked sleeves, furbelowed skirts, and broad hat tied down at the sides, over her ears, she certainly favoured Mother Redcap and other ladies renowned for their proficiency in magic arts.

Either she ruled while her husband reigned, or she lived long in widowhood; for throughout the greater part of her protracted life she must have held the purse and held it tight. Assuming that there must be some basis for all the stories told of her, it will be safe and fair to describe her as exceedingly fond of money. She had a huckstering, speculating, hoarding spirit. Her great hoards of gold were never brought forth save to buy corn and beeves in the day of plenty, to be sold at great profit in the days of the "lean kine." At all ends she screwed out gain from the honest poor, but they could only curse her in their whispered prayers, for she held them tight in her cruel grasp. Growing, buying, grinding, selling, she sought gold and yet more gold, though its getting cost life itself to the oppressed from whom she wrung it. She doubtless desired to live alway; but though her barns were full and her press was groaning, and her gold lay in heaps, she could sometimes hear the far-off mutterings of the voice that soon should say, "Thou fool, this night." So she thought the more of the gold that had cost her her soul, and, with eager cunning, plotted that none should possess it when she should have paid forfeit to the King of Terrors, and her strong clutch grew lax. With magpie instinct she sought out secret places where she could hide her treasure, and she chuckled as she thought how men would seek in vain to grasp her much-loved gold. She knew not that her sleep of death would be broken with woful trouble for this same gold, until some worthier than herself should find it and put it to good uses. Yet this was what the story shows. Men whispered to each other, when the burial was over, that Meg of the Moneybags was doomed to wander in strange shapes to and fro between the secret places of her hoards, flitting here and there for seven long years, then resting seven, only to begin the dreary round once more; and this was to be her fate till all the hidden wealth was once more passing, as wealth should ever do, in wage for honest toil. When the wealth was once more wandering, the poor witch's wanderings ceased for ever.

Near the south-east tower of Meldon there was a draw-well, deep and old. In her life Meg had packed a bullock's hide with pieces of gold and cast it into the sleeping water of the well. So, often after death, her shadowy form was seen now sitting, now kneeling, by the well, with arm bent over it, as if wistfully peering into its gloomy depths, but ever troubled as though with arduous penance and a grief that could not be comforted. Year by year the penance went on, but the spell was unbroken, the soul was unshriven. One night, in the visions of sleep, a strange summons came to a poor hind of the Meldon lands, bidding him search for the treasure in the well. He was very poor, his heart was courageous and his conscience clear, so he gave heed to the message. Saying never a word to

neighbour or wife, he went in the midnight to Meldon well. There he saw a mysterious figure, and his brave heart would have prompted him to speak, but he had been forbidden to utter a word on pain of losing his gold. He had brought with him chains and grappling hooks. These, with the aid of his silent helper, were soon adjusted to the handle and roller by which the well was usually wrought. Fearless, he trusted himself to the chain, and passed down and down till, to his wonder, he touched the ground, for the water had gone. There lay the long-hidden pile of gold, and soon the grappling irons were clutching it as though the spirit of covetous Meg had passed into their cold and cruel fangs. Swiftly he climbed the stretched chain and reached the upper world. Then the twain set to work at the wheel and axle with a will. Up came the lunging bag of gold to the music of creaking wood and clanging chain. When at length it came within sight, the poor fellow, overjoyed with the thought of the blessing he was about to call his own, forgot the injunction to silence, and cried exultingly, "We have her now." Fatal words! The charm was gone. The dream vanished. The hooks released their precious burden, and down it went with a rush and a thud, sinking deep into the slimy clay; so deep that no mortal can ever raise it again, or even reach it.

The poor peasant lost his boon by an untimely word of triumph spoken at the well; and, perhaps, old Meg bethought her that it was not kind to enjoin such hard conditions on poor human nature. At all events, the next disclosure she made of her secret stores was made without conditions, and it was made to lads at school, who must needs have lost it, every penny, had they been prohibited from shouting aloud their boyish glee on pain of losing all the hoard. The school-house at Meldon was old a century ago, and the wayfarer might have imagined it haunted by the ghosts of dead boys, who in the days gone by had sinned and suffered beneath its moss-grown roof, or sported in its long-drawn shadow when the day's work was done. None ever dreamed of seeing or hearing Meg's ghost at school any more than at church. Nor did she walk in visible mist, or flit like marsh-fire round the school-house yard. Yet it was one of her hiding-places. Cunningly she had secreted pile after pile of unhallowed gold beneath the rafters, and just above the ceiling of the school-house. Ceilings were solid and tough in those days, plenty of thickness, plenty of well-tempered mortar, and plenty of cow-hair to bind the plaster together. But scores of romping lads in each generation had done their utmost to shake the rafters and walls asunder. As the years went on the plaster was loosened from its laths; and if it had hardly borne the weight of its golden burden at first, it was every day becoming weaker and weaker. It chanced then that the dominie had gone in by to devour his scanty dinner. Most of the lads were following the example of the worthy master—in this one respect so commendable in their young eyes. A few, however, had brought their dinners with them. These were the sons of outlying farmers and farm labourers who had far to come for their schooling. Their pasties, or sandwiches, or cold meat pies, with bread and cheese to follow, were soon out of their bags and soon out of sight in the secret cavern to which parental foresight had destined them. Then began the romp and the riot that were to hurry on digestion, so that they should not sleep on their surfeit, but be ready for work or whacks as the case might be. They chased each other over the desks, under the desks, and round about the benches until the old walls thrilled as if with coming ague, and the cracked ceiling split as if in laughing sympathy with their merry mischief. But what was that? All stand agape and wondering, as a shower of dust fills one corner of the school-house, and a sound as of muffled thunder fills the air. They had brought the old ceiling down with a bang. Oh, dear, whatever would dominie say? and, alas! what would not dominie do? When the crash was over and the flying lime-dust began to settle, one bolder than the rest drew near to see for himself the extent of the mischief done. Hark! he screams, but not in pain. He is down on his knees amongst the rubbish, and stuffing the plaster cobs into his pocket as fast as he can. "What is it?" "Cry halves!" "Come on, lads!" resound through the school-room, and then ensued a general rush. All are now rummaging and scrambling and fighting over the heap of dust, like lads of a later age over halfpennies thrown out of railway trains into the mud or dust of the street below. What is it they are striving and riving for like a lot of eels in a basket? It is gold—it is the boon and the bane of all the world; gold for which men risk their lives and barter their souls. And shall boys be preached at because, when gold falls at their feet, like beech leaves in autumn, they fight and struggle and grow black in the face with the strife? And now they rise from the crush to count their winnings. Two or three still potter on in the heap for the chance of a coin or two missed in the scramble; but even they get up in time to make safe their spoil before the master sets foot on the scene.

Meg's spirit rests now, for all her stores save that of Meldon Well have been found and spent for human good; but tradition tells how with changeful form she haunted many a well-known spot. Meldon Bridge she was used to cross in shape of a little dog; but when she had crossed it either way she would assume the form of a lovely woman, graceful and sweet, but ever sad. At times she would sit on the great stone trough at Newminster, an ancient coffin doubtless, and, therefore, a fit halting-place for one who was doomed to walk this nether world in expiation of her guilt while living. When any strange sight attracted the notice of the passing peasant, he would say, "There goes Meg of Meldon," whistle, and, fearless, trudge home to tell his wife and bairns. And thus the legend lived and grew and died away. Its basis of fact was little more than that the lady of Meldon was an

austere dame, who knew her rights and made them good. In doing so she may have ousted a popular young squire—for are not all ruined families the objects of romantic sympathy on the part of the poor? Does not misfortune invest their patrons with a sort of sanctity, and does not the gilding of success seem to them like dross when it is made to adorn the stranger in the land? Meg may have brought a trading spirit into the quiet farm lands and rustic hamlets of the Wansbeck Valley—a spirit of gain-loving and gain-getting which, though more useful, is also less popular, than the humours of a spendthrift. And thus the memory of one who was probably no worse than many another of her rank has come to be blurred by the hatred and curses of the ignorant.

Meldon Hall passed to the unfortunate Derwentwaters, and thence through forfeiture to the Greenwich Hospital Commissioners, from whom Isaac Cookson, alderman of Newcastle, purchased it for the goodly sum of 56,900 guineas. There the bearers of his name emulate his generous administration of wealth, thus effectively redressing whatever wrongs the ancient Dame of Wallington inflicted on the poor. W. S.

The Story of Mary Clement.

DARLINGTON, in the year 1730, was little more than a village in size; but with its magnificent church — second only to Durham Cathedral among all the ecclesiastical edifices of the county—its connection with the coal trade through the Allans, and its importance as a resting-place for wayfarers along the great North Road, it was worthy to rank as a town of much promise and fair repute. It had a post-office, and this office had for its master one Clement, who, by dint of diligence and thrift, contrived to rear a fine family on a stipend of fifty pounds a-year. Some short time previous to 1730, Mary, daughter of this blooming household, was apprenticed to Mrs. Rennie, a child's coatmaker, whose shop and dwelling were in Pall Mall, the very centre and heart of London fashion. She brought with her to the purlieus of the Court the perilous portion of beauty, grimly watched, however, by the stately griffin to whom the maiden was bound in business pupilage. For a time all went well, and the maiden plied her tasks industriously to the great content of watchful Mother Rennie, varying the routine of a hard life by peeps at the great and gay world as it ebbed and flowed around the shop, and by occasional strolls in the palace park hard by.

It chanced, however, that Mrs. Rennie, like almost all persons in that quarter who were engaged in the shop-keeping business, gave up part of her house as lodgings for "young bucks," Parliament men, and loungers on the outskirts of privilege—waiters on Providence, whose providence just then, as the "Court Guide" would tell them, was Sir Robert Walpole, the famous Premier of a stupid king and a corrupt Parliament. It further chanced that this same Sir Robert had for his second son a youth who, having completed the grand tour under the eminently advantageous auspices of England's real ruler, had come home to look about him, to pick and choose, to angle in richly-stocked and strictly-preserved waters for the fattest fish his father could give him. Like others of his age and station, Edward Walpole felt that living at home was only moping, and that, in order to take up his freedom as a citizen of the world, it was above all things necessary that he should possess a lodging and latch-key all his own. Mrs. Rennie had a lodging, and both she and it bore a good repute. Young Walpole could not do better than take her unimpeachably genteel apartments.* He could not come and go very long between his lodgings and the park without getting to know that beneath the roof of his new home there dwelt a maiden more beautiful than all the hooped and patched minxes he daily encountered in the Mall or danced with in marble halls. Having seen her, he could not fail to wonder at her sparkling charms; and when he saw that all this outward radiance was the fit expression of a flawless gem within, his wonder changed to love.

Thus it was with Edward. But how fared Mary's fluttering heart through all this warm summer of love? And what thought the griffin who guarded the treasure of the postmaster's lovely daughter? What, above all, would the proud Premier say of his son's weak passion for the Darlington lassie? He was not yet a peer of the realm, though he was created Earl of Orford in 1742; but he was the maker of peers, the dispenser of Court favour, the mirror of royal smiles, the patron of all good things for which men of the world were ever agape, as they crowded his gates, with incense of praise and proffers of service. Besides, his stock was of the oldest in the land. When as yet there was no Norman in all fair England, his fathers had held sway like kings in Norfolk, and all through the history of his country his ancestors had played a notable part, winning glory and wealth as warriors, statesmen, and bishops. It was not likely that he would lightly give his blessing to such an ill-assorted match as that for which his son soon came to long repiningly. He was wise above all men in the wisdom of the world. He deemed it but a sowing of wild oats, and so long as there was no talk of housing the harvest thereof in his stately barns he had nothing to say against it. The freak would come and go, the passion would cool, the fancy would fade, the toy would in due time be broken and thrown aside; then his son —known to the ladies of Italy as the "handsome English-

* It should be mentioned that Mr. Longstaffe, who tells the story in his "History of Darlington," states that Walpole had a house of his own opposite Mother Rennie's.

man"—would play the man and mate with a daughter of some princely house. But it was not to be.

Mother Rennie had not lived so near to the very palace gate without becoming wise in her measure, aye, every bit as wise as the great Minister himself, so far as loving hearts were in question. She could read the dangerous courtesy as if every bow and every smile were large print in a book. She was old, but had been young, and she could judge with truth each rising of the maiden's colour, and every flash of her beautiful eye beneath the gaze of him who had become the sun of her life. Prudently, then, she summoned the postmaster away from his office and home, to resume the trust she felt herself no longer able to keep. The worthy father rushed post haste to the rescue of his precious child. He would not for worlds that a breath should sully the honest name she bore, or that blight should fall upon the sweetest flower of his home. So he came to Madame Rennie's, at the bottom of Pall Mall, and sent for the lovely delinquent. Not with anger, but in tears, he bade her come to his arms that he might bear her far away from the perils gathering round her. And Mary wept—perhaps because she saw her kind father weeping—perhaps still more because she regarded his affectionate appeal as in truth her sentence of doom. Till that moment she had never known how warped her heart had become with the weft of another's affection and life. The call to forsake him revealed to her the wondrous strength of the tie that had grown like tough ivy between them. The sly puss! She dried her tears; she made believe that the old voice of father-love had lost none of its power to charm or to constrain because of her long listening to the tenderer tones of a man's strong love. Yes, she would obey in meekness, thankfulness, fear, and inward grace. She would go back with her father from the edge of the gulf into which she had nearly fallen. She would go home to household cares, and homely fare, and hard work, and the mill-round of life in a country town. With her rosy lips and tear-gemmed eyes, she was once more the dutiful child. But beneath the placid look of obedience there was a throbbing volcano of passion, and it must break, or she must die. The griffin and the father went into a little room at the back of the shop for a quiet talk about this business, now so happily and in such good time ended; and, while they were crowing over their triumphant sagacity, the love-smitten maiden slipped out of the shop as she was, and ran like a bounding gazelle along Pall Mall to the new home of her lover at the other end of the street.

Edward Walpole was out when the runaway girl reached the place of refuge. She had found her way to the dining-room, and the table was ready set, so she knew she would not have long to wait. And yet it seemed an age till she heard the well-known footfall. Edward greeted her with equal wonder and gladness. "You here!" he exclaimed, in tones which told only of satisfaction and gratitude. Her tale needed no great while or many words for its telling. She loved and was beloved, and the moment was come for the die to be cast. She had thrown for life: was it to be a blank, or a prize the world might envy her? Not long had she to wait for such answer and assurance as her lover could give. He folded her to his heart; then, leading her to the head of the table, placed her at its head, installing her as mistress of his home. And that post she never quitted. It was a doubtful honour; yet in those days it was not, as now it would be, deemed sheer dishonour. Her lover had fair talent, it may be; but he had been trained from infancy to depend upon his powerful and exalted father, and every vista of life was lighted only with that father's influence and favour. He was for a short time Chief Secretary for Ireland, and was known thereafter as Sir Edward Walpole; but what else he held, did, or enjoyed in the way of parental favour, this story needs not to inquire. Enough to know that he found in his mistress a nature which entranced his whole being, as well as dazzled his fancy. He lavished kindness on all her kin. He lived for her, and would at any moment have died for her, could he have saved her a pang or a tear.

Mary Clement bore him three daughters and a son; but when the son was born the beloved and idolized mother passed away. The daughters, endowed with nearly all their mother's beauty, were carefully educated in all that could make them worthy to bear, and able to redeem, her cherished name. The eldest, Laura, was in due time married to the Hon. and Rev. Frederick Keppel, brother to the Earl of Albemarle, and afterwards Bishop of Exeter. This marriage straightway secured the entrance to society for her sisters. It gave to Maria, the second daughter, the crowning grace she had previously lacked in the eyes of the haughty Earl of Waldegrave, while the youngest of the sisters, Charlotte, became Countess of Dysart. Lord Waldegrave was not very young, neither was he overwhelmingly handsome; but he deeply loved the nameless daughter of Mary Clement, and he made her a peeress. During their rather brief union, her blameless and beautiful behaviour amply justified every risk he might be thought to have run. When the earl died, the widow found herself still beautiful and young, besides enjoying rank and high repute. She became the object of universal attention. Society caressed and petted her. The Duke of Portland laid siege to her heart, but he was beaten off. Next came a scion of royalty, and he took the well-guarded fort by summons of trumpet. Frederick William, Duke of Gloucester, made love to the granddaughter of the Darlington postmaster, and made her a royal duchess. In course of time she gave birth to a prince and princess of the blood-royal, and it was on the cards (though the chance has long since passed away) that the Darlington maiden's descendants might sit on the throne of England.

King John's Palace.

THE old ruin in Heaton or Armstrong Park, Newcastle, popularly known as King John's Palace, has long been a subject of much mystery and speculation, more especially since the grounds in which it is situated have become public property. Even now nobody can clearly explain how it got the name it bears. Whether King John ever saw it is uncertain. But it has been reserved for Mr. Cadwallader J. Bates to discover what seems to be the true history of the ruin. Mr. Bates thus explains his discovery in a letter to Mr. Alderman Young, dated November 10, 1886:—

In the Patent Rolls (52 Henry III., memb. 31), I find that on the 5th December, 1267, King Henry the Third granted at Westminster a license to John Comyn to enclose his principal seat *(camera)* in the manor of Tarset, on the North Tyne, with a moat and a wall of lime and stone, and to crenellate and fortify the same, on the remarkable condition that it should be enclosed, fortified, and crenellated in the same manner as the *camera* of Adam de Gesemuth (Jesmond) at Heaton.

This Adam de Gesemuth was in that very year High Sheriff of Northumberland, as he had been for three former years, viz., 1262-1264. He acquired the same odious character for peculation and extortion that was common to all the sheriffs of that time, except John de Plessis and Robert de Insula, who were appointed by the party of Simon de Montfort. The unfortunate Roger Bertram of Mitford, who was taken prisoner while fighting in the cause of Justice and Liberty at Northampton, had to make over to Adam de Gesemuth his lands at Benridge and the advowson of Mitford. In the winter of 1265, Adam de Gesemuth was one of the northern barons summoned to treat for the liberation of Prince Edward, who had been taken captive by Earl Simon's party after the battle of Lewes. This shows his great personal importance, as he held most of his property as a feudal tenant of the barony of Ellingham. In 1269 he had a grant of a market and fair in his manor of Cramlington; but all his wealth and influence did little to preserve his memory. He apparently left no family, as Ralph de Stikelowe, chaplain, and Marjory de Trewick appear as his heirs in 1275.

There can, it would seem, be little doubt but that the ruins in Heaton Park are those of the *camera* of Adam de Gesemuth. The evil deeds of the sheriffs of the 13th century required that they should have the protection of strong walls; and probably Adam de Gesemuth had been permitted to fortify his house in consequence of being, like John Comyn, a devoted adherent of the King. Guischard de Charrun, who succeeded Adam de Gesemuth as sheriff, and bore an equally unamiable character, procured a license to crenellate his manor house at Horton, near Bedlington.

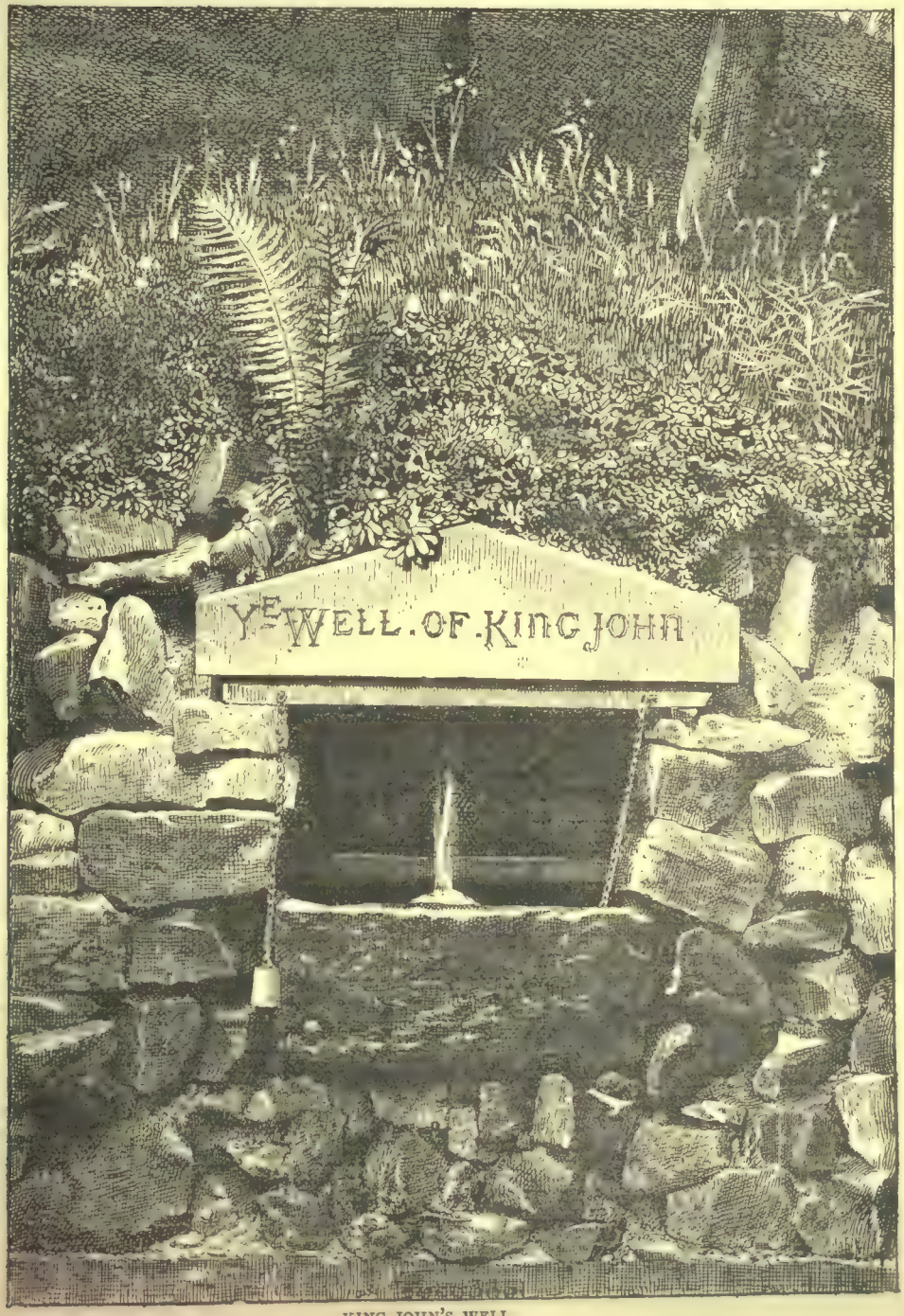
The ruins of a stronghold of a forgotten local tyrant, who did all he could to oppose the Parliamentary system of Earl Simon, are perhaps no inappropriate monument to be carefully preserved in the park of a free city.

KING JOHN'S PALACE.

"Ye Well of King John."

Lest controversy should hereafter arise as to the antiquity of "Ye Well of King John," a drawing of which appears on the adjoining page, it may be desirable to explain here the origin of the construction. When the Corporation of Newcastle, through the generosity of Sir William Armstrong, came into possession of the Heaton estate, excavations were made around the ruins of King John's Palace. Among the relics then and there found was an old stone trough. This trough one of the sur-

veyors of the borough at the time—Mr. A. M. Fowler or Mr. John Fulton—proposed to utilise in connection with a spring in a remote and secluded quarter of the grounds. The proposal was adopted; the place was christened King John's Well, and a stone with an inscription that was considered appropriate was erected over it. This, then, is the origin of "Ye Well of King John." We may add that the spring is situated in a pretty and rarely visited part of Armstrong Park, near the northern entrance from Jesmond Dene.



KING JOHN'S WELL.

A Romance of the French War.

RELATING his recollections of Sunderland between sixty and seventy years ago, a venerable native of that town, who assumes the name of Robinson Crusoe, mentioned, in the course of an article published in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* on the 21st of May, 1881, that a house in Vine Street, Sunderland, was once occupied by Mr. Avery Hornsby. "This gentleman," he says, "was, seventy or eighty years ago, master-mariner and owner of the two brigs, Friends-Regard and Isabella. It was in the latter vessel, when commanded by himself, that he fought a desperate action with a French privateer." The incident was described at length in the *Weekly Chronicle* on January 25th, 1873.

While steering for the Hague, the Isabella fell in with the Marquis of Brancas, a French privateer, with a crew of seventy-five men, and armed with ten guns and eight swivels, besides three hundred small arms. The Isabella's crew consisted of five men and two boys. She carried four guns and two swivels. Upon observing the privateer, Captain Hornsby asked his men to stand by him, which they promised to do to the last. He then hoisted the British colours, and returned the fire of the enemy's chase with his two swivels. The French man called upon him to strike. He coolly returned an answer of defiance. Upon this, the privateer poured such showers of bullets into the Isabella that her crew retreated to close quarters. Twice the enemy attempted to board on the larboard quarter; but Hornsby, by a turn of the helm, frustrated their attempts. The Frenchman still kept firing upon him. The action had lasted an hour, when the privateer, running furiously upon the Isabella's larboard bow, entangled his bowsprit among the shrouds. The captain of the privateer bawled out—"Strike, you English dog!" Hornsby challenged him to come on board and strike his colours if he durst. The Frenchman then threw twenty men on board; but a general discharge of blunderbusses from the Isabella's crew soon caused them to retreat.

The vessels now got disentangled, and the privateer tried to board on the starboard side, when Hornsby and his mate shot each his man as they were lashing the ships together. The Frenchman again commanded him to strike. Upon his refusal, twenty fresh men were ordered to attack the crew in their quarters with hatchets and pole-axes; but Hornsby and his crew, from their close quarters, kept up a constant fire, and a second time the Frenchmen retreated, hauling their dead after them with hooks.

The ships being still lashed together, the enemy kept up a constant fire upon their close quarters; Hornsby returned the fire with spirit and effect. Observing them crowding together behind their mainmast for shelter, he aimed a blunderbuss, which happened to be doubly loaded, through a mistake, with twice twelve balls. The weapon burst, and threw him down; but in an instant he was able to get up, though much bruised. The blunderbuss made terrible havoc among the Frenchmen; they disentangled the ships, leaving their pistols, pole-axes, and grapplings behind them. Hornsby then fired his two starboard guns into the enemy's stern.

The ships had been engaged with each other for two hours, yard-arm to yard-arm. The Isabella's hull, masts, yards, sails, and rigging were shot through and through, and her ensign dismantled. A shot striking the Brancas between wind and water, she sheered off. Hornsby, erecting his shattered ensign, gave the Frenchmen three cheers. The privateer, returning, fired a dreadful volley into the stern of the Isabella. Captain Hornsby was wounded in the temple, which bled profusely. He called to his men to stand to their arms; and, taking close quarters, they sustained the shock of three most tremendous broadsides, returning the fire. The privateer again sheered off. The Englishmen cheered, and set up again their ensign, which had a second time succumbed to the fire. The Frenchman returned, and fired two broadsides, summoning a surrender. A final defiance was hurled at him. The captain of the privateer ran his ship alongside, but his crew refused to board. He then cut the lashings and sheered off. Hornsby fired a gun, upon which the Frenchman's magazine blew up, and the privateer went to the bottom. Out of 75 men, 36 were killed or wounded; all the rest perished in the deep except three.

For this heroic exploit, Captain Hornsby was presented by the reigning sovereign with a gold medal. When Napoleon was sent to Elba, in 1814, and the English prisoners of war had returned from France, the house adjoining that of Mr. Hornsby in Vine Street was, says Robinson Crusoe, "occupied at the top by Henry Allington, who had been for nine years in a French prison. On Allington's return to Sunderland, an effigy of Bonaparte was hung out of the top window at the end of a spar."

The Gathering of the Whigs.

The late Mr. William Garret, bookseller and publisher, Newcastle, was a noted bibliopole in his day, who likewise took a keen interest in public affairs, both local and imperial. He contributed at least one item to the Newcastle Typographical Society's publications, viz., "An Elegy to the Memory of the Princess Charlotte," of which, if we have not been misinformed, only some half dozen copies were printed, so as to entitle it to be classed "rarissimus" in book catalogues. The following song was written by him on the eve of the election consequent on the demise of George IV. and the accession of William IV. The gathering purported to be holden in Sir Matthew White Ridley's Committee Rooms. The ditty

is closely modelled on the Scottish song denominated "The Chevalier's Muster Roll," which is believed to have been made and sung about the time when the Earl of Mar raised the standard for King James III. in the North, in 1715, and which Sir Walter Scott imitated under the same title—"Little wat ye wha's comin'"—on the occasion of King George IV.'s visit to Scotland, in August, 1822. The roll of Whig notabilities made up by Mr. Garret contains some names which, at this distance of time, it is difficult to identify; the following, however, may be particularized:—"Dan o' Blagdon Ha'" was Mr. Daniel Turner, land agent, Shotton Edge; "Canny Mr. Mayor" must have been Mr. Archibald Reed, thirty-eight years alderman, six times mayor; then we have Col. Robert Bell, Long Benton; Mr. Robert Boyd, banker, Pilgrim Street, Newcastle; Dr. T. E. Headlam, once the leader of the Whigs; Mr. John Hemsley, of Elswick West Cottage; Mr. William Andrew Mitchell, printer and publisher of the *Tyne Mercury* and *Newcastle Magazine;* Mr. Armorer Donkin, solicitor; Mr. Emerson Charnley, bookseller; Mr. Ralph Park Philipson, solicitor; Mr. John Trotter Brockett, solicitor, best known by his invaluable "Glossary of North-Country Words"; Mr. William Coates, wine and spirit merchant; Alderman Cramlington, of Pilgrim Street; his near neighbour, Mr. Isaac Hamilton, haberdasher and hosier; Mr. Thomas Smith, rope manufacturer; Mr. Robert Rayne, iron founder; Mr. Matthew Wheatley, iron merchant; Mr. Richard Burdon, Shieldfield; Mr. Thomas Hodgson, printer and publisher of the *Newcastle Chronicle;* the Rev. William Turner, Unitarian minister; Mr. Rowland Hodge, shipowner; Mr. Elrington Lax, hay merchant; Mr. Dixon Dixon, coal-fitter; Mr. Wm. Archbold, commission agent; Mr. Thomas Wright, butcher; Mr. Thomas William Keenlyside, solicitor; Mr. William Redhead, corn merchant; Mr. Joseph Pollard, corn merchant; and Mr. William Armstrong, corn merchant. Sir Matthew White Ridley (*vulgo* Matty) held the principles of the old Whigs, and the colours his friends sported were gold and blue.

Little wat ye wha's comin;
Dan o' Blagdon Ha's comin,
Harry's comin,—Scaife's comin,
Henderson and a's comin.

Canny Mr. Mayor's comin,
Cornel Bell an' a's comin,
Bobby Boyd an' a' the Bank,
Canvas Bags an' a's comin.

The Doctor an' his Hat's comin,
Patent-Felt an' a's comin,
Hemsley's Nose an' Mitchell's Prose,
And Charlie Pot an' a's comin.

Donkin an' his Dog's comin,
Charnley an' Liddell's comin,
Ralph Park, an' mony mair,
For a' the Friends o' Cuddy's comin.

Brockett an' his Gig's comin,
Coates an' his Son's comin,
Cramlington an' Hamlington,
Smith o' Heaton Ha's comin.

Rayne's comin, Wheatley's comin,
An' every wiser head's comin,
Burdon e'en frae Jesmond Dean,
With Cockelorum Ha's comin.

Hodgson's comin, Turner's comin,
Chronicle an' a's comin,
Rowley Hodge, an' Toney Lodge,
With Elly Lax an' a's comin.

Dixon's comin, Gibson's comin,
Archbold an' a's comin,
Men o' might, wi' Tommy Wright,
An' Keenlyside an' a's comin.

Redhead's comin, Pollard's comin,
Armstrong an' a's comin;
Young gold an' blue they'll a' pursue
When Matty's Whigs are a' comin.

They're comin in frae far and near,
A' straggling in disorder,
They've nae forgot the days o' Scott,
Wi' th' Blue Bonnets o'er the Border.

Notes and Corrections.

"MY LORD 'SIZE."

This celebrated song appeared in print, as Mr. Thomas Allan reminds us, some years earlier than the publication of Akenhead's collection. It will be found on page 23 of "Rhymes of Northern Bards," edited by John Bell, Jun., and printed by M. Angus and Son in 1812. Thus the song had general currency about two years after the accident to Mr. Baron Graham.

"A NATION OF SHOPKEEPERS."

This phrase is commonly ascribed to Napoleon I. The saying originated with Bertrand Barrère, who, in his report to the Committee of Public Safety, after the battle called Lord Howe's Victory, June 1st, 1794, tried to show that the victory was with the French, and then exclaimed, "Que Pitt donc se vante de sa victoire à sa nation boutiquiere." Napoleon I. never said it. P.

JACK CRAWFORD.

A correspondent of the *Sunderland Daily Post*, alluding to the "full and interesting record of Jack Crawford in the *Monthly Chronicle*," states that there is in the Borough Museum of Sunderland "a glass jar labelled as containing the heart of the hero of Camperdown." Jack's only monument, the writer adds, is, as far as he knows, "a wooden one, over a beer-shop at the corner of Whitburn Street, Monkwearmouth." Here is a hint for Sunderland folks. Who among them will initiate a movement to erect some more suitable memorial of Crawford's daring exploit? EDITOR.

THE HAWKSES.

Two or three mistakes, I find, occurred in the paper on the Hawkses. I stated that Mr. George Hawks became the manager of the ironworks on the death of his cousin, Sir Robert Shaftoe Hawks, whereas it appears that, after the death of Mr. William Stanley Hawks, his younger

brother Joseph, who inherited his shares, became manager, and continued to be so up to the time of his retirement, when the Crawshays bought his shares and those of Sir Robert; and it was only from that time that Mr. George Hawks undertook the management. Again, the first iron boat ever built, which I was led to believe, on what I considered good authority, was constructed under the supervision of a man named Samuel Thynne, was designed, it seems, by another of the workmen named James Smith, Thynne only "playing second fiddle." Neither did Thynne die so far back as I had an impression he did. I wrote that it was some twenty or thirty years ago; but Mr. Watson Walker, of Jarrow, who was a fellow-worker with him, and who tells us he watched the building of the little iron row-boat or gig (which was named the Vulcan) with great interest, says he has not been dead, as near as he can remember, over twelve years, as he had a visit from him about that time. Regarding the accident which took place on Ascension Day, 1826, there is a third mistake. It was not the Vulcan that was upset, drowning two persons, a young man and his sweetheart, but a pleasure-boat, built by the same James Smith, which was manned by twelve or fourteen hands, comprising the rowers of the Vulcan. The whole of those on board being very tipsy, and the flag having got entangled with the ropes, Smith got up the mast to put it right, when the drunken men, rolling about the boat, caused it to upset. Smith, being fast among the ropes, lost his life, as did also the young man Lambton and the young woman Greig. The crew of the iron gig, which hailed from the South Shore, consisted of six only, besides the pee-dee or coxswain. So writes Mr. Walker, who, with two other lads, towed behind the pleasure-boat up to Lemington and back to the Crooked Billet, where they parted for home. The public-house where old William Hawks was ordered out by the irate landlady was situated about fifty yards east of New Woolwich gate, and it was kept, Mr. Walker thinks, at the time to which the anecdote refers, by the father of James Smith, the designer of the Vulcan, which was built in a garden behind it. Smith's wife's mother, Old Sally Hunter, as they used to call her, kept the house for many years prior to her son-in-law becoming its tenant. The whole of this property was pulled down over forty years ago, when forges, foundries, &c., were built on the ground. For these particulars we are indebted to Mr. Walker, who was born in one of the cottages built by Mr. Hawks in the year 1812, who was educated in a school built by him for the benefit of his workmen's children, and who has been a member for over fifty-two years of Hawks's Manufactory Friendly Society, which is still in existence.

WILLIAM BROCKIE.

HOUGHTON FEAST.

With Houghton-le-Spring the name of Bernard Gilpin will be ever associated; in sooth, civilized Houghton dates from his advent. The "Apostle of the North," moreover, has been often mentioned in connection with the annual and most ancient feast of Houghton. But Bernard Gilpin did not "originate" Houghton Feast, as has been but recently repeated.

Country feasts, which are usually observed on the Sunday after the saint's day to whom the parish church is dedicated (Houghton to St. Michael, 29th September), took their rise from a letter written by Pope Gregory the Great, in the sixth century, to Melitus Abbott (who was sent into England with St. Austin) in these words, quoted by Bede in his Ecclesiastical History:—"It may, therefore, be permitted them (viz., the English) that on the dedication day, or other solemn days of martyrs, they make themselves bowers about their churches, and, refreshing themselves and feasting together after a good religious sort, kill their oxen now to the praise of God and increase of charity, which before they were wont to sacrifice to the devil," &c. Thus, by ascertaining the date of the original church at Houghton, we may arrive somewhere near the time when the feast was first celebrated. The first Rector of Houghton of whom I can find any record was, according to Hutchinson, named Renaldus (1131), who flourished four centuries before the truly Christian Gilpin, as twentieth Rector, so thoroughly realised, in his great charity, the idea of the good Saint Gregory when he, nearly a thousand years prior, instituted, with good intent, feasts and wakes.

Every Sunday, from Michaelmas till Easter, says the Durham historian, was a sort of public day with Bernard Gilpin. During this season he expected to see all his parishioners with their families. For their reception he had three tables well covered. The first was for gentlemen, the second for yeomen, and the third for day labourers. This piece of hospitality he never omitted, even at seasons when its continuance was rather difficult to him. He thought it his duty, and that was a deciding motive. When he was absent from home, no alteration was made in his family expenses: the poor were fed as usual, and his neighbours entertained; and he was always glad of the company of men of merit and learning, who greatly frequented his house. He attended to everything which he conceived might be of service to his parishioners. He was assiduous to prevent all law suits. His hall, it is said, was often thronged with people who came to submit their differences to his judgment. His hospitable manner of living was the admiration of the whole country. He spent in his family every fortnight 40 bushels of corn, 20 bushels of malt, and a whole ox, besides a proportionable quantity of other kinds of provisions. Strangers and travellers found in his house a cheerful reception. All were welcome that came; and even their horses had so much care taken of them that it was humorously said, "If a horse was turned loose in any part of the country, it would immediately make its way to the Rector of Houghton."

N. E. R., Fence Houses.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

A QUESTION OF TIME.

The following conversation is recorded to have taken place between two pitmen:—"Wey, man, what de ye think? Andra Blair's getten a watch." "He hes, hes he? Umph! Wey, he cannot tell the clock, let alyen the watch!"

THE CHRISTMAS GOOSE.

A well-known Boniface in a Northern county had a goose presented to him for his Christmas dinner. On going into the pantry on Christmas morning, he found that "the bird had flown." He suspected three jovial friends, one of whom, after sympathising with him, said, "It was only a lark." "Lark, be hanged!" said he; "it weighed ten punds!"

A LONG START.

Not a hundred miles from St. Peter's, Newcastle, two lovers of aquatics, who for the sake of distinction we will name Fred and Dick, were discussing the starts in the last Christmas Aquatic Handicap. Dick: "They're badly handicapped; wey, aa could handicap them bettor even if Beach had bin amang the entries." Fred: "Get away, man! whaat stairt wad ye hev gi'en me?" Dick: "Ye? Wey, aa wad hev set ye away the neet afore!"

LABOUR AND CAPITAL.

A workman was trying to enlighten two or three of the less informed on the question of capital. "As an illustration," he said, "we'll suppose a master puts a thoosand punds inte the warks; he wants five or ten per cent. profit oot o' that." "Whaat's he want thaat for?" demanded one of his hearers. "Oh! becaas he hes te live; he hes his wife and family te keep," was the reply. "That be beggored," said the other: "aa think he's weel off if he gets his thoosand pund back agyen. As for keeping his wife an' bairns, thor's plenty folk 'll tick him aall he wants!"

A CHURCH CONVERT.

A new place of worship has been erected in an eastern suburb of Newcastle, and the minister lately appointed has been zealous in seeking for persons to attend. One old porter pokeman was asked to come. "Wey," said he, "aa've nivvor been tiv a chorch since aa wes marriet." Various inducements were offered to him, and he at last consented, remarking: "Wey, es thor's flagstanes aall the wey doon, aa'll mebbies come!"

A SINGING CONTEST.

Two pitmen met the other night, when one of them, in reply to a question as to his destination, said, "Aa's gan te sing at a singing contest, but aa's a bit freetened, 'caas thor's a chep coming who's a grand singor." The same pitman, meeting the vocalist the next evening, asked, "Hoo did ye come on 'up yondor?" "Wey," said his friend, "tuthor chep bet us. Aa sang 'The Anchor's Weighed' tiv an oonce, but he sang 'The Village Blacksmith' that weel that the varra sparks seemed te come oot o' his fingor ends!"

North-Country Obituaries.

Mr. John Thompson, for many years manager of Messrs. Bell Brothers' Port Clarence blast-furnaces, died at his residence, Southfield Villa, Middlesbrough, on February 18. Mr. Thompson, who was a native of Wylam, in Northumberland, was fifty-four years of age.

Mr. Edward Dean Davis, the well-known theatrical manager, died on February 19, at his residence in Eldon Square, Newcastle, at the advanced age of 81 years. A native of the neighbourhood of Bath, in Somersetshire, the deceased gentleman made his first essay in theatrical management at Taunton, in March, 1835. In 1846, he removed to the North of England, and in the autumn of that year he entered upon the lesseeship of the Theatre Royal, Newcastle. From that position he retired in 1870; but down to the summer of 1886 he continued his connection, as lessee, with a theatre in Sunderland. Mr. Davis was instrumental in bringing out some actors and

MR E.D DAVIS

actresses who afterwards achieved distinction in their profession; and it was under his auspices that Mr. Henry Irving, the eminent tragedian, made his first appearance at the Lyceum Theatre, Sunderland, in September, 1856. Mr. Davis's last appearance on the stage was at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, on the occasion of the second annual benefit of the lessees, Messrs. Howard and Wyndham, on the 1st of April, 1885. The deceased gentleman was a prominent Freemason, being probably the oldest member of that craft in the country; and in 1886 he was appointed, by the Prince of Wales, G.S.B. of the Grand Lodge of England. The interment took place in Jesmond Cemetery, on the 22nd,

in presence of a large assemblage of the Masonic brotherhood of Northumberland and Durham.

Mr. Joseph Purvis, who had filled several parochial offices in connection with the district of St. Andrew's, Newcastle, and who was also a prominent Freemason, died on February 20, in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

Mr. Thomas Atkinson, an old printer, who had served his apprenticeship with Mr. Mitchell on the *Tyne Mercury*, died in Newcastle, on February 21, in the eighty-first year of his age. The deceased was one of the founders of the Church of England Institute, Newcastle, of which he ultimately became librarian.

An old man, believed to be Robert Robson, who, on account of a supposed large fortune in Chancery to which he advanced himself as a claimant some years ago, was locally known as the "Hexham millionaire," was found dead in bed in a lodging-house at Spennymoor, in the county of Durham, on February 22. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of death from natural causes.

Mr. John M'Alpine, who, until recently, had been for many years harbour master at Byth, died there on the 22nd of February, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

Mr. John Clay, a former inhabitant of South Shields, and the first mayor of that borough, died at his residence, Oak House, Crawley Down, Sussex, on February 23rd. He was, during his connection with this district, extensively engaged in commercial pursuits. Besides being the manager of the Northumberland and Durham District Bank, he was at the head of a shipbuilding firm; and it was from his yard, about the year 1847, that the first iron ship built at South Shields was launched. When the borough was incorporated, he was elected a member of the first Town Council on the 1st of March, 1850, and on the 9th of the same month he was elected an alderman, and then mayor. Mr. Clay was born in South Shields in 1802, and was, therefore, eighty-five years of age. The body was interred in the family vault at Crawley Down.

The Rev. W. Mason, vicar of Sacriston, died somewhat suddenly on February 25. He had laboured in the parish for twenty-three years—since its formation in 1864.

On the 26th of February was announced the death, which had taken place at Sydney, New South Wales, of Mr. Henry George Moody, third son of the late Rev. Clement Moody, for many years Vicar of Newcastle.

Mr. William Short, shipowner, of Alma, Place, North Shields, and a member of the Tynemouth Council, died in that town on February 26, his age being about forty years.

Mr. John Brockat, Lloyd's principal engineer surveyor at Newcastle, and well-known in engineering and shipbuilding circles, died in Newcastle on February 26, at the age of 51, and his remains were removed for interment to Glasgow, of which city he was a native.

Mr. George D. Menzies, who was very widely known among agriculturists as a good, sound, practical farmer, died on March 1 at his residence at Quarrington Hill Farm, near Coxhoe, Durham. The deceased gentleman, who also took a keen interest in parochial matters, and was a member of the Durham Board of Guardians, was 76 years of age.

Mr. Robert Bagnall, landlord of the Crown and Cannon Hotel, Winlaton, who for upwards of half a century had been closely connected with the popular sports of the district, died on the 5th of March, at the age of 77.

Major Waddilove, formerly of the Bengal Army, and a justice of the peace for the county of Northumberland, died at his residence, Brunton House, Wall, on March 6, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

On the 15th of March, there died at Hurworth-on-Tees, in her 88th year, Louisa Arabella, widow of the Ven. Richard Charles Coxe, Vicar of Eglingham, Archdeacon of Lindisfarne, and Canon of Durham, formerly Vicar of Newcastle. The deceased lady had survived her husband twenty-two years.

Mr. John Barnes, for many years proprietor of the *Sunderland Daily News*, died in Newcastle, on the 15th of March, in the sixty-third year of his age.

Mrs. Smith, wife of Councillor Wm. Smith, Newcastle, died on the 17th of March.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

FEBRUARY.

7.—The championship sculler race between George Bubear, of Hammersmith, and George Perkins, of Rotherhithe, for £200 a-side, and the silver challenge cup given by the proprietors of the *Sportsman*, was rowed on the Tyne, and resulted in the victory of Bubear by a boat's-length.

14.—The number of missives which passed through the Post-Office at Newcastle in connection with St. Valentine's Day was about 70,000, which, while showing a slight increase over last year's figures, was far below that experienced a few years ago.

16.—An appeal was issued by the Countess of Ravensworth to the ladies of Newcastle and district for funds to establish a Home of Refuge for Fallen Women and Girls, under the supervision of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd; and, on the 21st, a meeting in furtherance of the object was held in the County Hotel, under the presidency of the Rev. Provost Consitt.

— In reference to a long-pending question, Mr. B. C. Browne, as Mayor of Newcastle, wrote to the Rev. R. W. Snape, Lamesley, stating that neither out of Corporate funds nor out of the funds of the Hospital of St. Mary the Virgin were the Corporation able to make any provision for payment to the representatives of the late Dr. Snape, formerly Head Master of the Grammar School, of the sum of £1,500, or any other sum, adding that this reply must be considered final.

—Considerable excitement was created at West Cramlington by an extraordinary attack made upon Mr. Robt. W. Bell, farmer, of that place. He was riding on horseback down a lane leading to Beacon Hall Farm, when he observed some men trespassing in a field. On being asked to leave, one of them raised a gun and fired at Mr. Bell, who, in attempting to defend himself, was wounded in the arm, which had afterwards to be amputated. Three men, John H. Potts (23), Albert Ludkin (20), and Rowling Maughan (22), were subsequently arrested on the charge; and, on the 18th, Robert Boak (27), a pitman, committed suicide by shooting himself at Dudley, leaving behind him several letters, in one of which he said, "I am the man that did the foolish action." At the coroner's inquest, the jury returned a verdict of *felo de se*, and the body was buried at Dinnington Village Church, without the usual funeral rites. The three men arrested on the charge of aiding and abetting in the attack made upon Mr. Bell were afterwards discharged.

—In connection with the strike of miners in Northum-

berland, it was found, to-day, as the result of the circular sent out by the officials of the Union, that 51 lodges voted for, and 161 against, the convening of a meeting to accept the resignation tendered by the officers, who consequently continued to occupy their several positions. On the 18th, the first allowance from the funds of the Union was paid to the men, the sum distributed being about £14,000. The second distribution took place on the 4th March, when £10,131 2s. 8d. was paid out of the funds of the Union to the men on strike. On the 23rd, two brothers, named William and George Whitefield, were, in terms of ejectment warrants previously granted by the magistrates at Tynemouth, evicted from their houses at Burradon, the proceedings being carried out in a perfectly peaceful manner. At Dudley Colliery, on the 24th, the men living in rented houses held a demonstration in the village, and adopted a "plan of campaign" with regard to rents. Mr. John Williams, a Socialist from London, as well as other Socialists, visited the district, and delivered a number of addresses to the miners and others. The third payment of relief money to the men on strike was paid on the 18th March, at the rate of 2s per member.

—About 3,800 poor children were, in accordance with a custom of several years' standing, treated to a free representation of the pantomime—"Dick Whittington and his Cat"—at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle. Mr. R. W. Younge, the lessee, appeared on the stage in the dress which he wore on the occasion of Uncle Toby's demonstration to commemorate the enrolment of 100,000 members of the Dicky Bird Society—a humane society which was commenced in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* in 1876.

—The Newcastle City Council rejected, by 30 against 16 votes, a recommendation from the Parks Committee to purchase a portion or the whole of Beech Grove estate for the extension of Elswick Park.

21.—The Jubilee or fiftieth anniversary of the Theatre Royal, Grey Street, Newcastle, was celebrated to-night, when, after the production of the pantomime, "Robinson Crusoe," Mr. F. W. Wyndham, one of the lessees, recited the address written by the late Mr. Thomas Doubleday, and spoken at the opening of the establishment in 1837.

—Mr. J. Barras, of Darlington, discovered in a cabinet, which he had bought in a sale-room, fourteen £100 and twenty-six £5 Bank of England notes, which proved to have been lost twenty years previously by Mr. Benson, of London, to whose representatives he restored them, receiving back £10.

22.—The Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry laid the foundation stone of a new High School for Girls, in connection with the Church Schools at Sunderland.

—Mr. Cameron Corbett, M.P., addressed a well-attended meeting of shopkeepers and assistants in Newcastle, in explanation of Sir John Lubbock's Compulsory Early Closing Bill, a resolution in favour of which was unanimously passed.

23.—The steamship Weatherall, of Newcastle, was run down by collision with the iron barque Vallejo, of Workington, about five miles off the coast between Folkestone and Dover, one of the crew of the Weatherall, a man named Herrod, being drowned.

—A number of trees were planted in Priestpopple, Hexham, in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee.

—A young man, named Patrick Finnerty, was burned to death in a shocking manner, while assisting in tapping some molten slag at the steel works of Messrs. Palmer and Co., Jarrow.

24.—The first number of the *Monthly Chronicle* was issued to-day. Such was the success of the undertaking that the first edition of 5,000 was sold out on the day of publication. The publisher had subsequently to go to press with two other editions of 5,000 each.

—At the fourteenth annual meeting of the Newcastle Branch of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a number of prizes, offered by the society and by Uncle Toby, were presented to the winners by the Rev. Canon Franklin.

—A fire broke out in the large malting warehouse of Messrs. John Barras and Co., situated in Tucker's Yard, West Street, Gateshead, the damage done being estimated at £2,000. On the same day, the premises of Messrs. E. H. and A. Richardson, paper manufacturers, Teams, Gateshead, were also the scene of a fire. The store was entirely gutted, and the roof of the lamp-black house fell in before the conflagration was suppressed.

25.—The Hexham Local Board sealed an agreement with Mr. W. B. Beaumont, M.P., in reference to Tyne Green, the hon. gentleman having, as a memorial of the Royal Jubilee, handed over to the Board his interest in the lands above the bridge over the Tyne, exclusive of his mineral rights.

26.—One of two 23-ton guns, to be placed in the Castle Yard at Tynemouth, was brought to the Tyne by her Majesty's ship Locksley.

—Mr. T. Wemyss Reid, a native of Newcastle, being a son of the late Rev. A. Reid, Congregational minister, brought to a close his connection with the *Leeds Mercury*, of which he had been editor for seventeen years, to enter on the position of manager for Messrs. Cassell and Co., publishers, London; and, before leaving Leeds, he was made the recipient of several valuable testimonials.

27.—A scene of a very unseemly character was witnessed on the occasion of the funeral of a sergeant of volunteers with military honours at Elswick Cemetery. In the struggles of the crowd to get within the gates, a number of women were knocked down and badly treated. Inside the cemetery, graves were trampled under foot, and plants were destroyed to a considerable extent.

28.—Details were received as to the sinking, while on a passage from England to Australia, of the emigrant ship Kapunda, on the 20th of January, among the numerous passengers who perished being a family named Reece, consisting of father, mother, brothers, and two sisters, who had gone from Spennymoor.

—Formal possession was taken, by the Executive Council, of the extensive building on the Town Moor, Newcastle, in which at a later period of the year it is proposed to hold a great exhibition in celebration of the Jubilee of Queen Victoria's reign.

MARCH.

1.—Mr. B. C. Browne, Mayor of Newcastle, was presented to the Prince of Wales at a levee held by his Royal Highness on behalf of her Majesty.

2.—A District Convention of the Methodist Free Church was held in Gloucester Street Chapel, Newcastle, when a paper was read by the Rev. Charles Hunt, of South Shields.

—A new Sunday School and Lecture Hall, erected in Durham Road, Gateshead, by the Primitive Methodist body, were formally opened by the Mayor of the borough, Mr. Davidson.

3.—A special meeting of the governors of the New-

castle Infirmary was held to-day, for the purpose of considering a report from the House Committee and Medical Board on the future management of the institution. Sir W. G. Armstrong presided. The joint committee recommended the abolition of letters of admission by making the hospital free, subject to the reservation of existing rights of life governors and to the receipt of regular periodical contributions from the workmen of Tyneside. The recommendation was unanimously adopted.

—Salt was reached in the Greatham mines at West Hartlepool.

7.—Mr. Ralph Atkinson, of Angerton, Morpeth, and Mr. Gerald Percy Vivian Aylmer, of Walworth Castle, Darlington, were respectively appointed Sheriffs of Northumberland and Durham.

—Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera "Ruddigore," first played in London on January 22, was produced for the first time in the provinces at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, to-night.

8.—At an influential meeting held in the Lecture Room of the Literary and Philosophical Society, Newcastle, under the presidency of the Duke of Northumberland, as Lord-Lieutenant of Northumberland, a resolution, moved by the Mayor of Newcastle (Mr. B. C. Browne), and seconded by Earl Percy, was adopted, approving of the foundation of an Imperial Institute as a fitting memorial of the Jubilee of Queen Victoria's reign. The meeting further expressed an opinion that it was most desirable to establish in Newcastle a local branch of the Institute, whence information so important in all agricultural and commercial districts as to the condition and progress of the industries of the empire might be promptly and rapidly disseminated. On the 6th, a similar meeting was held at Durham, the Earl of Durham being in the chair; and a resolution was passed in favour of co-operating with Northumberland and Newcastle in securing a local branch.

—A Peace Conference was held in Newcastle, under the presidency of Mr. James Richardson.

9.—In removing the flooring in All Saints' Church, Newcastle, the workmen discovered several pillars and arch-stones, base mouldings, and window joints of the fifteenth century, as well as one or two arch-stones of earlier date, probably of the twelfth century, and a piece of base of a mediæval tombstone, in fine limestone.

10.—An inquest was held at Barnard Castle on the body of John Connor, a cattle drover, who it was alleged had been killed during a fight by Alexander Smith, a pedlar, aged 50, against whom a verdict of manslaughter was returned. Smith was afterwards committed for wilful murder by the magistrates.

11.—A severe gale and snowstorm passed over Newcastle and the North-East Coast.

—The Town Clerk of Newcastle (Mr. Hill Motum) and the Sheriff of the same city (Ald. W. H. Stephenson) were presented to the Prince of Wales, at a *levée* held by his Royal Highness on behalf of the Queen.

12.—The *London Gazette* contained the award of Mr. E. A. Owen as to the rearrangement of the boundaries of the municipal wards of Newcastle.

—Lord Charles Beresford, M.P., as one of the Lords of the Admiralty, paid an official visit to the port of the Tyne.

—Mr. Henry Penman was presented with a series of gifts, on the attainment of his jubilee as a compositor, thirty years of his work having been connected with the *Newcastle Courant*, and the remaining twenty with the *Newcastle Chronicle*.

17.—At a meeting held in the Town Hall, Gateshead, a committee was formed to canvass the town for subscriptions towards the Imperial Institute; the Mayor, who presided, putting down his name for £100.

General Occurrences.

FEBRUARY.

14.—Reports received that a column of Italian troops had been massacred near Saati in Abyssinia.

16.—Celebration of Queen's Jubilee in India. At Calcutta, Bombay, and other towns there were brilliant festivals. 25,000 civil and military prisoners and 300 debtors were released.

19.—Terrible explosion at Cwtch Colliery, Rhondda Valley, Wales. About sixty men were in the mine at the time of the explosion. Of these, thirty-seven were killed.

21.—Termination of miners' strike in Scotland, a 10 per cent. advance in wages having been conceded.

23.—Earthquake shocks in South Europe. Great loss of life and damage to property in the Riviera. The towns of Bajardo and Diano Marina were destroyed. Nice, Cannes, and other places also suffered. For a time panic prevailed, the inhabitants camping out in the open air. Great numbers of visitors—exceeding, it is said, 25,000—left the district. Slight shocks were experienced for about a week afterwards.

MARCH.

1.—Extensive war preparations by Austria in view of the threatening attitude of Russia.

2.—Military revolt in Bulgaria. The garrison of Silistria pronounced against the Government of the Regents. This was followed by an outbreak at Rustchuk. The insurrection was speedily suppressed, and several of the leaders were executed.

3.—A bill for the increase of the German army having been rejected by the Reichstag, that body was dissolved by the German Emperor. The new elections resulted in favour of the Government by a large majority.

7.—Resignation of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Chief Secretary for Ireland, in consequence of ill-health. The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour was appointed in his place.

8.—Death of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, of Plymouth Congregational Church, Brooklyn, U.S., at the age of 74.

9.—Banquet to Mr. Schnadhorst, a noted Liberal organizer, at the Hotel Metropole, London, and presentation to him of a purse containing £10,000.

10.—Terrible explosion of melenite, a new explosive used in the French army, at Belfort, France. Six men were killed and eleven wounded.

13.—Attempt on the life of the Czar of Russia. Six men were arrested near the Anitchkoff Palace, St. Petersburg, where the Czar and Imperial family were residing. The conspirators had explosive bombs in their possession. The Czar, Czarina, Czarevitch, and Grand Duke George attended a religious service at the church of Sts. Peter and Paul. Just before the Imperial sleigh left the Palace the would-be assassins were secured. Several other arrests were made.

Printed by Walter Scott, Felling-on-Tyne.

The Monthly Chronicle

OF

NORTH-COUNTRY LORE AND LEGEND

VOL. I.—No. 3. MAY, 1887. PRICE 6D.

Lord Keeper Guilford in the North.

By James Clephan.

BARGE DAY—THE DUDGEON DAGGER—BORDER THIEVING, &c.

THERE are few more readable or instructive biographies than the Life of the Right Honourable Francis North, Baron of Guilford, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal under Charles and James the Second. The tale is pleasantly and quaintly told by his youngest brother; and he who reads it will not only enter into the peculiar character of its subject, but gain much information as to the times in which he lived. Tynesiders are especially indebted to the writer; for, being on circuit with his lordship in 1676, Roger North made a note of our colliery waggonways, the fruitful parent of the railroads which now gridiron the globe.

Francis, second son of Lord North, was one of a wide-branching family, "and no scabby sheep in it." Of but moderate abilities, he gave them the fairest chance by his patient industry. He had a genius for taking pains. He was assiduous, persevering, discreet, and achieved success in a profession to which the Norths had given members for generations. He was successively Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, Lord Chief-Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, Lord Chancellor. With no high endowments, he scaled the loftiest heights, teaching a lesson which, happily, thousands of his fellow-men may learn—the lesson that modest talents, allied with the quiet graces of diligence and constancy, commonly conduce to social advancement.

When his lordship had become Lord Chief-Justice, his first Assize Circuit was the Western, whereto his Boswell accompanied him, and, reaching Launceston, pays us Northerners a pretty compliment. "The trade here," says he, "lying mostly with Londoners and foreigners, the people have a better English dialect than those of Devonshire, whose common speech, I think, is more barbarous than in any other part of England, *the North not excepted.*" "We were told that Saltash, three miles up the river from Plymouth, was anciently the port town; for, in old time, so high within land was safer than near the sea; and well it might be so to small vessels. But ever since ships have been built larger, partly for better roads and partly for better pilotage, the port towns have crept nearer the main; as, they say, would happen upon the Tyne, and Shields would become the port town, if Newcastle had not a privilege that no common baker or brewer shall set up between them and the sea." Yes! as "they said," Shields has become a port town. Nay! two port towns. But Newcastle is still a—if not the—"port town," although "baker and brewer" make bread and beer where they list.

In the year 1676, the Chief-Justice, resolving "to turn by the North," paid "the Lord Rutland at Belvoir Castle" a visit, and then proceeded on for York and Durham. Arriving in York, he saw "little of curiosity besides the metropolitan church, which is a stately one indeed, only disguised by a wooden roof framed archwise, but manifestly seen. The gentry affect much to walk

there, to see and be seen; and the like custom is used at Durham. In these churches wind musick was used in the choir; which I apprehend might be introduced for want of voices, if not of organs; but, as I hear, they are now disused. . . . At Durham the Bishop [Lord Crewe] entertained, who is a sort of Sovereign or Count Palatine there, but much shrunk below the ancient authority and dignity. . . . The Bishop carried his lordship to his ancient seat, called Auckland, which is to Durham as Croydon is to Lambeth; and the entertainment was in all points, while his lordship staid in the Palatinate, as I may term it, truly great and generous. And thence the road lay to Newcastle over a very delightful plain, having Lumley Castle in view, on the left hand, most part of the way."

"His lordship," writes his brother, "was curious to visit the coal mines in Lumley Park, which are the greatest in the North, and produce the best coal, and, being exported at Sunderland, are distinguished as of that port. These collieries had but one drain of water drawn by two engines: one of three stories, the other of two. All the pits, for two or three miles together, were drained into these drains. The engines are placed in the lowest places, that there may be the less way for the water to rise; and if there be a running stream to work the engines, it is happy. Coal lies under the stone; and they are twelve months in sinking a pit. Damps, or foul air, kill insensibly. Sinking another pit, that the air may not stagnate, is an infallible remedy. They are most in very hot weather. An infallible trial is by a dog; and the candles show it. They seem to be heavy sulphurous air, not fit for breath; and I have heard some say that they would sometimes lie in the midst of a shaft, and the bottom be clear. The flame of a candle will not kindle them as soon as the snuff; but they have been kindled by the striking fire with a tool. The blast is mighty violent; but men have been saved by lying flat upon their bellies. When they are by the side of a hill, they drain by a level carried a mile underground, and cut through rock to the value of £5,000 or £6,000; and where there is no rock it is supported by timber."

Thus does Roger North discourse on what he had seen and heard while passing over our coalfields in the days of Charles the Second. Jogging along by the side of his learned brother, he journeyed from the Wear to the Tyne, climbing up the Long Bank, and descending from Sheriff Hill to the valley. He tells us that "his lordship's entertainment at Newcastle was very agreeable, because it went most upon the trades of the place, as coal mines, salt works, and the like, with the wonders that belonged to them; and the magistrates were solicitous to give him all the diversion they could; and one was the going down to Tinmouth Castle in the town barge. The equipment of the vessel was very stately; for, ahead, there sat a four or five drone bagpipe, the North-Country organ, and a trumpeter astern; and so we rowed merrily along. The making salt I thought the best sight we had there. The other entertainment was a supper in the open air upon an island in the Tyne, somewhere above the town: and all by the way of ligg and sit upon the ground; but provisions for a camp, and wine of all sorts, very fine. In short, all circumstances taken together, the cool of the evening, the verdant flat of the island, with wood dispersed upon it and water curling about us, views of the hills on both sides of the river, the good appetites, best provisions, and a world of merry stories about the Scots (which, by the way, makes a great part of the wit in those parts), made the place very agreeable, where everyone walked after his fancy, and all were pleased."

Thanks, Roger, for this seventeenth-century idyll of the Tyne and the King's Meadows! He relates how "some of the Aldermen" told "strange histories of their coal-works; and one was by Sir William Blackett, who cut into a hill in order to drain the water, and conquered all difficulties of such and the like till he came to clay; and that was too hard for him; for no means of timber and walls would resist, and all was crowded together; and this was by the weight of the hill bearing upon clay that yielded. In this work he lost £20,000. Another thing that is remarkable is their wayleaves. For when men have pieces of ground between the colliery and the river, they sell leave to lead coals over their ground; and so dear that the owner of a good rood of ground will expect £20 per annum for this leave. The manner of the carriage is by laying rails of timber from the colliery down to the river, exactly straight and parallel; and bulky carts are made with four rowlets fitting these rails, whereby the carriage is so easy that one horse will draw down four or five chaldron of coals, and is an immense benefit to the coal merchants."

Talk of the recent "invention of railways!" Why, here they are in active operation before the Revolution of 1688! All that has been added is but improvement, step by step, in detail. The biographer was a good listener and observer, and had the great gift of a disa disposition to be readily pleased. Well, too, it was for us that he had also a capacity and a desire to put down on paper what he saw and heard. Thus do we learn all about the pleasant pic-nic of 1676 on the King's Meadows, where the Mayor, Sir Francis Anderson, played the host so handsomely; and, doubtless, among the many stories told to the strangers, his Worship did not forget to relate the legend of his family—"The Fish and the Ring."

"From Tinmouth his lordship went to dine at Seaton Delaval," where Sir Ralph Delaval entertained his guests "exceeding well"; showed them the little port he had "made for receiving small craft that carried out his salt and coal," the King appointing him "collector and surveyor, and no officer to intermeddle there"; took them to see his salt pans at work, and "the petit magazines of a marine trade upon the wharf; and so," says one of the party present, "he reaped the fruits of his great cost and

invention; and if, in the whole, the profit did not answer the account, the pleasure of designing and executing, which is the most exquisite of any, did it."

It is not every ingenious man who can be so superior to loss as Sir Ralph Delaval. "At the beginning of dinner, a servant brought him a letter, wherein was an account of a bag of water which was broke in his greatest colliery; upon which, holding up the letter, said he, 'My Lord, here I have advice sent me of a loss in a colliery which I cannot estimate at less than £7,000; and now you shall see if I alter my countenance or behaviour from what you have seen of me already.' And fell to discoursing of these bags of water, and the method to clear them, as if the case had been another's, and not his own. He said his only apprehension was that the water might come from the sea; and, said he, the whole colliery is utterly lost; else, with charge, it will be recovered. Whereupon he sent for a bottle of the water; and finding it not saline, as from the sea, was well satisfied. Afterwards we inquired if the water was conquered, and we were told it proved not so bad as he expected; for it seems that although £1,700 was spent upon engines, and they could not sink it an inch, yet £600 more emptied it, so that it had no more than the ordinary springs, and in about six weeks he raised coal again."

The thieving of cattle is described by Roger North as a relic of "the Border trade." We are told of the "peel houses" that were then common, built of stone, for the protection of householders who had anything to lose, "in the manner of a square tower, with an overhanging battlement; and, underneath, the cattle were lodged every night. In the upper room the family lived; and when the alarm came they went to the top, and, with hot water and stones from the battlement, fought in defence of their cattle." The union of England and Scotland brought so much security to the Border Land that "the Lord Gray of Wark's estate, which before was not above £1,000 per annum, hath since risen to £7,000 or £8,000." Still, however, "the Border trade" went on to some extent; and to put it down "the Crown sent Commissioners of Oyer and Terminer, directed to an equal number of English and Scotch," who "hang up at another rate than the Assizes; for we were told that at one sessions they hanged eighteen for not reading *sicut clerici*." "Considerable reform" had thus been made; but there yet was need of an officer called a "country keeper," who had a salary from the country, and was "bound to make good all the stolen cattle, unless found out and restored."

"When his lordship held the Assizes at Newcastle," Lord Guilford's biographer continues, "there was one Mungo Noble, supposed to be a great thief, brought to trial upon four separate indictments; and he was so much of a South-Country Judge as not to think any of them well proved. One was for stealing a horse of a person unknown; and the evidence amounted to no more than that a horse was seen feeding upon the heath near his shiel (which is a cottage made in open places of turf and flag), and none could tell who was the owner of it. In short, the man escaped, much to the regret of divers gentlemen who thought he deserved to be hanged; and that was enough. While the Judge at the trial discoursed of the evidence and its defects, a Scotch gentleman upon the Bench, who was a Border Commissioner, made a long neck towards the Judge, and 'My Lord,' said he, 'send him to huzz, and yees ne'er see him mere.'"

There was also brought up for trial one of the "Bedlamers," who sorely troubled the country with their lawless violence. Surprising one of his brethren asleep, he had killed him with a blow of his staff, and then bragged that he had given him "a sark full of sere benes." So Roger writes the dialect; and we also learn from him that the prisoner "would not plead to the country": that is, when placed before the jury, he would not say whether he was guilty or not guilty, "because there were horse-copers amongst them." But the "press" being made ready—(the apparatus for squeezing a man till he either pleaded or died)—his resolution gave way, and the trial went forward, and ended in his conviction; whereupon he was hanged. These Bedlamers "were a great nuisance, frighting the people in their houses, and taking what they listed; so that a small matter, with the countrymen [the jurors], would do such a fellow's business."

Here, now, let us indulge in digression. We have been writing of Sir Francis North, who came to the Tyne in 1676, and had a coin and dagger given to him on his departure from Newcastle. Leaving him to pursue his journey, we would go back about half a century, to the time when Sir James Whitelocke took the Northern Circuit, and in his *Liber Famelicus*, printed by the Camden Society (volume 70), made an entry of his receipts and expenses. "The Northern Circuit was to him *de claro* this year (1627), £310 17s. 1d.; and his total net income of the year, £974 10s. 10d."; a result which prompts the devout ejaculation of his pen, *Deo gratias*. He had "enterteynment" of the Bishop at Darlington, and Durham, with also a sum of £12. Nor did the Tyne fall short of the Wear. He had—

Of the towne of Newcastle.....	£2	0	0
Of the Shirif of Northumberland at leave-taking, in gold.....	1	0	0
Of the Maior of Newcastle at leave-taking, a spur royal in gold	0	15	0

This "spur royal" was a coin of Elizabeth, bearing on the reverse a star resembling the rowel of a spur. (Nares's Glossary.) It was the parting gift of the Mayor; and he had enjoyed, besides, "enterteynment of the dyet of the towne during the assises for the countyes of the shire and the towne." "Of the Shirif of Cumberland, he had all charges and a dagger"; and "of the Shirif of Carlile a dudgeon dagger."

This was in 1627, early in the reign of Charles the First. In the month of August, 1595, the Chamberlains of Newcastle, as appears by their accounts, "paid for 2 old spurr riolls, given to the Judges of the Assizes, yeirlie

accustomde, 15s. 6d. per peece, 31s." The custom was at that time an established one; and when and how it originated it might be hazardous to conjecture. In 1676, when a second Charles was King, Sir Francis North was in the track of Sir James Whitelocke; and there was still on the Tyne this custom of the dagger, and still a pen at hand making a note of it. Nor, in our own day, has the usage died out. Every Judge that comes this way receives "dagger money"—a broad coin, commonly of the seventeenth century. But when that century was running its course, "the Northumberland Sheriff," says Roger North, "gave us all arms: that is, a dagger, a knife, penknife, and fork, all together; and because the hideous road along by the Tyne, for the many and sharp turnings and perpetual precipices, was for a coach, not sustained by main force, impassable, his lordship was forced to take horse, and to ride most of the way to Hexham."

What his lordship saw on the road to Hexham is thus related:—"We were showed where coal-mines burnt underground, but could discern nothing of it besides the deadness of the plants there. We were showed the Picts' [Roman] Wall. But it appeared only as a range or bank of stones all overgrown with grass, not unlike the Devil's Ditch at Newmarket, only without any hollow, and nothing near so big. Here his lordship saw the true image of a Border country. The tenants of the several manors are bound to guard the Judges through their precinct; and out of it they would not go; no, not an inch, to save the souls of them. They were a comical sort of people, riding upon 'negs,' as they call their small horses, with long beards, cloaks, and long broadswords, with basket hilts, hanging in broad belts, that their legs and swords almost touched the ground; and every one in his turn, with his short cloak and other equipage, came up cheek by joul, and talked with my Lord Judge. His lordship was very well pleased with their discourse; for they were great antiquarians in their own grounds."

How admirably we have here given the materials for an historical picture! And the artist would have choice of picturesque spots in which to group the strange procession.

The Judges "came at length to Hexham, formerly a metropolis of a famous shire of that name. From the entertainment and lodging there," observes the brother of the Lord Chief-Justice, "it might be mistaken, but whether for a Scotch or Welsh town may be a nice point for the experienced to determine. The rest of the country to Carlisle was more pleasant and direct, and, bating hunger and thirst, which will not be quenched by anything to be fastened upon there but what the bounty of the skies affords, was passed over with content. At Carlisle nothing extraordinary occurred but good ale and small beer, which were supplied to their lordships from the Prebends' houses; and they boasted of brewing it at home. But, being asked with what malt, they made answer that it was South-Country malt. For, to say truth, the bigg (viz., a four-rowed barley) is seldom ripe; and the oats, which they call 'yeats,' are commonly first covered with snow. In Cumberland the people had joined in a sort of confederacy to undermine the estates of the gentry by pretending a tenant-right; which, there, is a customary estate, not unlike our copyholds; and the verdict was sure for the tenant's right, whatever the case was. The gentlemen, finding that all was going, resolved to put a stop by serving on common juries. I could not but wonder to see pantaloons and shoulderknots crowding among the common clowns. But this account was a satisfaction."

"In the return homewards from Lancashire," the Chief-Justice "staid some days with Sir Roger Bradshaw, whose lordship is famous for yielding the canal (or candle) coal. It is so termed, as I guess, because the manufacturers in that country use no candle, but work by the light of their coal fire. The property of it is to burn and flame till it is all consumed, without leaving any cinder. It is lighted by a candle like amber; and the grate stands, not against the back of a large chimney, as common coal grates, but in the middle, where ballads are pasted round, and the folk sit about it, working or merrymaking. His lordship saw the pits, where vast piles of that coal were raised; and it is a pity the place wants water-carriage, else London would be in the better part served with it."

Turnpike roads—canals—railways—all have come since the "merrymaking" round the cannel fire fell under the eye of Roger North; and now, not only "the better part," but every part of London is lighted with coal gas!

The Pickled Parson.

THE present Rectory House at Sedgefield, erected by the Rev. George Barrington, was preceded by a castellated edifice, which, after serving the purpose of a Rectory House for some years, was burnt down in 1792. During a lengthened period, previous to the destruction of the old house, the inhabitants of Sedgefield appear to have been greatly disturbed by the visits of an apparition known as the "Pickled Parson," which, it was confidently declared, wandered in the neighbourhood of the Rector's Hall, "making night hideous." Whose wandering shade the ghost was supposed to have been is explained as follows:—A rector's wife had the ill-luck to lose her husband about a week before the farmers' tithes fell due. Prompted by avarice, she cunningly concealed his death by salting the body of her departed spouse, and retaining it in a private room. Her scheme succeeded, she received the emoluments of the living, and the next day made the decease of the rector public. Since the fire of 1792 the apparition has not been seen.

ALBERT PICKERING, Hull.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford,

Author of "A History of Newcastle and Gateshead," &c.

Richard Acton,

BURGESS AND BAILIFF OF NEWCASTLE.

IN the 14th and 15th centuries, for at least a hundred and fifty years, the name of Acton appears upon the roll of official persons in Newcastle. Richard Acton begins the list. He was one of the bailiffs of the town in 1307, and filled the office four times between that date and the year 1322. By a fortunate marriage he acquired considerable wealth, and the possession of money being then, as now, a stepping-stone to position, he became a leading citizen. His wife was Maud, or Matilda, one of the daughters of Richard Emeldon, who, if local records are correct, was eighteen times Mayor of Newcastle. When Edward II. fled hither with his favourite, Piers Gaveston (1312), Richard Acton was one of the burgesses who sympathised with the indignant nobles, and assisted in Gaveston's downfall. And when the favourite was dead, and the king had come to his senses, he was one of eighteen Newcastle men who received a royal pardon.

On the death of his father-in-law in 1333, Acton appears to have occupied the Mayor's chair for the remainder of the municipal year, and to have been re-elected in 1334, the mayoralty of John Denton intervening. It was during Denton's mayoralty that Baliol swore fealty to Edward III. in the Black Friars monastery, and Richard Acton was in all probability one of the spectators of that solemn and important ceremony. That he had property in the county is apparent, for in the escheats of 12 Edward II. he is entered as paying half a mark fine to the Crown for license to receive from John of Halton the manor of Wytingdon. Edward III. appointed him to superintend, in conjunction with Robert Shilvington, one of the bailiffs, the repair of the West Gate, Newcastle, which at that time (1337) was not only situated in the weaker part of the town wall, but was itself greatly broken and destroyed.

During the stormy period which followed (stormy, that is to say, in Newcastle, for the Crown and the town were at variance) he was one of fifteen victims of the Royal displeasure—wealthy scapegoats who bore the sins of the whole community. When kings wanted money, they had, besides the ordinary resort to taxation, two excellent methods of obtaining it—they sold privileges, and they exacted fines. It was a fine that the burgesses had to pay this time, and Acton's share was rather more than ten per cent. of the whole. He and his wife were called upon to pay £160, equal, perhaps, to about £1,500 in the present day. The fine was levied in 1342—the year in which Lord John Neville, of Hornby, captain of the Castle, with three hundred men, dashed out of a postern near the tower which bore his name, and captured the Earl of Murray, chief of the Scottish army, then encamped to the west of the town. When the fines were levied, the king was pacified, and not only restored to the burgesses the privileges that in his anger he had withdrawn, but sanctioned a code of laws for the good government of the town which Acton and his fellow-citizens had drawn up.

With this year the name of Richard Acton disappears from the municipal records, and the bearer of it must have died soon after. His widow, Emeldon's daughter, married Alexander, lord of Hilton, before 1351, for at that date, in conjunction with her second husband, she appointed a priest to the chapel of Jesmond, which had formed part of her father's estate. The only daughter of her marriage with Acton—Elizabeth—had married Roger Widdrington, and among the Dodsworth MSS is one of 1340, in which Richard Acton and Matilda, his wife, give to Roger and Elizabeth Widdrington all the lands in Newton in Edlingham which were formerly Richard Emeldon's. And here the opportunity may be taken to correct a couple of errors relating to Richard Acton, which have crept into Welford's "Newcastle and Gateshead," vol. i. On page 179 he is erroneously supposed to have lived to be M.P. for Newcastle in 1371; and on page 182, Elizabeth, his daughter, instead of her mother, is entered as marrying Hilton.

William Acton,

MAYOR OF NEWCASTLE AND M.P.

William Acton occurs in 1331 as a grantee under the crown of a toft and 30 acres of land in West Swinburne, which formerly belonged to John Middleton, "the king's enemy." His relationship to Richard Acton is not clearly traceable, but it is likely that he was a nephew, son of a brother named William, for in 1345, under the name of "William, son of William de Acton," he granted to Roger Widdrington, who had married Richard Acton's daughter Elizabeth, £20 a year out of "Qwhynitklieffe and Toggesdon," and £20 more out of "Wissardsheles" in Redesdale, and Roger, on his part, agreed that if a fine levied to him by William that year, of lands in West Swinburne, &c., should remain in force for five years,

then these rents should cease. From the documents relating to this transaction we learn also that his wife's name was Mary, and that she was a daughter of Thomas Musgrave.

Whatsoever may have been the relationship between these two Actons, they are found working together in the public life of Newcastle. In 1336 William's name appears upon the roll of bailiffs. He had at that time a house in the Castle Mote for which he paid sixteenpence per annum, and a few months earlier he had given John Huntingdon a "title," or means of subsistence, to qualify him for ordination as a sub-deacon. It is pretty clear from these and the foregoing evidences that he was a man of substance and position.

Richard and William Acton were prominent men in Newcastle during an unusually eventful time. David Bruce and Edward Baliol were fighting for the crown of Scotland, and King Edward, having accepted the homage of Baliol, was assisting him with all the strength of the realm. Northumberland was in a state of ferment and disorder, and vast armies were marching backwards and forwards, making Newcastle their rendezvous in both directions, and trying sorely the patience and the purses of the people. King Edward was frequently here himself, and whenever his back was turned the Scots revenged themselves by harrying the Northumbrian farmers and laying waste their homesteads. In the winter of 1339-40, they came as far south as Durham, and their march was distinguished by the usual amount of murder, plunder, and destruction. Time and tempest had weakened the defences of Newcastle, but they were strong enough to warn off the marauders, and no doubt the Actons and their fellows kept a vigilant look-out, and were prepared to give the king's enemies a warm reception. The position of affairs was, however, critical, and the king adopted a favourite plan of his for obtaining an expression of public opinion. He summoned a hundred and fifty-four of the principal merchants of the kingdom to meet him in the season of Lent at Westminster, in order that he might have their advice "upon arduous and most urgent business, especially touching him and his honour, and the state and salvation of the realm." Nine burgesses of Newcastle were ordered to attend this conference, and among them was William Acton.

A little before Christmas, the king came to the Tyne with a great army, and, through disaster to the naval part of his expedition, was detained in Newcastle a month. It was probably out of some disagreement occasioned by the prolonged presence of the army on the Tyne that the king the following year (1342) deprived the town of its privileges, and, as related above, fined the leading burgesses. By the time the fines were paid, or perhaps before, William Acton was re-elected bailiff, and he continued in office, if Bourne's list can be trusted, for ten years. During his fifth term there was an inquiry concerning offences against the authority of the Bishop of Durham over navigation and liberty of fishing on the south side of the Tyne, and his name appears in a list of offenders. The following year he was elected one of the representatives of Newcastle in Parliament, and entered upon his duties just after the news came to the town of the victory at Cressy and the siege of Calais—enterprises towards which the burgesses had contributed seventeen ships and three hundred and fourteen mariners. He would probably be still in London, when Bruce, taking advantage of Edward's absence marched through Cumberland, wasted Lanercost, plundered Hexham, captured Aydon Castle, and dashed through Ryton, to meet with a disastrous defeat at Neville's Cross. In 1350, the year before he retired from office, he and his fellow burgesses obtained their license from the king to dig coals and stones in the Castlefield and the Forth, and, so to speak, originated the coal trade.

It is probable that William Acton died somewhere in the "sixties" of the 14th century. One of the last acts recorded of him is a pious one. In conjunction with his brother Lawrence, he founded a religious house (that of the Trinitarians) at the Wall Knoll, where three chaplains and three bedesmen were to pray for the health of himself and Mary, his wife, while they lived, and for the repose of their souls after death; and for the souls of his departed father and mother—William and Isolda Acton—as well as for those of his relatives, William and Dionysia Thorald, and other of his kinsmen and friends.

William Acton,

TEN TIMES BAILIFF OF NEWCASTLE.

William Acton, "junior," became bailiff of Newcastle, in 1352, in immediate succession to William, his father. In the same year, as kinsman and heir of William Thorald, he gave a rent of six marks per annum to the master and brethren of the Virgin Mary Hospital, and shortly afterwards acquired some property at Cramlington. Ten times altogether his name occurs in the annual list of bailiffs; his last year of office being in 1365, when he was elected to represent his native town in Parliament. At least it is so conjectured, for the return is damaged, and only "William A——" is discernible. The next year he was certainly sent to Parliament, and at Michaelmas was chosen mayor. Whether he occupied the post of mayor again in 1368 is not quite clear, but a deed, formerly to be seen in the vestry of All Saints' Church, Newcastle, proves that he was re-elected to the highest municipal office in 1373.

While William Acton (2) was bailiff, King Edward III. came to Newcastle (1355), and spent Christmas. Marching northward, he reduced the Scots to submission, and then went over to France, captured King John and one of his sons, and brought them across the Channel. Four years later, Acton being still in office, St. Nicholas' Church was so near completion that an indulgence of forty days was

granted to those who assisted in furnishing it and devoutly and regularly attended mass, &c. When he became mayor (1366), the king ordered a load of coals. The coals were to be sent from Winlaton to Windsor, and the accounts—preserved among the State Papers—show that the coals cost, at 17d. a chaldron, £47 17s. 8d.; lighterage from Winlaton to Newcastle, £5 18s. 6d.; brokerage, £2 14s.; freight, at 3s. 6d. a chaldron, £103 4s; delivery, £5 11s.—altogether, £165 5s. 2d. In 1370 he was appointed, by royal order, one of two persons who were to impress ships of 12 tons and upwards into his Majesty's service in all ports and maritime places in the waters of the Humber, Trent, and Ouse, and other waters between those rivers and Berwick. A couple of years later he was ordered to have vessels ready at Southampton for the passage of the king and his troops on a foreign expedition. After his mayoralty, in 1373-4, his name drops out of the records. Whether his mortal course was finished at the same date as his public duties, or whether he lived to see the long reign of Edward III. to its close, and the son of the Black Prince ascend the throne, is not known, for the day of his death and the place of his burial find no entry in the annals of his time.

Lawrence Acton,

SHERIFF, MAYOR, AND M.P.

The name of Lawrence Acton is repeated in local history for nearly a century. It is not easy to assign the events in which it appears to distinct individualities. There may have been two, or there may have been three, or even four, Lawrence Actons in the municipality of Newcastle during that time. The Lawrence Acton who joined his brother William in establishing a religious house at the Wall Knoll, in 1360, can hardly have been the same man who became bailiff of Newcastle, in 1374, whose name is attached to that office down to the end of the century, and who figures also among the mayors and M.P.'s in the last ten years of that period. There is nothing to show that the bailiff was the mayor, nor that either the bailiff or the mayor was the M.P. Such evidence as local records afford points contrariwise, for, in 1387, mention occurs of a senior and junior, and a conveyance of land to the latter is made by certain persons who seem to have been executors of the former.

Leaving these conjectures, we come to the last Lawrence Acton who filled offices of honour and authority in Newcastle, and about whose identity and continuity there is nothing to hazard and little to surmise. Before his advent into municipal life the office of bailiff had passed away. Henry IV. ascended the throne on the last day of September, 1399, and in the following May the burgesses of Newcastle obtained from him a charter which separated the town from the county of Northumberland, made it a county of itself, and gave the inhabitants the power of appointing a sheriff of their own. William Redmarshall was the first burgess who filled the office, and in 1421 the shrievalty was conferred upon Lawrence Acton. Thenceforward, so far as he is concerned, all is clear. He rose to the office of mayor in 1428, and was re-elected in 1432, 1433, and 1437. To the Parliaments which met in 1431, 1432, and 1437, he was sent by his fellow-townsmen as the colleague of Robert Rhodes, the reputed originator of St. Nicholas' steeple. During his mayoralty in 1433, he was one of a royal commission concerning the prerogatives of Bishop Langley, afterwards Cardinal; and the following year, having been impleaded by the bishop for a debt, he received the king's pardon of a sentence of outlawry which the bishop obtained against him. In his mayoralty also the Carr MS.—the most accurate codex of the mayors and sheriffs of Newcastle, their arms, &c., that has ever been compiled—commences. He occupied a house in Pilgrim Street, adjoining on the south the hall or meeting-house of the Tailors' Company, which then stood at the corner of Manor Street. There was also in the possession of the family a piece of ground on the east of the Castle, extending down to the Side, known for several generations as "Lawrence Acton's Waste."

After 1437, the name of Acton is not seen in local history. It appears from the pedigree of Thirkeld and Amcoats, in Surtees's "History of Durham," that the Acton family merged into that of the Thirkelds, by the marriage of Jane, daughter of Lawrence Acton, with Christopher, son of Lancelot Thirkeld, knight.

Joshua Alder.

A NORTHUMBRIAN NATURALIST.

In the genealogical history of Alnwick, the family of Alder ranks in age, if not in importance, next to that of Percy. There were Alders in Alnwick for three hundred years, with offshoots in various parts of the county. After the civil wars they were mostly Nonconformists, and, like other Puritans, adopted Scriptural names, displaying a marked affection for those of Caleb and Joshua. For more than a century there were both Caleb and Joshua Alders at Alnwick, and sometimes two or three of them together. One of the Calebs settled in Newcastle, and became an opulent tradesman. Among our local muniments is a deed of co-partnership for seven years from November 1st, 1762, between Caleb Alder, of Newcastle, gentleman, and Mark Harvey, of Newcastle, gentleman, who each contributed £500 for the purpose of "buying and selling of cheeses, bacon, ham, tallow, herrings, oranges, nuts, and apples [what a mixture!], and all such goods, wares, and merchandises as belong to the trade or business which the said Caleb Alder now carries on." This Caleb was most likely the person mentioned in Douglas's "History of the Baptist Churches in the North of England." It is recorded in that useful book that Mr. Caleb Alder, "a gentleman of great respectability," was baptized at Tuthill Stairs Chapel in 1765, and that, in 1780, he left the body, and, assisted by his son-in-law, William Robson, conducted

Unitarian worship in a room at the North Shore, which afterwards expanded into Pandon Bank Chapel, with the Rev. Edward Prowitt as minister. Mackenzie confirms this account of Caleb Alder's secession, and adds that he afterwards removed to Alnwick. The business of "buying and selling of cheeses," &c., was continued by Joshua Alder, who, in the Newcastle Directory for 1787, and again in that of 1801, is located in the Side.

It is quite likely that Joshua Alder, of the Side, was the father of Joshua, the subject of this sketch, but there is no positive proof of the fact. Conjectures founded upon similarity of names and professions are dangerous temptations to the makers of histories and genealogies, and should be used sparingly. All that can be said for certain in this case is, that Joshua Alder (No. 2) was born in Newcastle, in 1792. The Rev. Edward Prowitt, whose ministrations, as we have seen, Caleb Alder had been the means of securing to Newcastle, supplemented the scanty income of a Dissenting minister by keeping a school, or

more probably lived by his school and preached for nothing. Under his care, at his house in Pilgrim Street, Joshua received the rudiments of education. From Mr. Prowitt's school he was sent to Tanfield, where a relative of his, the Rev. Joseph Simpson, conducted an educational establishment of great repute. With him he remained till the age of fifteen, when his services were needed in the business, and he came home and donned the apron of a tradesman. The year after his return his father died, and young Joshua was left to carry on the shop, and be the principal support and stay of his mother and the rest of the family. The name of Joshua shortly afterwards disappeared from the title of the firm, and everybody who went down Dean Street saw in front of him, on the south line of the Side, the inscription, "Mary Alder and Son."

Dr. Embleton, who, in the "Transactions of the Tyneside Naturalists' Field Club," has sketched the life of Joshua Alder with a loving hand, states that his friend never liked the business which his father's death forced him to carry on. He was a youth of studious habits, fond of drawing, of reading, of scientific experiments, and especially of such elementary science as the Rev. William Turner was teaching the people of Newcastle, in connection with the "New Institution" of the Literary and Philosophical Society. As years passed away the trade became more and more distasteful to him, and it was practically left to his faithful friend and assistant, Mr. John Robinson, now of Roseworth Cottage, Gosforth. As soon as he was assured of a moderate competence, about the year 1840, he threw off the trammels of commercial life, and gave himself up to his favourite studies.

Turner's lectures and Bewick's books had attracted Joshua Alder, and other thoughtful young men, to search the books of Nature. In his early manhood he had gathered together extensive collections illustrative of mineralogy, botany, and geology. He was accustomed to take long rambles, and to go upon distant excursions, filling his sketch book and his wallet with treasures, and his mind with that best of all knowledge—the knowledge which comes of personal experiment and observation. But, as Pope sings—

> One science only will one genius fit;
> So vast is Art, so narrow human wit.

Gradually his tastes became less diffusive, and his thoughts and energies began to concentrate upon a special branch of study, viz., Natural History, and upon a particular department of it—the Mollusca. Before he was forty he had acquired sufficient knowledge of molluscan structure to compile a catalogue of such of those interesting organisms as were to be found in the vicinity of his native town. The catalogue was published among the papers of the Natural History Society of Newcastle, and was a valuable and distinct gain to science. By the year 1838, he had compiled a supplement to the local list, and contributed notes upon the land and fresh water Mollusca of Great Britain. After he was released from the cares of business, his pen was seldom unemployed. No fewer than fifty-three separate papers relating to Conchology and British Zoophytes—nineteen of them the joint production of himself and Albany Hancock—bear his name. Some of them were translated into French, and others into German, and everywhere they were received as authoritative expositions of the subjects to which they relate. One of his joint treatises—that which deals with the British Nudibranchiate Mollusca, a handsome quarto volume with eighty-three coloured plates by Albany Hancock—is a standard work, "which," writes Dr.

Embleton, "will last as long as the study of Natural History shall be held in favour, and its praise is to be found in every published treatise on that science."

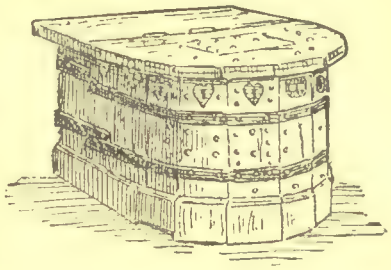
Mr. Alder was one of the founders of the Newcastle Natural History Society in 1839, and of the Tyneside Naturalists' Field Club in 1846. Of the latter organization he was president in 1849, and was at all times a diligent attender at its meetings, and a regular contributor to its stores. All contemporary naturalists of note, at home and abroad, were at some time or other in correspondence with him, and one genus (Alderia) and nine species of Mollusca were named in his honour. The general esteem in which his character and acquirements were held were touchingly manifested in 1857, when the failure of the Northumberland and Durham District Banking Company swept away all his property. A memorial to the Government was signed by the best known men in various fields of investigation and research, and a pension of £70 a year was obtained for him from the Civil List. Private benevolence also came to his aid, and a sufficient sum was subscribed to place him in a position of comfort, and enable him to pursue the studies to which the greater part of his life had been devoted. He never, however, fairly recovered from the shock. On the 21st January, 1867, at the ripe age of 74, he died.

"In disposition," writes Dr. Embleton, "Mr. Alder was mild, genial, and unobtrusive, willing at any time to impart his knowledge to others with much affability, and never allowing the opportunity to escape him of encouraging the young and inexperienced student. In conduct upright and honourable, he was in feeling, word, and deed, a gentleman."

The Newcastle Town's Hutch.

IN the City Treasurer's Office, in Newcastle Town Hall, is still preserved the old Town's Hutch, formerly used for the safe keeping of the money, books, and documents of the Corporation. It is a massive oaken chest, iron bound, and in shape as shown in our illustration. Its dimensions are as follows:—Height, 34 inches; width across, 40 inches; depth from back to front, 4 feet. It is divided into two unequal compartments by a strong lateral partition. The front compartment, which is, roughly speaking, semi-circular in shape, is furnished with nine locks, and its massive lid, hinged, as may be seen in the drawing, is lined with iron, and has a slit in the centre for the admittance of money. Beneath the slit is an ingenious iron guard to prevent the abstraction of the coin. The oblong compartment at the back of the hutch, probably intended for books and documents, is furnished with two locks, one on either side.

This relic of antiquity—for Dr. Bruce estimates its age at about 400 years—is of course no longer in use; but in former days it stood in the Guildhall on the Sandhill, then the seat of the municipal government, and into it the dues and other moneys of the town were dropped by the Clerk of the Chamber, after being duly counted by the two Chamberlains on duty. There were, under the old Corporation, eight Chamberlains annually elected by the burgesses, and each held the key of one of the locks of the hutch, the ninth being in the possession of the Mayor, so that the strong box could not be opened except in the presence, or with the consent, of the whole nine persons. The Chamberlains were thus a check upon the Chamber Clerk, and they in turn were checked by the twenty-four Auditors, also annually elected, and sworn to "reasonably attend the accompts of the Chamberlains of this town for the present year, touching all manner of issues, profits, and commodities belonging to the Mayor and burgesses."



Tim Tunbelly (W. A. Mitchell), in his famous letters to the *Tyne Mercury* (1822), throws much light upon the abuses of the Corporation at that time. He tells us that "the common practice is to put in as Chamberlains the deaf, the lame, and, worse than all the rest, *the stupid*, which persons are certainly unfit to manage such a revenue as £40,000 *per annum*. But this is not all. We have had several men who have filled the office with bad, very bad characters, and, of course, totally unfit for a place of such responsibility." The same writer gives a copy of a "curious document, written in an old hand," which was presented to him by Sir Matthew White Ridley, Bart. It is a list of "the places and officers of Newcastle, with their salaries and what such places were sold for by the Corporation," and in it we find "the keeper of the town chamber or hutch" receives no salary, but pays the Corporation £100 for his appointment to the office. Very suggestive, this, of perquisites.

On one occasion the town's hutch was broken open and ransacked. This was during the riot about the scarcity of grain, July 26th, 1740, when the Corporation lost many of its records, charters, and books, and the sum of £1,200 in cash.

There is in the City Treasurer's office another object, very interesting in this connection, and also as being a splendid specimen of the work of a famous Newcastle artist. It is a half-length portrait in oils, by H. P.

Parker, of Judith Dowlings, or "Old Judy," as she was called, the messenger to the hutch. She is represented leaning upon the formidable stick with which she was wont in the early years of this century to keep the precincts of the town's chamber clear of loitering boys or others having no business there. Very appropriately, the face of the old lady looks down on the chamber where stands the venerable hutch she guarded so well.

R. J. C.

The Elsdon Tragedy.

ELSDON, a village on the Scottish borders of Northumberland, or rather a hamlet near it, was the scene of a terrible tragedy in 1791. Both the deed and the punishment—the latter especially—show an era of barbarism which, one would fain hope, has now gone by. The late Mr. Robert White collected the facts into a narrative, which, with some alterations and additions, is here presented to the reader.

In the year 1791, Margaret Crozier, a woman advanced in life, occupied a portion of an old Peel House at a place called the Raw, near Elsdon. There she kept a small shop for the sale of drapery and other goods. On Monday night, the 29th of August, she was visited by Elizabeth Jackson, daughter of a farmer, and Mary Temple, noted in the neighbourhood as an excellent hand at needle work. The object of these visitors was merely to pass an hour or two in conversation with old Margaret before bed time. As they retired, they heard two or three dogs barking furiously around a pile of hay which was put up a short distance from the house. On being reminded to bolt the door for her safety, Margaret laughingly replied she "had naething to fear, as nae doubt ane o' Bessie's sweethearts was no far off waiting to see her." It happened that on the following morning Barbara Drummond arrived from a neighbouring house to purchase some little commodity; but she was deterred from entering Margaret's residence by observing some thread lying on the outside of the door. This circumstance being mentioned to Elizabeth Jackson and William Dodds, a joiner, neither of whom had seen the old woman that morning, they went to ascertain the cause. The door was shut, but unbolted, and the dead body of Margaret Crozier was found in bed. The throat was cut, but the wound was scarcely so deep as to occasion death; it was, however, bound up very tightly with a handkerchief. The palm of one of the hands was severely lacerated, and a knife of the gully kind, stained with blood, was discovered amongst the bed clothes. The poor woman had apparently offered great resistance to the murderers. At the outside of the house was found a plough coulter, the point of which had been introduced at the edge of the door, by which means the oaken bolt had been thrust back from its hold, and the door forcibly thrown open. Sundry articles of wearing apparel, with a quantity of drapery, such as muslins, printed cottons, and handkerchiefs, were ascertained, by those with whom the deceased was on terms of intimacy, to have been taken away.

The excitement which such an act caused in a neighbourhood unaccustomed to any crime of a like nature, is not difficult to conceive. People of all ranks and conditions, even at a distance of several miles, visited the spot on foot and on horseback; and the higher classes especially, both male and female, used every means they could devise in order to detect the murderer. The whole place underwent a rigid scrutiny; an inventory was taken of the various articles known to have been in the house; and the officers of the parish of Elsdon offered a reward of five pounds to be paid on conviction of the offender or offenders.

When a deed of this description is committed, it is rather singular what proof may be deduced against the perpetrator, from some object or circumstance which, at the time the former was seen or the latter took place, would appear to be scarcely deserving of notice On the day preceding the murder, two boys had observed a man and two women of suspicious appearance near a sheep-fold above the Whitlees farm house. They had with them an ass which was pasturing in the fold; they themselves were at dinner; a piece of fat mutton and bread formed their meal; and one of the boys, Robert Hindmarsh by name, who lived at the farm at Whiskershield, took especial notice of a gully knife with which the man divided portions of the food for the females, and also assisted himself. The blade was not remarkable for length, but where it entered the haft the latter was secured from splitting by an iron hoop soldered with brass. Being seated on the grass, the man afterwards sung a song illustrative of the happiness of the life of a shepherd boy; and Hindmarsh observed the singer's feet so closely as to recollect the kind (and, it is said, the number) of nails which appeared on the bottom of each of his shoes. It accordingly fell out that William Marshall, of Landshott, who had received a summons to attend the inquest, chanced to be at Whiskershield, and the boy having mentioned these particulars, they were reported by Marshall to the coroner, who stayed the inquest until both the young witnesses were brought before him. Hindmarsh appears to have been the most discriminating of the two, for when the knife was produced which was found beside the murdered woman, he instantly recognised it as the same which he saw in the man's hand at the sheep-fold. The shoes which the man wore were also, by the boy's recollection, found to correspond with several footmarks which were traced near the house at the Raw. Other persons had, on the same day, observed these wandering individuals in the neighbourhood, and on the day following they were seen driving a loaded ass near to

Harlow Hill. Moreover, a quantity of raisins and some peas were discovered beside a pike of hay, above the Whitlees, which were supposed to have been left by the party during their flight; and this also tended to indicate the direction they had taken. The man was nearly six feet high, strongly made, of a dark complexion, and his long black hair was tied in a club behind. He wore a light-coloured coat, with blue breeches and grey stockings. The women who accompanied him were also tall and stout, one remarkably so. They were dressed in grey cloaks, had on black bonnets, and one of them wore a light stamped cotton gown.

At this period the constables for Woodside and Elsdon were John Brown, of Laing's Hill; William Hall, of Elsdon; and William Tweedy, of Hudspeth. Arrangements were made for these officers to go in pursuit of the suspected persons. Mounting on horseback, they directed their course to Tyneside. On passing Harlow Hill, and approaching a dingle called Whittle Dean, not far from Horsley, they observed a man wandering amongst some whin bushes; and, guided by the description given by Hindmarsh at the inquest, John Brown declared to his companions that this personage was the individual of whom they were in search. At a short distance some workmen were employed in building a stone wall, and one of the company rode forward to request them to be in readiness, should their assistance be required. John Brown then advanced on horseback to the stranger, laid his hand on his shoulder, and said, "You are my prisoner," to which he replied, "A poor prisoner you have of me," and forthwith surrendered himself to the charge of the party. They next proceeded in quest of the females, one of whom was apprehended about a couple of miles westward from Ovingham. On bringing her and the male prisoner together, they denied all knowledge of each other; but a dog which accompanied the woman fawned upon the other prisoner on seeing him, and this slight incident afforded the officers cause to suppose they were acquainted. It was discovered that the prisoners were connected with what are called in Northumberland "Faw gangs"—tribes of gipsies. The man's name was William Winter; his father and brother had in a former year been executed for robbery at Morpeth, and he himself had only a few weeks previously been liberated from some species of punishment which had been inflicted upon him for theft. The name of the woman was Jane Clark, the younger, otherwise Jane Douglass, whose family for some months in the winter season generally resided at Hedley Fell near Ryton, in the county of Durham.

The prisoners were conveyed to Netherwitton for the purpose of being examined by Mr. W. Trevelyan, a justice of the peace; but, that gentleman being absent, they were taken to Mitford and brought before Mr. B. Mitford. Marks of blood were observed upon Winter's shirt, which stains he alleged had been received in fighting with another of his tribe; but Mr. Mitford remarked that, had he been engaged in an encounter of that kind, his shirt would in all likelihood have been thrown aside. The examination tended only to confirm the suspicion entertained against the prisoners, and they were committed to the county gaol at Morpeth, on Saturday, the 3rd September.

Search was made for the other woman, who was apprehended at Barley Moor in Tynedale, together with the mother or a relative of one or both prisoners. The former was called Eleanor Clark, otherwise Eleanor Douglass; the name of the latter was Jane Clark the elder, otherwise Jane Douglass, otherwise Jane Gregg. Both were taken before Mr. Trevelyan, who committed them to Morpeth Gaol on the 14th of the same month.

When Margaret Crozier had received a quantity of drapery goods from Newcastle on the 29th of July, 1791, and was showing them to Elizabeth Jackson, Jane Gregg, as she was commonly called, entered the house and looked round it in a very careful manner. When she went away, Margaret remarked she did "not like the appearance of that woman—she gazed so much about her." On the night when the murder was committed Gregg lodged at the Huntlaw, a farm house north of Stamfordham, and would most likely meet Winter and the two women on the following day. She is said to have exerted herself in prevailing upon the younger branches of her family to put forth their hands to steal. If it were pointed out that danger was likely to be incurred by such a course of conduct, she usually observed, "What's five minutes' hanging to a year's pleasure?"

At that time it was customary in the Northern Counties of England for the assizes to be held only once a year, in August; therefore the period from September, 1791, to August, 1792, afforded full scope to arrange and get together every information which could possibly bear on the subject of the murder. The trial took place early in the month in the Moot Hall at Newcastle. Very few of the particulars of the proceedings have reached us; but the case occupied the court nearly sixteen hours, and the place was crowded almost to suffocation. The boy Robert Hindmarsh furnished the clearest evidence against the male prisoner, and Elizabeth Jackson identified a nightcap and apron, found in possession of the females, which she herself had made for the murdered woman. In the course of the trial, when Mr. Trevelyan, who was bald-headed, was giving evidence, Winter, it is said, remarked that "his honour had great need of a wig. but," continued he, putting up his right hand, and raising his own dark and profuse locks, "he'll varry suin get my hair if he likes." It was satisfactorily proved that the crime had been committed by the party. Jane Clark the elder was liberated, and sentence was passed upon the others in the following manner:—William Winter, Jane Clark the younger, and Eleanor Clark to be executed; the body of the former to be hung on a gibbet near

to the place where the murder was perpetrated, and those of the females to be dissected.

From the testimony he bore against the prisoners, the boy Hindmarsh, who was about eleven years of age, was afterwards considered to be in great danger on account of the feelings entertained against him by Winter's tribe, in consequence of which Mr. Trevelyan took him under his protection. He remained at Netherwitton as a servant for several years. Once he was beset by his enemies as he was returning from Morpeth, between Pigdon and Benridge Hagg; but, being mounted on a spirited horse, he cleared the hedge by the way side, and escaped through a plantation. Mr. Trevelyan afterwards sent him to live with the Rev. Mr. Johnson, of Bywell, with the design of improving his education; yet even here he was not deemed to be in safety, and he was ultimately removed to the residence of Colonel Baird, about 20 miles north of Aberdeen. When he had been in Scotland about the space of eighteen months, he became unwell, and was recommended to return home. He arrived at Berwick by sea, and from thence was conveyed in Mr. Trevelyan's carriage to Whiskershield, where his father resided, at which place, after lingering a few weeks, he died about the beginning of September, 1803, aged 22 years.

Winter, in his confession, stated that the house was first robbed, and the old woman left alive; but, through fear of detection, he sent the females back to ascertain if she was not alarming the neighbours, and one of them on returning observed, "There is no danger: we have tied her up from her meat"—a saying generally applied to the act of tying up a horse by the bridle or halter, when its owner is desirous it should not taste food.

As a proof that Winter, notwithstanding his solitary confinement of eleven months, which must have shaken him considerably, was possessed of both nerve and courage, we may mention the following incident:—The Moot Hall in 1792, and for many years afterwards, stood on the spot now forming the north angle of the area which extends in front of the present edifice of that name. All prisoners charged with offences committed in Northumberland appeared here upon trial, but were kept in the Old Castle for a short time previous to their undergoing that ordeal, and were taken back to it if found guilty. At the time when Winter and the two girls were about to be removed from the court, one of the latter, from the stunning nature of her sentence, had fainted, and Winter, although heavily ironed, raised her up and bore her in his arms to the door. Here, it is said, some individual, probably one of his own class who sympathised with the unfortunate man, stood ready with half a gallon of ale, and handed it to him. This he drank off, and moved onward with his unconscious burden across the open space, which would measure about thirty yards, towards the old fortress.

On Friday morning, the 10th of August, the town officers marshalled in front of the Castle, and the prisoners, being placed in a cart, were conveyed up the street, through Westgate. Immediately beyond this ancient portal, on the right of the road, a gallows was erected. Winter acknowledged he was guilty; the women, however, protested their innocence; but all were forthwith executed. The bodies, after hanging the usual time, were taken down: that of Winter was put into a long cart and conveyed northward to its place of destination; those of the females were removed to the Surgeons' Hall.

The body of William Winter was gibbeted at Sting Cross, near Harwood Head, within sight of the Raw, in the clothes he wore when he was executed. Bands or straps of iron bound the limbs and chest; and these, at the top of the head, were connected with a swivel which was fastened to the arm or short beam projecting from the higher part of the upright shaft forming the gibbet. The shaft itself was about thirty feet high; it was of an octagonal shape, and the lower part of it was driven full of large-headed spike nails. Great difficulty was encountered in hoisting the body, and for this purpose a set of shearlegs had to be obtained from Carrick Colliery. Though a very disagreeable spectacle, it was visited by thousands. When the body began to decay, the smell was so offensive that the horses which travelled the road could scarcely be urged to pass the place. The clothes, by degrees, rotted away, and when the bones were loosening from each other, they were hung up in a new sack, tarred inside and out to resist the action of the weather. This also decayed, so that the whitened remains dropped down piecemeal, and the neighbouring shepherds were accustomed to bury them. Thus in the course of time no vestige of mortality remained to be seen. A wooden figure bearing some resemblance to the human form was afterwards put up. When the figure fell to pieces, another of a still ruder construction was suspended: this also disappeared; but the upright pole, known as "Winter's Stob," long remained on the spot where the body of the murderer of Margaret Crozier formerly hung.

Tom Spring.

Random Shot, a correspondent of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, communicated the following additional particulars at the time the foregoing account originally appeared (Nov. 16, 1872):—

There are few people who have not heard something or other about the palmy days of pugilism, when Tom Spring, Ben Caunt, Nat Langham, Jim Ward, and Johnny Broome were the heroes of the day. Amongst these men was one whose nature and feelings were sensitive at least on one point, however callous and hardy he might be as a professional athlete. This man was a native of Northumberland, hailed from the neighbourhood of Elsdon, was a representative of the gipsy or Faa gangs, and was stung to the quick by the reflections cast upon his family by those conversant with the facts connected with the murder of Margaret Crozier. Not being particularly enamoured with the treatment vouchsafed to the relatives of the murderer, he determined to pack up his traps and

venture to survey the world on a larger scale. After the fashion of Hugh, the gipsy, in "Barnaby Rudge," he obtained employment in London at a mews, or stables, officiated as ostler for some time, then came out as a pugilist, and changed his name from Tom Winter to Tom Spring. William Winter, the murderer, and Tom Spring, of fistiana memory, were thus own brothers! This coincidence is well known in the locality of Elsdon. Having been in company with the redoubtable Tom, I can testify that he was "as smart a built fellow as could be met with in a day's march." Though rather thin in his understandings, he was powerful at the shoulders, and one of the most dexterous boxers of his time. In social life, Spring passed under the style of "a decent, quiet fellow," minus the bunkum and grossness common amongst the fraternity of which he was a conspicuous character. After his retirement from the ring, Tom kept a tavern in London, and attained a respectable position as a Boniface. To the best of my recollection Tom Spring died in 1852, at the age of 72. Tom Hood (the elder), in alluding to the coldness of the spring seasons, and quoting from Thomson's Ode the line—

Come, gentle spring, ethereal mildness, come,

thus alludes to the great boxer :—

For spring, I shrink and shudder at her name,
I feel her a sad and bitter blighter,
And suffer from her blows as if they came
From Spring the fighter.

The Faas or Faws.

The late Mr. Ralph Carr Ellison, writing to the *Weekly Chronicle* from Dunston Hill in 1875, gave the following as the origin of the designation bestowed on the gipsies of the Borders :—

At the beginning of the present century, up to 1820, Faws was the common name given to the gipsy folks of the Border by the gentry, and also by many of the farm labourers. They were afterwards called contemptuously tinkers or muggers by the farmers, with whom they were in great disfavour. But Faws (or Faas, as the Scotch wrote it) was clearly their older and more proper designation. And some families of them came to assume it as a surname, writing "John Faw," or the like, on their carts. The meaning, as originally designed, was assuredly nearly equivalent to "The Tawny Folk," their complexion being very different from the ruddy countenances of the Border peasantry. The word is a contraction of *fallow*, tawny, yellow, (Anglo-Saxon *falwe*), as we have it in "*fallow land*," that is, land left with its tawny hue as upturned by the plough, and not covered by any vegetation. Again in "fallow deer," though this may have been an English rendering of the French *bete-fauve*. There is not a better name for a tawny greyhound or terrier than "*Faw*." The beautiful lesser Cheviots, known as the Fawdon Hills, are all clad with extensive beds of bracken, or brake-fern, which in autumn or winter confer the richest *fallow* or tawny tints on the landscape. And at Fallowden, the seat of Sir George Grey, the ancient natural woodlands, on a varied surface, must have been rich in tawny, fallow-tinted brake-fern.

Northumbrian Man-Stealers.

THE slave trade may be said to have lasted in Northumberland, with brief intermissions, from the dawn of authentic history, down till about Queen Anne's reign. The Romans carried great numbers of the hardy Bernicians over to the Continent as slaves. Some centuries later, according to the famous story, a few beautiful Anglican youths from Deira, standing in the slave market at Rome, attracted the notice of Gregory the Great, and led to the mission of St. Augustine to this country, and the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity. In the eleventh century, Malcolm, King of Scotland, carried over the Tweed immense droves of Northumberland captives, so that for a long time after scarce a poor cottage in Scotland was to be found without one or more miserable white slaves. As the manners of the age softened, such wholesale deportations ceased; but man-stealing still continued to be practised, whenever opportunity offered, especially during the Border raids. After the discovery of America, and the plantation of Barbadoes, Virginia, and other sugar and tobacco growing colonies, the demand for labour led to the transportation of petty malefactors from England, Scotland, and Ireland, to serve the planters for a longer or shorter term of years. There was scarcely a goal delivery, a hundred years ago, from which a batch of unfortunate wretches was not sent across the seas, to wear out the rest of their days in hopeless bondage, on the banks of the Potomac, the Rappahannock, or the James River; and not much further back than that, Manx, Scotch, Dutch, French, and other skippers, of the notorious type of Dick Hatteraick—half-smugglers, half-pirates, thorough ruffians—were ever and anon spiriting away hapless youths to the West Indies or elsewhere, there to be sold to the planters.

One sept of the clan Widdrington in particular, sadly degenerated from the chivalrous character and bearing of their noble ancestors, are said to have been in the habit of seizing by force able-bodied young men in Northumberland, and getting them shipped off, as slaves, to the sugar plantations in the West India islands. They went so far as to pretend to have Government authority for so doing, like the press-gang in later times; and, under colour of ridding the country of idle, disorderly, or disaffected and dangerous persons, they carried on a lucrative trade with impunity for a good while, because no one who was exposed to danger from them dared to question the legality of their acts. The country people, unable to protect themselves, were hushed to silence by terror; the nobility and gentry, Gallio-like, "cared for none of these things," if their own retainers were spared; and the townspeople were also indifferent, the bulk of them being in no fear for themselves. On the disappearance of any incorrigible ne'er-do-weel, and the suspicion that he had been kidnapped by the Widdringtons, folks were usually disposed to exclaim, in terms something like those used by Sir David Lindsay with reference to the murder of the Archbishop of St. Andrews—

Although the deed's been foully done,
The loon is well awa'.

The very last of the man-stealing acts of these self-installed country-keepers used to be related by the well-known Mr. Henry Atkinson, schoolmaster in Newcastle.

who died in 1828, and from whose mouth the late Mr. Robert White took it down, and afterwards communicated it to Richardson's Table Book. It seems that John Hall of Otterburn ("Mad Jack Hall," who suffered a Tyburn, after the 'Fifteen, for high treason), had given directions to a young man in his service, on the eve of a Stagshawbank Fair, to meet him at the Bank at a certain time the next day. After sleeping all night at Corbridge Hall, on riding up to the fair next morning, he was surprised to see his servant in charge of a mounted horseman, who was turning into a lane leading to Sandhoe. Hall advanced, and, addressing the young man, inquired the cause of his thus being taken into custody. The servant replied, his visage brightening at the same time, that he knew of no cause whatever; he could only say that, whilst he was waiting his honour's arrival, according to the instructions received on the previous day, the stranger on horseback came up to him, told him he was his prisoner, and dragged him away in the manner he now witnessed. This stranger Hall knew to be a Widdrington, and, on questioning him as to the circumstances, the fellow replied that he would not be interfered with in the discharge of his duty, that the youth was in his keeping, and that to no person would he be accountable for him, save only to her gracious Majesty the Queen (Anne).

Mad Jack at once divined the purpose for which his servant had been apprehended, for he had long heard of the masterful practices of the Widdringtons. He interceded for the poor lad's liberation, with all the eloquence of which he was master, urging that he had an aged mother and a sister relying upon him for support. But the other was inexorable, and told Hall he might just as well hold his tongue and go his ways. This trooper-like insolence was not calculated to soothe the laird's rather fiery temper; so he drew up his horse in front of that of Widdrington, and commanded him to produce credentials to prove that, in the present instance, he was acting conformably to the law. Any man in those days who could afford to purchase arms wore them at his pleasure, and, of course, both Hall and Widdrington were armed. The latter at once drew his sword, and, brandishing it with the air of a practised bravo, exclaimed, "This is my commission." "Then we will test its truth!," said Hall, and ere another word was spoken both alighted from their horses.

The spot they stood on was a piece of level green sward, adjoining the road to Sandhoe. "To work they went," says the narrator of the "Table Book," "and, though Hall was an admirable swordsman, he found himself for a time sharp enough beset by his adversary; yet he was cunning as well as skilful, and when he had given him play for a brief period, he watched an opportunity, and, catching in his hilt the point of Widdrington's weapon, by a sudden jerk he wrenched it from his grasp, throwing it behind him to a distance of nearly twenty yards. The defenceless man now supplicated for mercy, and Hall was too much of a gentleman to deny him the request. Widdrington had scarcely partaken of the clemency of his conqueror when his life was again put in the most imminent peril, and in a much more disgraceful way. The encounter had drawn around a large concourse of people, to the greater part of whom his evil practices were known and by whom he was thoroughly detested, and these, witnessing or making known to each other the whole affair, attacked him so fiercely with sticks and stones that he had great difficulty to escape."

The poor people of Northumberland, we are told, were thenceforth permitted to live unmolested, none of the odious clan ever daring to show face among them afterwards; and Mad Jack Hall, for his prompt challenge and exposure of the infamous system which the scoundrels had practised so long, received the most cordial expressions of praise and gratitude.

John Hatfield, Forger.

JOHN HATFIELD, who acquired the appellation of the "Keswick imposter," and whose villainy excited almost universal hatred, was born at Mottram, Cheshire, in 1759, of low parentage; but, possessing great natural abilities, he was considered handsome and genteel. After some domestic depredations, he quitted home, and got employment as rider to a draper in the North of England. In this capacity he became acquainted with a young woman, who was brought up with a farmer, but who was the natural daughter of Lord Robert Manners. His lordship promised her a dowry of £1,000 if she married to the satisfaction of her friends. On this becoming known, Hatfield paid assiduous court to the young lady and also to her friends. They were married, and he received £1,500 on his wedding day. Shortly afterwards the young couple set off for London, and he there described himself as a near relative of the Rutland family.

The marriage portion being exhausted, he retreated from London, and was scarcely heard of for about ten years, when he revisited the metropolis, having left his wife and three daughters. He was soon afterwards committed for a debt of £160 to the King's Bench Prison, where he ingratiated himself with a benevolent clergyman who visited the prison, and prevailed upon him to make application to the Duke of Rutland. His grace, remembering about the marriage of his relative's natural daughter, made inquiries, and caused him to be released. In the year 1785, his grace was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Hatfield soon afterwards put in an appearance in Dublin, stating that he was nearly allied to the Viceroy. As usual, he got into debt, and finally found himself in the prison of the Marshalsea. He then petitioned the duke, who, apprehensive that the fellow

might continue his depredations in Dublin, released him on condition that he left Ireland at once. Hatfield, soon after, found himself in prison in London again.

After he had been in durance over eight years, a Miss Nation, of Devonshire, paid his debts and married him. He deserted her and two children at Tiverton, and turned up at Keswick, July, 1802, giving the name of the Hon. Augustus Hope, brother of the Earl of Hopetoun. From here he made excursions to Buttermere. Staying at the Fish Inn, he engaged the affections of Mary Robinson, the innkeeper's daughter, known as the "Beauty of Buttermere." They were married at Lorton Church, near Cockermouth, 2nd October, 1802. An account of the event found its way into the newspapers, and was brought under the notice of the real Mr. Hope. Hatfield was tried at Carlisle in the following December for forgery, &c., was found guilty and executed September 3rd, 1803. He caused his coffin to be made prior to his execution, and wished to be buried at Burgh from fear that his body should be "resurrectioned." But the inhabitants objected, and the body was taken back and interred in St. Mary's grave-yard, the usual place for those who came to an untimely end. Wordsworth and Coleridge sought an interview with him on the day of execution, but he refused to see Coleridge for some unknown reason. His execution did not take place till five in the afternoon on the Sands at Carlisle.

E. THWAITES, Bishop Auckland.

Notable Coal-Hewers.

TOM ELLIOTT was a famous coal-hewer in the county of Durham over fifty years ago. I knew him when he hewed at Craghead Colliery, but at that time he had "buffed his best," and was but an ordinary coal-hewer. Previous to that time, however, it was reported of him that he "put a wall ower" in a single shift; or, as the phrase went at that time, he "crushed a pillar of coal ower" in one day. How thick the "wall" was I have never heard stated.

Being at Chester-le-Street in the year 1860, I was in the Buck Inn, when some hewers came in, one saluting another in the following fashion:—"Ho, Jack! where's thoo warkin' noo, lad?" "Doon at the Lady Ann," was the reply, meaning one of the Lambton collieries. "But," said he, "aa can work ony way; beggor, aa wed hev the tornpike up if it was coal." He was a man of strong build, but not taller than 5ft. 8in. I afterwards learned that he was a "great hewer."

It will be in the remembrance of many that one Thoburn hewed against two men and won. This was at South Tanfield. Thoburn had two boards, and his two men had one board each.

In 1840 Joseph Rodham and Robert Whitfield hewed a match at Shield Row Colliery, which resulted in a victory for Rodham. They started back to back in a narrow board, each man driving a headway, one north and the other south. The match was arranged for a week of six days, but on the third day Rodham came upon some open "threads," the coal tumbling off at the touch of his pick. This was a piece of good luck for Rodham; but I think he was, previous to this, something ahead of his man. Whitfield then retired from the contest. No person was allowed to approach them closely while at work, but the men from other parts of the pit, at the end of their shift, congregated at the distance of a pillar from them, and cheered them with shouts of "Had away, Rodham!" and "Had away, Whitfield!"

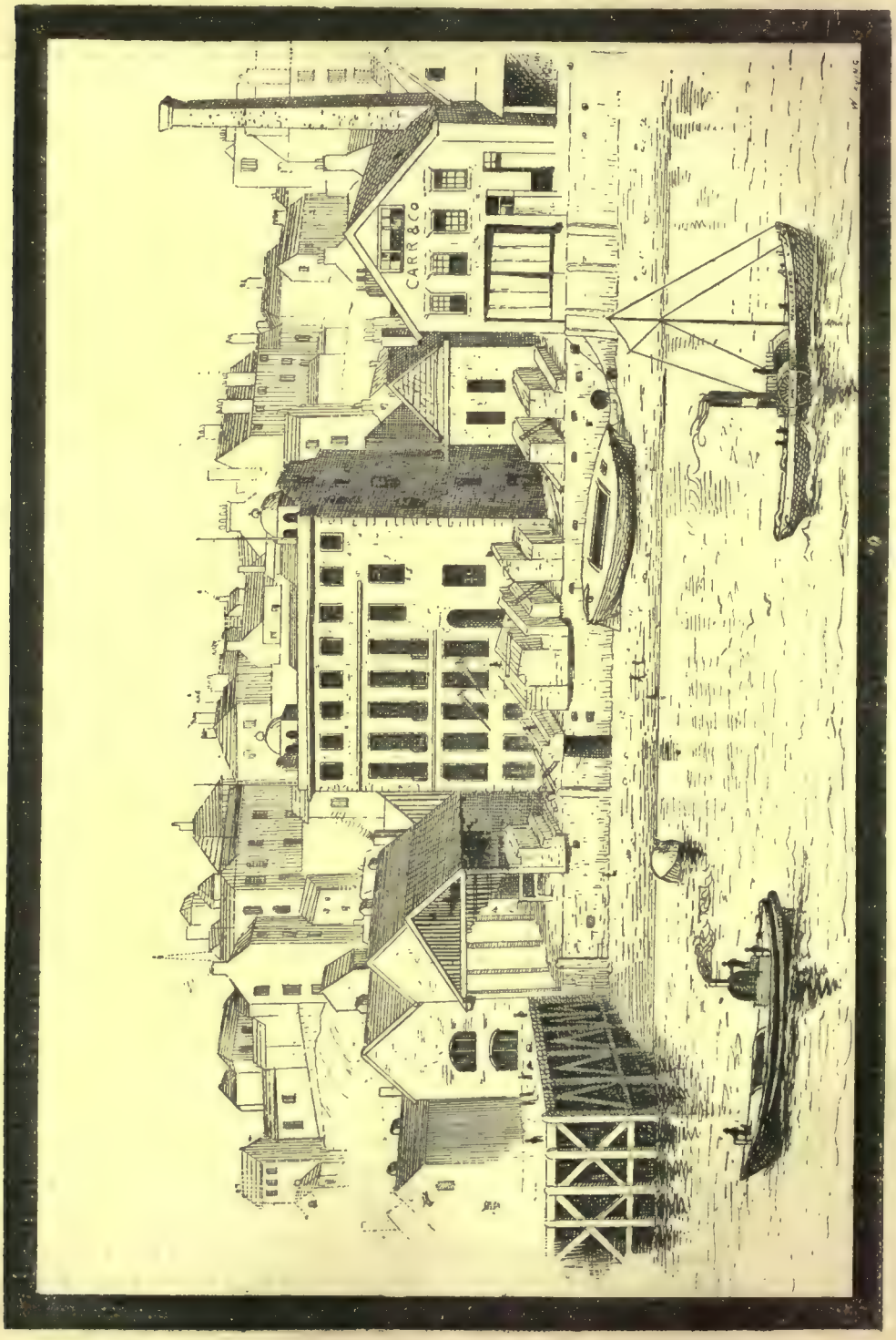
But I wish to state here distinctly that men who have hewed matches are not always the best hewers. In the year 1843, the year previous to the "great strike," the men had restricted their earnings to 3s. 4d. a day. At that time the five-quarter seam was being worked at Craghead Colliery, and there was one John Temperley who had never thought of hewing a match, and yet he proved himself an extraordinary hewer of coals. The men descended the pit at four o'clock in the morning, but Temperley would remain at home, have breakfast with his wife, and go down about eight, returning to bank before many of the men who had been at work all the morning, having been in the face two, or two and a half, hours for his "stint." Many a time was Temperley "cracked" to hew a match by men half his calibre, but he never accepted the challenge.

JOHN ROWELL, Twizell.

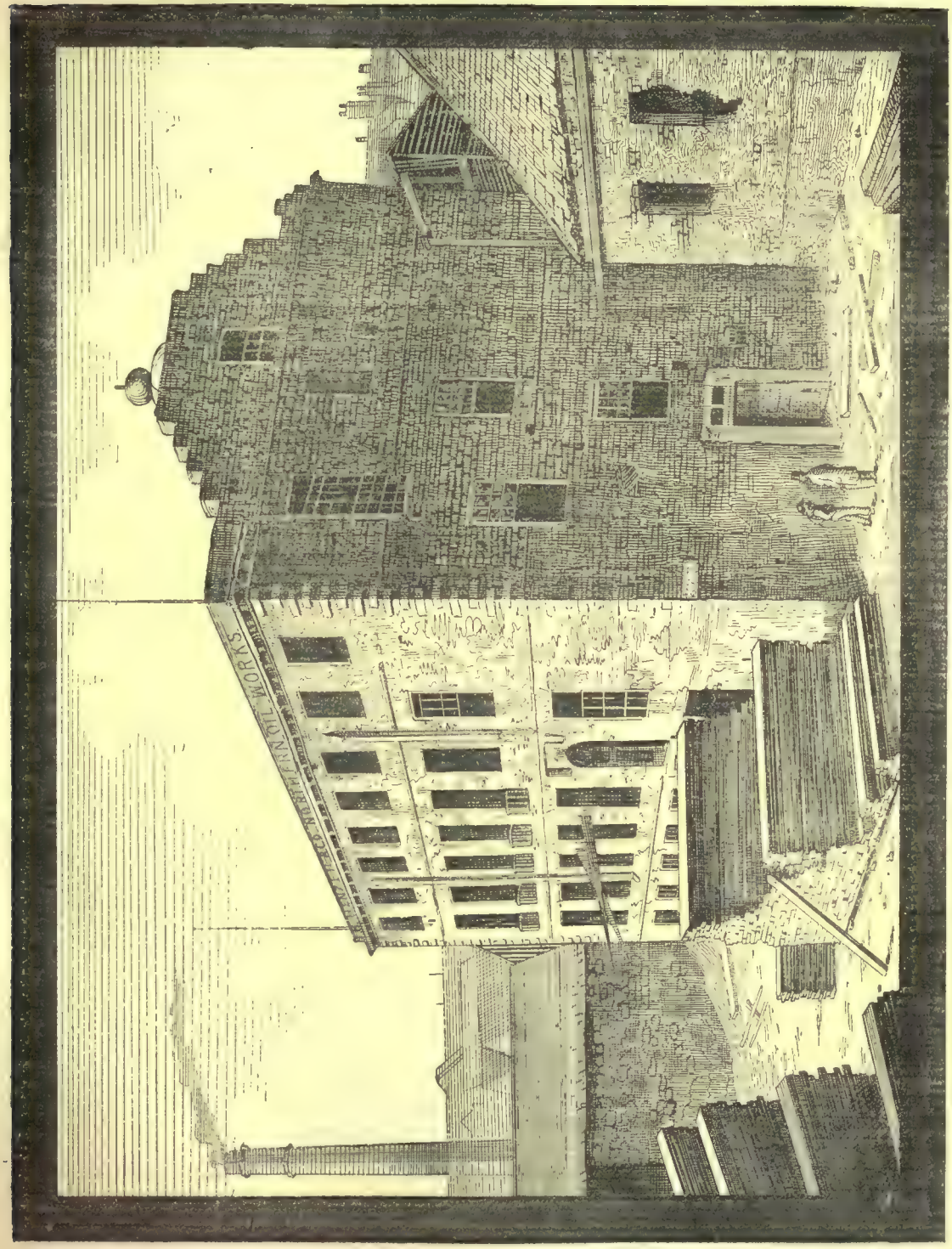
The Old Mansion House, Newcastle.

WEALTHY people were formerly content to abide in their respective towns and districts. To meet at certain times in their assembly rooms on the occasion of the race or assize balls, or to pay periodical visits to the local theatre, when the High Sheriff or the Mayor gave a "bespeak," were about the only dissipations they allowed themselves. Newcastle was amongst the richest of the old Corporations, and for nearly 200 years bountiful hospitality was dispensed at the old Mansion House in the Close. To assist him to do credit to the town, as regards eating and drinking at least, a salary of £2,000 a year was paid to the Mayor, and a noble house, handsomely furnished, with a choice cellar of wines, was also provided for him. The Mansion House was built in 1691, and cost £6,000; but from time to time it was considerably enlarged afterwards. Besides this noble residence, there was provided for the use of the Mayor a handsome state coach, a barge, a valuable service of plate, an ample cellar of wine, &c.

When the old close Corporations, with their many abuses, were swept away by the Municipal Reform Act, the Newcastle Mansion House did not long survive,



OLD MANSION HOUSE, FROM THE RIVER, 1887.



OLD MANSION HOUSE, NEWCASTLE, 1887.

although its abolition was strongly opposed by many of the inhabitants. Public meetings were held, and numerous petitions were presented, but all in vain. The old residence, with its costly furniture, its pictures, books, plate, and wines—all were sold by auction in January, 1837. Those opposed to the continuance of the old state of things maintained that the Mansion House had too often been made the scene of dissipation and extravagance. At the meeting of the Town Council where this sweeping change was carried, the majority was narrow—25 for to 21 against. The matter was debated with great acrimony and bitterness, and certainly served to keep the town in a state of turmoil for months. The catalogue of the sale, copies of which are still extant, consists of 100 pages, to which are added particulars of "the whole of the extensive cellar of fine port wine," extending to eight pages more. Messrs. John and George Ewart were the auctioneers, and the sale began on the 3rd January, 1837, and lasted fifteen days. There was but a small attendance of the public, and the sale realised only £2,000. The wines were not sold till the August following.

It was at the meeting of the Town Council held on January 21st, 1836, that it was decided to "discontinue the Mansion House on the system heretofore practised." Future mayors, it was also resolved, should receive £1,000 a year salary, "for the purpose of keeping up certain restricted hospitalities," &c. Newcastle was not then half the size it is now, nor had it half the population of the present day; but still it could make a clamour when necessary, and the opponents of this scheme certainly made themselves heard. They affirmed that there was indecent haste, as well as trickery and deception, in carrying out the resolution of the Council. There was some force in the argument of those who contended that the great bulk of the property in the Mansion House was town's property, and should have been held in perpetuity for the use and benefit of the people. The pictures and engravings (most of them at least) were fine specimens of art; many of the books were rare editions, and such works as D'Oyly and Mant's Bible, Horsley's "Britannia Romana," the Declarations and Treaties between Charles I. and his Parliament, Johnson's quarto Dictionary in 3 vols., besides several local histories, brought very much less than they would have done at the present day. Horsley's great work was sold for £5, and the Declarations and Treaties of Charles I. brought only £3. According to Brand, all the gifts to the Corporate body were to be by them held in trust for the use and benefit of the inhabitants of the town; but this rule, which had been faithfully observed for more than two hundred years, was over-ridden when the contents of the Mansion House were sold. The silver plate weighed nearly 3,000 ounces. A tradesman in the town bought one piece, which was of splendid workmanship, of solid silver, and nearly five feet in circumference, for the price of old metal. Amongst the many wonderful things in the fine old mansion was a three hundred and sixty-five day clock, "an almost unique specimen of horology," according to the catalogue. There were also sold 38 pairs of blankets, 26 goose feather beds, 47 pairs of linen sheets, a large number of hair mattresses, 20 handsome bedsteads, and a vast quantity of glass—17 dozen goblets, 47 dozen tumblers, 47 dozen wine-glasses, and over a hundred cut decanters, &c.

The Mayor's salary remained at £1,000 for more than twenty years, although the late Alderman Gregson, with characteristic pertinacity, moved year after year for its abolition. He succeeded at last, however. The sum now allowed to the Mayor is £300, though he is always recouped for any large extra expenditure. This is a great falling off from the old days of which we have been writing. The cost of the old Mansion House establishment amounted to over £3,000 per annum, and the interest on capital sunk to £400 more. From his private purse the Mayor often spent large sums; the annual ball and supper cost about £300; the entertainment of the judges, £500; and servants' wages and liveries not less than £250.

How completely the glories of the old Mansion House have departed may be realised from the present appearance and condition of the building. It is now occupied by a timber merchant. Deals and balks have taken possession of an edifice in which the chief citizens of Newcastle once held their festivities. The old Mansion House, in fact, as may be seen from the accompanying sketches, is a bedraggled relic of ancient greatness.

The Mansion House Clock.

Amongst the many curious and valuable articles which were sold at the great Mansion House sale in 1837, not the least interesting was the handsome clock, which had stood in the Mayor's Parlour for over 120 years. This rare old timepiece became the property of the late Alderman Dunn, of Bath House, and is now in the possession of that gentleman's grandson (Mr. George Dunn, of London). That it is *the* clock, there is no manner of doubt, as it answers in every way to the description in the sale catalogue:—"Lot 788: A three hundred and sixty-five day clock, in a singularly beautiful japanned case." Writing lately to a friend, in answer to some inquiries respecting this remarkable clock, Mr. Dunn describes it as standing nearly nine feet high, the case being decorated with old japanned work. The weights, which are very large, drive it for nearly eighteen months, with an available fall of less than five feet. The date on the clock is 1711, but there is no maker's name. The face is of brass, lackered and silvered, and beautifully engraved with the arms of the Newcastle Corporation, and the words: "Math. Featherstonhaugh, Esqre., Mayor; Francis Rudston, Esqre., Sheriffe." Besides this, there is a cherubim supporting arms (twice), the device of crown and crossed sceptres, and cherubs supporting, repeated four times. There is a tradition that the clock in the old

Mansion House days was wound-up in state by the Mayor every New Year's Night. The present proprietor continues the same custom, though, as he remarks, "with perhaps less pomp and ceremony."

The Mayor's Clock.

Another three hundred and sixty-five day clock, made about 1770, was purchased by the Newcastle Corporation in 1885, and was set up in the Mayor's Chamber in the Town Hall, where it still stands. This clock was formerly, and for many years, in the possession of Mr. Robert Watson, of the High Bridge Works, and of his nephew and successor, Mr. Henry Watson. It was constructed by Walker, a member of an old family of clockmakers, whose place of business was in the Close, during the last century, and one of whom, it is every way likely, was the maker of the famous Mansion House Clock. The Mayor's Clock is furnished with a plain but handsome case; the figures on the dial are still very distinct; and we believe it is a correct and good timekeeper. Like many clocks made in the last century, it shows the phases of the moon, the day of the month, &c.; but this part of its mechanism is now out of gear. An advertisement appeared in the *Times*, in 1827, offering a three hundred and sixty-five day clock for sale, the price being £20. The advertiser stated that only three such clocks were known to be in existence, and mentioned the whereabouts of the other two. As that was neither the Mansion House nor Mr. Watson's residence, however, he was evidently ignorant of the fact that these rare timepieces had sometimes been produced in Newcastle.

North-Country Clockmakers.

The reputation in which a well-made English watch is held all over the world, in spite of competition from the much cheaper productions of America, to say nothing of those of Swiss and French manufacture, speaks well for the skill and care which our artisans can still bestow upon their work. But if the watch of home manufacture still "goes" well in the markets of the world, the English clock has decidedly "run down" too much, and shows evident signs of an "untimely stopping" altogether. We have not space here to discuss the causes of the decay of English clock making, once a flourishing local industry at all events. It is merely our business to speak of the old Newcastle clockmakers at a time when the town possessed workmen who were unrivalled for their skill and ingenuity. In the first directory of Newcastle, printed by Whitehead in the year 1778, we find the names of no more than eight clock and watchmakers, of which the following is a list:—Wm. Coventry, west end of Low Bridge; Wm. Fenton, east end of Denton Chare; Thos. Greaves, Quayside; Hugh Stokell, Pilgrim Street; John Scott, Sandgate Gate; John Shipmen, King Street; John Weatherston, Wool Market; and John Walker, Close. In 1782 they had increased in number to twelve, the most important of whom were John Wilson, Flesh Market, and Andrew Strachan, High Bridge. Still later we find John Craig located in the Broad Chare, and Thomas Pearson in the Groat Market. But other towns and villages in the Northern Counties have been noted as the residence of ingenious horologists. Among the best known of these old clockmakers, whose names may still be seen on rare specimens of their workmanship, were the following:—Joseph Atkinson, Bottle Bank, Gateshead; John George Chambers, Pipewellgate, Gateshead; John Carnaby, Hexham; John Bolton, Chester-le-Street; while in Sunderland the Gowlands attained great local fame. Horology is undoubtedly one of the fine arts, and a first-rate timepiece is a marvellous piece of mechanism. It almost seems instinct with life. There is something quite as pathetic as humorous in the story of the poor Highlander who had, for the first time in his life, become the owner of a watch, and who, when it stopped (which it did the next day, of course), took it back to the shopman, telling him sadly that it "dee'd yesterday." The once thriving and important business of clockmaking is dead, too, we are afraid (in Newcastle at least), and there is little chance of its ever being revived.

The Last of the Newcastle Clockmakers.

In the top storey of an old house in the Side, just above the Dog Leap Stairs, there died one day in August, 1885 (as announced in the *Weekly Chronicle* of the 15th of that month), an old inhabitant of Newcastle—Mr. Frank Graham, the last of the old race of Newcastle clockmakers. Old Frank, who used to declare that he would leave no successor to his craft, served his apprenticeship with Mr. T. Greaves, whose name we may still see on many a good old-fashioned clock yet held as authorities when exactness is required, although long since relegated from the parlour to the kitchen. After the death of Mr. Greaves, Mr. Graham commenced business for himself, working chiefly for the different watchmakers in the neighbourhood, so that his reputation as a master of his craft was necessarily confined to the few people who employed him. In this quiet way, old Frank lived his quiet and uneventful life; his leisure time being occupied in perfecting and completing a wonderful clock which was begun by his father and himself, and by which he hoped to establish his reputation as a mechanician. This clock, which was designed to rival the famous specimen in Strasbourg Cathedral, contained three dials, giving the time of day, the day of the month, the age of the moon, and the motion of the heavenly bodies, having an orrery in the centre portion. There were also two sets of musical barrels, and a variety of mechanical devices, such as a ship in full sail, figures to strike the hours and quarters, &c. The calculations for this clock, all worked out by Mr. Graham himself with mathematical exactness while a young man, were sufficient to fill a

goodly volume. Amongst other works Mr. Graham executed was a beautiful self-acting lathe for cutting the wheels used in his business, which performed the service with perfect accuracy. The manner of his death was singularly characteristic. Although above 80 years of age, he literally died in harness. A friend one morning entered the room which served him as a domicile and a workshop, and found the old man lying dead beside his lathe, with an unfinished piece of work upon it! The mechanism of the human machine had fairly run down, while the task was yet unaccomplished.

The Fiery Clock-Fyece.

The clock in the tower of St. Nicholas's Church, Newcastle-on-Tyne, was illuminated with gas on the night of December 5, 1829, when the Rev. John Dodd was "wor vicar." It was an event of sufficient interest at the time to give rise to two local songs. One of these songs was written by Robert Nunn; the other, which is copied below, and which was sung to the tune of "The Bold Dragoon," was the production of William Oliver. The son of a cheesemonger, the latter poet was born in the Side, Newcastle, on the 5th of February, 1800. William was destined to be a draper and hatter, and served his time with Mr. Bowes, of the Bridge End, Gateshead; but he soon relinquished that line of business, and joined his brother, Mr. Thomas Oliver, at the corner of the High Bridge, in the Bigg Market, as a grocer. There he remained till his death, which took place on the 29th of October, 1848, and consequently ere he had completed his forty-ninth year. His mortal remains were buried in the Westgate Cemetery, Arthur's Hill. A collection of his songs and poems was published in 1829, and dedicated to Robert Bell, Esq., Mayor of Newcastle. The songs, which form but a small part of the work, are mostly local, all clever, and were long highly popular. Many of the characters mentioned in them have now faded, however, into the misty distance, and that naturally lessens the interest attached to the lyrics. "The Newcassel Props" is the best of the lot. Others are "The New Markets," "The Bonassus," "The Lament," and "The Newcassel Millers." Among the poems are several inspired by the Spirit of Liberty, evoked by the democratic movements in Spain and other Continental countries in 1820 and thereabouts.

———

Aa think there's nowt will noo amaze,
  Whatever comes to pass,
Since Nichol, in his dotin' days,
  Hez lit his clock wi' gas.
On a' wor decent, pious ways
  They seem determint te encroach, men,
For noo they've myed poor Nichol blaze
  Te suit them rips, the hackney coachmen.

Like a' that te the Church belangs,
  They say it minds itsel';
But wiser far, for, when it's wrang,
  It hez the sense to tell.
Wor lazy parsons, yince a week,
  Invite the godly folk te slumber;
But Nichol preaches day an' neet,
  And bids the warld their moments number.

A brother burgess luvs a byen,—
  Some Corporashun job,
Se they play'd the aad game ower agyen,
  Wi' Nichol for the hob:
They painted, proppt, and myed him shine,
  Tho' not, aa'm shyure, before 'twas needed;
An' noo, te see hissel' se fine,
  The poor aad fellow's gyen leet-headed.

Time never went, sin' aa can mind,
  Se lightly on before;
Whe knaas but Fortune still may hev
  Some brighter hoors in store?
Wor thanks are due, for when wor fou,
  We'll see te carry hyem the likker,
But, if ye've onny leet te spare,
  Oh, hinnies, 'luminate wor vicar.

A Tweedmouth Patriarch.

FULLER'S "History of Berwick," published in 1799, contains the following note, communicated in a letter to the author from the Rev. Andrew Thompson, minister of the Relief Congregation in that town, dated Berwick, February 1, 1797:—"In Berwick there are many that I know upwards of eighty: James Stuart, living in Shaw's Lane, and an old dragoon, was born in the year 1709."

Had this been correct, James Stuart would have been in his ninety-first year at the commencement of the present century; and, as his death did not take place till the year 1844, he would then have passed his hundred and thirty-fourth year. He would still have fallen far short of Old Parr, who is said to have been 152 years and some months old when he died, and of the yet more marvellous Henry Jenkins, who, if we may trust the authorities, lived till he was 169 years old. But he would have overpassed the average duration of man's vital lease in Britain by more than a hundred years,—an Englishman or Scotchman's expectation of life, at the hour of birth, being only thirty-three years.

There is reason to believe, however, that the honest Relief Minister was mistaken in his date. For, according to Jemmy Stuart's own account in his latter days, and his generally received biography, published in the local newspapers during his lifetime and at his death, he was born on Christmas Day, 1728, at Charleston, in South Carolina, United States, seven months after the accession of George the Second. Assuming this to be true, he died in his 116th year.

William Howitt, in his "Visits to Remarkable Places," was the first to make the reading public of Britain aware of the existence of this aged Samson, but he had long been well known before that on both sides of the Border. He travelled for many years with a "cuddie-cairt" 'round about the country as a higgler and carrier; but age and infirmity forced him to give up his humble occupation. He then supported himself by his fiddle, on which he was a very indifferent performer. Sheldon, in his "History

of Berwick," tells us he might often be seen at the corner of Hyde Hill (the customary place of meeting of the farmers and corn factors on market days), on some fine market day in June, shivering out a trembling tune from his rude fiddle, for, like Scott's Last Minstrel, "he an uncertain prelude made," anything but inviting to musical ears.

Howitt says of this old, old man:—"Imagine me sitting in a lane near Berwick-upon-Tweed, and opposite to me James Stuart, the descendant of Scotland's ancient kings, the son of a general of a former century, the grandson of the lady of Airlie, the spectator of Culloden and Prestonpans, the soldier of Bunker's Hill and Quebec, a man considerably more than one hundred years, and the reader must be satisfied that wonderful things have not yet ceased."

Wonderful things, indeed! If all that is told of this alleged scion of royalty be true, then is the truth strange, stranger than fiction. His father, according to himself, was General John Stuart, a near relative of Prince Charles Stuart, the young Chevalier, eldest son of the Pretender. His mother's name was Ogilvie, and she was a daughter of that famous lady who is the heroine of the fine old Scotch ballad, "The Bonnie House of Airlie," commemorative of the burning of that ancient place, in Forfarshire, by the Marquis of Argyle, in 1640. General Stuart is said to have been killed in America, at the head of his troops—risings having taken place amongst the colonists; and his widow subsequently returned to Scotland. This was when James Stuart was about seven years of age, and he, with his sisters, was brought up at the house of Airlie. In the ever-memorable year, 1745, he was at school, then aged fifteen. Having plenty of money, he ran away from school, being curious to see the upshot of events. He marched south with the Highland army, and was a spectator from the adjoining heights of the Battle of Prestonpans. In that short but eventful action, he saw the lamented Colonel Gardiner knocked off his horse by a ball, and his death-blow dealt by the miller of Invernayhale. He also witnessed Johnny Cope's flight from the field, and, inspired by youthful enthusiasm, threw away his bonnet and ran into the thick of the fight, where he had a near look at the face of the adventurous Prince Charles Edward, his blood relation. He accompanied the rebels on their triumphal march back to Edinburgh, and when Charles took possession of his ancestral palace, he had the honour to be introduced to him, and, according to his repeated statement, drank a glass of wine with him. He was also present on the field of Culloden, so fatal to the hopes of the Stuarts. How he managed to escape does not appear, but he seems soon afterwards to have changed sides. For, when in about his twentieth year, he enlisted in King George's service, in the 42nd Royal Highlanders. He remained in that regiment six or seven years. At the time of General Wolfe's expedition to Canada, he was serving as an ensign, and he fought at the memorable battle of Quebec, 1759. After the close of this war, he sold his commission, but again, in a short time, entered the service; and when the North American colonies revolted, he was serving in the ranks. He was engaged in the bloody action which took place at Bunker's Hill on June 17, 1775; but shortly afterwards he changed his mode of life, and went to sea on board a man-of-war. In this capacity he served his king and country for about sixteen years. He was present when the gallant Admiral Rodney destroyed the French fleet under Count de Grasse, in the West Indies, on the 12th of April, 1782. He had hitherto escaped unscathed; but in this action he was wounded on the head, in the thigh, and in both legs. Disabled for a time, he left the king's service. He afterwards turned to the mercantile marine, and served for some years as a common sailor on board several trading vessels. Then he joined a regiment of Fencibles, and coming with it to Berwick, about the time of the threatened French invasion (1795), he continued ever after to reside in that neighbourhood.

Down till within a year or two of his death he continued to travel up and down the Northern Counties of England and the South of Scotland, first, as we have said, as a higgler, and latterly as a mendicant. It is averred, however, that he never asked alms, though he, of course, willingly took whatever was freely given him. He repaid his entertainers with his performances on the fiddle. His favourite airs were "The Lad with the White Cockade" and "The Campbells are Coming." More characteristic by far were his feats of almost superhuman muscular energy which he was wont to exhibit, with a not unnatural pride, for the astonishment of his friends and patrons. These feats, according to Sheldon, were such as the following:—"Lifting with his teeth a kitchen or dining table, six or seven feet long; raising from the ground on his hand men weighing about 20 stone (one gentleman informed the writer that he raised him and another person on his shoulders; their united weight might have been from 24 to 27 stones); lifting from the ground 18 half-hundredweights fastened together on an iron bar with one hand; and last, though not least, carrying, the breadth of a haystack, a cart loaded with hay, the cart estimated to weigh half-a-ton, and the hay one ton." At the time when he performed the latter feat (about 1812), he was, if the date of his birth is correctly stated, nearly eighty-four years old. He merited and obtained by such prodigious acts and deeds his nick-name of "Jemmy Strength," or "Jemmy Strong."

Stuart was no monogamist; for he married successively no fewer than five wives; and, had the laws of his country permitted, he might have had as many as Solomon. The names of these highly favoured women were:—1st, Catherine Bane, of a Caithness family; 2nd, Annie M'Donald, also of Celtic extraction; 3rd, Nancy Riddle, of Spittal, near Tweedmouth; 4th, Peggy Hewit, a Berwickshire lass; and 5th, Isabel Dawson, a girl comparatively, who was but 36 years old when her centenarian spouse died. By these wives Jemmy had twenty-

seven children, ten of whom were killed in battle—four in the East India Company's service, two at Trafalgar, one in the Scots Greys at Waterloo, and two at Algiers with Admiral Sir David Milne.

The following conversation between William Howitt and old Jemmy is highly interesting. We give it in Howitt's own words:—

"Gentlemen," he said, "were all very kind to me. Sir Walter Scott sent for me to go to Abbotsford. He sent to Mr. Robinson, the minister of Newton, near Coldstream, desiring him to send me. So, at length, after many delays, I got a cuddie (jackass), and went—but when I got there Sir Walter was dead, and all his family gone. It was a pity," he said, "for Sir Walter was a Justice of the Peace, and a Justice of Quorum too, and he might have been able to do summut for me." I told him it was a pity Sir Walter had not seen him, as he was a great writer, and would have made a figure of him in a romance The old man seemed to smile at the idea. "Would he really?" said he, but then added, "Weel, we must try to figure in another world." (Scott would undoubtedly have made him a hero in some novel, and conferred on him the same species of immortality he did on the Black Dwarf.) I told him he might live to reach 120. He said:—"Weel, that is all a hidden mystery; and it is as weel that it is, for it is our business to learn to put our whole trust in Providence. Aye," said he, "I have gone on above 100 years, and my faith is stronger than ever. If my eyes did not fail me, I should have the pleasure of reading my Testament over a good many times yet, as I have done many times already, till I have it almost off by heart; but my wife reads it for me, and that's a great comfort."

On many occasions Sheldon heard him repeat a series of chapters from the Old, and another series from the New Testament—such was the wonderful tenacity of his memory, even in the extremity of old age. The chapters recited were the first and succeeding chapters of Genesis, and the third and succeeding chapters of the Gospel of St. John. "He went on," says the historian, "in a rapid and apparently mechanical muttering style, and we imagine we could trace back the acquisition of these extraordinary stores of Biblical lore to his earlier youth, from the broader Doric of his Scotch pronunciation manifested in repeating the passages of Scripture, than in his ordinary discourse. His emphasis was from this reason very peculiar. The words—'The *deevil* led him up into an *exce-eding* high mountain,' struck peculiarly on our ear. He could seemingly have gone on to any extent, but was stopt from dread of physical exhaustion."

Through a notice which appeared in the *Berwick and Kelso Warder*, the sympathy of several of the benevolent public, including her Majesty, was awakened in Jemmy's behalf, and a fund was raised for his relief, so that he spent his latter days in comparative comfort. He could read and write up to the last year of his life; but for some months previous to his death he was childish and idiotic. The patriarch died on the 11th of April, 1844, the immediate cause of death being a fall, which injured his hip joint. Thousands went to look upon the patriarch of 115 years, alleged to be the last of the Royal Stuarts, as he lay in his coffin. Jemmy's countenance once seen was never forgotten. It had, says one who knew him well, "a cast of elongation, by which the uncropt chin protruded far down the broad, square chest, while the large furrowed haffets of hoary eld, gigantic cheek bones, prominently attenuated, and the fitful glimmerings of eyes, hazy with age, were overshadowed with shaggy eyebrows. The head contained the notion of a giant fallen into decrepitude, and it was so closely poised between a pair of Atlantean shoulders, that it was obvious some stroke of bodily deformity had modified the frame of its owner; the downward continuation of his figure consisted of two immense bony arms, a short squat trunk, and two short legs, with an ungainly bend, which, in vulgar parlance, is termed bow-houghed." A curious portrait of him, taken in the last year of his life, was printed on a broadsheet containing an account of his "strange, eventful history." Therein he is represented playing on the fiddle, with a crutch supporting his right side. This portrait is here copied.

Pity it is to disturb received and credited myths, but truth compels us to say that much of Jemmy's biography "lacks confirmation." The story of the Lady of Airlie, for instance, is apocryphal; for the heroine of the Scottish ballad, born in 1596, was a grandmother in 1640, and therefore no daughter of hers could have borne this modern Hercules in 1728, the apparent date of the old man's birth. Then, bonny Prince Charlie never had such a cousin as General John Stuart, though he had, as a companion-in-arms, in the '45, the gallant Colonel John Roy Stewart, who raised a regiment in Edinburgh for "the good old cause," during a stay of the Highland army in the Scottish capital. So General Stuart, if not a

mere creature of the imagination, could have been kith and kin to the royal Stuarts only by many long removes. It is possible, however, that Jemmy's father may have held his Majesty's commission, and that he was killed in the South Carolinean troubles, which began in 1719 with bickerings between the Churchmen and Dissenters in the colony, and ended in 1728 by the lords proprietors resigning their chartered rights and the Crown assuming the direct government. To judge of Jemmy himself by his habitual bearing (no infallible way, it must be confessed), he had very little gentle blood in his frame. His manners were coarse and blunt. This may have been the result of his long association with wild, reckless characters in the army, navy, and elsewhere. But, as Phædrus says of the empty wine cask, "some flavour of the liquor will still cling about the staves," so, if our hero had mixed in early youth with the best society of Scotland, if he had been college bred, as he was once heard to state, and had partly received his education at the Universities of St. Andrews and Aberdeen, it is inconceivable how he should not have retained some perceptible smack of it.

James Stuart's funeral was attended by a great number of people, not only from the town of Berwick, but from all the country round. All crowded forward to bear the coffin, if only but for a moment, that they might have the pleasure of saying thereafter they helped to carry the last of the Stuarts to the grave. His body was laid in Tweedmouth Churchyard, not far from the last resting-place of John Mackay Wilson, author of the famous "Border Tales."

Frederick Sheldon, Author of "The History of Berwick."

Sheldon's "History of Berwick," from which quotations concerning the Tweedmouth patriarch are given in the foregoing article, was the work of William Thompson, a strolling player who assumed the name of Frederick Sheldon. Correspondence on the subject occurred in the "Notes and Queries" of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* in 1885. Two of the communications then printed are here appended.

The first time I saw Frederick Sheldon was on the stage in front of Billy Purvis's show at Newcastle Races, nearly sixty years ago. His father was also there, though not in the capacity of an actor. After Billy had exhausted all his persuasive eloquence in calling upon the people to "come up and see wor show," the company retired to begin, with young Sheldon as sole musician, with his fiddle. The next time I saw Frederick was in Methuen's long room in Gateshead, at that time in the occupation of Messrs. Ferguson and Fisher, as managers of a strolling company of players. Sheldon was their violinist, and occasionally *went on* in minor parts. Although passionately fond of acting, Sheldon never was an actor. He came to Berwick about the year 1836, with Palmer's company. At that time Berwick possessed a snug little theatre, which was unfortunately destroyed by fire a few years after. On the boards of this old house many of our best actors of the olden time have performed, notably the Kembles, Macready, George Frederick Cooke, Gustavus V. Brooke, &c. When the latter first came here, he was a mere youth, accompanied by his mother, and was announced in the bills as "Master Brooke."

Sheldon continued to pay occasional visits to Berwick until about 1840, when he got married and settled down in the Border town. He had an old building fitted up as a theatre, which he conducted very successfully for a short time. During his brief management, he had a few stars engaged. Two I distinctly remember—the African Roscius and Mr. Ternan from Newcastle. This speculation failing, Sheldon now gave himself up to literary pursuits, in which he was eminently successful.

Besides writing a poem called "Mieldenvold" and publishing "The Minstrelsy of the English Border," he was the author, or, more correctly, the compiler, of a "History of Berwick-upon-Tweed." This volume was published in 1849 by Adam Black, of Edinburgh; by Longmans, Brown, Green, and Longmans, London; and by John Wilson, Berwick. It is an 8vo volume, demy, of 432 pp. In this work Sheldon thus winds up his preface:—"In conclusion, I desire all critics to review my work like scholars, not mangle it like butchers, 'to make it a dish for the gods, not a carcase for the hounds.'"

I have some reason to remember Sheldon's literary labours. During his compilation of the "Minstrelsy," he borrowed some books, which he *forgot* to return; such also was the fate of a volume of playbills of the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, during Penley's management. These bills were printed on a quarto sheet of demy, forming two 8vo pages, facing each other, being the second and third pages of the sheet when folded, so that at the end of the season they could easily be stitched or bound together, thus forming a compact and handy volume. Some years after Sheldon's death I came across part of one of these bills in a huckster's shop doing duty as *waste paper*. "To what base uses may we come at last."

J. M., Berwick.

I knew Sheldon well. His real name was William Thompson; his father's name was James Thompson. The old gentleman was a cabinetmaker, who lived in Blenheim Street or Blandford Street, Newcastle, and used to eke out a living by making portable writing desks. His son was a strolling player, and used to pitch his tent or booth in all parts of Durham and Northumberland. Thompson was always wretchedly poor, and oftentimes a little coarse mouthed. I have been told by the late Mr. W. Alder, publisher of the *Blyth Weekly News*, that when Thompson was in the neighbourhood of Blyth he would go and order a few bills for his pavilion, and sit in the workshop from morning till closing time, reading all the time, because, as Mr. Alder thought, he had nothing more substantial to feed upon. During my apprenticeship with Mr. J. Lee, in St. John's Lane, Newcastle, we used to "do up," that is, bind his "Mieldenvold" now and then, as he could only redeem a few copies at a time. I remember that several of our local men, such as Dr. Bruce, Mr. John Fenwick, and I think the Duke of Northumberland, were patrons of his.

It was at times dismally amusing to hear him tell of his writing poetry under annoying hindrances, such as his wife washing the crockery that had been used at the last

repast on one corner of the table, while he was writing at the other corner. An accident was sure to happen. Perhaps one of the dishes would be broken, and he, after uttering a coarse word or two, would say, "How you startled me! and, what is worse, you have startled a grand idea out of my head, and neither the good plate nor the good idea can be startled back again. They are gone, gone, gone for ever."

Thompson used to say he had dropped into great wealth and honour when Longmans gave him £50 for his "Minstrelsy." He was very glad and proud of it. He was often called, playfully, "Berwick Bay," by those who could make free with him. This arose from his having written two rather curious lines in a ballad called "The Northern Star." The lines were:—

The sun went down in Berwick Bay,
Down in the sea went he.

I find from a cutting in my scrap book that he died at Stockton "on the 13th," but unfortunately I have neglected to note the month and the year. The cutting is, I think, from the *Newcastle Chronicle* of about twenty-five years ago, and the following is a copy of the notice:—"At Stockton, 13th inst., Mr. Frederick Sheldon, aged 34, author of 'The Border Minstrelsy,' 'History of Berwick,' &c."

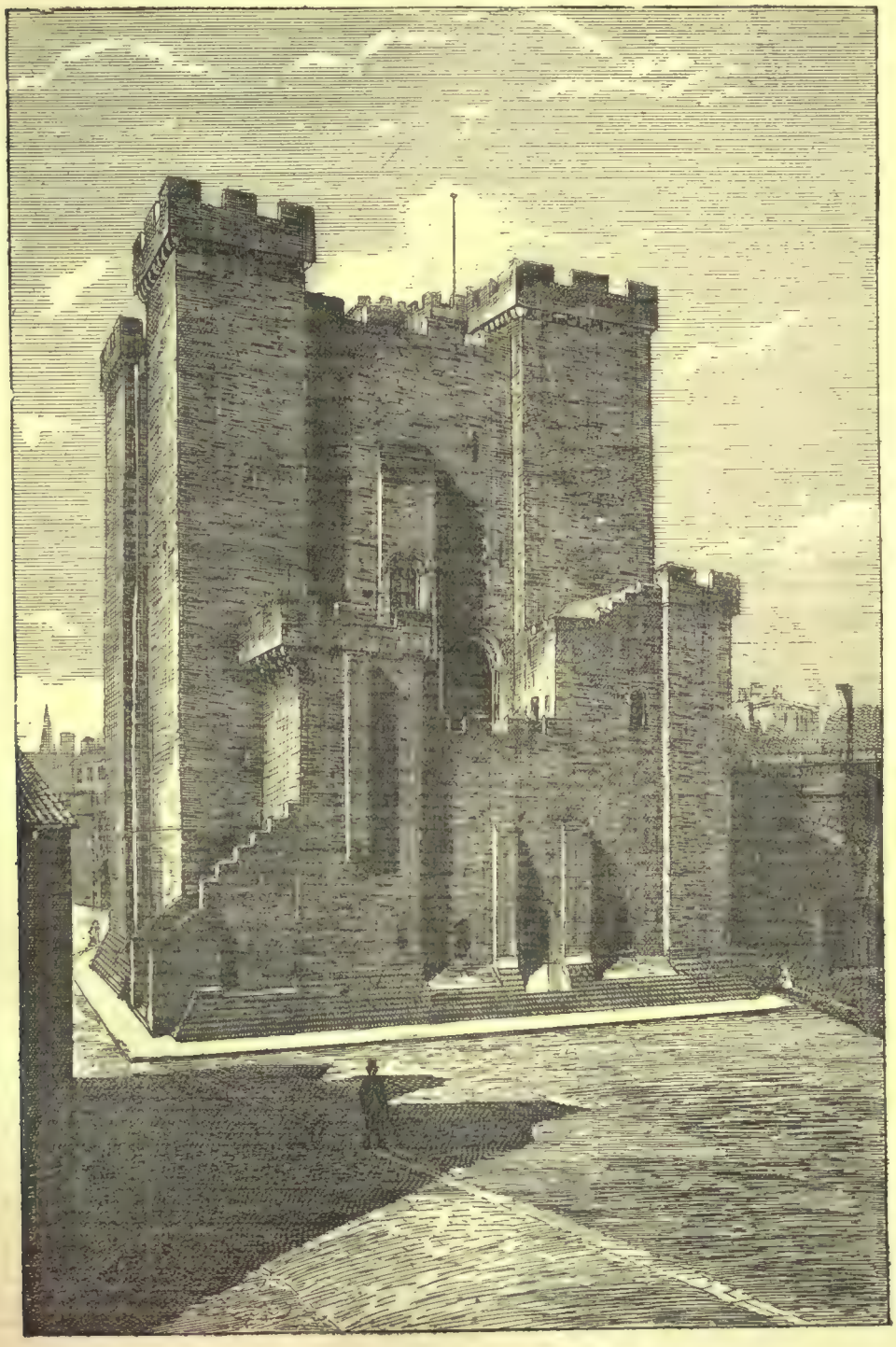
WM. MORAN, Newcastle.

The Norman Keep, Newcastle.

THE first Norman Castle at Newcastle-on-Tyne was built by Robert Curthose, the eldest son of William the Conqueror, and was probably a mere wooden fort, raised upon an earthen mound. Robert's brother, William Rufus, built a more substantial fortress on or about the same site, and from it the town received its present name. This latter fortress was improved upon, if not entirely rebuilt, by Henry II., who in 1172 erected the Keep, which still survives as restored in the beginning of the present century.

The history of the Keep for many years preceding this restoration is a history of dilapidation and decay. In the reign of James I. (to go no further back), an inquisition which was held complained that the great square tower was full of chinks and crannies; that one-third of it was almost taken away; and that all the lead and coverings which it had of old were embezzled and carried off, so that "the prisoners of the county of

CASTLE KEEP, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, 1810.



CASTLE KEEP, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, 1887.

Northumberland were most miserably lodged by reason of the showers of rain falling upon them." Some repairs were made; but the Keep got gradually worse, so that when Bourne wrote his "History of Newcastle" (published in 1736) it was roofless, while all the floors had fallen in, except the first floor, which formed the roof of the gaol in the basement.

In 1780, the chapel of the Castle was used as a beer-cellar by the landlord of the Three Bulls' Heads public-house; in other parts of the Keep there was an ice-house, as well as a currier's workshop; and on the top of the walls (which were thirteen feet thick) was a cabbage garden. The lessee of the building in 1782, one Mr. John Chrichloe Turner, did his best to complete the degradation of the Castle by advertising it to be let as a windmill! The advertisement ran as follows:—"To be let, the OLD CASTLE in the Castle Garth, upon which with the greatest convenience and advantage may be erected a Wind Mill for the purpose of grinding Corn and Bolting Flour, or making Oil, &c. There is an exceedingly good Spring of Water within the Castle, which renders it a very eligible situation for a Brewery, or any Manufactory that requires a constant supply of water. The proprietor, upon proper terms, will be at a considerable part of the expense. Enquire of Mr. Fryer, in Westgate-Street, Newcastle."

Our illustrations are interesting as enabling us at a glance to contrast the present aspect of this venerable Norman work with that it presented before it was restored, and when it was at its lowest point of decay. Our smaller view is from Sir Walter Scott's "Border Antiquities," for which work it was painted by that famous Newcastle artist, Luke Clennell, and engraved by John Greig. The "Border Antiquities" was published in 1814, and the sketch must have been made before or during 1810, as alterations in the Castle-yard were begun in the latter year. The earthen heap in the foreground of Clennell's picture is "The Mound," which stood about 25 yards south-west of the Keep, and may have been the site of the original fort of Robert Curthose. The square mass of masonry on the left is part of the Old Baillie Gate of the Castle, which stood facing the end of the street now called Bailiff Gate. The house on the right of the picture is now removed, and the door next it, with the ladder leading up to it, is now reached by a flight of stone stairs. The lower steps of these can be seen on the left hand side of our larger illustration, which shows the Keep as it stands at present.

The old Keep was purchased by the Corporation of Newcastle for £600. It was, says Mackenzie, renovated in 1812. Alderman Forster was the moving spirit in this work. Many have found fault with him for adding the battlemented top, which is quite out of character with the architecture of the Keep; but Newcastle folks may well overlook the incongruity in gratitude for the preservation of a rare relic of antiquity from utter ruin and destruction.

R. J. C.

Riding the Stang.

IN all parts of the world there is an unwritten as well as a written law, of which the former is the rough-and-ready outcome of the sentiments of the common people, and the latter the deliberate calm expression of constituted authority. In England and Scotland, notorious breaches of decorum used formerly to be punished, both in town and country, by subjecting the misdemeanants to public ridicule, through causing them to "ride the stang," or, as it was termed in some parts of the South, to "ride Skimmington," a term of unexplained origin. The stang was sometimes a piece of stout paling, borrowed from a neighbouring fence, but more generally a cowl-staff, such as was used to hang a water-vessel or cowl on, so as to enable it to be borne by two persons. "Where's the cowl-staff?" cries Ford's wife, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," when she purposes to get Falstaff into a large buck-basket with two handles, and cover him up with foul linen, "as if it were going to bucking"; and when the staff or stang is produced and passed through the handles, the fat knight is borne off by two of Ford's men to Datchet Mead, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and there thrown into a muddy ditch, close by the Thames' side.

Hereabouts in the North the cowl-staff or stang was used in a different fashion. Riding it was the usual punishment inflicted on husbands who thrashed their wives, and on wives who cowed their husbands, as well as on fornicators and adulterers. Such persons, also, as followed their occupations on Christmas Day, New Year's Day, or any other general holiday, or at prohibited times when there was a strike among workmen, ran a great risk of having to go through the same ignominious ordeal, after which they very seldom recovered their character in the opinion of their neighbours. Over-reaching in trade was occasionally punished in the same rude way; and it was not an uncommon thing, a generation or two since, for a schoolboy who had offended against one or other of the bye-laws enacted by his schoolmates to be stanged. The proper mode of carrying out the sentence of the mob lawgivers was by bearing the offender up and down, mounted backwards, upon the stang. On this fickle and painful seat he was borne about the neighbourhood, attended by a swarm of children and adults, huzzaing with all their might, and pelting him with every manner of filth.

Mr. Longstaffe, in his "History of Darlington," says he once witnessed the custom in that parish; but he adds that it ended in such increased cruelty to the poor victim revenged (that is, we infer, to the brute of a man's wife) that he verily believed she died from grief, and he apprehended no such transaction would ever again take place there. It had become so obsolete at the time the stang was last used in Darlington that one part of the ceremony, once considered essential, because emphatically

adding insult to injury—the demanding fourpence from the misdemeanant for giving him a ride—was either forgotten or dispensed with. But riding the stang is still in fashion at Northallerton, where a case occurred not long since.

At many places a stang-rhyme was recited in the course of the procession. Mr. Longstaffe gives the following fragment of one, composed for a druggist at Thirsk who had been convicted of beating his spouse :—

Hey Derry ! Hey Derry ! Hey Derry Dan !
It's neither for your cause nor my cause
That I ride the stang ;
But it is for t' Peg Doctor for banging his deary,
If you'll stay a few minutes I'll tell you all clearly.
One night he came home with a very red face—
I suppose he was drunk, as is often the case ;
Be that as it may, but when he got in,
He knocked down his wife with a new rolling pin.
She jumped up again and knocked off his hat,
And he up with the pestle, and felled her quite flat,
She ran out to the yard and shouted for life,
And he swore he would kill her with a great gully-knife.
So all you good people that lives in this raw,
I'd have you take warning, for this is our law ;
And if any of you husbands your wives do bang,
Come to me and my congregation, and we'll *Ride the Stang !*

At Thirsk, Mr. Longstaffe tells us, a succession of ridings sometimes occupied a week ; but then each case needed three ridings on successive nights. The metrical harangue was changed each night by the leader of the stang band, an important officer of the town, indeed ; and the last night an effigy was burned before the offender's door, and the spokesman then proceeded to crave him for the groat, which was usually paid under the influence of fear or custom.

Formerly, at Thirsk and other Yorkshire towns, where the practice long continued in full pomp, the spokesman, who was usually an improvisator himself, or the mouthpiece of one, was carried on a ladder on men's shoulders ; but latterly he used to be drawn along in a donkey cart, from which, at every stoppage, he entertained his audience with as much mock majesty as ever Thespis, the inventor of tragedy, can have displayed. The magistrates declined to interfere with the old custom so long as no property was damaged ; and, before the introduction of the rural police, they had scarcely any alternative but to wink at it. In some places, when they could not lay hold of the actual culprit, a boy was induced to mount the stang ; but, though attended by the same tumultuous cries, if not with increased shouts of acclamation, he was, of course, personally unmolested ; and the orator, as the crowd went along, kept vociferously proclaiming that it was not on his own account that the lad was thus treated, but on that of another person whose crime he took care to name with scrupulous particularity. The sketch on page 124, copied from an old engraving, represents this form of the ceremony.

The late Mr. John Hopper, of Hurworth Place, who died about eight years since, used to tell how he often officiated as stang-man at Barnsley and other places where he had lived, and that he wrote out the Act, as it was called, to be recited on a memorable occasion at Hurworth, just forty years ago, when the wild justice of the villagers was executed in orthodox fashion, in presence of our informant, Mr. Charles Hopper, of Croft, then a boy, on two married men and a single woman, proved to have been guilty of incontinence. The people perambulated the three townships of Hurworth, Hurworth Place, and Neasham, on three successive nights, loudly proclaiming the gross delinquency of the parties in set terms, and the third evening carrying with them in a farmer's cart the effigies of the trio, which were finally burnt in front of one of their houses. And then, to crown the whole, the parties were asked to pay fifteenpence, the costs of the performance, which, if they had not done, a worse thing would doubtless have come to them.

The following is one of the speeches, or "nominies," used on the occasion of avenging the sufferings of a henpecked husband, who, like the little tailor of Tweedmouth, had been shamefully beaten by his wife. Poor Snip, we may interject, was not only soundly belaboured by his virago helpmate, but forced to take refuge under the table, and whenever he peeped out was kicked back again, in spite of his ever and anon muttering between his teeth, "I will look out as long as I'm a man." Here are the rhymes:—

With a ran, tan, tan,
On my old tin pan,
Hey tickle, ho tickle,
Hey tickle tang !
'Tis not for my fault nor thy fault
That I ride the stang—
But for Mrs. —— and her good man.
She banged him, she bang'd him,
For spending a penny when he stood in need ;
She up with a three-legged stool ;
She struck him so hard, and she cut so deep,
That the blood ran down like a new stuck sheep.

The accompaniment to this doggerel, which was varied as circumstances might require, was what was called "rough music," extracted from frying-pans, tea-kettles, bull's horns, marrow bones, cleavers, and other equally melodious instruments.

John Trotter Brockett, in his "Glossary," says he had been witness to processions of this kind himself ; but nothing of the sort has been seen in Durham or Northumberland, so for as we can learn, for a good many years past.

In Summers's "History of Sunderland" several instances are given, but they belong to the latter part of last century. The most serious case occurred in 1783, at the close of the first American War. The sailors who had been impressed no sooner got back to their homes, on peace being proclaimed, than they determinded to avenge themselves on the informers, by whose means they had been kidnapped and forced on board the tender to serve in the royal navy. Such of those fellows as had not left the town were accordingly hunted up, and were mounted, when found, upon a stang, and carried through the principal streets, exposed to the insults of an enraged populace, the women, in particular, bedaubing

them plentifully with dirt, rotten eggs, potatoes and turnips, and whatever other missiles came ready to hand. The constables being powerless, and beaten off the field, the military had to be called in, when the mob dispersed, but not without threatening a renewal of the man-hunt, which, however, the prompt measures taken by the magistrates happily prevented. Amongst the informers stanged at this time was Jonathan Coates, of Arras's Lane, Sunderland, commonly known as "Jotty Coates," who, after undergoing severe punishment on the stang, reached his home nearly dead. During the night, he heard a noise, which he supposed to be his tormentors coming for him again, when he crawled into a narrow dog-leap or slip of waste ground between Arras's and Baines's Lanes, where he died. The popular fury ran so high that his relatives durst not attempt to bury him in daylight, and his body lay in his house for a whole week, until some soldiers were prevailed upon to carry it by night, by way of the "Back Lonnin," to Sunderland churchyard, where it was interred without any funeral ceremony. About ten years subsequently, during a determined strike of the keelmen, who had succeeded in blockading the river for some days, one of their own number, a man named Nicholas Lowes, gave information to the coalfitters of the chief actors in the affair, for which offence the keelmen broke the windows of his house, which stood at the south-east corner of Wearmouth Green, and carried him through the town on a stang. Seven keelmen were arrested and committed to Durham Gaol for this outrage, and sentenced at the assizes in August, 1793, to be imprisoned for two years, and to find sureties for their good behaviour for other three.

"To ride Skimmington" was the expression used for the burlesque procession which used to be got up in the South of England, in such cases as called for riding the stang in districts further North. It consisted in the man who had allowed his wife to beat him, or, in his absence, his next neighbour, being set to ride on a horse behind a woman, with his face to the horse's tail, holding a distaff in his hand, at which he pretended to work, as indicative of the occupation to which he ought to buckle himself at home.

Riding the Stang.

In the second part of the second canto of "Hudibras," there is a curious account of a cavalcade of this kind in which—

> —— mounted on a horned horse,
> One bore a gauntlet and gilt spurs,
> Tied to the pummel of a long sword
> He held reversed, the point turned downward.
> Next after, on a raw-boned steed,
> The conqueror's standard-bearer rid,
> And bore aloft before the champion
> A petticoat displayed and rampant;
> Near whom the Amazon triumphant
> Bestrid her beast, and on the rump on't
> Sat face to tail.

When Hudibras, in the sequel, declares that he never in all his life till then had seen so profane a show, and that it must surely be a Paganish invention, Ralpho, to whom the sight was probably familiar, explained to him that it was "but a riding used, of course, when the grey mare was the better horse."

Less than a century ago, it was quite common in Cumberland and Westmoreland on Old Christmas Day, and in some parishes on the 1st of January, O.S., for people to assemble early in the morning with baskets and stangs, and whoever did not join them, whether inhabitant or stranger, was immediately mounted across the stang, and carried shoulder-high to the next public-house, where sixpence was demanded to liberate the prisoner. Women were seized in the same way, and carried to the ale-house in swills, where they were fined a pint of beer each.

Riding the stang was practised among the Norsemen twelve or thirteen centuries ago. They used a "pole of infamy" or *nidstaeng* whereon to mount the guilty person; and he who had once submitted to the exposure was thenceforward reckoned a *Niding*, and excluded from all public employments. The *nidstaeng* was sometimes used, however, to wreak the spite of a tyrant on an innocent person, and in such a case the infamy recoiled on the perpetrator of the insult. Thus it is on record that Eric, King of Norway, had to fly from the hatred of his people for inflicting this stigma on Egill Skallagrim, a celebrated Icelandic bard.

The custom of riding the stang was carried by the Goths into Spain, on their migration southwards from Scandinavia; and Brand, in his "Popular Antiquities," gives a curious account, from an old writer, of the way in which it was practised there.

WILLIAM BROCKIE.

A SCENE AT STAINDROP.

I witnessed the custom of riding the stang at Staindrop, in the county of Durham, in the year 1831. Ah me! 56 years ago.

A too confiding damsel, having loved, "not wisely, but too well," found herself involved in the troubles of maternity before she had secured a husband, and had, therefore, to obtain from the magistrates an order for maintenance, which she saddled on a young fellow of the "ne'er-do-weel" class. Young Graceless did not, however, relish having the honours of paternity thus thrust upon him; nay, he resented the "soft impeachment," and even went so far as to say that an official of the church (the verger) was the real Simon Pure; and, in consequence, he and his friends made it very hot and uncomfortable for the poor fellow. Amongst other things provided for his annoyance was riding the stang, which I witnessed.

First, towards evening a large quantity of straw, sticks, faggots, and all sorts of combustibles were piled up in the Market Place, near the Butchers' Shambles. Then, after dark, a group of men paraded about the streets and lanes ringing a bell, probably borrowed from the town crier for the occasion; and as they proceeded the numbers increased till they had all the rabble of the place collected round them. They then went to a shed outside the town, and there procured a cart, whereon they placed a ladder crossways. On the ladder they set up an effigy of the verger in his church gown, and this was supported by young Graceless, who carried the bell and acted as fugleman, on one side, and by a friend on the other. Willing hands were ready to draw the cart as they entered the town, with the bell ringing, the crowd thumping on pans and kettles, whistles, and trumpets, sometimes groaning, sometimes hurrahing, just as it took their humour. As soon as they were fairly within the street, there was a halt; the bell was rung for silence, when young Graceless, in a loud voice, harangued them in a doggerel, some lines of which are too coarse to be repeated:—

> Hi, Hi, Hi, Hi,
> Hi tinkle, Hi tinkle, Hi tinkle, Hi tinkle,
> Hi tinkle, Hi tinkle, tie up my left arm,
> It's well known through the town about Bess Wilson's bairn;
> It was not the rector, the deacon the clerk,
> But only the verger . . . . .
> It's known to Bess Wilson, if the truth she would tell,
> Which the parson, the clerk, and the sexton know well;
> But the stupid old beaks, to shelter the Church,
> Set the verger off free and left me in the lurch.
> Then come, jolly fellows, and rattle alang,
> For this is the reason we're riding the stang.
> So come, all good people, whoever you be,
> Follow up to the Shambles, and there you will see
> The wicked old verger will get such a blaze
> As you'll never forget to the end of your days.

Then off they went, shouting, brawling, groaning, and making all the uproar possible, for a hundred yards or so. Then another halt and repetition of the oration. And thus they went up one side of the street and down the other, taking care to stop in front of the most prominent houses, particularly those of the clergyman and others connected with the church, and giving the verger's house special attention. About ten o'clock they drew up in the market place, and the effigy was made fast to a stake in the pile of faggots. Young Graceless again orated; and then the fire was applied, the bell rung, the pans rattled, and the crowd yelled and danced round the flaring mass.

No one interfered with them; indeed, there was neither mischief nor danger. It was altogether a vulgar, low ex-

hibition, and certainly more honoured in the breach than the observance. C., Leamington Spa.

A WELSH INCIDENT.

The following is a newspaper account of a recent occurrence in Wales:—

On Monday afternoon (March 21st, 1887), at Llangefni, Anglesea, summonses were heard against seven men who had engaged in lynching Owen Owens, by causing him to ride the Ceffyl Pren (wooden horse) through the village of Rhostrehfa. The prosecutor lived apart from his wife, and the villagers, considering that an ancient Welsh custom, now nearly obsolete, was required to vindicate the moral principles of the parish, procured a ladder, and, going to his house, dragged him out, laid him flat on the wooden horse, strapped him tightly down, and then, amid jeers, carried him around the neighbourhood. He was eventually released by the police. Prior to these interesting proceedings, the crowd had thoroughly searched the house of the lady who was said to be too fond of the prosecutor, but without finding the latter. The defendants escaped punishment. J. S., Leicester.

Peter Allan and Marsden Grotto.

PETER ALLAN, who may be said to have created Marsden, was not the first to conceive the idea of making in that now almost world-famed locality a habitation in the rocks. That idea had been carried out before his time, on the identical spot which Peter afterwards chose, by an old Allenheads miner and his wife. To the singular abode of this couple, in one of the caverns under Marsden cliffs, ladies and gentlemen from Shields and Sunderland used to drive in their carriages so long ago as 1782. In the summer of that year a man commonly known as "Jack the Blaster," then near eighty years of age, who had removed from Allenheads to South Shields some time before, finding the charge of housekeeping in town too heavy for his small means, retired with his wife to one of the magnesian limestone caves which abound on the coast between Shields and Sunderland. The romantic situation of the place, and the singularity of the old couple, drew, as we have said, numbers of people to visit them; and Marsden thus became one of the sights of the neighbourhood. We do not know how long Jack the Blaster and his good wife stayed in their cave dwelling. But the spot to which they had given notoriety never from their time lost its local distinction; and by-and-by a greater genius arose to give it still wider fame.

PETER ALLAN'S BIRTH AND PARENTAGE.

The new dweller in the Rocks, Peter Allan, was a native of Tranent, in East Lothian, which his father left when Peter was a boy. The old man, who was a character in his way, was long a gamekeeper on the estate of Sir Hedworth Williamson, at Whitburn. He lived till he was more than ninety, with his almost equally aged wife, in that beautiful village, as a pensioner on the honourable baronet's bounty, though not by any means altogether so, for he had been a provident man all his days, and had secured to himself a weekly allowance from some mutual benefit society. He was also a bee fancier, and had a large stock of bees, which he kept in his house under glass hives, so that their operations and habits could be freely observed, allowing the industrious little insects egress and ingress by the sitting-room window. When he was above eighty years of age, so good was his eyesight still, and so steady his hand, that he could send a bullet through a bull's eye a hundred yards off.

PETER'S EARLY LIFE.

In early life, Peter Allan, junior, afterwards "the Hermit," entered the service of his father's master, as valet to Mr. William Williamson, brother to Sir Hedworth. Afterwards he became a gamekeeper to the Marquis of Londonderry, and in that situation soon acquired, what he retained up to the day of his death, a reputation as a fearless and unerring shot. We next find him married and settled as a publican in Whitburn, where he bought some property. He also went out, as occasion offered, to execute work by contract. In this manner he obtained employment at the North Dock, Monkwearmouth, during its construction in the years 1835-37. He likewise acted as foreman, for some time, to Mr. Mordey, of Wallsend, over some eight or ten men employed in quarrying stone for the limekiln from the rocks about Marsden.

PETER SETTLES AT MARSDEN.

It was while working in the latter capacity that the idea of taking up his abode on the shores of Marsden Bay first occurred to him. To a mind so acute and speculative as his, it was apparent that, if proper means of accommodation and refreshment were on the spot, those pic-nic parties might be indefinitely multiplied whom the amenity of the neighbourhood brought thither, almost every day, from the adjacent towns, to ramble along the shore, camp on the Velvet Beds, penetrate into the spacious caverns, walk at dead low water through the fretted arches of Marsden Rock, wash their hands and faces in

the Fairy's Kettle, or try to climb to the top of one or other of those singular stacks or isolated rocks, such as Pompey's Pillar or Lot's Wife, which abound all along the coast between Frenchman's Bay and Byers's Quarry. Peter Allan, cogitating these matters with a practical purpose, came to the conclusion that a good thing might be made, at small risk, out of the summer holiday-makers or pleasure-seekers, whom he saw frequenting the place; and having on one occasion drawn a considerable sum, in the way of business, at Shields races, he bought a tent at Newcastle, planted it near the end of the lane which leads from the village of Cleadon down to Marsden Bay, and began to sell refreshments in it to the passers-by. Afterwards he set about making wholesale excavations in order to form a tolerably commodious house in the soft marly rock, near the south-west angle of the bay, where Jack the Blaster had been busy before him.

DIFFCULTIES AND OBSTRUCTIONS.

The lynx-eyed Excise were down upon him, however, in a jiffy. The supervisor himself came from Shields, and threatened to have him prosecuted for selling ale and porter in his house without a license. Peter, who had already spent too much time and trouble in the formation of his marine grotto to relinquish it very willingly, and whose turn of mind it was never to give in till fairly compelled, applied to the South Shields magistrates for an ale and spirit license, and after a good deal of difficulty succeeded in getting it. But his troubles did not end here. When he took to living in the rock, the local authorities fancied he could have no other end in view but to become a smuggler on a great scale, so a reinforcement was added to the Coast Guard. But as this suspicion was not confirmed, and as Peter always showed himself a hearty good fellow, he was soon on the best possible terms with the preventative men, and continued to be so till the day of his death.

EXCAVATING THE GROTTO.

While excavating the grotto, Peter had the occasional assistance of pitmen and others, at times when, from depression of trade, strikes, or otherwise, their ordinary employment was interrupted. But the bulk of the manual labour and the whole of the planning were his own. When the place had been made apparently secure against the storms of winter, by the formation of a solid quay in front, Peter sold his property at Whitburn for a considerable sum, and took up his permanent residence with his family in his marine home. Here he and his wife reared a family of eight children. Persevering for near a quarter of a century, and, in fact, making it the business of his life, Peter brought the place from the position of a bleak, deserted rock, which it was in 1828, to that of a unique yet comfortable place of entertainment. No fewer than eighteen skeletons are said to have been exhumed during Peter's operations. One of unusual size was some years ago preserved in the laboratory of Dr. Cargill in Newcastle.

PERILS FROM THE SEA.

For some years, it was Mr. and Mrs. Allan's custom to remove during the winter season to Whitburn, and return in spring with the swallows; but after a while they made the grotto their permanent abode, braving the rude North-Easters at their very worst, though they hurled huge bellowing breakers right up against the face of the cliffs. Not unfrequently, when impelled by a strong wind from that inclement quarter, the tidal wave would break into the house, sweeping everything before it. On one occasion, Mrs. Allan was sitting at the table, in the front bar, with her youngest daughter, then under three years of age, moving about, when suddenly the door was burst open, and a huge wave flung itself in. It fairly covered the child, who was saved only by the presence of mind of her eldest brother, who, happening at the moment to be in the act of mounting the stairs, saw what had taken place, and rushed down to the door, in time to catch the girl as she was being carried off by the retreating wave. Another time, Peter and a neighbouring farmer were seated in the back bar. Some navvies, then employed under our hero at the Monkwearmoth Dock, were in the front. The turmoil of the storm outside was terrible, and one of the labourers, a tall, broad-shouldered son of the Emerald Isle, went to the door to reconnoitre. A billow, more than breast high, was approaching, yea, was almost at his side. To clap to the door, bolt it, and prop it with his shoulders, was the work of an instant, but in vain. The wave burst open the frail barrier, and sent the poor Patlander bouncing like a top along the floor. Peter and the farmer jumped upon the table, and held on by the joists, laughing the while at the discomforture of the navvies, who all made their exit as speedily as possible, clambering up the rock like rats or rabbits, and calling on their "gaffer" to follow for his life.

PETER SNOWED UP.

During a great snowfall that happened in the winter of 1846, when the railway traffic was for some time completely suspended in Durham and Northumberland, and the Tyne at Newcastle, below bridge, was frozen over, so that the communication with Shields by boat was impracticable for more than a week, the family at the grotto were put to hard shifts. Every entrance to the bay was blocked up. For six weeks they saw no human face but their own. Their friends at Whitburn had well nigh given them up for lost. Fortunately, they had just laid in, as usual at that time of year, provisions for a month, and that, with the help of a pig or two, which they killed, kept them in food till the roads were again passable.

THE GROTTO.

"Approaching from the sands," says Mr. Smith, formerly of Sunderland, in an interesting account of Peter Allan, which he published in 1848, "you see the grotto at the south-western angle of the bay, nestling

at the foot of the upward rocks. It is two stories in height. The front is a plain, whitewashed wall of built stone. Part of the roof is exterior to the rock, and slated. Attached to the upper stories are wooden balconies, where visitors may sit in the free open sunshine and enjoy their pipe, biscuit, and glass of ale, and the beautiful prospect seawards, enlivened by the fleets bound for and from the Tyne. The great weather-beaten brow of the rock beetles threateningly overhead, and in the face of it, on one side of the cottage, a flight of steps, almost perpendicular, is cut in ziz-zag fashion from the footpath on the top to the embankment below. On the other appears a range of apertures, which, on further inspection, you ascertain to be dovecots; whilst beneath these, on the ground floor, so to speak, is a row of massive grated windows and doors, which you will guess admit air, light, and access to anything but a ball-room, yet such is the case. Entering the grotto, you are hailed by Peter with one of his blithest smiles, and invited forthwith to take a peep at the interior. This comprises eight dwelling apartments, besides the ball-room. In the latter, a very spacious apartment, with vaulted roof, and rude orchestra at one end—in truth, as curious a *salle de danse* as 'fair women and brave men' could fancy—the rock meets you on all sides; in the former, in all but one. In one place the superincumbent rock is supported by pillars left intact as the surrounding mass was hewn away; and as two-thirds of the rooms at least are furnished with doors, the whole is thoroughly ventilated. The height of the entire excavation is about twenty feet, its breadth (*i.e.*, into the solid) little under thirty feet, and its length, from the end of the ball-room to that of the cottage, about a hundred and twenty feet." There are now, if we mistake not, fifteen rooms in all, hewn out of the cliff. One of these is called the Gaol Room, from its grated windows; another, the Devil's Chamber, from its being very dingy; and, besides the large ball-room above mentioned, there are concert, dining, and sleeping rooms.

MARSDEN ROCK.

Shortly after his settlement, Peter set about contriving an ascent to Marsden Rock, so that visitors might easily get to its top, then quite inaccessible except to sea-fowl. This was a work of difficulty, seeing that the mass was 109 feet in almost perpendicular height, and that 25 feet of the rock, next the summit, had to be cut through. It was accomplished, however, in a fortnight by Peter and two assistants. One of the trio lived during that time in a tent set up on the top, not descending till their task was finished, and his provender was hoisted up to him by means of a rope. The first lady who ventured to ascend—the first of Eve's daughters, in fact, who set foot on the summit of Marsden Rock since it was violently severed from the mainland some centuries since—was Miss Julia Collinson, of Gateshead, afterwards Mrs. de Winter. Since that day, many thousands have scaled it by Peter's ladder of stairs. A party of young ladies belonging to the Society of Friends were among the first to follow Miss Collinson's example. Peter used long to tell how enthusiastically they expressed their feelings. "They first looked up at the rock," said he, "and said a lot of poetry and stuff; and then

they went through under it, and said some more poetry and stuff; and then they mounted up the ladder, and walked about on the top, and said some more poetry and stuff; and they came down and turned round, and looked up at it again, and said some more poetry and stuff; and then they bade me good day and went away, all the while repeating more poetry and stuff." The mass of magnesian limestone thus apostrophised is now about a hundred yards from the land, although, according to Mackenzie and Ross, it is not much more than a hundred years since the interval could be bridged by a single plank. At high water, Marsden Rock is now, and long has been, accessible only from a boat. At low water, a stretch of firm, dry sand intervenes, and visitors can not only reach it without wetting their feet, but can walk right through the huge apertures which form the archways under it. A poet says of it:—

Within the limits of the tidal stream
  A rock arises, bare and tempest-riven;
Such a huge ruin might, as poets dream,
  Be hurled by some proud giant against heaven.
Its base is scooped in many a rugged seam,
  Through which the waves are by the wild winds driven,
And hollow arches, crusted o'er with shells,
Are filled or dry, as the sea ebbs or swells.

PETER'S HOUSEKEEPING.

Notwithstanding the desolate appearance of the place during the winter season, the success of the venture soon verified the hermit's anticipations. His speculation turned out quite to his mind. Crowds of holiday-makers frequented the place. Music for the dance was always at hand. Mrs. Allan attended to the tea-kettle, and was famous for her spice cakes and singin' hinnies. Everything was tidy, clean, comfortable, and moderate in price. To those who preferred stronger potations to "the cup that cheers but not inebriates," nappy liquor was not wanting, for, as a Newcastle bard once wittily sung—

Teetotal Moses struck the rock, and water gushed therefrom,
But Peter's yields John Barleycorn and good old English Tom.

The hermit's free, open-hearted manner, and independent and fearless cast of mind, with the just pride he took in the curious work of his own hands, combined to make him a general favourite. When in company with him, one could not but be struck with the genial character of the man. "His heart," says his friend Smith, "seemed all in a glow, and therein lies the chief secret of his success and popularity. He possesses a Scotchman's hereditary love of education, having given all his children the best he could, and even sent some of them for that purpose to a boarding-school in Newcastle. With humour he also combines no little fancy. He loves to tickle his young visitors' organ of Wonder by telling them that the fairies still haunt the bays and rocks, but that they make themselves visible to children only under fourteen years of age, himself being the only one above that age to whom they extend the honour of their familiarity."

PETER'S PETS.

Peter had a strong liking for pets, no matter of what species—pigs, pigeons, or ravens. At one time he had a couple of pigs, of a peculiar breed, imported from Russia, and purchased when young from a ship captain. These he named "Jack" and "Jessie," and soon had them so tame that they would follow him like dogs. Jessie, particularly, used to be his companion even when he went to Sunderland or Shields, and we have heard say that he might sometimes be seen with her in the streets of these towns, with a whole litter of pigs running at their mother's feet like kittens. Jack, again, used to scamper up and down the sands with four tame ravens on his back, evidently enjoying the fun. Perhaps Peter's prime favourite, however, was a wonderfully wise old raven, named Ralph, who had been taught to play innumerable pranks. Ralph unhappily lost a leg one day, having been shot at by an amateur sportsman, who had not the honour to be acquainted with him or his master, and who fired at him in sheer wanton ignorance, though the bird was as tame as a midden hen. He lived for several years after the limb was amputated, and was to be seen in all weathers hopping about familiarly in and near the grotto. He was at last, after about fourteen years' domestication, killed by an ill-natured greyhound, in whose kennel he roosted every night, and to whom he must have given some offence to provoke the fatal fight. A young man in Shields wrote poor Ralphy's epitaph in verse, and a dexterous taxidermist had his carcase cleverly stuffed. Peter tamed several of the same species in his time, but never did he meet with another like old Ralph.

PETER'S LAST MISFORTUNE AND DEATH.

It was not until the year 1848 that the owners of the adjoining property—two gentlemen named Andrew Stoddart and John Clay, the latter of whom, the first mayor of South Shields, died in February of this year, made any claim upon Peter for rent. The jolly hermit was, of course, like most of his fraternity, only a squatter, and

MARSDEN GROTTO.

liable to be ejected at any time. Peter, who had very naturally come to regard himself as the owner of the grotto and its appurtenances, which he alone had made worth anything, and of which he had been in uninterrupted possession for upwards of 20 years, said "he would never give in as long as he could wag a leg." But the law was too strong for him, and he was forced to succumb. A suit having been commenced at the Durham Assizes in 1850 by Mr. Stoddart, who had erected a rival house of entertainment on the adjacent property, an arrangement was come to between the agents on both sides that Peter should pay fifty pounds towards the law expenses of the plaintiffs, and take a lease of the place for twenty years, at ten pounds a year. This was a sad blow to the poor man. He sank under it, lost heart, took to his bed, and never recovered, dying, after a few day's illness, on the 31st of August, 1850, at the comparatively early age of 51. He may truly be said to have died of a broken heart. When his wife and children crowded affectionately round him, trying to cheer him up, he refused to be comforted. In the delirium which preceded his death, he still reverted to the loss of what he considered his property, mingled with broken and touching interjections that he bore the parties who had taken it from him no ill-will. About an hour before he died, he lost the use of speech, but afterwards recovered consciousness, and died calmly in the arms of his wife, and surrounded by his children. His remains were deposited in Whitburn Churchyard, his aged parents attending as chief mourners.

PETER'S SUCCESSORS.

Peter's widow continued to dispense hospitalities at the Grotto till her death about 1870. Afterwards, first her son, William Allan, and then her daughter, Mary Ann Allan, kept the Grotto. When the last of the Allan family was compelled to quit the premises, Mr. Sidney Milnes Hawkes became the occupant, renting the inn from the newly-formed Whitburn Coal Company, which had purchased the land thereabouts for the purpose of opening the colliery near Souter Point Lighthouse.

THE SMUGGLER'S HOLE.

To the south of Marsden Grotto is a spacious cavern which gets its name of Smuggler's Hole from an aperture in the roof supposed to have been used in old days for hoisting contraband goods from the coast to the rocks above. The skeletons which Peter Allan unearthed may have dated from the smuggling period. The hole in the cavern was used afterwards for drawing up sea weed, which is still greatly prized by the farmers for manuring the land. Among the many stories current anent this locality is the following, which was related in *Chambers's Journal* for September 11, 1875 :—

A certain noted smuggler had arranged for a lugger to discharge its cargo here. As the time arrived at night that the vessel ought to be approaching the coast, and a signal shown from the cave to indicate safety, a man long suspected of treachery was missing. The smuggler, therefore, to warn the skipper to keep away, set his dogs barking and let off his gun, which brought the coastguard down (who turned out to be close by), but who were told by the smuggler that thieves had attempted to enter the hut. The skipper, taking the hint, had sheered off. The officers then made for Shields, and there found the vessel the next day, entered her, and seized some thirty casks of—"Tobacco?"—no, of bilge-water. The facts were that, upon receiving the signal, and knowing that the legal posse were collected elsewhere, the captain tacked about, and the cargo was landed in a lonely cove near Souter Point, where it was packed, after the fashion of beetroot, in an open field, which the officers passed for days after without the knowledge of the prize within their reach. A few mornings after their attention was aroused by the sudden removal in the night of this heap, and then, and not until then, they recollected that its formation was equally mysterious. The story would not be complete without its touch of horror. For years after, moans were heard to proceed from this hole in the cliff, and no one would approach or pass it after nightfall. The cause assigned for these lamentations was, that the smuggler who attempted to betray the gang, being caught, was placed in a tub, and hauled up by a rope under the hole, and only let down once a day, to receive some scant food and the gibes of his mates, his situation being rendered yet more cruel from his position permitting him to witness his comrades feasting, and being made a target for the refuse of their festivities.

THE HAIRY MAN'S CAVE.

Another cavern in the Marsden Cliffs is called the Hairy Man's Cave. A young sailor who had been disappointed in love took up his abode here, clothed himself in skins and let his beard grown long; in fact, lived the life of a hermit in every way. He was known by the people as Peter Allen's Hairy Man. One night he had a very narrow escape from drowning, after which he left his wild mode of living and returned to his old avocation of a sailor.

Recollections of Marsden.

Long before Peter Allan came to Marsden, a remarkable character known as "Jack the Blaster"—part smuggler, part poacher, and part quarryman—resided at the foot of the stairs opposite to Marsden Rock. It was said these stairs had been cut out of the cliff by Jack. Anyhow, they were known all round the country side as Jack the Blaster's Stairs. Here Peter Allan took up his abode. When removing the rubbish for the foundation of Peter's new house, the workmen came upon some human bones, including two skulls, besides a pair of silver buckles. They were discovered between the outside wall of the ruins of Jack the Blaster's house and the face of the cliff. I remember seeing them, my aunt having taken me down with her from the farm at Marsden to see these ghastly relics. The bones were supposed to have been the remains of victims of foul play, the place having formerly been noted for smuggling.

After Peter Allan had got comfortably settled down in his new home, he conceived the idea of making a flight of stairs to the top of Marsden Rock. If my memory does not deceive me, I think the price agreed upon for the job was £11. One of the contracting quarrymen, having scaled the rock, had his camp, provisions, and working gear hoisted up to him by block and pulley. He

commenced to excavate the steps from the top, working downwards, while his mate worked upwards from below. On the completion of the work, Peter placed a couple of goats and several rabbits on the rock, the top of which is about half an acre in extent, and well covered with grass.

Peter was a great lover of animals, and always had one or two pets about him. He had a Russian pig, a dark, grizzly animal, named Jessie, which would follow him about like a faithful dog. When he visited Shields or Sunderland, Jessie was always at his heels, following him into shops or other places, where she was always welcome. At other times, when going between Marsden and Whitburn, where he kept an inn, Jessie would be seen trotting alongside, while a pair of tame ravens would accompany him all the way, flying before for a hundred yards or so, alighting on the stone walls till Peter came up, and then flying forward again, so as always to keep a little in front. These birds were taken from a nest a little to the south of the Grotto, and were perfectly tame. Once my grandmother got a terrible fright through one of these tame ravens suddenly perching on her shoulder while she was stooping to lay out some newly-washed clothes to dry on the whins. Peter at one time had on exhibition at the Grotto a gigantic human skeleton, quite perfect, which was discovered while digging out a cave. This discovery drew hundreds of sightseers to Marsden.

Peter was a splendid shot. I remember accompanying him one afternoon in search of a few snipe. He wanted three or four brace for Lady Williamson, of Whitburn Hall. As all sportsmen know, snipe, from their rapid flight and zigzag motion when first flushed, are most difficult to hit; yet that afternoon he never missed a shot. In appearance, Peter Allan was a noble-looking man, with fine Roman features, and thick curly brown hair, while his fine open countenance always had a smile.

Speaking of the ravens, I remember these birds nesting every year in the cliffs about a quarter of a mile to the south of Marsden Rock. A pair had their eyrie beneath a shelving rock, where it could only be reached by nest harriers being lowered over the precipice with ropes. The ravens bred and reared their young for some years after Peter Allan came to reside at Marsden. My late uncles, who resided at Marsden Farm, above the famous rock (the family from my great-grandfather downwards having occupied the land for over seventy years), told me that the ravens had frequented the locality from time immemorial, and that they remembered cormorants and other sea birds breeding on Marsden Rock; but these latter birds had deserted their old nesting places long before Peter came to reside there. I have frequently seen the ravens in early morning sailing in graceful circles at a great altitude above their nests; and once I saw a pair of these sable marauders each carry off a gosling as large as a partridge, which they bore away to their young in the cliffs. I was informed by my uncles that they not only lost chickens and goslings, but frequently had young lambs killed by these voracious birds. During the lambing season, the ravens would sit near the ewes, croaking the while; and if an opportunity occurred they would at once seize and carry off the new-born lamb. And sickly and dying sheep have had their eyes picked out by the same birds. But the ravens have long since departed from their haunts at Marsden.

John Allan, a brother of Peter's, who had only one hand, the other having been lost through a gun accident, was sometimes lowered over the rocks to take the young ravens from the nest. On one of these occasions, some fishermen from Whitburn hurried up to the farm to procure a pair of cart ropes; for, in lowering John over the cliffs, the rope had got fast in a crevice, and the fishermen were afraid that the jutting edges would cut the rope, in which case the poor fellow would have been dashed to pieces, the cliffs being upwards of a hundred feet in height. However, he was got up without sustaining any serious injury.

My uncles also remembered a pair of large blue hawks regularly nesting in the cliffs south of the ravens' eyrie; but these birds, which were very wild, had disappeared before Peter Allan's time. Doubtless the hawks were peregrine falcons (*Falco peregrinus*). This noble falcon is now almost extinct in England. I once had the rare opportunity of seeing a large eagle sailing majestically along the rocky coast of Marsden. From its great expanse of wing and tawny hue it was very likely the white-tailed eagle, one of the largest of the genus. At that time Peter Allan's goats on the rock had kids, and the royal bird hovered above the rock and over the bank tops adjacent nearly the whole of the morning.

Foxes, if not numerous, were formerly far from uncommon around Marsden, where they had their earths in the fissures of the rocks. At the present time these graceful night prowlers have entirely disappeared from the neighbourhood. Stray foxes may now and again have been seen at long intervals; but they are only wanderers in a strange land. Jack the Blaster told my grandfather a curious incident in connection with Reynard. While walking along the sands between Whitburn and Marsden, accompanied by two greyhounds, he started a fox from beneath some large boulder stones. The greyhounds immediately gave chase. The fox, finding he could not reach his den, the dogs being close to his heels, took to the sea nearly opposite to Marsden Rock. After swimming out a considerable distance, he lay upon the surface of the water as if dead. Jack, on coming up to the hounds, waded into the water, and, getting a firm hold of Reynard, who still feigned death, brought him safely to shore, and ultimately had him fastened up with collar and chain.

I have heard my uncles speak of another strange

character, named Willie the Rover, who, between sixty and seventy years ago, resided for several years in a cave at Frenchman's Bay, a little to the north of the Velvet Beds, and about a mile and a half from Marsden. Willie lived by collecting kelp and mussels, cockles, limpets, and other shellfish from the rocks at low tide, which he termed excellent "rock beef." But Willie the Rover was not content with these; for he took the mussels put down by the fishermen for future bait. At last these hardy fishermen rose up in arms against him, and drove him away from his haunts.

Wm. Yellowly, South Shields.

Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu.

ONE of the most amusing as well as instructive of the gossipping volumes compiled by the late Dr. Doran is entitled, "A Lady of the Last Century, illustrated in her Unpublished Letters." The lady who is thus made substantially to tell her own tale was Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu. She was the eldest daughter of Matthew Robinson, Esq., of West Layton, in Yorkshire, and Horton, in Kent; and she married, in 1742, Edward Montagu, Esq., of Denton, in Northumberland, M.P. for Huntingdon, who was grandson to the first Earl of Sandwich. Mr. Montagu was a man eminent for his acquirements in science, particularly in mathematics; but his wife was destined to shed far more lustre on his name, on account of her extraordinary talents. Born at York in 1720, she resided during her early days at Cambridge, where her education was superintended by her grandmother's second husband, Dr. Conyers Middleton, author of the "Life of Cicero." Her marriage with Mr. Montagu was a fortunate and happy one, but her only son, a very hopeful youth, died young; and on her husband's death, in 1775, she was left in a position of great opulence, which she sustained by a munificent hospitality, of which the learned were the chief, though not the only, partakers.

Mrs. Montagu was an excellent scholar, and possessed a sound judgment and an exquisite taste. She assisted the first Lord Lyttleton in the composition of his celebrated "Dialogues of the Dead," and three of the best of these (those between Cadmus and Hercules, Mercury and a Modern Fine Lady, and Plutarch, Charon, and a Modern Bookseller) were solely hers. She also wrote an "Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakspeare," in answer to the frivolous objections of Voltaire; and for this triumphant vindication of the Bard of Avon she received high praise from the most accomplished judges of the day, including Reynolds, Garrick, Johnson, the poet Cowper, and the French critic Villemain.

But her peculiar talent lay in epistolary composition. Her letters equal, if they do not exceed, in point of learning, judgment, and elegance, those of her namesake Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. After her death, four volumes of her correspondence were published by her nephew. The press generally received them with pleasant testimony of approval, and naturally dwelt on the fact that the letters were genuine and authentic, which could not, they observed, be said of a similar collection then challenging the censure of the British public. The last letter in the series is dated September, 1761, but the writer lived nearly forty years after that; and, as she maintained to the end of her life a

Mrs Montagu

lively correspondence, a second series was a desideratum. This was supplied through Dr. Doran's instrumentality, for the letters written by herself and friends during the long and eventful interval between 1761 and 1800, form the chief portion of his volume.

Writing in 1760, Mrs. Montagu tells us she was as merry as a grig in "sad Newcastle." In September of that year she wrote to her dear friend Lord Lyttleton that she was taking up her freedom by entering into all the diversions of the place. "I was," she says, "at a musical entertainment yesterday morning, at a concert last night, at a musical entertainment this morning; I have bespoken a play for to-morrow night, and shall go to a ball, on choosing a Mayor, on Monday night." The Mayor that year was Henry Partis, Esq. (his second term of office), who had the honour of proclaiming

his Majesty King George III. on the 1st of November, at the Guildhall, the Flesh Market, and the White Cross in Newgate Street, "the usual places of proclamation," "amidst the joyful acclamations of several thousands of spectators."

The hours of leisure between such orthodox dissipations were employed by Mrs. Montagu in fulfilling all her duties as a woman of business, in connection with her husband's steward's accounts and the coal interests; and she devoted the remainder of her time to the study of works in the loftiest walks of literature. In 1761, she wrote to Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, the translator of Epictetus—famous in her own day, forgotten in ours—that, whether in London or the country, she was become "one of the most reasonable, quiet, good kind of country gentlewomen that ever was."

A letter dated from Denton Hall, December 7th, 1766, contained the following remarks:—"We have had a mild season, and this house is remarkably warm, so that I have not suffered from cold. Business has taken up much of my time, and as we have had farms to let against next May Day, and I was willing to see the new colliery begin to trade to London before I left the country, I had the prudence to get the better of my taste for society. I had this day the pleasure of a letter from Billingsgate (a polite part of the world for a lady to correspond with) that the first ships which were then arrived were much approved. At Lynne they have also succeeded, and these are the two great coal markets. So now, as soon as I can get all the ends and bottoms of our business wound up, I shall set out for London.

The colliery here spoken of had been opened during the previous summer. Sykes tells us that on the 12th of July, 1766, a great entertainment was given at Denton Hall, on account of winning the coal at West Denton. The coal was esteemed equal in quality to that of Long Benton, which was then worked out. All the workmen, with their wives, walked in procession to the great court before the hall, with colours flying and a band of music; from whence, after a general salute of three huzzas, they proceeded to a field east of the house, where several long tables were placed, sufficient to contain all the company, consisting of 377 men and women, the tenants and workmen upon the estate. These tables were each furnished with a large piece of beef, mutton, and veal, to which were added twice as many fruit puddings, the size of which may be guessed at by the quantity of flour used for them and the pies, which was no less than two sacks; the rest of the dinner consisted of two sheep, 144lbs. each, and several hundredweight of beef; one of the sheep was roasted whole, and the other, with the beef, boiled in a large brewing vessel. Abundance of ale, strong beer, and punch was consumed. Dinner being ended, the company again returned to the great court, and, being drawn up in a circle, with Mr. Montagu and his lady in the centre, they toasted the Royal Family, the donors, the coal trade, &c., accompanied with loud huzzas, after which they concluded the evening with country dances and other diversions.

During the same year, Mrs. Montagu paid a visit to Scotland, which she enjoyed highly, and she carried south with her on her return the celebrated Dr. John Gregory and his two amiable daughters, who were her honoured guests for some time at Denton Hall. Dr. Gregory, who was one of the most distinguished persons of his distinguished name, is perhaps best known now by his non-professional work entitled "A Father's Legacy to his Daughters," which must always be admired as the product of a kind and sensitive heart. Mrs. Montagu's evenings at Edinburgh, she tells us, passed very agreeably with Dr. Robertson, Dr. Blair, Lord Kames, and "divers other ingenious persons." She had carried with her into the North a lady with whose name many of us are still familiar, and whose delightful educational works some of us have perused with profit—Mrs. Chapone. She likewise made the acquaintance of the Earl of Buchan—Burns's correspondent—who showed her great attention, as did also that true friend to agriculture and manufacture, Lord Kinnoul, and the munificent lord of Taymouth Castle, Lord Breadalbane.

Mr. Montagu, who had long been in declining health, died in May, 1775. The poor gentleman's death was immediately made the opportunity for speculation as to the prospects of his widow. "Mr. Edward Montagu is dead," wrote Mrs. Delany. "He has left the widow everything, both real and personal, only charging it with a legacy of £3,000. If her heart prove as good as her head, she may do an abundance of good." Horace Walpole wrote to Mason: "The husband of Mrs. Montagu, of Shakspearshire, is dead, and has left her an estate of £7,000 a-year in her own power. Will you come and be candidate for her hand? I conclude it will be given to some champion at Olympic games." But she was content to remain in her widowhood, so that she might employ her wealth in her own way. Johnson, in reply to a hint that her charity was likely to be, or actually was, Pharisaical, said: "I have seen no beings who do as much good from benevolence as she does from whatever motive."

In the July after her husband's death she wrote from Denton Hall:—

Near four score families are employed on my concerns here. Boys work in the colliery from seven years of age. I used to give my colliery people a feast when I came hither; but as the good souls (men and women) are very apt to get drunk, and when drunk, very joyful, and sing, and dance, and hollow, and whoop, I dare not, on these occasions, trust their discretion to behave with proper gravity; so I content myself with killing a fat beast once a week, and sending to each family, once, a piece of meat. It will take time to get round to all my black friends. I had fifty-nine boys and girls to sup in the court-yard last night on rice pudding and boiled beef; to-morrow night I shall have as many. It is very pleasant to see how the poor things cram themselves, and the expense is not great. We buy rice cheap, and skimmed milk and coarse beef serve the occasion. Some have more children than their labour will clothe, and on such I shall bestow some apparel. Some benefits of this sort, and a general, kind behaviour, give to the coal owner, as well as to them, a

good deal of advantage. Our pitmen are afraid of being turned off, and that fear keeps an order and regularity ameng them that is very uncommon. I have not been one moment ill since I set out on my journey. I walk about my farms, and down to my colliery, like a country gentlewoman of the last century. I rejoice in the great improvement of my land by good cultivation, but I do not like my tenants so well as those in Yorkshire. We are here a little too rustic, and speak a dialect that is dreadful to the auditor's nerves; and, as to the colliery, I cannot yet reconcile myself to seeing my fellow-creatures descend into the dark regions of the earth; though, to my great comfort, I hear them singing in the pits.

The summer of 1776 saw Mrs. Montagu in Paris, welcomed to the first circles as a happy sample of an accomplished English lady. Voltaire, then in his dotage, took the opportunity of her presence to send to the Academy a furious paper against Shakspeare. The lady had a seat of honour amongst the audience while the vituperative paper was read. When the reading came to an end, Suard remarked to her, "I think, madam, you must be rather sorry at what you have just heard!" The English lady, Voltaire's old adversary, promptly replied, "I, sir? Not at all. I am not one of M. Voltaire's friends!"

There was an exciting election in Newcastle in 1777, when Stoney Bowes, the Irish adventurer who had married Lady Strathmore, was one of the candidates. Here is a glimpse at the affair from one of Mrs. Montagu's letters:—

Lady Strathmore's conduct in Newcastle, in this election, is, perhaps, not generally known. Her ladyship sits all day in the window at a public-house, from whence she sometimes lets fall some jewels or trinkets, which voters pick up, and then she gives them money for restoring them—a new kind of offering bribes. What little interest I have I gave to Sir John Trevelyan, who, we hope, will carry the election by a good majority. My steward tells me he is very weary of the bustle and treating of the voters; and that the town is in a wild uproar. Mr. Stoney Bowes has sold £5,000 a year of his lady's income for her life, to procure himself £40,000. I believe this gentleman will revenge the wrongs Lord Strathmore suffered from her ladyship.

He did, with a vengeance, as most people know. Sir John Trevelyan won the election, so Mrs. Montagu's hope was verified.

Lord Kames came from Edinburgh in 1778 to spend a few days with his lady friend at Denton Hall. His lordship was a prodigy. At eighty-three he was as gay and nimble as he was at twenty-five. His sight, hearing, and memory were perfect. Mrs. Montagu promised to return his visit two years thence, but did not, for some reason or other, keep her promise. The lively old man survived till Christmas, 1782, when he had attained the great age of eighty-seven, vivacious to the last.

At sixty-five, Mrs. Montagu did not consider herself too old to figure at Court. The poets had not ceased to take interest in her, and make her the subject of their rhymes. At least Mr. Jerningham, who wrote well of "The Rise and Fall of Scandinavian Poetry," perpetrated the following lines on her falling down stairs at the Royal Drawing Room held in February, 1785:—

> Ye valiant Fair! ye Hebes of the day,
> Who heedless laugh your little hours away!
> Let caution be your pride whene'er you sport
> Within the splendid precincts of the Court;
> The event of yesterday for prudence calls,
> 'Tis dangerous treading where Minerva falls.

The year following Mrs. Montagu was back again at Denton Hall, whence she writes:—

Here at my Gothic mansion near Newcastle, the Naiads are dirty with the coal-keels, and the Dryads' tresses are torn and dishevelled with the rough blasts of Boreas. My lot has fallen on a fair ground, but it would be ungrateful not to own it is a goodly heritage, and makes a decent figure when it arrives at the shop of Hoare and Lee, in Fleet Street. We are always here plagued with high winds, and this season they have raged with great violence; but, as this house was built in 1620, I hope it will not now yield to storms it has braved for now two hundred years. The walls are of immense thickness, having been built of strength to resist our Scottish neighbours, who, before the Union, made frequent visits to this part of the world. My Gothic windows admit light, but exclude prospect; so that, when sitting down, I can see only the tops of the trees.

Mrs. Montagu made great alterations in Denton Hall, which was originally a dull, heavy building, and fitted up the interior very tastefully in the modern Gothic style.

One of her acts of benevolence was to entertain the poor chimney sweepers and climbing boys of the metropolis, every May Day, as regularly as it came round, with roast beef and plum-pudding, in the spacious lawn before her house in Portman Square, which might well have been styled a palace. There are some verses in Hone's "Every-Day Book" on this kind custom of hers.

In conjunction with Mrs. Vesey, a warm-hearted Irish lady, and Mrs. Ord, daughter of an eminent surgeon named Dillington, and subsequently a wealthy widow, Mrs. Montagu had the merit of having founded parties in London, where conversation formed the chief, if not the only occupation, as opposed to card playing, then so much in vogue. The ladies were nicknamed Blue Stockings by persons who had not sufficient taste to value such entertainments, or could not manage to get an introduction to them. Among the notables who were to be seen more or less regularly at these parties were Burke, Johnson, Walpole, Reynolds, Wraxall, Mason, Garrick, Pulteney (Earl of Bath), Lord Lyttleton, James Boswell, Lord Macauley, Benjamin Stillingfleet (grandson of the bishop), Dr. Burney, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Chapone, Wilberforce (whom Mrs. Montagu dubbed the "Red Cross Knight"), Hannah More, Mrs. Siddons, &c. How well the accomplished hostess could herself converse, Dr. Johnson has pourtrayed in a few characteristic words to Mrs. Thrale:—"Mrs. M. is par pluribus. Conversing with her, you may find variety in one." To another he said, "Mrs. Montagu, sir, does not make a trade of her wit, but she is a very extraordinary woman. She has a constant stream of

conversation, and it is always impregnated—it has always meaning." He further remarked, "That lady exerts more mind in conversation than any other person I ever met with. Sir, she displays such powers of ratiocination, such radiations of intellectual eminence, as are amazing."

Mrs. Montagu's literary career may be said to have lasted seventy years, if we may believe a story which has been attested by the best authority, and was always solemnly affirmed by Dr. Monsey, her old and confidential medical adviser, to the effect that she made so early a display of her tendency to literature that she had transcribed the whole of the *Spectators*, under Dr. Conyers Middleton's eye, before she was eight years of age.

But the period of her active career was drawing to a close. Her last effort to get together little comfortable intellectual parties was made in 1798. "I have been at one bit of Blue here," wrote Dr. Burney to his daughter. "Mrs. Montagu is so broken down as not to go out. She is almost wholly blind and very feeble." In the succeeding year Mrs. Carter wrote to Hannah More:—"She has wholly changed her mode of life, from a conviction that she exerted herself too much last year, and that it brought on the long illness from which she suffered so much. She never goes out except to take the air of a morning; has no company to dinner (I do not call myself company); and lets in nobody in the evening, which she passes in hearing her servant read, as her eyes will not suffer her to read herself."

The good lady's last letter was dated Sandleford, one of her favourite country seats, in May, 1799. It was to Hannah More on the subject of female education, in which she took a warm interest, having established several girls' schools at Denton and on other of her estates, where the pupils were educated at her own expense.

Mrs. Montagu died on the 25th of August, 1800, in the eightieth year of her age, having survived her husband twenty-five years. She left her Northumbrian estates to her nephew, Matthew Robinson, a younger brother of Lord Rokeby, who had, by her desire, taken the name of Montagu.

Blue Stockings.

Any lady who takes an interest in literature, and does not confine her reading to the last new novel only, is apt to be dubbed a "blue stocking," and that by persons who have not the slightest idea of the origin or real meaning of the term. The manners and morals of the first half of the eighteenth century were certainly low and debased, and the "wits" and "men of fashion," the "beaux," and even the "belles," well deserved the vigorous satire which Pope and Swift dealt out to them. Books and reading were tabooed. Cards and other forms of gambling were only permitted in the "best society," which, of course, meant the aristocracy and people of fashion. The conversation was low and vulgar. The "fine gentlemen made coarse jokes and the fine ladies laughed at them," says Thackeray, and a volume could not better describe the society of that time. There were, however, even in those days, a few pure-minded, intellectual women who rebelled against this state of things, and made an attempt to establish something better. As we have just seen, Mrs. Montagu was the chief of these social reformers, although Mrs. Ord, Mrs. Thrale, Mrs. Vesey, and other ladies of wealth also held similar gatherings, and amongst their guests none was more eagerly welcomed or sought after than Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet, a clever man and a capital talker. Indeed, the ladies made quite a lion of him, and when absent he was greatly missed. His dress, it appears, was very peculiar, and he always wore blue stockings. "Oh! where is Blue Stockings? We can do nothing without Blue Stockings," the fair guests would exclaim, and so, by degrees, the name came to be applied to the ladies themselves. Dr. Brewer, however, in that wonderful book of information, "Phrase and Fable," traces the origin of the word to more than 500 years back. In the year 1400, he says, there was formed in Venice a society of ladies and gentlemen who were distinguished by the colour of their stockings, which were blue, and called *de la calza*—literally, of the stocking. This society lasted till 1590, when it appeared in Paris, and was quite the rage amongst the ladies there. It is more than likely, however, that the harmless vanity of the amiable Mr. Stillingfleet in wearing blue-coloured hose earned for those who attended Mrs. Montagu's assemblies this distinguishing title. Of Mr. Stillingfleet, Dr. Doran speaks in very high terms, as "the highly accomplished gentleman," "the philosopher," and a "thoroughly honest, modest, and accomplished man."

Denton Hall.

The Society of Antiquaries visited Denton Hall in June, 1885, when Mr. W. A. Hoyle, brother of the present tenant, Mr. Richard Hoyle, read some notes on its history. Mr. Hoyle stated that the earliest records showed that the property belonged to a family named Denton, who, in the 13th century, held lands in the neighbourhood, as well as Newcastle—Denton Chare being probably named after it. In 1336 John de Denton was Mayor of Newcastle. The latest mention of the family is in 1393, when John de Denton released his right in his lands in Northumberland to John de Widdrington. The manor of Denton, however, had been in 1380 granted to the Prior and Convent of Tynemouth, and was used by them as a country residence or grange. The present Denton Hall was erected by the Prior in 1503, the materials being taken from the Roman Wall, which passed through the grounds. After the dissolution of the monasteries, the Erringtons appear as possessors. Their

adherence to the cause of the Stuarts cost them their estates, which passed to one Rogers, related to the Earl of Sandwich. In 1760, by the death of Miss Rogers, Denton passed to her relative, the Hon. Edward Montagu. Mr. Montagu was a gentleman of eminent scientific attainments; and his wife Elizabeth resided at Denton Hall during the summer months, when Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, David Garrick, and other eminent men of the time were, according to Mr. Hoyle, frequent visitors at Denton. To the east of the house is a sort of avenue which is known as Dr. Johnson's Walk, and a desk and bookcase which the great lexicographer used on his visits are still preserved. On Mrs. Montagu's death, the estate went to her nephew, Matthew Montagu, afterwards Lord Rokeby; and on the death of Lord Rokeby, in 1881, without male heirs, it passed to his grandson, the present owner, Lord Henry Paulett.

Silky, the Ghost of Denton Hall.

Even so late as the beginning of the present century, the inhabitants of rural Northumberland were firm believers in fairies and ghosts. In remote hamlets, doubtless, many aged persons might still be found who love to recite blood-freezing tales of witches, warlocks, and uncanny sprites, of whose pranks they heard when they were children. Such traditions linger longest in regions of striking natural beauty, where the dense grove, the heather-clad moor, the deep ravine, and the splashing cascade make up the leading features of the landscape. If to these natural qualifications for romantic suggestiveness there be added a real history of raids, invasions, and battles, it may safely be taken for granted that stories of thrilling horror, of hidden treasure, lost heirs, and unshriven murderers will be found among the local traditions. Few sections of Northumberland answer all these conditions better than the outlying portions of Tindale Ward, especially Stamfordham, between the banks of the Tyne and the watershed in which the Blyth has its springs and contributing streams. There Nature has lavished her gifts in such a fashion as to predispose the mind to superstition and fancy; there, too, the tide of war between Scotland and England ebbed and flowed for many a century, leaving havoc and wreck as it passed. Tales of actual suffering, of night surprises, of violent robberies, and so forth, would be told from sire to son with exaggeration and ever-increasing mystery, until they passed into the domain of the fabulous, and became the subject matter of ballad or romance.

Thus originated, it may be conjectured, the several legends of Silky in the neighbourhood of Belsay, Black Heddon, and Denton. The Silky of Belsay haunted the greenwood, the waterfall, the lonely lanes, the isolated farmsteads, and the rude bridges, instead of confining her manifestations to a particular mansion; and her delight was to perplex and enrage, or perhaps to terrify and confound, the ignorant peasant at his plough or with his team, or the milkmaid or the peasant's wife at their homely tasks, rather than to influence the destinies of

DENTON HALL.

[*From Photo by* W. N. STRANGEWAYS.

people of wealth and station. The apparition was that of a female in glistening and rustling silks, and her habit appears to have been to rush like a sudden gust of wind in trees across the path of horseman, teamster, and ploughman, seemingly without any object, malicious or friendly; but hidden wealth, it would appear, was the real occasion for the unrest; for it is told how one day a servant girl at Black Heddon was frightened almost into fits by something tumbling from the ceiling of an old house. Her cry was that the Fiend himself was in the house; but, if Fiend it was, he had reversed his traditional policy, for he was but a black bundle without, covered with cobwebs and dust, while within were heaps of shining gold—old pieces that had probably been hidden in the days when the King of Scots passed that way before the battle of Neville's Cross.

But the Silky of Denton Hall (whom Mr. W. A. Hoyle informed the Society of Antiquaries his brother had seen) has met with better historical fortune than her sister of Belsay and Black Heddon. At least one of the manifestations of this particular Silky has been admirably preserved in the version committed to writing by the late Mr. Thomas Doubleday, and we cannot do better than allow him to narrate the marvellous tale as told to him by an aged lady of his acquaintance.

MR. DOUBLEDAY'S NARRATIVE.

When about eighteen years of age (the lady relates), I went on a visit to the North of England to some friends of the name of Thomas, who lived within a short ride of the town of Newcastle, in Northumberland. They were persons of not great, but of considerable wealth, and inhabited at that period the old hall of Denton, a place of great antiquity, which at one time had been the mansion of the lord of the manor on which it stood, but which, in the mutations of centuries, had dwindled down to a place of quite secondary importance, and had, for some reason or other, I was told, for a great many years been uninhabited. It was built in the Elizabethan style of architecture, but with that excessive solidity which is the characteristic of all houses of great antiquity near the Border. Many of the windows, especially near the ground, resembled those narrow slits which distinguish the fortress rather than apertures to admit light and air; and to this being added the massiveness of the chimneys, some of which projected more like embattled towers than conveyances for heat and smoke, the *tout ensemble* was more that of a castle than a manor house. There were traces of a moat which had once run round the house, but which now was partly a sort of terrace and partly an orchard. On the outside of the orchard walls stood several venerable old oaks, on which the rooks had built from time immemorial. The house commanded no extensive view. It stood in a valley, chiefly composed of pasture fields, through which a small brook winded its way to the river at some miles distant, amid undulating and lofty hills. A farmhouse or two were the only dwellings in sight, and the whole wore an air of deserted grandeur that was peculiarly striking.

The family in which I now was were both hospitable and gay, as gaiety and hospitality then were in

DR. JOHNSON'S WALK, DENTON HALL.

the far North, before railways had brought London tastes and manners, or even turnpike-roads had seen their best. They visited and were visited by such families as were seated in the neighbourhood; and the entertainments of those days, though both the style and hours were different from those that now prevail, had much in them to interest the feelings as well as to administer to the pleasures of those to whom the saloon and the supper-room are matters of moment. A day or two after my arrival, and when all around was yet new to me, I had accompanied my friends to a ball given by a gentleman in the neighbourhood, and returned heartily fatigued, though, I confess, much delighted, at an hour which in those days was deemed late, though hardly so now by those who are used to metropolitan manners. At this time I need not blush, nor you smile, when I confess to you that my feelings had, perhaps for the first time, assumed a hue to which they had been before unaccustomed. Suffice it to say, that I on that evening met, for the second time, one with whose destinies my own were doomed to become connected, and that his attentions to me from that period became too marked and decided to be either evaded or misunderstood.

We had returned, as I said, late, and I think I was sitting upon an antique carved chair, near to the fire, in the room where I slept, busied in arranging my hair, and probably thinking over some of the events of a scene doomed to be so important to me. Whether I had dropped into a half slumber, as most persons endeavour to persuade me, I cannot pretend to say, but on looking up—for I had my face bent towards the fire—there seemed sitting on a similar high-backed chair, on the other side of the ancient tiled fireplace, an old lady, whose air and dress were so remarkable that to this hour they seem as fresh in my memory as the day after the vision, or whatever the wise may please to call it. She appeared to be dressed in a flowered satin gown, of a cut then out of date. It was peaked and long-waisted, and not dissimilar to dresses, in this aspect, which have since that time been revived as new, though certainly copied from the manteaux of our female ancestors. The fabric of the satin had that extreme of glossy stiffness which old fabrics of this kind exhibit. She wore a stomacher. On her wrinkled fingers appeared some rings of great size and seeming value; but, what was most remarkable, she wore also a satin hood of a peculiar shape. I can hardly describe it. It was of a glossy satin, like the gown, but of a darker pattern, and seemed to be stiffened either by whalebone or some other material for that purpose. Her age seemed considerable, and the face, though not unpleasant, was somewhat hard and severe, and indented with those minute wrinkles which are given so wonderfully in Denner's heads of old women. I confess that so entirely was my attention engrossed by what was passing in my mind, and so little aware was I of how many members of the family I was in might be up at that time, not seen or noticed by me, that though I felt mightily confused I was not startled (in the emphatic sense) by the apparition. In fact, I deemed it to be some old lady, perhaps a housekeeper or dependant in the family, and, therefore, though rather astonished, was by no means frightened by my visitant, supposing me to be awake, which I am convinced was the case, though few persons believe me on this point.

My own impression is that I stared somewhat rudely, in the wonder of the moment, at the hard but lady-like features of my aged visitor; but she left me little time to think, addressing me, as she did, in that familiar style and half-whisper which age often delights in when addressing the young, but with that constant and restless motion of the hand which aged persons, when excited, often exhibit. "Well, young lady (said my mysterious companion), and so you've been at yon hall to-night (alluding to the seat of the gentleman whom I had been visiting), and highly ye've been delighted there. Yet if ye could see as I can see, or could know as I can know, troth! I guess your pleasure would abate. Ah! let those who know not the past admire the present! 'Tis well for you, young lady, peradventure ye see not with my eyes." And at the moment, sure enough, her eyes, which were small, grey, and in no way remarkable, twinkled with a light so severe and strange that the effect was unpleasant in the extreme. "Ah! (she continued) but ye enjoyed the bravery there. 'Tis well for you and them that ye can count not the cost! Time was when hospitality could be kept in England, and the guest not ruin the master of the feast—but that's all vanished now—pride and poverty—pride and poverty, young lady, are an ill-matched pair, Heaven kens." My tongue, which had at first almost faltered in its office, now found utterance; and without any definite ideas why or wherefore, by a kind of instinct I addressed my strange visitant in her own manner and humour. "And are we, then, so much poorer than in days of yore?" were the words that I spoke, but whether as a sort of low interjection or whispered query I was hardly conscious. My visitor, however, seemed half to startle at the sound of my voice as at something unaccustomed, and went on, rather answering my question by implication than directly, "Ay, pride and poverty, young lady, I said the words; and even so it is. Think ye I know not poverty when I see it? Though 'twas far enough when the rush was on the floor, and the tapestry on the wall; when the oaken table groaned under the red venison and the forest boar; when the home-brewed reamed in the silver-tipped horn, and the red wine ran from the silver goblet; when the coat of the lord was worth more than the saddle-cloth of the steed, though both were laced in gold and studded in pearline. 'Twas not all hollowness then (she exclaimed, ceasing somewhat her hollow whispering tone) —the land was then the Lord's, and that which *seemed*, *was*. The child, young lady, was not then mortgaged

in the cradle, and, mark ye! the bride, when she kneeled at the altar, gave herself not up, body and soul, to be the bondswoman of the Jew and not the helpmate of her spouse." "The Jew!" I exclaimed, in surprise, for then I understood not the allusion. "Ay, young lady, the Jew," was the rejoinder. "'Tis plain ye know not who rules. How should ye know, poor young thing? (these last words were almost inaudible). 'Tis all hollow yonder! all hollow! all hollow!—to the very glitter of the sideboard all false! all false! all hollow!—away with such make-believe finery! (and here again the hollow voice rose a little, and the dim grey eye glistened). Ye mortgage the very oaks of your ancestors; I saw the planting of them; and now 'tis all painting, gilding, varnishing, and veneering. Houses, call ye them? Whited sepulchres, young lady, whited sepulchres. Think ye that he who was so brave to-night, knight of the shire though he be, helps the King to rule, or has any hand in tangling the meshes that once were for villains only—when law was made by good men, and the lawyer pleaded for the weak against the strong? I tell ye 'tis falsehood all. The serf has changed places: and the lords of the soil are lords in name, but bond-slaves in deed. I tell ye (and here her voice assumed a startling energy), ye tread on ashes—'tis on ashes ye tread. Beware! Trust them not! They are Dead Sea fruits; fair without, but the core is bitter ashes. What are your tinsellings, your gildings, and your flauntings? Your merchants are aping aristocracy—one as hollow as the other; while the yeoman is sinking, and bankruptcy is on the mart to countenance ruin in the hall! What is it all? (she repeated): 'tis the hectic of decline and not the bloom of health; the convulsive spasm of the fever, not the activity of lusty manhood and strength; again, I rede ye, young lady, beware! Trust not all that seems to glister. Fair though it seems, 'tis but the product of disease—even as is that pearl in your hair, young lady, that glitters in the mirror yonder, not more specious than is all—ay! *all* ye have seen to-night!"

As my strange visitor pronounced these words, I instinctively, or as driven by some sudden impulse, turned my gaze to a large old-fashioned mirror that leaned from the wall of the chamber. 'Twas but for a moment. But when I again turned my head, my visitant was no longer there! I heard plainly, as I turned, the distinct rustle of the silk, as if she had risen, and was leaving the room. I seemed distinctly to hear this, together with the quick, short, easy footstep with which females of rank at that period were taught to glide rather than to walk; this I seemed to hear, but of what appeared the antique old lady I saw no more! I confess that the suddenness and strangeness of this event for a moment sent the blood back to my heart. I felt very faint, and could I have found voice I should, I think, have screamed—but that was, for the moment, beyond my power. A few seconds recovered me. My impression was that my strange visitant must have suddenly left the room without my being quite aware. By a sort of impulse I rushed to the door, outside of which I now heard the footsteps of some of the family, when, to my utter astonishment, I found it was—locked! I now recollected that I myself locked it before sitting down.

It is almost needless to say that, though somewhat ashamed to give utterance to what I really believed as to this matter, the strange adventure of the night was made a subject of conversation at the breakfast table next morning. On the words leaving my lips, I saw my host and hostess exchange looks with each other, and soon found that the tale I had to tell was not received with the air which generally meets such relations. I was not repelled by an angry or ill-bred incredulity, or treated as one of diseased fancy, to whom silence is indirectly recommended as the alternative of being laughed at. In short, receive it as you will, I was given to understand—for this was not attempted to be denied—that I was not the first who had been alarmed in a manner, if not exactly similar, yet just as mysterious; that visitors, like myself, had actually given way to these terrors so far as to quit the house in consequence; and that servants were sometimes not to be prevented from sharing in the same contagion. At the same time they told me this, my host and hostess declared that custom and continued residence had long exempted all regular inmates of the mansion from any alarms or terrors. The visitations, whatever they were, seemed to be confined to new comers, and to them it was only a matter of rare and by no means of frequent occurence. In the neighbourhood I found this strange story was well known; that the house was regularly set down as "haunted" all the country round, and that the spirit, or goblin, or whatever it was that was embodied in these appearances, was familiarly known by the name of "Silky."

The warnings so strongly shadowed forth have been too true. I have sadly proved how false are appearances, and how hollow is much that passes for riches and prosperity in modern England. The gentleman at whose house I that night was a guest has long since filled an untimely grave. In that splendid hall, since that time, sordid strangers have lorded it—and I myself have long ceased to think of such scenes as I partook of that evening—the envied object of the attentions of one whose virtues have survived the splendid inheritance to which he seemed destined.

Whether this be a tale of delusion or superstition, or something more than that, it is at all events not without a legend for its foundation. There is some obscure and dark rumour of secrets strangely obtained and enviously betrayed by a rival sister, ending in deprivation of reason and death; and that the betrayer still walks by times in the deserted hall which she rendered tenantless, always prophetic of disaster to those she encounters. So has it been with me, certainly; and more than me, if those who say it say true. It is many, many years since I saw the

scene of this adventure; but I have heard that since that time the same mysterious visitings have been more than once renewed; that midnight curtains have been drawn by an arm clad in rustling silks; and the same form clad in dark brocade been seen gliding along the dark corridors of that ancient, grey, and time-worn mansion, ever prophetic of death or misfortune.

Bogie Engines.

A BOGIE, or bogey, is a four-wheeled truck, supporting the front part of a locomotive engine or the front or hind part of a railway carriage, and turning beneath it on a central pin or pivot, so that it may be able to take sudden curves. It is also known as a bogie-frame. When fitted with an engine, it becomes a bogie engine. It was in Newcastle that the name was first applied to a coal waggon or truck so constructed as to turn easily. The name is said to be derived from the term bogie, meaning a sprite or fiend, because, the coal waggon suddenly turning when least expected, people used to exclaim that the new waggon was "Old Bogey" himself. E.

It appears that the bogie can be clearly proved to be an English invention, though an American origin is often claimed for both it and the equalizing beam. An account of the origin of the bogie, contained in a recent issue of the *Railroad Gazette*, states that the first bogie used in America was placed, in 1829, under some granite cars used on the Quincy Granite Railway near Boston. Mr. John B. Jarvis, one of the best-known American civil engineers, claims that he invented a truck or bogie in 1831, and that an engine with this bogie was put to work on the Mohawk and Hudson Railway in 1832. A second engine, on a similar plan, was put in operation on the Saratoga and Schenectady Railroad early in 1833. The front end of the engine rested on the frame of a four-wheeled truck, so arranged that, by means of a centre-pin passing through a transom beam, the upper frame on which the engine rested could follow the guide of the lower frame without necessarily being parallel with it. Messrs. Robert Stephenson and Company built two bogie engines, I believe, in 1833. They were ordered, January 12, 1833, by Mr. Stevens for the line referred to above, the Saratoga and Schenectady. The engines were sent away from Newcastle, April 6, 1833, and were set to work in America, July 2, 1833. It has been stated, however, that they were *not* bogie engines, but merely four-wheel engines, with wood-plated frames and hornplates, round fire-boxes, and hand-gear. It was understood that the credit of the equalising beam and of the "egg motion" was due to Mr. Davison, who was draughtsman to Messrs. R. and W. Hawthorn, of Newcastle.

The bogie engine seems to have been little known to English railway men until 1839 or 1840. In the early part of the first-named year three bogie engines, named respectively the England, Atlantic, and Columbia, were sent to this country by Norris, of Philadelphia, for the Birmingham and Gloucester line. They were tried in the first instance upon the Grand Junction, and were apparently not placed upon the railway for which they were intended until 1840.

In a patent granted to W. Chapman, engineer, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and E. W. Chapman, ropemaker, of Wallsend, on December 30, 1812, there is a clear description of a four-wheeled truck. After describing various improvements in the rope-driving gear of a six-wheeled locomotive, in which one pair of wheels is connected rigidly with the main frame, the specification continues:—"The other pair are fixed on axles parallel to each other to a square frame, over which the bodie of the carriage shall be so poised that two-thirds of its weight should lie over the central point of the four wheels where the pivot is placed." It is reported that Chapman tried a locomotive engine in the vicinity of Newcastle, and there can be no doubt that it would be built on the lines of his patent; we can therefore fairly claim that the first bogie was invented and built by a Newcastle engineer. J. A. H., Low Fell.

Edward Waterson, Martyr.

JOSEPH LAMPTON, whose story was told on page 78 of the *Monthly Chronicle*, was not the only Roman Catholic who fell a victim to the persecution of the age at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Edward Waterson was executed there on January 7, 1593. Challoner's "Memoirs of Missionary Priests" gives the following account of his career:—"Edward Waterson was born in London, and, being come to man's estate, travelled into Turkey. Here a rich Turk, taking a liking to him, offered his daughter in marriage if he would renounce the Christian religion; but this condition Mr. Waterson (at that time no Catholic) rejected with horror. Coming back from Turkey, he took Rome on his way homewards, and there was instructed and became a member of the Catholic Church. From Rome he went to the English College, then residing at Rheims, was admitted a student, and here lived for some years a pattern of humility, penance, and other virtues. Desirous of being made priest, he was ordained during Lent, 1592, and sent into England the Whitsuntide following. Mr. Waterson was but a short time in this country, when he was apprehended, tried, and condemned for being made priest by Roman authority, and coming into England. He received the sentence of death, and suffered with joy and constancy. The Rev. Archdeacon Throllope relates from the testimony of virtuous eye-witnesses, 'That whilst this blessed man was

drawn upon the hurdle to execution, upon a sudden the hurdle stood still, and the officers, with all their whipping and striving, could not make the horses move, and, fresh horses passing by, they took and yoked them to it, yet they could not (tho' they broke the trasses) in any way move the hurdle; and, seeing their attempts frustrated, they were forced to take the martyr and lead him on foot to the place of execution, saying it would be a note to the Papists what had happened that day.' Being come to the gallows, he was shortly after turned off the ladder, and, according to sentence, cut down, disembowelled, and quartered."

Willie Carr, the Blyth Samson.

I have read with great interest the story of Willie Carr, in the second part of the *Monthly Chronicle*, page 82. At the time of Willie's death I was four years old, and it was probably not long after that that I heard of the feats of strength performed by "The Strong Man of Blyth." As I heard the affair described, it was Willie who did not want to fight Big Ben. "He had nae ill will to the man," he said, "and what should he fight him for?" Lord Delaval, however, apparently overcame his scruples, and Willie remarked, "Wey, if we are to fight, we mun shak hands forst"—with the result already described.

I recollect another anecdote about Willie. One night, when a number of people were assembled at a public-house, one of the company, who was not altogether sober, began to joke with him in a manner which Willie did not like. Now Willie was a very quiet man; he did not say much, but he took up the kitchen poker with his two hands, and, after viewing it contemplatively for an instant or two, the company looking inquiringly on, he suddenly rose and gave it a twist round his tormentor's neck. "It wad hae to bide there," he said, "till he could behave hissel, for naebody but the man that put it there could tak it aff again."

I have heard my father say that Willie, after the time when he was stricken down, walked about, bent half double. He was said to have measured three feet across the shoulders. G. C. GREENWELL, Duffield, Derby.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

A WARNING TO ASSES.

The following, printed on a small poster, was posted up in the streets of North Shields about forty-two years ago:—"Whereas, several idle and disorderly persons have lately made a practice of riding on an ass belonging to Mr. ——, the Head of Ropery Stairs; now, lest any accident should happen, he takes this method of informing the public that he is determined to shoot his said ass, and cautions any person who may be riding on it at the time to take care of himself, lest by some unfortunate mistake he shoot the wrong one."

HAWKS'S MEN AT THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

The story of the exploits of Ned White and a squad of Hawks's men at the Battle of Waterloo appeared in Robin Goodfellow's gossip in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* some time ago. It was taken down from the recitation of Mr. John Atlantic Stephenson. The astonishing narrative runs thus:—Man, aa fell in wi' Ned White the other day. Ye knaa Ned and other twenty-fower o' Haaks's cheps went oot te the Peninsular War, whor Wellin'ton was, ye knaa. Se, as we wor hevin' a gill tegithor, aa says te him, "Ned, d'ye mind when ye wor in the Peninsular War?" "Aa should think aa de," says he. "Did ye ever faall in wi' Wellin'ton?" says aa. "Wellin'ton!" says he; "wey, man, aa knaa'd him. Wey, just the day afore the Battle o' Watterloo he sent for me. 'Ned,' he says, 'tyek yor twenty-fower men,' he says, 'an gan up and shift them Frenchmen off the top of yon hill.' 'Aall reet,' says aa, 'but it winnit tyek all the twenty-fower,' aa says. 'Ah! but it's Napoleon's crack regiment,' he says; 'ye'd better tyek plenty.' 'Aall reet,' aa says, 'we'll suen shift 'em.' Se doon aa cums te the lads, an' aa says: 'Noo, ma lads, Wellin'ton wants us te shift yon Frenchmen off the top of yon hill.' 'Aall reet,' they says. 'Heor, Bob Scott,' aa says, 'hoo mony Frenchmen are thor up yondor?' 'Aboot fower hundred,' he says. 'Hoo mony on us will it tyek te shift them?' aa axes. 'Oh! ten,' says Bob. 'Wey, we'll tyek fifteen,' aa says, 'just te humour the aad man,' 'Aall reet,' they says. Se off we set at the double alang the lonnen; but just as we torned the corner at the foot of the hill whe should we meet but Bonnipart hissel on a lily-white horse, wi' a cocked hat on. 'Whor are ye off te, Ned?' says he. 'Wey, te shift yon Frenchmen off yon hill!' 'Whaat!' he says; 'wey, that's my crack regiment,' he says. 'Nivvor mind that,' aa says; 'Wellin'ton says we hev te shift 'em, and shifted they'll be, noo!' 'Ye're coddin',' says he. 'Ne coddin' aboot it,' aa says; 'we'll suen shift them off.' Aa says, 'Cum by!' 'Had on!' he says, and he gallops reet up the hill te them and shoots oot, 'Gan back, ma lads, gan back! Heor's Ned White from Haaks's and his twenty-fower lads comin' up te shift ye. Ye hevvent a happorth of chance!' And back they went. Did aa ivvor see Wellin'ton? Wey, man, ye shud think shyem!"

A PITMAN'S APPETITE.

In the old days, when laying out the tubs led to a good deal of loss to the Northern pitman, a miner became exasperated on reaching bank to find that three tubs he had filled had been forfeited. In high dudgeon he forced his way into the office and laid his grievance before the owner, who had company. "How much did this man make last fortnight?" the owner asked the clerk. "Two pounds for eight days," replied that official. "Five shil-

lings a day," remarked a gentleman who was visiting the owner; "that's far more than my men make." "An whe's yor men?" cried the pitman, turning fiercely round. "Weavers," was the reply. "Weavors!" shouted Geordy—"weavors! Wey, aa cud eat twe or three weavors ivvory day aa gan hyem frae the pit!"

UNCLE AND NEPHEW.

A venerable and respected gentleman belonging the North of England, who is reputed to be a millionaire, and whose great fortune is expected to fall to a nephew, was lately asked for a subscription towards some charitable object. Having inscribed his name on the list for £5, the old gentleman's attention was called to the fact that his nephew had put his name down for £100. "Ah!" said he, "my nephew has great expectations; I have none!"

THE BEER TEST.

Some years ago, in a village not far from Gateshead, a new public-house was opened, which became the subject of conversation with a few of the men folks of the village, as they stood at a lane end one Saturday afternoon. After discussing the merits of the house, the landlord, &c., it was proposed by one of the party to proceed to the new house to try the beer, which proposal was soon agreed to by four of the number. "Let's hev a quaart o' yor best beer, hinny," said the spokesman, as they each took a seat in the tap-room. The order was soon attended to, and when each had tasted the liquid the opinions expressed concerning it were anything but favourable. However, they intended to give it a fair trial, and, as time went on, quart after quart was brought in; when suddenly one of the company inquired, "Aa say, lads, hoo monny's this we've had?" "This is eight, hinny," said one of the others, "an' aa'm hanged if aa feel onny different." "Or me, owthor," said a third. "Let's away oot o' this, an' we'll gan doon te wor aad hoose. We waddent ha' been thor aall this time wivoot being drunk." "Noa, aa's sure we waddent," said the first speaker. The party then rose to leave, but they all changed their opinions of the beer when they found themselves outside of the house; for no sooner did they get into the air than they lost sight of each other, and at the same time their limbs refused to obey them. "Whor is thoo, Jack?" said one of the bewildered ones. "Aa'm hang'd if aa knaa," said Jack, "but aa'll tell ye whaat, mates, let's try te get into the hoose agyen; that beer's a lang way bettor than aa thowt it wes. Aa's mortal wi' two quaarts!"

LOCAL ART

The other day a lad went into a Newcastle paint-shop and said: "Aa want a pen'orth o' new green pent; fethor's gan te pent a Heelandor!"

THE PITMAN IN A FIX.

After one of our winter storms, a pitman found it necessary to sweep the snow off the roof of an outhouse. Whilst engaged in this occupation, he slipped, and was unable to prevent himself from falling from the roof. His first exclamation was "Marcy!" Finding himself nearer the edge of the roof, he yelled "Marcy on us!" and just before falling he was heard to exclaim: "Begox! noo for the thump!"

A THIRSTY CUSTOMER.

"Let's hev a gill o' beer!" said a pitman at the Marsden Grotto the other Saturday morning. "If aa'd knaan aa wes gan te be se dry the morn, aa wad ha'e tyen an extra pint last neet!"

THE WIFE'S REQUEST.

A Newcastle man, troubled with a drunken wife, thought he would cure her of her bad habits by terror. When she was one day in a helpless state of intoxication he procured a coffin, placed her in it, and screwed the lid partially down. Waking up, but being unable to release herself, the wife demanded to know where she was. The husband informed her through the half-closed lid that she was in the regions of his Satanic Majesty. "And is thoo thor tee?" she asked. "Ay." "And hoo lang hes thoo been thor?" "Six months." "And hoo lang hev aa been thor?" "Three months." "Had away, then," said the thirsty wife, "and get's a gill o' whisky: thoo knaas the plyace bettor than aa de!"

North-Country Obituaries.

Mr. J. F. Young, a well-known actor in the provinces, and, during the first two seasons of the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, stage manager and leading actor at that house, died at Stirling.

Alderman John Hunton, J.P., brick manufacturer, prominently connected with the Corporation and other public and philanthropic bodies in Stockton, of which he was mayor in 1875, died suddenly at his residence in that town, on the 19th of March, at the age of 60 years.

On the 21st of March was announced the death, at the early age of 29, of the Rev. J. R. Howat, formerly a Presbyterian minister at Sunderland, and son of the Rev. Dr. H. T. Howat, of Liverpool.

On the same day, died at Heavy Gate, Rowland's Gill, at the advanced age of 82 years, Mr. James Beveridge, baker, who for between sixty and seventy years had been prominently associated with the body of Freemasons.

The death was announced, on the 28th of March, of Mr. William Manners, of Norton, Stockton, formerly an ironmonger at Hartlepool, of which town he was mayor in 1845. The deceased gentleman was 84 years of age.

Mr. John Coxon, one of the oldest and most respected farmers of the North, died on the 25th of March, aged 73, at Longdyke Farm, Shilbottle, near Alnwick.

Mr. Francis Jackson, wine merchant, Market Street, Newcastle, and last surviving son of the late Mr. Francis

Jackson, for many years financial manager to the late Mr. Richard Grainger, died at Gosforth on the 28th of March.

Mr. W. H. Atkinson, managing director and chairman of the North Shields Gas Company, died on the 1st of April, at Tynemouth, in the 64th year of his age.

Mr. Daniel Busby, one of the lessees, along with Mr. Turton, of the Newcastle Tramways, and more recently of the South Shields Tramways, died at Liverpool, at the advanced age of 74.

Mr. John Chisman, an old inhabitant of Durham, who had carried on business at the foundry at Elvet Bridge, in that city, for a considerable number of years, died in the 77th year of his age.

Mr. Thomas Simpson, a member of the old firm of Messrs. Simpson and Sons, printers and stationers, Dean Street, Newcastle, died, after a short but severe illness, on the 9th of April.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

MARCH.

19.—The foundation stone of St. Aidan's Church, South Shields, capable of accommodating 660 persons, and costing £3,886, was laid by Ald. Readhead, in presence of a large gathering of clergy and laity.

20.—This being the twelve hundredth anniversary of the death of St. Cuthbert, special services were held in all the Catholic churches and chapels in the diocese of Hexham and Newcastle. A leading feature in the service in St. Mary's Cathedral, Newcastle, was the introduction of a portion of the coffin in which the body of the saint was reputed to have reposed, the relic being carried round the building, and afterwards exposed on the Lady Altar.

—Ald. Barkas, Newcastle, completed his fiftieth year of entire abstinence from intoxicating drinks.

—A fire of a destructive character occurred early this morning on the premises of Mr. Jacob Goodfellow, draper, in Melville Street, Consett, resulting in the destruction of the establishment as well as of the stock-in-trade.

21.—Some noisy and demonstrative proceedings took place at Coxlodge in connection with the strike of Northumberland miners, caused by the return of several men to work contrary to the wishes of the strike hands; and on the same day considerable excitement was created in Dudley by a procession of women, which had its origin in a similar cause.

—A local branch of the Shelley Society was formed, with Dr. R. S. Watson as chairman, and Mr. F. G. Aylward as secretary.

—On this and the following day, Earl Morley, Mr. John Burnett, and other members of the Ordnance Commission, visited the Ordnance Works of Sir W. G. Armstrong and Co., at Elswick, Newcastle.

22.—A very painful occurrence took place in the Town Hall Buildings, Newcastle, in the suicide of James Crewther, who had been for nearly thirty years in the employment of the Corporation as clerk in the City Engineer's Department, and who, while in charge of a detective, had been allowed to enter a closet, where he cut his throat with a razor. The deceased was 51 years of age; and at the inquest held on his body, next day, the jury returned a verdict to the effect that he had committed the act which led to his death while in a despondent state of mind.

24.—This afternoon, in the presence of a large number of spectators, amongst whom were the directors of the company and the chairman (Mr. J. D. Milburn, Newcastle), the Blyth New Dry Dock, which had been in course of formation for the past sixteen months, was formally opened by the screw-steamer Richard Cory, of South Shields, which was brought specially round for the purpose of entering the dock.

25.—Several persons were fined by the Newcastle magistrates for Sunday trading on the Quayside.

26.—The last of the ninth series of People's Concerts, under the auspices of the Corporation of Newcastle, was given in the Town Hall to-night, when there was a very large audience. The Mayor (Mr. B. C. Browne) stated, in the course of the evening, that the average attendance during the series had been 1,700, which was somewhat higher than it had ever been before.

—Several men were fined at the Moot Hall Police Court for taking part in disorderly proceedings at Coxlodge, arising out of the strike of Northumberland miners.

28.—It was announced to-day that the house in Buller's Green, Morpeth, in which Dr. Morrison, the first Protestant missionary to China, was born on the 5th of January, 1782, had been razed to the ground.

29.—A Workmen's Industrial and Loan Jubilee Exhibition, in aid of the funds of the Sunderland Infirmary, was opened to-day in the Skating Rink, in that town, by the Earl of Durham, in the presence of a large assemblage. The workmen's exhibits were 75 in number.

—A public meeting, presided over by Mr. T. A. Potts, and addressed by Mr. A. Cameron Corbett, M.P., was held in the Central Hall, Newcastle, in support of the Shop Hours Regulation Bill.

30.—At a meeting of the master plumbers of Newcastle, under the presidency of the Mayor, it was resolved to establish a local guild for the registration of the members of the craft and the education of apprentices.

—The foundation stone of the buildings to be erected on the Singleton House site, in Northumberland Street, was laid by Mrs. W. S. Armstrong, wife of the lessee, copies of the *Daily*, *Evening*, *Weekly*, and *Monthly Chronicles*, with other papers, being deposited in the cavity of the stone.

31.—A fire, attended with great destruction of property broke out in the timber yard and saw mills of Messrs. Rayner and Moller, on the east side of South Dock at Sunderland.

—Longhirst estate and Longhirst colliery, in the county of Northumberland, were publicly sold to Mr. Sample, Bothal Castle, for £53,000, on behalf of Mr. James Joicey, M.P.

APRIL.

1.—The members of the Northumberland Miners' Union received the fourth fortnight's strike allowance, full members getting 4s.; half-members 2s.; and children 6d. At a meeting of delegates next day, it was resolved that the lodges be recommended to empower the Executive Committee to re-open negotiations with the coal-owners. As the result of the ballot which followed, it was ascertained on the 7th of April that the voting was about equal for and against the proposal; but, owing to

dissatisfaction with the form of the voting paper, a number of collieries declined to take part in the ballot.

—The 23-ton gun in Tynemouth Castle Yard was fired for the first time since its arrival there.

2—This afternoon, in the presence of a large assemblage of the inhabitants, the new supply of water for Swalwell was formally turned on by Mr. George Ramsey.

—The first of a series of four oratorios, at popular prices, was given by Dr. Rea in the Town Hall, Newcastle.

4.—A fire, attended with extensive destruction of property, broke out in the paper mills of the Ford Works Company, at South Hylton, near Sunderland.

—The ceremony of breaking the ground on the site of a proposed new Presbyterian Church at West Jesmond, Newcastle, was performed by Mr. Thomas Crawford.

—A new bridge between North and South Stockton was opened without ceremony.

5.—Stockton Town Council declined to co-operate with the Durham County Committee in raising subscriptions towards the Imperial Institute, but resolved to present an address of congratulation to her Majesty on her Jubilee.

6.—A boiler explosion occurred in the main coal seam at Trimdon Colliery, killing the engineman, John Robinson.

—A destructive fire broke out at the extensive glass bottle works of Messrs. Candlish and Sons at Seaham Harbour. Before the flames could be subdued, damage to the extent of £2,000 or £3,000 was done.

8.—A stage-carpenter named Robert Crowther died from the effects of injuries received the previous evening at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, by reason of a cannon-ball, used above the scenes to produce a thunder effect in the opera of "Nordisa," falling on to his head.

9.—One of the most important events in the history of shipbuilding on the Tyne took place to-day, when H.M.S. Victoria was launched from the Elswick shipyard of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., in the presence of an immense concourse of spectators, estimated at one hundred thousand. It had been originally intended that the vessel should be called the Renown; but subsequently the order was given that she should be named the Victoria, in commemoration of the Jubilee year of her Majesty's reign. In length the ship is 340 feet, and in breadth 70 feet. Her mean draught is 26 feet 9 inches, and the displacement in tons is 10,500, while the total cost of the vessel will be £750,000. The christening ceremony was performed by Mrs. A. B. Forwood, wife of the Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty.

11.—It was resolved by the Executive Committee of the Northumberland Miners' Union to issue fresh ballot papers, embodying proposals as to whether the Wages Committee should be empowered to meet the coalowners with a view to effect a settlement, or whether the men should continue out on strike.

—A young man named William Walls, of Franklin Street, Newcastle, was drowned by falling from a boat in which he was sailing with a companion off Tynemouth.

—The memorial stones of a new Wesleyan Sunday School were laid by Mr. Miles MacInnes, M.P., and other gentlemen, at Acomb, near Hexham.

11.—A meeting of Northumberland miners and other workmen was held at Horton, near Cramlington, for the purpose of forwarding the cause of Socialism, addresses being delivered by Mr. H. M. Hyndman, Mr. William Morris, Mr. J. L. Mahon, and other agents of the different Socialist organizations in London.

General Occurrences.

MARCH.

19.—Father Keller, a Roman Catholic priest, having been summoned before the Dublin Court of Bankruptcy to give evidence, refused to do so on the ground that to answer certain questions would tend to violate confidences which he could not, in duty to his sacred profession, betray. The rev. gentleman was, therefore, committed for contempt of court.

20.—Suicide of Mr. John Kynaston Cross, formerly member of Parliament for Bolton and Under-Secretary of State for India. Mr. Cross was 55 years of age.

22.—The ninetieth birthday of the Emperor William of Germany was celebrated in Berlin to-day with imposing ceremonies.

—A terrible colliery explosion occurred at Bulli, New South Wales. Eighty-five miners lost their lives.

23.—The Queen visited Birmingham, where she received loyal addresses from the Corporation and other bodies, and laid the foundation stone of new Law Courts. Her Majesty was welcomed with the utmost enthusiasm.

28.—Mr. A. J. Balfour, Secretary for Ireland, introduced a new Coercion Bill for Ireland in the House of Commons.

29.—Father Ryan, another Irish Roman Catholic priest, having been cited before the Irish Bankruptcy Court, refused to answer questions, and was committed for contempt of court.

APRIL.

4.—A conference of representatives of the mother country and the colonies was opened at the Foreign Office, London. The Marquis of Salisbury, Prime Minister, delivered a speech on Imperial defence and federation.

10.—Mr. Charles Newdigate Newdegate, who had represented North Warwick in the House of Commons for upwards of 42 years, died at the age of 71. The deceased gentleman, who was a Conservative in politics and a Protestant in religion, will be best remembered for his strenuous opposition to Mr. Bradlaugh in connection with the oath question.

11.—News was received to-day of another attempt to assassinate the Czar. As his Majesty and the Czarina were driving, on the 6th inst., from the Winter Palace to the Gatchina Railway Station, St. Petersburg, a student and a young girl were arrested. Several bombs were found in their possession.

—Great meeting in Hyde Park, London, to-day (Easter Monday), to protest against the Irish Coercion Bill. It was estimated that 200,000 persons were present.

12.—It was reported to-day that 482 officers of the Russian army were under arrest for supposed participation in the Nihilist conspiracy.

Printed by WALTER SCOTT, Felling-on-Tyne.

The Monthly Chronicle

OF

NORTH-COUNTRY LORE AND LEGEND

VOL. I.—No. 4. JUNE, 1887. PRICE 6D.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford,

AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF NEWCASTLE AND GATESHEAD," &c.

James Allan,

PIPER AND ADVENTURER.

JEMMY ALLAN the piper was born at Woodhouses, near Rothbury, in March, 1734—youngest but one of a family of six gipsy children. He developed into a smart lad, and a local squire sent him to school to fit him for some better occupation than that of his father. But the gipsy blood within him could not brook the restraint of a school, and he did not stay long. Offers to take him into respectable employment failed for the same reason. The father, old Will Allan, besides being a noted vermin hunter, was a capital performer on the Northumbrian small pipes, and he taught the art to his son. "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," and it happened that, when Will Allan's boy had grown into maturer youth, he was so taken by the performance of the band of the Northumberland Militia at Alnwick that he forthwith enlisted as a substitute.

Soldiering, however, he found to be rather worse than either school or service, and he soon deserted. He was taken some time afterwards at Stagshawbank fair, but managed to give his captors the slip, and his success in that manœuvre encouraged him to enlist again, and desert again, until he became a practised hand at the process. He roamed through Northumberland and Durham with his pipes, indulging in all sorts of criminal adventures, which need not be reproduced here. All accounts agree that he was a most skilful musician. His merits in that respect procured for him, in October, 1769, an appointment as one of the town's musicians at Alnwick

James Allen

but the following Michaelmas he misbehaved himself, and was dismissed. Then he recommenced his wanderings, and varied his performances in sheep and horse stealing,

robbing his companions on tramp, breaking gaol, &c., with piping at fairs and weddings. Twice he was tried for felony and acquitted, and it was many years before an effectual stop was put to his lawless proceedings. At last, in 1803, the end came. He had been drinking and playing his pipes one evening at the Dun Cow Inn, Quayside, Newcastle, and after the performance was over he proceeded to Gateshead, stole a horse, and took it "o'er the border and awa" with his usual expedition. Pursuit was given, the thief captured, and at the following Assizes he was found guilty and cast for death. The sentence was mitigated to transportation, but this punishment his age (69 years) and infirmities did not enable him to sustain, and he was imprisoned for life. After seven years' incarceration, he died in gaol on the 13th November, 1810.

It is uncertain whether this roving vagabond was more popular in life than in death. His exploits were the common talk of the country-side, both before and after his decease. The hawker of chap-books for many long years could always depend on selling a "Life of Jemmy Allan" to the shepherds and milkmaids in Northumberland. Mackenzie and Dent compiled an account of him, from the frontispiece to which our portrait (representing Allan performing on the Highland pipes) is taken. Another publisher gathered together the piper's adventures, real and imaginary, and issued in a thick octavo volume the minute details of a life which had been much better left unwritten.

John Akenhead,

PRINTER AND BOOKSELLER.

There is, or was, a curious tendency among those who follow certain trades and callings to become gregarious, and to pursue their avocations grouped together in special localities. Newcastle shoemakers and cobblers were at one time in pretty general occupation of the Castle Stairs and the Head of the Side; vendors of milk clustered in Gallowgate and Percy Street; furniture dealers held the lower half of Pilgrim Street; tanners congregated between St. Andrew's Church and The Friars; the old booksellers established themselves upon Tyne Bridge. A satisfactory reason could, no doubt, be given for each and all of these groupings, though it might not be easy to say why vendors of literary wares preferred the highway athwart the river. They may have thought that, as everybody who entered or left the town by way of the county palatine must pass their shops, they had a better chance of selling their goods in that particular spot than could be found elsewhere. Or it may have been because the tenements on the bridge were of moderate size, and, therefore, well suited to a trade in which stocks were small, and the articles vended were compact and easily handled. Or again—— But conjectures are idle. The booksellers were on the bridge, and th must have found the locality suitable, or they would have selected other quarters. So early as the beginning of the eighteenth century, we find at least three well-known book shops doing business in the short space between the chapel of St. Thomas and the Blue Stone which marked the boundary of the palatinate. There Richard Randal and Peter Maplisden published Gilpin's "Dæmonologia Sacra," Joseph Hall sold Vicar March's sermons and distributed his catalogues, while J. Button, a correspodent of Defoe, issued Benjamin Bennet's Discourses. And there, in 1722, if not earlier, was established the progenitor of a race of bookselelrs in Newcastle—Robert Akenhead.

From the Commonwealth to the year 1708, when John White came hither, there had been no printer in Newcastle, and for long afterwards, with one exception, there was no printing press at work between Trent and Tyne. The provincial bookseller in those days dealt in a variety of articles not strictly literary. But by the middle of the century, a period of considerable activity in printing and publishing had begun. The shelves of "Robert Akenhead, senior," at the sign of the "Bible and Crown," on Tyne Bridge, and those of his rivals in business there, were fairly well stocked with general literature, and with the gradually increasing productions of the local press. Printing and publishing had become a united business.

The flood of 1771 swept away great part of Tyne Bridge, and drove the booksellers to other locations; whither we do not now know. But when the present century arrived a firm bearing the name of David Akenhead and Sons was established on the north side of the Sandhill, facing the doorway to the Guildhall, and the owners of it were among the principal printers, stationers, and booksellers in Newcastle. As was fitting to the locality, they were especially nautical booksellers. They published among other works the "Shipowners' Manual," a valuable book compiled originally by Hilton the poet, and, at the time to which we refer, passing into an eighth edition of over 400 octavo pages. They had "constantly on hand," in the year 1800, "a large collection of the most approved navigation articles for captains of ships, viz., Sea-Charts, Pilots, Neptunes, and Waggoners for all parts of the known world, by the best authors; quadrants, compasses, telescopes for day or night, and a variety of other mathematical instruments, with the latest improvements; epitomes of navigation, seamen's assistants, directions for the coasting and foreign trades, log-books, printed or blank, journal books ditto, manifests, seamen's articles and affidavits, bills of lading, &c.; papers and account books of all kinds, maps and prints; together with every other article of stationary [*sic*], and a great variety of books in the different branches of literature. Printing neatly executed. Genuine patent medicine of all kinds."

David Akenhead was the head of the firm, and his two sons, John and Robert, assisted him in the business. They all lived at Gateshead, and were people of substance. John was the practical man; Robert was of a

literary turn, and published, in 1809, in 12mo, "Liber Facetiarum," a collection of curious and interesting anecdotes. Hannah, their sister, married Robert Shafto Hawks, chief of the great firm of engineers on that side of the water. He was knighted in 1817, and thenceforward Sir Robert and Lady Hawks were persons of distinction on both sides the Tyne. By-and-by they removed to Newcastle, and, in the large double house next the railway at the north-east corner of Clavering Place, they lived till they died—Sir Robert in February, 1840, aged 71, and his widow in October, 1863, at the great age of 97.

John Akenhead became the leading spirit of the establishment when his father grew old, and he ultimately became the owner of the property, and carried the business on in his own way. With him the Rev. John Hodgson, who settled on the banks of the Tyne in 1806, commenced a friendship which was of long continuance. From Akenhead's press, in 1807, was issued, in a neat duodecimo of 150 pages, the first book which the historian of Northumberland published—"Woodlands," a book of poetry. Five years later, Mr. Hodgson re-wrote for his friend a handbook to Newcastle which the Akenheads had originally put forth on their own account, and thus Tyneside obtained that model of typographical compilation, the 1812 edition of "The Picture of Newcastle-upon-Tyne."

John Akenhead was a remarkable man in more ways than one. He was strict and upright in all his dealings, punctual, methodical, and sober; but he never could follow the spirit of progress, and lived as truly in the previous century as if time had gone backwards with him. Every morning, at six o'clock, his shop was open for business; every noon and every evening, at a given hour, he trudged home to Gateshead with a heavy parcel of work under his arm. Paper ruling by machinery was introduced in his time, but he would have none of it, and to the last had his paper ruled by hand. For Grainger's magnificent reconstructions in the centre of Newcastle he had no fancy. Once he was persuaded to go and see them. Starting from his shop on the Sandhill, he walked along the Side, turned into Dean Street, and then, like

> The King of France with forty thousand men,
> Went up a hill, and so came down again,

entertaining opinions that have not been recorded.

In "Newcastle Fifty Years Ago," a series of papers contributed to the *Weekly Chronicle*, the late Robert W. Hetherington describes him as a thin, wiry old man of medium height, "attired in breeches, grey stockings, and low shoes (made much larger than seemed requisite for his feet), a ruffled shirt, and a brown wig with the orthodox curl behind. His face was clean shaven, and he wore a broad brimmed hat. Mr. Akenhead, his assistants, and workpeople, had all grown old together. He disliked to see new faces about him, and when death deprived him of any workman, he rarely put another in his place. He never discharged a man except once, and that was his eccentric shopman, Joe Orton, who assumed the mastership over his employer. The old man willingly obeyed Joe's orders—swept out the shop every morning, cleaned the windows, and cleared the footpath in front, without a murmur, until the implacable Joe, not being satisfied with the manner in which this menial work was performed by his master, one morning seized the broom, and struck the old man with it so severely as to cause a serious shock."

Although of frugal habits, John Akenhead could upon occasion be liberal-handed. When St. John's Church, Gateshead Fell, was consecrated (Aug. 30, 1825), the Rev. William Hawks, son of Sir Robert Shafto Hawks, was appointed to be its first rector, and then the gratified uncle furnished the sacred edifice with a complete set of books at his own expense. One large folio Bible, and one folio Book of Common Prayer, in purple morocco gilt; a folio Prayer Book for the clerk, in calf, and five others in octavo; two service books for the Holy Table, in purple morocco, and two books of Offices, in calf, testified to John Akenhead's generosity and affection.

The stock-in-trade of the Akenheads was purchased by Messrs. M. and M. W. Lambert, and the old style and title died out. There came a morning when John Akenhead did not take down his shutters at six o'clock, and then, like that of William Heaton (another old-fashioned bookseller on the other side of the Sandhill), the familiar name of Akenhead disappeared from the list of Newcastle tradesmen.

Sir Lancelot Allgood,

KNIGHT AND MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

"The Allgoods of Nunwick are descended from John Allgood of Salerne, County Devon, living in 1386, who accompanied John, Duke of Lancaster, in his expedition to Spain against the pretended King of Castile." So writes Sir Bernard Burke.

Lancelot Allgood, son and heir of Isaac Allgood, of Brandon White House, near the Breamish, and grandson of the Rev. Major Allgood, Rector of Simonburn, married 22nd February, 1738-9, his relative, Jane, daughter and heir of Robert Allgood, of Nunwick. Robert Allgood had purchased Nunwick from the Herons of Chipchase, and when he died it came to Lancelot by virtue of his marriage. Through the estate runs the Simon Burn, and near the junction of that rivulet with the North Tyne Lancelot Allgood erected the mansion of Nunwick Hall, which has been ever since the residence of the family.

In the year that "bonnie Prince Charlie" came over the water, Lancelot Allgood was Sheriff of Northumberland. He was present at the reception of the Duke of Cumberland in Newcastle, and witnessed the ceremony of presenting him with the freedom of the town on his return from the victory of Culloden. A few months later a vacancy occurred in the Parliamentary representation of

Northumberland by the death of John Fenwick, and Mr. Allgood became a candidate for the seat. The old member was a Tory; his colleague, Sir William Middleton, Bart., was a Whig. Parties were so evenly balanced in the county that the Whigs were encouraged to try for both seats. Mr. Allgood being a Tory, the Whigs put forward Lord Ossulston, son and heir of the Earl of Tankerville, to oppose him. The election took place at Alnwick in February, in 1747-48. It commenced on the 18th of that month and lasted six days. At the declaration of the poll there was a squabble with the Sheriff, Nicholas Brown, and for a time it was uncertain which of the candidates had been elected. Allgood polled 982 votes, Ossulston 971; but the Sheriff rejected 27 of the Tory votes, and declared Lord Ossulston elected by a majority of 16. Thereupon Mr. Allgood presented a petition to Parliament, complaining of an undue return. Both parties were ordered to attend at the bar of the House, but the matter was postponed, and the House rose without deciding the question. Mr. Allgood renewed his application in November, and the 14th February, 1748-49, was fixed for the hearing, on which occasion Mr. Fox told the House that Lord Ossulston would give no further trouble in the affair, and Mr. Allgood was duly elected. At the next election, in 1754, he announced his willingness to submit his claims once more to the freeholders. His party, however, made no favourable sign, and, Lord Ossulston having succeeded to the earldom, Sir Henry Grey, of Howick, and the old member, Sir William Middleton, were returned without opposition.

While Mr. Allgood was in Parliament the one absorbing local question was the construction of roads. The rebellion of 1745 brought the great road-maker, Marshal Wade, to Newcastle, and inspired the freeholders of Northumberland to "mend their ways" in emulation of his achievements in Scotland. In 1747, Newcastle Corporation made the road across the Town Moor, and Parliament passed the first Turnpike Act for Northumberland—an Act which authorised the continuation of the Town Moor road from the borough boundary at Gosforth to Buckton Burn, near Belford. The road through Ponteland followed, and in 1751 Mr. Allgood was entrusted with a petition for leave to bring in a bill authorising the repair and widening of the road "from Alnmouth to Alnwick, and by Lemington Coal Houses, and along Edlington Dikes to Rothbury, from thence to Coldrife, by Ewesley Gate to Cambo and Wallington, by Kirkharle and Little Bavington to Colwell, Chollerton, and Wall to Hexham, and also the road leading out of the aforesaid road between Alnwick and Rothbury to Jockey's Dike Bridge." Leave was given, and Mr. Allgood had charge of the measure through its various stages till it received the Royal Assent. Two similar bills—one for a road from Longhorsley (through Weldon Bridge and Whittingham) to the Breamish, and the other for a road leading from Morpeth through Mitford, Long Witton, and by Rothley Park wall to the High Cross at Elsdon, were in charge of Sir William Middleton, with Mr. Allgood as a member of the committee to which the details were referred.

Upon the accession of George III., in 1760, Mr. Allgood received the honour of knighthood. The year following, on the 9th of March, when the newly-established conscription for the militia was put in force, there was a dreadful riot at Hexham, in which Sir Lancelot was involved. It was reported that during the outbreak he and Mr. Christopher Reed, of Chipchase, hid themselves in a hayloft! In a notorious pamphlet, published shortly afterwards, entitled "The Will of a Certain Northern Vicar," this assumed escapade is satirised in halting rhyme:—

> I give the corpulent Kitt Reed
> My lecture upon gingerbread,
> And leave him too (though not for Fun),
> For fear of Harm—a Wooden Gun;
> At the same time (in case of Riot),
> A Cockloft, for to keep him quiet:
> A Ladder too (Fame, do not tattle)
> To aid him in the day of battle.
> And to his worthy Comorade [Sir Lancelot],
> Who with 'im such a Figure made,
> A large Birch Rod, that He may be
> Tickled most exceedingly.

Sir Lancelot Allgood died a few years later, and was succeeded by his son, James Allgood, LL.D., Sheriff of Northumberland in 1786. Two of his daughters were married to Loraines—Hannah, the eldest, to William, afterwards Sir William Loraine, and Isabella, the second daughter, to Lambton Loraine, his brother. One of Sir William Loraine's daughters by Hannah Allgood married Dr. Headlam, of Newcastle.

Lady Peat and the Herrington Tragedy.

MISS SMITH, of East Herrington (afterwards Lady Peat), lived in a large house on the left hand side of the road leading from Sunderland to Durham. She was descended from the ancient Catholic family—the Smythes of Eshe, now represented by Sir Charles Frederick Smythe, Bart., of Eshe Hall, county Durham, and of Acton Burnall, Salop. She was the owner of extensive properties in the county palatine, and was otherwise very rich.

One day in August, 1815, Miss Smith left home for the purpose of collecting the Lammas farm rents accruing from her estates of Colepitt Hall, the Flass, &c., near Eshe. Being of eccentric and very penurious habits, she kept only one servant, a young woman named Isabella Young; and, to save coal and candle, it was arranged that the girl should sleep, during her mistress's absence, at a Mrs. Blackett's, on the opposite side of the road to

Herrington Hall. On the evening when Miss Smith was expected home, Isabella went to sleep in her own bed. Miss Smith, however, did not come. Some time during the night, the house was broken into and set on fire, and the poor girl murdered. It was supposed that the murderer or murderers had knocked at the front door, and that Isabella had gone to open it, as she was found by the neighbours, on the alarm being raised, lying dead in the passage, in her nightdress. She had seemingly been felled with a poker or other iron instrument, there being two large gashes on the back part of the head, and a fracture on the fore part of it, sufficient of itself to cause death. The fire was discovered about two o'clock on the morning of the 29th of August. It had not then reached the body of the girl; but, there being no means at hand to quench the flames, the house was burned completely down, with the whole of the furniture, the walls only being left standing. Three strangers had been seen lurking about a few days before, and it was concluded that they must be the perpetrators of the horrid deed. Meanwhile, the poor girl's corpse was laid out on an old box, in a half-ruinous, tileless shed in the back-yard, and covered with a horsecloth, till such time as the coroner should come from Durham; for, at that date, the body of anyone killed by accident or murdered had not to be removed from the spot till the coroner had issued an order to that effect, the law being that he was "to sit in the very place where the death happened." Miss Smith was brought from Flass; and the first thing she set about, after the embers were cool enough, is said to have been to rake together all the old nails, hoops, hinges, bolts, locks, &c., and lay them in a heap to sell for old iron. To save the expense of paying for lodgings, she lay down to sleep on the old box in the shed, and covered herself with the horse cloth that had been placed over the corpse of the murdered girl. In the middle of the night a high wind arose, and blew the charred wood, brick dust, and lime rubbish into the shed, which frightened the sleeper, so that she cried out for help.

So mysterious an affair was sure to give rise to a variety of conjectures, surmises, assertions, and legends. One of these connected the fire, and indirectly the murder, with the gentleman who subsequently became Miss Smith's husband, Sir Robert Peat. This gentleman was a native of Hamsterley, where his father, a staunch Churchman, was a watchmaker and silversmith. The old gentleman gave his son a good education; and, as the lad showed some talent, the bishop patronised him, and so, in due time, he was ordained deacon and priest. He served as a military chaplain, we believe, in Spain and Portugal, during the French War, and on his return home he became an intimate friend and boon companion of the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., through whose influence the living of Brentford was conferred upon him. He was also a knight of the Order of St. Stanislaus, a distinction earned for eminent services done, not by himself, but by a near relative, to the last King of Poland, the unfortunate Stanislaus Poniatoffski, when in difficulties, either in Paris or London. He had three gold medals, won by his own merits, which, when in full dress, he wore on his breast. He had risked all he had at the gambling table and lost it. He was, consequently, in search of a wealthy heiress to recruit his fortunes; and, having been told that there was such a one, a Miss Smith, living in the neighbourhood of Sunderland, longing for a title to crown her vanity, he came down to woo and win her, accompanied by an Irish gentleman, an acquaintance of Dr. Clanny's, the inventor of the Clanny safety lamp. Dr. Clanny got Miss Smith to his house, and introduced her to Sir Robert. She was pleased with the title, and would have liked well to be styled Lady Peat; but she was afraid to put herself and her worldly wealth at the disposal even of a knight. So when the question was popped Sir Robert got a firm refusal, and he was heard to remark that he believed she would never marry as long as the old house stood. This was afterwards thought rather ominous. Sir Robert and his soldier friend are said to have been frequently seen about Herrington before the fire, and the gossips said he must certainly have had a hand in it, with a view to bringing his matrimonial affair to a crisis. However unlikely this may appear to us, there were plenty of people in the neighbourhood who believed it.

The constables got hold of three men; but there not being a tittle of evidence to incriminate them, they were all ultimately released.

Immediately after the fire, Miss Smith removed to Bishopwearmouth, and took one half of Matthew Nesham's house, the front door of which opened into York Street. All her furniture being burnt, she began to attend sales to get cheap bargains. One of the first of these auctions was at Pallion Hall, belonging to Mr. John Goodchild. At this sale a lady lost a valuable shawl, and on her making the fact known, the sale was stopped for a short time. But as soon as it was found that Miss Smith was in the room, she became "the observed of all observers"; and the lady soon descried the the corner of her shawl hanging down from under the kleptomaniac's dress. The late Parson Stephenson, who was at the sale, took her aside, gave her a sharp reprimand, and dismissed her. After this, she had to go to the furniture brokers, from whom she got well supplied with all she wanted. To give some idea of the amount of stuff she bought, it may be stated that she had twelve old tables in her best front room.

When matters quieted down, Sir Robert and Dr. Clanny reverted to the marriage scheme, and eventually succeeded in overcoming the lady's financial scruples. Miss Smith's friends and advisers, Messrs. Robert Scurfield and Joseph John Wright, put into the marriage settlement that a full half of her income should be at her own absolute disposal, as we shall see presently; but the

reverend and gallant knight had £1,000 a year secured to him for his own private use.

The day after the wedding, Sir Robert, who, during his stay in Sunderland, had lodged at the Bridge Hotel, took his lady up to London to introduce her to the town quality, in the hope of curing her of her bad habits, one of which was a disposition to appropriate whatever came in her way. At the first dinner party to which they were invited, she got out of the room after dinner. As soon as she was missed, the company began to look for her through the several rooms. As they did not succeed in finding her, Sir Robert began to be uneasy. He was afraid she might be taking stock of the silver plate in the butler's pantry, or peering into the ladies' dressing rooms and purloining their trinkets. But at length they found her in the kitchen, sitting upon a cracket close beside the fire, talking to the servants, eight or ten in number. This was his first and last trial to improve her ladyship's eccentric manners.

Returning from London, the "happy pair" went to live in a large house in Villiers Street, which her ladyship furnished and provisioned in her own peculiar fashion. One day Sir Robert took it into his head to look into the larder, and there he found a large number of mutton pies, all mouldy, the shank bone of a leg of mutton in a state of decomposition, and other exquisite dainties of a like kind; so that he never poked his nose in there again.

Lady Peat used to tell those whom she honoured with a call that she could live on twopence a day: one penny for bread and another for milk; but she took good care to call on the neighbours about meal times, so as to get invited to partake of "pot-luck," when she was by no means so abstemious. Two sisters, named Wright, who kept a school for young ladies in a house with a garden in front, three doors below York Street, opposite the house she occupied after Herrington Hall was burned down, used to have her for a visitor every day about half-past two. Her habit was to inquire whether they had got dinner, and when the answer was "Yes," she would say, "Oh! dear, would you make me a cup of tea?" One day she came to see if they had an old broom shank they could let her have. When asked what she wanted it for, she replied that her servant was always stirring up the fire, wasting the coals, and the poker would have to go to the smith's shop for a new end, which she could not afford; so she wanted to give her a broom shank to stir the fire with, and then she would know how often she stirred it, because the stick would burn. It is only justice to the poor lady to say that about this time she lost something like £13,000 through the failure of a bank.

Her ladyship was so notorious a thief that, wherever she went, she was watched, for fear she should steal the servants' aprons, towels, brushes, or anything else. Those who wished to make something out of her used to lay traps for her, putting things in her way. When she had got into a scrape, she would go to her attorney, Mr. Gregson, and beg of him to get her out of it. "You must get me through," she would say. "You will need money. You must have it." And so she had often to pay a hundredfold or a thousandfold for what she had stolen—a year's rent of a farm for a silver spoon. On one occasion she got off more cheaply, but scarcely less to her chagrin and shame. In a then well-known shop in the High Street of Sunderland, removed some years ago for the accommodation of the railway, she was observed to slip a pound of butter into her pocket. Some wags in the establishment managed to place her near a rousing fire, and kept her there talking till the butter ran all down her petticoats.

Sir Robert Peat was a man who, like the David Price of the "Ingoldsby Legends," was "remarkably fond of everything nice"; and as all the provender in the Villiers Street house partook of the mean ways and sordid habits of its mistress, it was impossible for him to live with his rich wife. So he got a bed and lodgings at a Mrs. Shield's in Nile Street. The next day he invited a few gentlemen to dine with him there at 7 p.m.; and, not wishing to trouble his hostess with cooking, he called at a confectioner's shop kept by a man named George Wilson, and gave directions for all kinds of viands to be supplied. When the gentlemen arrived, Sir Robert ordered the dinner to be brought in; but Mrs. Shields informed him nothing had arrived, although the knight, on calling at the shop a short time before, had been told that everything had been forwarded. Further inquiry was, of course, made. The errand boy, being asked what he had done with the two baskets he had been sent with, replied that he had taken them to Lady Peat's in Villiers Street. The lad was immediately set off in a canter to her ladyship's domicile. "I have made a mistake," said he to the servant; "I have brought the baskets to the wrong house." Lady Peat came out to see what was the matter. "The boy has got to the wrong door, my lady, and has come for the baskets." "Well, let him have them. I thought someone had been very kind, and sent the things to me." So the lad got the baskets, but the best of their contents was gone.

Afterwards Sir Robert took up his permanent residence in London, but came down regularly twice a year to receive his handsome allowance, which he enjoyed up to the time of his death. It was popularly believed he had to stay one night with his wife every year, or lose his income. However this may have been, his custom was to ride out with her when in Sunderland, to let people see that he cohabited with her. Local cynics said he had married Miss Smith's money and taken her for a witness.

The knight is described as having been "a fine-looking little man, dressed in a coat and waistcoat that might have been made by a Stultz, a white necktie, knee breeches, and white silk stockings." He cut a good figure on horseback, being an expert rider. He was "highly distinguished for his accomplished manners and gentle

manly bearing, an excellent scholar, and a warm and devoted friend." In short, he was just such a person as the Prince Regent would be pleased to honour.

Sir Robert died at New Brentford on the 21st of April, 1837. As soon as the news of his death reached Sunderland, Mr. George Wright hastened to inform her ladyship. "I come with bad news this morning," said he. "What is it?" inquired the lady. "Sir Robert is dead," was the reply. "Bad news, did you say?" exclaimed she; "it's the best news I ever got in my life!" "Well," said George, "I want you to get a new black dress, well made, and fit for a lady." "Yes, yes," cried Lady Peat; "I'll go and get a new dress." So she went to Lieut.-Colonel Richard Markham's shop, near George Street, in the High Street, and bought a new dress of bright yellow cotton, and a bonnet, a feather, and ribbons to match. The shopman observed her slip a fine green ostrich feather into her pocket. She then paid for the dress and bonnet and walked away. The shopman let her get as far as Sans Street, and then stopped her. "You have taken away an ostrich feather and not paid for it." "Oh! I have forgotten. What is the price of it?" "A guinea." "Well, here it is. Say no more about it." As soon as she had got the new dress and feather fitted on, she went on her regular rounds. One account says "she perambulated the principal streets of the town in her wedding dress, exclaiming to her friends, Oh! what joyful news I have just received; Sir Robert is dead!'"

During the many years Lady Peat lived in the Villiers Street house, which was elaborately though far from elegantly or tastefully furnished, not a room was occupied nor a window cleaned, save one—that of a cellar kitchen, which was the only apartment she occupied, with Bella, an old female domestic, to keep her company. The rest of the house was filled with an astonishing collection of articles she had purloined. Such was her parsimony, that she slept in a wooden box bed, which she seldom left during the last few years of her life.

Mr. C. Douglas, of West Hartlepool, in a short sketch, communicated to the "Notes and Queries" of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* some time ago, gave the following account of her last hours, which he derived from her medical adviser:—

Dr. Gregory attended her at least once or twice a week for a period of twelve years, and every Christmas she gave him a sovereign for his professional services. The doctor accepted this sum as payment on account, and after her ladyship's death the trustees paid him £600. Among other racy incidents which Dr. Gregory told with great glee, was the following:—Having a party one evening, several ladies, who had never seen a kleptomaniac, expressed a wish that Lady Peat should be introduced to the company. An invitation was despatched, and in due course her ladyship, who was then blind, was led into the room by Bella, covered with jewellery. After the ceremony of introduction had been performed, the doctor suggested that his guests should adjourn to the drawing-room, leaving her ladyship to enjoy herself. This motion was seconded by Lady Peat herself, the delicacies on the table being, she said, all the companions she wanted. The guests withdrew, leaving the drawing-room door sufficiently open to enjoy the fun. After the lapse of a few minutes, her ladyship asked Bella in a whisper if they were all gone. The domestic, according to a preconcerted arrangement, answered "Yes." Lady Peat then rose and filled her capacious pockets with the choicest fruit and other good things on the table, without tasting any. When the company returned, she was asked how she had enjoyed herself. She replied that the fruits were delicious, particularly the apricots and peaches; the grapes were also a treat, the flavour being specially good! When her end was approaching, the eccentric lady sent for the Rev. Canon Kearney, who desired that she should consent to be removed to another room; but she begged not to be disturbed, and expressed a wish to die in the room she had occupied so long. She pressed the canon to accept the bulk of her property, but he replied that he did not wish to alter the mode of distribution which she had previously mentioned to him. She then asked him to name the amount of legacy that should be handed over to him; and he suggested £18,000. This business being ended, her ladyship expressed a wish that the priest and the doctor should take tea with her, as it would in all probability be the last time they would meet on earth. Both excused themselves, but ultimately "accepted her hospitality." Hereupon Bella said, "My lady, there is no bread in the house." Her ladyship replied, "But, Bella, there is some cold dumpling; slice it, and they will enjoy it, I know." Both guests said it would be a treat. They sat down to a cold dumpling tea, and then bade her ladyship adieu for the last time.

Lady Peat died on the 26th November, 1842, leaving personal property to the value of over £250,000. She bequeathed Colepitt Hall and the lands attached to a gentleman to whose tenth child she had stood godmother; but Bella, who waited on her till her death, was not left a "single brass farthing."

The perpetrators of the horrible murder at Herrington Hall were never discovered. Three men, however, were arrested, and tried, as we see from the following account in Sykes:—

At the assizes held in the city of Durham on the 13th of August, 1819, John Eden, James Wolfe, and George Wolfe, his son, were put upon their trial for burglary, murder, and arson, at Herrington; and, after the attention of the Court had been occupied upwards of nine hours, a verdict of guilty was given against John Eden and James Wolfe, who were sentenced to be hanged on the 16th. After their conviction, some circumstances appearing in favour of Wolfe, some members of the Society of Friends instituted an inquiry into the particulars of the case, when an *alibi* was established, proving, by numerous affidavits, that James Wolfe was *one hundred miles* from Herrington when the murder, &c., had been committed. On Sept. 26, he received a free pardon from the king, and was released from prison. The success attending their endeavours for Wolfe induced the same benevolent individuals to look into the case of Eden (who still persisted in his innocence); and they found, to their great joy, that this man had been falsely sworn to by James Lincoln, a seaman of Sunderland, no doubt for the reward offered. Eden was also liberated, having obtained his Majesty's pardon. At the summer assizes held in the city of Durham August 4th, 1820, James Lincoln was tried, and, upon the clearest evidence, was found guilty of wilful and corrupt perjury.

The elder Wolfe was employed in Messrs. Mounsey and Richardson's coney-cutting establishment, in Queen Street, Bishopwearmouth. After his release from prison, he went about, as one who knew him tells us, "like an old scoundrel, abandoned by everybody." "He haunted

out-of-the-way places, such as Building Hill, and used to be met at untimely times, skulking about."

Concerning the Wolfe family there is another mystery. A granddaughter of James Wolfe, "a canny, nice-looking girl" of nineteen years, named Catherine Hindmarsh, was found lying on the Lambton Railway, at the foot of the Rector's or Galley's Gill in Bishopwearmouth, early on the morning of the 5th July, 1846. The unfortunate young woman, who lived in Crow Tree Lane, and left her home on the previous night for the purpose of making some trifling purchases. She was last seen with a man in the Royal Tent public-house, in Bishopwearmouth High Street West. It was thought she had been thrown over the cliff into the gill below, a distance of fifty or sixty feet, the plate and money which she had taken from home with her having been found at the top (others say at the bottom) of the cliff. The man who did this dark deed could never be discovered, and the coroner's jury returned a verdict of "Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown."

The Mitfords of Mitford.

MITFORD CASTLE, the ancient stronghold of the Mitford Family, built by William Bertram in 1150-70, is situated on a picturesque eminence on the banks of the Wansbeck, near Morpeth. It was demolished by order of Edward II., in consequence of the treasonable practices of Gilbert Middleton, the then owner. Little more than a mere fragment now remains, as may be seen from the sketch we have taken from a photograph by Mr. John Worsnop, of Rothbury. The immense thickness of the walls of the ruin, however, still attest the vast strength of the edifice in its prime.

The Mitfords were possessed of the vill and lordship from which they derived their name as early as the time of Edward the Confessor. This, says Mackenzie, is proved by undeniable evidence. When the Normans had

RUINS OF MITFORD CASTLE. FROM PHOTO BY JOHN WORSNOP

effected the conquest of England, Sybile, the only daughter and heir of Sir John Mitford, was given in marriage by William I. to Sir Richard Bertram, one of the adventurers who had come over with him. The issue of this union was two sons, William and Roger, the eldest of whom succeeded to the manor and castle of Mitford and its dependencies, which were erected into a barony by Henry I. At times the castle and manor of Mitford have passed out of Mitford hands; but they have always been recovered again by the family, as when Henry III. restored the barony to Roger Bertram, and when William Lord Brough, in Queen Mary's reign, "granted to Cuthbert Mitford, and to his son Robert, for ever, all his lands at Mitford, reserving only to himself the scite of the castle and the royalties, which castle and royalties, being in the crown in the reign of King Charles II., were granted by his Majesty to Robert Mitford, Esq."

As might be expected, so ancient a family as the Mitfords has produced many remarkable characters. Some of these are mentioned in the following pages. The present representative of the family is Colonel John Philip Osbaldeston Mitford.

Drunken Jack Mitford.

One of the most eccentric characters of his day was John Mitford, commonly known as "drunken Jack Mitford," who died in St. Giles's Parish Workhouse, London, in December, 1831. He was born at Mitford Castle, near Morpeth, and was nearly related to the celebrated Mary Russell Mitford (authoress of "Our Village"), William Mitford (author of a "History of Greece"), and John Mitford, Earl of Redesdale. His father was John Mitford, of Low Espley Hall, brother of Bertram Mitford of Mitford.

The younger son of a younger son, he entered the navy as a midshipman, and fought under Hood and Nelson. He was present at the battle of the Nile, and in many other engagements; and honourable mention was more than once made of his name, as having performed gallant feats. After the general peace, however, he seems to have left the service, and taken up the profession of a man about town, for which his natural disposition well fitted him. Fond of gay company, fond of dress (so much so that he was called "a nautical fop"), passionately devoted to good living, freely indulging in the bottle, void of the barest rudimentary idea of economy, as selfish as he was inconsiderate, he was the double in most respects of his relative, Dr. Mitford, whose story will be related in subsequent pages.

Jack was a respectable classical scholar, and possessed some literary ability; but, instead of devoting his talents to any useful purpose, he prostituted them to the lowest ends. Drink, drink, drink! became his besetment, and from the day it did so his ignoble fate was sealed. For the last fourteen years of his life, "he had not where to lay his head," and we are told that he has been heard to say that, if his soul were placed on one table and a bottle of gin on another, he would sell the former to taste the latter.

Lord Redesdale, who, as we have said, was his near relative, took care to provide for his poor neglected wife and children, who must otherwise have been reduced to beg their bread, or go into the workhouse. For many years, Jack lived by chance on what he could pick up for odd jobs, and he slept o'nights in the open air, when his finances did not admit of his paying threepence for the tenantcy of a miserable den in St. Giles's. He was as ragged as an Irish beggar, and so dirty and loathsome that no decent persons would let him come into their house. A hundred efforts were made to reclaim him, but without avail. A printer and publisher named Elliot, who came from Northumberland like himself, pitying his wretched condition, once took him into his house, and endeavoured to make him decent. For a few days Jack was kept sober, and there seemed some slight hope of his reclamation. But a relative having lent him a suit of clothes, which enabled him to make a respectable appearance, he soon broke through all restraint, went again "upon the loose," and fell into his former habits, as bad as ever. Mr. Elliot had got him to undertake editing a cheap periodical, called the *Bon Ton Gazette*, the profits of which, it was expected, would pay for his board and lodging; but he was obliged, so long as the work continued, to keep Jack in a place, half kitchen, half cellar, where, with a loose grate tolerably filled, a candle, and a bottle of gin, he passed his days, and, with the covering of an old carpet, his nights—never issuing from his lair but when the bottle was empty. Sometimes he got furious with the drink, and his shoes had to be taken from him to prevent his migrating. When they would not at once bring him a fresh supply, he would run out with his feet bare to the nearest gin shop; and he has been known to take off his coat and sell it for half a pint of gin, even in the depth of winter. Having had a handsome pair of Wellington boots given to him by some good Samaritan, he immediately sold them for a shilling. The fellow who bought them of him put them in pawn for fifteen shillings, and came back in triumph with the money. "Ah!" said Jack, with a self-congratulatory shrug, "but you went out in the cold for it."

Before he had sunk so very low, but was fairly on the inclined plane leading to beggary, he edited a satirical journal called *The Scourge*; and at the time of his death he was editing another scurrilous penny production called the *Quizzical Gazette*. The titles are sufficient to indicate the nature of the contents of both. He was latterly employed, we are told, "by publishers of a certain description," by which epithet, we suppose, such miscreants as the Society for the Suppression of Vice

aims at keeping in check are meant to be designated. On the same authority we learn that, "notwithstanding his habits, he was employed by some religious publishers," a fact which, taken in connection with the other, is curiously significant, if only from a psychological point of view.

Mitford was likewise the author of a nautical novel, to some extent autobiographical, called "Johnny Newcome in the Navy." The publisher of this work gave him a shilling a day until he finished it. Incredible as it may appear, he lived the whole of this time in Bayswater Fields, making a bed at night of grass and nettles. Two pennyworth of bread and cheese and an onion were his daily food; the rest of the shilling he spent on gin. Thus did he pass forty-three days, washing his shirt and stockings himself in a pond, when he required clean linen.

At the time when the Duke of Clarence came to the throne, as William the Fourth, he wrote a song—"The King is a True British Sailor"—to suit the prevailing taste. He managed to sell the manuscript to seven different publishers, and thus got an extra supply of gin. The ditty was very popular, and had a good run in the concert halls; but all the grist it brought to the author's mill was some three or four half-crowns, which were speedily liquidated.

A short time before his death he was admitted into St. Giles's Workhouses, through the instrumentality of Mr. James Green, of Wills's Coffee House, Portugal Street, London, who had been a brother officer of his, and had fought with him under Nelson. The following (copied from Sykes) is a copy of the last letter he ever wrote, addressed to one who had some hand in getting him into the house:—

SIR,—I have been so changeable in my state, that sometimes I have not strength to hold a pen to thank you for the very great kindness I have experienced at your hands. The doctor is very humane and attentive, for I cannot forget what a wretched beggar I was for any of you to notice. My breath will never recover, and I firmly believe my lungs are decaying fast; but I hope to get round and live yet a few years on Lord Redesdale's munificence, and my earthly saviour, Mr. Green's care. He said he would leave another sovereign—but I have no extravagances to gratify; fruits and other light things are all that I require; paper, pens, &c. I wish to go as near the mark as possible, as I place no faith in my future hopes. The nurse is truly honest, and accounts to me for every penny. Mr. Green, perhaps, mentioned to you about some clothes for me to sit up in, which I am sure would hasten my recovery. He thought he had an old dressing gown. If you, sir, can favour me with your assistance on this great point, it will be an additional obligation conferred on an improvident poor wretch, who had no hope of twenty-four hours' life when you received him into this benevolent asylum.—I am, sir, your truly obliged and obedient, humble servant,

JOHN MITFORD.

The miserable man, who did not long survive, was buried at the expense of his friend, Mr. Green, or of his relative, Lord Redesdale, in St. Giles's Churchyard, on the 30th of December, 1831. The funeral was "of a most respectable description," and a considerable sum of money was given to the parish paupers by the noble lord, who likewise provided for the wife and family of the deceased.

Andrews, in his "History of British Journalism," characterises the subject of this memoir very pithily as "a poor, idle, straying, wilful, clever sot," who lived by his wits, and "left at his death not even a shadow upon the Christmas hearth of a friend." When he fell into his grave, he adds, he "tumbled none of the Christmas embers of his family to pieces."

If all tales be true, Mitford had tried, among other shifts, Jonathan Wild's gentlemanly occupation in his time; for the writer of his obituary notice in the *Annual Register* says:—"His name will be remembered in connection with Lady Percival, in the Blackheath affair." To which Sykes adds:—"For his share in which he was tried, but acquitted."

Dr. Mitford and his Daughter.

The father of Mary Russell Mitford belonged, like "Drunken Jack," to the Mitfords of Mitford. He was a man of incurable spendthrift habits—of an over-sanguine and viciously speculative turn—careless injudicious, and helpless to a degree—moreover, coarse, showy, and profligate—his talk having been, as we are told, "too often an offence, not to be tolerated in our day, when men have advanced beyond the brutish themes and language of Parson Trulliber's and Squire Western's table eloquence."

Educated at Edinburgh to be a physician, Mitford became assistant to a notorious quack, whose career will be presently described. His regular practice was never of much account; but, being what the French call "a man of lady's favours," and esteemed by those nearest him "the handsomest and cheerfulest of men," he married, at the age of twenty-five, a wife of thirty-six, the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Russell, of Overtown St. Mary, Hampshire, and the mistress of £28,000. This lady, "nobly connected, but somewhat characterless," was a gentlewoman in temperament as well as birth, "good-tempered, affectionate, and rather weak." Dr. Mitford and his wife settled in a nice house at Alresford, six or seven miles from Winchester, and thus became the near neighbour of Sir Henry Tichborne, Bart., whose family became involved in the great litigation known as the Tichborne Case. There he immediately entered on an "eat, and drink, and be merry" sort of life, till he ran through his own money and his wife's, too, save and except £3,500, vested in the Funds, which the lady's trustee, dreading the upshot of the doctor's extravagance, would not give up. Being a schemer in bubble companies, which promised fairly to return cent. per cent. on the outlay, and a gambler in London whist clubs, where thousands of pounds sterling might be gained in a night, Dr. Mitford was always on

the point of achieving a princely fortune. But at the end of nine or ten years of improvident living, the house at Alresford had to be given up, books and furniture were brought to the hammer, and the Mitfords removed to Lyme Regis, whence after a year, they went to London, where, at one time, they lived within the rules of the King's Bench prison.

It was while her parents lived at Alresford that Mary Russell Mitford was born, in the month of December, 1787. She gave early signs of precocity in memory, in quickness, and in avidity to learn. Her father used to "perch her on the breakfast table," when she was only three years old, in order that his guests might be edified by her reading racy paragraphs from the newspapers, and reciting the woeful ballad of "The Babes in the Wood." She was little more than eight years of age, when the family had to pay the penalty of her father's shameless extravagance, by taking refuge with him, as above stated, within the dismal walls of a debtor's prison. From this disgrace they were delivered by a strange freak of fortune. Lotteries were still lawful in those days in the United Kingdom, as they still are in some of the Continental States; and a friend presented little Mary Russell, on her tenth birthday, with a Dublin lottery ticket, of a particular number suggested by herself, which turned up a prize of £20,000. This windfall a conscientious father would have safely invested for his daughter's use. But nothing was further from Dr. Mitford's thoughts. He had no more scruple in spending his child's money than his wife's. He bought for a few hundred pounds of the miraculously gotten money an old country house close to Reading, called Graseley Court, in the midst of a pretty, pastoral country. It was of Elizabethan date, with wainscoted parlour, oriel window, high architectural chimney-piece adorned with busts and coats of arms, and a fine oaken staircase. There were two secret rooms, in which old priests and cavaliers had occasionally taken refuge; but the place, though picturesque and convenient, was altogether a good deal out of repair. Instead of restoring it, Dr. Mitford pulled it down, and built on its site, at a lavish cost, a tasteless red brick edifice, which he styled Bertram House. The doctor here set up a carriage, kept horses and greyhounds, and lived the roystering life of an independent country gentleman.

Little Mary was placed at a fashionable boarding school, kept in Hans Place, Chelsea, by a pair of French emigrants, assisted by an English lady, Mrs. Rowden, who took her pupils to the theatre, and turned their minds strongly in the direction of the drama. As a part of their tuition, they danced ballets and acted plays, and likewise composed verses, as their governess herself did. This clever lady, we are told, numbered among her pupils, at different times, besides Miss Mitford, such feminine celebrities as Miss Landon (L. E. L.), Fanny Kemble, and Lady Caroline Lamb, so that she may be said to have trained quite a bevy of literary ladies. Mary readily learned everything, except music, comprised in the curriculum of the school; but music she could never be brought to relish. She read all manner of books with great avidity, and wrote continually to her parents, who, in return, sent her the small talk of Reading, details of the doctor's whist club, coursing, &c. Her letters showed no common talent, though such terms as "dear old boy," "mum," "trumper," &c., addressed to her easy-tempered, affectionate, but woefully weak parents, manifested no iota of filial reverence.

Miss Mitford, leaving school in the year 1802, went home to enjoy a country life, including dancing at the county race balls, hare-hunting, whist playing, accompanying her mother in a green chariot to make morning calls, and, to keep up her literary taste, "lying for hours on the sofa, reading novels at the rate of two volumes a day," besides, we will hope, better books. She is described at this time as "a fat, fair girl, with abundance of light curls."

Dr. Mitford, it would seem, was soon surfeited of home pleasures, and found he needed something much more exciting than either coursing or a quiet hand at whist with his honest Berkshire neighbours. What was presumed to be important business often took him away to London, where he was in the habit of making long stays, leaving his wife and daughter to their own meditations. The fact was, he was passionately addicted to play, and a dabbler in speculations which at length involved him in a chancery suit—a thing then almost synonymous with ruin, after a weary interval of hope deferred.

In the autumn of 1806, he brought his daughter (then nearly nineteen) to visit his family connections in the North, "doubtless influenced by the natural vanity of introducing her to his relations, and of letting her see the position in his native county which those relations held." He had a cousin, named Alice, daughter of Mr. George Mitford, surgeon, Morpeth, and heir to her great-uncle, Gawen Aynsley, of Little Harle Tower, who was married at Reading, in 1793, to Lord Charles Murray, fifth son of the third Duke of Athole, and Dean of Hocking, who assumed the name of Aynsley by king's sign-manual after the marriage ceremony. Lord and Lady Charles were very friendly to their showy cousin and his interesting charge, and postponed a visit to Alnwick Castle in order to take the young lady there, as well as to Lord Grey's, at Howick, and other places worth seeing. The party started from Little Harle, full-dressed, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, travelled thirty miles of dreadful road to the castle, and arrived barely in time for the five o'clock dinner. As soon as the visit had taken place, Miss Mitford wrote a glowing account of

it to her mother, telling her how she had kept her front hair in papers on the road, was not at all rumpled, and wore a beautiful set of Lady Charles's ornaments, and how she was received with particular distinction by the beautiful duchess and her charming daughters, the youngest of whom, Lady Emily Percy, never left her the whole day. "We sat down sixty-five to dinner, and I was within three of the duchess," she wrote. After dinner, Lady Emily showed her the state rooms, and the duchess finished by carrying her and Lady Charles to the Sessions Ball, where, however, Miss Mitford declined to dance. They left at half-past ten, in consideration of their long journey homewards, and in course of time discovered that they had come about six miles out of their way. Lord Charles and a footman were obliged to walk before the carriage with candles until they found a cross country road. The party did not reach home till seven o'clock in the morning. "Seventy miles, a splendid dinner, and a ball, all in one day!" At eighteen, such adventures and misadventures are delightful.

Dr. Mitford, having started off his daughter among his grand relations, took advantage of a summons from an election agent to leave her abruptly and return home. She was excessively annoyed, and wrote him a most peremptory exposulation, telling him everybody was surprised, and adding, "I call upon mamma's sense of propriety to send you back directly." However, the doctor took his own time, as he always did.

Before she was twenty years of age, "clever Miss Mitford," as she had come to be styled, published three volumes of poetry, stated in the preface to have been "composed with the applause of many friends." One of the longest pieces was "Sybille, a Northumbrian Tale," the scene of which was laid on the banks of the Wansbeck, near the old castle of her paternal ancestors, while the catastrophe may have been taken from Southey's beautiful episode of Laila in "Thalaba," published in 1801. None of them were worth much; but they met with rougher treatment at the hands of the *Quarterly Review* (November, 1810) than their juvenile elements justified. The young lady's least great sin, in the critic's eye, was her having ventured to intrude into "the thorny and barren field of politics, so unfavourable to the laurel of Parnassus," and having penned sundry "epainetic or commendatory" verses, praising certain flaming "patriots" of the day, such as Mr. Wardle and Lord Folkstone, as well as Pratt the "Gleaner" and her own father. Such as they were, Miss Mitford's first poetical essays brought her neither praise nor pudding; and the rebuffs she met with from cautious publishers and captious stage-play licensers, as well as from carping critics, would probably have deterred any other woman from deliberately adopting literature as a profession.

Cheated and overreached by a set of black-legs, and involved in litigations from which there appeared no outlet, Dr. Mitford gradually sank his family into impoverishment: so that in the end they were obliged to remove from their twenty years' home, where they had at first lived in affluence, but latterly with a severe economy and a constant struggle against ruin. Taxes had fallen into arrears; tradesmen refused to serve on credit; and on one occasion Mrs. Mitford thanked her husband gratefully for sending her ten pounds, which would go towards paying the baker and butcher. Footman, lady's-maid, chariot, horses, had one after another been parted with; and every picture that adorned the walls was either taken by creditors' agents, at their own price, or sent up to town in a hurry to be sold by auction.

In April, 1820, the family shifted into a cottage at Three Mile Cross, a pleasant little village on the borders of Berkshire and Hampshire. This humble dwelling Miss Mitford cheerfully described as "a messuage or tenement," on the turnpike road, consisting of a series of small rooms, the largest of which might be about eight feet square, standing between a public-house and a village shop, and facing a cobbler's. Behind was a garden, which she soon made a wilderness of sweets, and a long shed, which was soon made half green-house, half summer parlour. Here family love in a cottage was felt by her to be a blessed exchange for Bertram House shorn of its respectability, where her mother, who was become a careful manager, had at last implored in vain for even a one-pound note, as they were actually in want of bread. But for the funded £3,000, which the trustee refused to sell out, and a field large enough to save Dr. Mitford's franchise for the county, they had absolutely nothing left when they entered this new abode, with respect to which Miss Mitford wrote as follows:—"I expect we shall be much benefited by this squeeze, though at present it sits upon us as uneasily as a pair of tight stays, and is just as awkward-looking. Indeed, my great objection to a small room always was its extreme unbecomingness to one of my enormity. I really seem to fill it—like a blackbird in a goldfinch's cage. The parlour looks all me." But she afterwards wrote:—"It is within reach of my dear old walks, the banks where I find my violets, the meadows full of cowslips, and the woods where the wood-sorrel grows." Indeed, every lane and field, and almost every nook and corner of the country round, every house and cottage, and almost every person in the neighbourhood, had long been familiar to her, through her daily long walks, which insensibly qualified her for the writing of those delightful descriptive sketches of English rural scenery and rustic life, which she afterwards gave to the world in "Our Village." Some of the earlier essays of what ultimately formed this classic work, which we can now read and re-read with unabated pleasure, were offered to the author of "The Pleasures of Hope," when he was editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, but peremptorily rejected,

as being beneath the dignity of the periodical he conducted, and it was only after other rebuffs that they were fain to take shelter in the *Lady's Magazine*. Here their freshness, geniality, and faithfulness were recognised, and Miss Mitford, nothing loth, was called upon to publish them in a collected form.

While Miss Mitford was writing incessantly to keep the wolf from the door, her poor infatuated father was a constant trouble to her. He was so inconsiderate and improvident that he was ever and anon making some foolish bargain, or getting into some awkward embroglio, from which his devoted daughter had to do her best to get him off scot-free. Publishers, moreover, failed occasionally; one of them absconded; and though she by-and-by got very good prices for her writings—consisting of dramatic pieces chiefly, a three-volume novel named "Belford Regis," "Stories of Country Life," &c.—yet she may be said to have been generally writing under a pressure of anxiety which left her not a moment's rest. Her mother became a confirmed invalid, almost fatuous, and her father, though a most kind and valuable nurse to her, was of little service in any other way; besides that, his absolute inertness in ordinary matters—an obstinacy in going on in the same way, difficult to describe—compelled Miss Mitford to acquiesce in a way

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

of living which, however inexpensive, was more than they could afford, for fear of disturbing and killing her imbecile mother, now nearly eighty years of age.

After Mrs. Mitford's death, which took place on New Year's Day, 1830, her excellent daughter devoted herself to her remaining parent; and for the next twelve years he was her constant care. She was worried sometimes by invitations she could not accept, and visitors she could ill spare time to entertain. She needed the proceeds of authorship, and yet had no leisure for it, except at night, after she had been reading to her father for hours. Yet injudicious or encroaching people—"every idle person within twenty miles"—would drop in for a little chat, and fancy they were doing her a kindness. Seven carriages might be seen at once at the door of the little cottage.

Dr. Mitford's sight had failed him, so that he could not read, and though he took his place on the magisterial bench every week, so that people could not believe him the wreck he was, the ensuing reaction brought on alternate weakness and feverish irritability, very hard for both father and daughter to bear. Miss Mitford's devotion to him still increased; and then he told people "his treasure was wearing herself out." It is a long lane, however, that has no turning; and the too amiable man was fated to leave this wicked world before he had quite accomplished his daughter's premature end. He died in November, 1842, considerably in debt, and Miss Mitford thereupon wrote: "Every body shall be paid, if I sell my gown off my back, or pledge my little pension" At the suggestion of friends, a subscription was raised, headed by the Queen, to meet these liabilities. Then came leisure, rest, and listlessness. At fifty-five, Miss Mitford's health was completely broken.

About three years before her death, she was hurt by the accidental overturning of her pony chaise, and thenceforth she was pretty much confined to her house; but through her prolonged and hopeless suffering she retained her wonted cheerfulness, and even her old industry was continued, as she occupied herself, whenever able to work, in revising for a new edition the singularly fascinating work on which her fame is chiefly founded, "Our Village," and also in writing and compiling others.

A pension, from the limited sum at the disposal of the Ministry, was accorded to her, with every gracious recognition of her claims. But the relief and ease came to her, so to say, only a few brief hours before sunset. She was compelled, by the falling to ruin of the cottage at Three Mile Cross, to remove to a less comfortless home at Swallowfield, a few miles beyond it; and there her death took place on the 10th of January, 1855, amid regrets as general as they were sincere.

Dr. Graham, the Earth-Quack.

Dr. Mitford, as we have said, was at one time associated with a famous quack doctor—a sort of Cagliostro, who operated in London and the provinces, including the North of England.

This was a Scotchman named Graham, who dubbed himself Dr. Graham, though of what college or university, British or foreign, it would be hard to tell. He had a brother who became the second husband of Mrs. Catherine Macaulay, the author of a "History of England," in eight or nine octavo volumes, much vaunted by Horace Walpole, but now relegated to our library shelves, though written to serve the interests of Repub-

licanism, Mrs. Macaulay being a sister of Alderman Sawbridge, one of the most ardent Radicals of the last century. In or about 1780, Dr. Graham opened what he called a "Temple of Health," in a central house in the Adelphi Terrace, London, in which he expatiated nightly on the advantages of electricity and magnetism in the treatment of all the ills that flesh is heir to. The rooms were stuffed with glass globes, marble statues, medico-electric apparatus, figures of dragons, stained glass, and other theatrical properties; while the air was drugged with incense, and the ear charmed with the strains of music. He also knew the attractive virtue of advertisements; and the columns of the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Morning Post*, and the *Morning Herald*, then the only daily papers, bore frequent testimony to his transcendent abilities, which the whole world could not match. In one of these announcements, he professed to be able to explain "the whole art of enjoying health and vigour of body and mind, and of preserving and exalting personal beauty and loveliness; or, in other words, of living with health, honour, and happiness in the world, for at least a hundred years." No wonder, then that his rooms were well frequented daily by rich persons anxious to live to a patriarchal age, and meanwhile to get rid of those maladies, more or less painful, which a violation of some natural law had superinduced.

One of the doctor's means for ensuring health and longevity was the frequent use of mud baths: and that it might be evident that he practised what he preached, or that there could be no humbug in the matter, he was to be seen, in his garden, on stated occasions, immersed in mud to the chin, and accompanied by a lady to whom he gave the name of Vestina, Goddess of Health. This was no other than the notorious Emma Lyon, also known as Emma Hart, who afterwards became celebrated as the second wife of Sir William Hamilton, the British Ambassador at Naples, and the fascinating Cleopatra who infatuated Lord Nelson. While sitting in the mud-bath, she had her hair elaborately dressed in the prevailing fashion, with powder, flowers, feathers, and strings of pearls; and the doctor, her companion of the order, appeared in an equally elaborate full-bottomed wig. Besides this novel bath, which was itself a sight to see, Graham erected in one of his sumptuously furnished apartments a Celestial bed, the virtues of which were such that it secured to any barren pair who lay in it for one night a beautiful progeny. One hundred pounds was the price at which this marvellous night's lodging could be obtained—not a farthing less; the mud-baths cost a guinea each; and a competent supply of the elixir of life, prepared by the doctor's own hands, and certified to preserve those who drank it in health and vigour till they were at least a century old, barring accidents, could be had by the payment of a thousand pounds in advance. Half the English nobility, we are told, patronised this miracle-working professor, who was in a fair way to become as rich as Crœsus, if his expenses had not unfortunately been as great as his income; for he would soon have had no patients able to pay such enormous fees as he exacted, if he had not taken care to keep up a princely appearance in his establishment.

From the Adelphi, Dr. Graham removed to Schomberg House, Pall Mall, which he converted, like his former abode, into a "Temple of Health and Hymen," most magnificently fitted up. Five shillings was the charge for admission; yet it was crowded, day after day, by a charmed audience, to whom his impudent lectures on the ineffable secrets of Nature afforded a prurient excitement One of his audacious puffs ran as follows:—

> If there be one human being, rich or poor, male or female, in or near this great metropolis of the world, who has not had the good fortune and the happiness of hearing the celebrated lecture, and of seeing the grand, celebrated State-bed, the magnificent electrical apparatus, and the supremely brilliant and unique decorations of this magical edifice, of this enchanting Elysian palace, where wit and mirth, love and beauty—all that can delight the soul, and all that can ravish the senses—will hold their court, this, and every evening this week, in choice and joyous assemblage, let them now come forth, or for ever afterwards let them blame themselves, and bewail their irremediable misfortune.

Graham engaged the services of two gigantic porters, whom he stationed at the door in the showiest liveries covered with gold lace, and when off duty here it was part of their business to distribute bills from house to house about town, donned in the same grand costume, with enormous cocked hats. The front of the Temple was ornamented with a large gilt sun, a statue of Hygeia, and other attractive emblems. All the rooms were superbly furnished, and lighted up at night with large wax candles; the walls were decorated with mirrors, so as to confer on the place an effect like that of an enchanted palace, such as one reads of in the "Arabian Nights." The doctor alternated his lectures with those of the "Goddess of Health," which were even more attractive than his own, and here is the style in which he advertised them:—

> Vestina, the rosy goddess of health, presides at the evening lecture, assisting at the display of the celestial meteors, and of that sacred vital fire over which she watches, and whose application in the cure of diseases she daily has the honour of directing. The descriptive exhibition of her apparatus in the daytime is conducted by the officiating junior priest.

The latter functionary was Dr. Mitford, whose story has just been related.

London is a world in itself of incalculable wealth; yet vast as it is, both in population and riches, it was too narrow a field to afford perennial nutriment to Dr. Graham's establishment. The unusual means he employed to excite curiosity was successful for several years, but his two guinea audience could not be kept up for ever. So when that high main seam was exhausted, he dropped his price to one guinea; afterwards to half

a guinea; then to five shillings; subsequently, as he said, "for the benefit of all," to two shillings and sixpence; and, finally, when he could not "draw" at that reduced price, he exhibited the Temple at one shilling a head to daily crowds for several months. He, moreover, reverted to his earth-bathing practice, admitting spectators, during one hour every day, to view him and the Goddess of Health immersed naked in the ground to their chins.

Finding that the great metropolis was at length beginning to fail him, Dr. Graham made a grand tour through England and Scotland, carrying his exhibition to every provincial town wherein he could obtain permission of the magistrates. The goddess, it is said, nearly fell a victim to the ante-mortem inhumation practice, instead of drawing new life from it, like Antæus the Libyan giant; and she, therefore, about this time parted company with her Æsculapian confederate.

The doctor, on his way down to Edinburgh, of the University of which a writer in Hone's "Table Book" says he was a graduate, visited the principal towns in the North of England, including York, Darlington, Durham, Newcastle, Sunderland, &c.

While in Newcastle, he exhibited the proper mode of administering the earth-bath, and lectured on its efficacy in the cure of diseases, having himself and a young woman, troubled with a scorbutic disorder, placed naked in the earth and covered up to their lips, in a field adjoining Hanover Square, from twelve o'clock at noon till six in the evening. The same performance, but with two young women, seems to have been repeated in a garden outside the West Gate. Crowds of curious onlookers came to be delighted or shocked by the sight; and in the evenings the doctor's magniloquent lectures were well attended likewise.

A similar exhibition was given at Sunderland. Some years ago, a correspondent wrote to the *Weekly Chronicle* that one of the gentlemen who took the earth-bath in Sunderland was a medical practitioner named George Wilkinson. Dr. Wilkinson is, of course, long since dead. The place selected for the experimen , was a garden, then in the possession of Mr. William Wiseman, situate in High Street, behind the Sans Street Wesleyan Chapel. A local wag perpetrated the following joke at the time:—

> When George into the earth descended,
> "Mother, behold thy son!" he cried.
> The matron, at the claim offended,
> The little stinking object eyed;
> Then out the dirty thing she threw;
> Indignant wrath her bosom stung.
> "No son of mine," she said, "art thou;
> My sons are dust, but thou art dung!"

The old taunt—"Physician, heal thyself!"—might have been pertinently launched against this Scotch Cagliostro. For in spite of the Elixir of Life, by taking which, he averred, a person might live as long as he pleased, Dr. Graham died in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, very poor, at the age of fifty-two.

A sister of Graham's, we are told, became the wife of Dr. Thomas Arnold, a respectable Scottish physician settled in Leicester, who devoted himself to the investigation of mental disease, and published, in 1782, an able treatise entitled "Observations on the Nature, Kinds, Causes, and Prevention of Insanity."

Two advertisements which appeared in the *Newcastle Chronicle* at the time of Graham's visit to the North will give a further insight into the methods the quack adopted to influence the credulous of the last century.

(From the *Newcastle Chronicle*, July 9, 1791.)

DR. GRAHAM,

In the Old Assembly-Room, in the Groat Market, Newcastle, on Friday and Saturday evenings, 8th and 9th of July, 1791, at Half-past Seven o'clock, and on Monday evening, 11th, for positively the very last time,

PROPOSES to deliver a curious and most important Lecture (of about two Hours long) on the most natural and most certain Means of preserving perfect and uninterrupted bodily Health and Strength and the clearest and most delightful mental Sunshine and Serenity, till the very longest possible Period of our mortal Existence.

In this very curious and important Eccentrically-Concentric, Medical, Philosophical, Political, and Economical LECTURE, will be condensed and exhibited a most simple, reasonable, and complete

System of Health, long Life, and Happiness,

In which the great and often fatal Errors that Mankind are almost continually committing in regard to Air, Food, Drink, Situation of Houses, Nature and Placing of Beds, Hours of Rest and Exercising, Sea and other Bathing, Evacuations, fashionable Indulgences, Passions of the Mind, &c., will be clearly and convincingly pointed out and reprehended; or, in a word, Dr. GRAHAM will endeavour to lead his Audience gently and affectionately by the Hand along the sweet, simple, and obvious Paths of great, venerable, ever-constant, ever-young, ever-beautiful, and all blessing NATURE! and of consequent temporal Happiness, up to that everlasting Felicity which we all hope finally to obtain.

Ladies and Gentlemen who are desirous to be informed of the absolutely infallible Secret of avoiding the Dangers of damp and infected Beds, *and against even the Possibility of receiving infectious Diseases of any Kind*, are requested to come early.

*** Dr. G. will be particularly attentive not to utter any Thing that can possibly give even the smallest offence to the most delicate female Ear; and he hopes now to be honoured with large Companies of Ladies, as well as of liberal Gentlemen.

N.B.—In order that the Time and Pocket of the Public may be taxed by Dr. GRAHAM as little as possible, in these Days of universal and intolerable taxing by the State, and by our still more unreasonable and imperious Tax-masters our own inordinate Lusts and Passions, he will condense into one Lecture of Two Hours more curious, eccentric, practical, and highly-important Matter than can be found, perhaps, in any Academical Course of six Months; yet the admission will be only TWO SHILLINGS to the Parterre—ONE SHILLING to the Gallery.

Dr. G. was honoured with the following Note the Day after his last Lecture at Edinburgh.

SIR,—Tho' last Night you disconcerted the Curls of my Wig by declaiming against wearing them, I cannot avoid testifying my hearty Approbation of your Lecture.—It is far more valuable than some of my Acquaintance, who have not heard it, give it Credit for being.—Your printed Recommendation of it has the Air of a Puff; but it is justly entitled to all the Recommendation you give of it, as I am confident every Gentleman of Candour and good Sense will acknowledge who does himself the favour of hearing it—and it may be heard by the chastest Ear. PHILANTHROPOS.

It is earnestly requested that those Persons who labour

under any Disease, Weakness, Swellings, Sores, or Lameness, in this or the neighbouring Towns or Counties, which have baffled the Skill of other Physicians or Surgeons, will be very speedy in their Applications to Dr. Graham, as he proposes very soon to return to, and settle at, Edinburgh; for if this opportunity of being cured be neglected, they may regret, with unavailing Anguish of Heart, that perhaps the only Person in the World who could have restored them, under God! to perfect Health, Soundness, and Strength, is then so far distant from them.

Dr. G. lodges, as usual, at the House of the late Mrs. Pearson, nearly opposite Mr. Brodie's; and his Stay in Newcastle will be but very short.

N.B. *For the Benefit of the Country People who attend Newcastle Market,*

Dr. G. and the young Woman will give one more Earth-Bathing Exhibition this Day, being Saturday, July 9th, most positively for the last Time, from Twelve at Noon till Six o'Clock in the Evening, in the large and commodious Field at the side of Hanover Square, Newcastle—in order emphatically to recommend this most natural, most safe, and most radically efficacious Practice to the World in general, especially to Country People.

(From the *Newcastle Chronicle*, July, 16, 1791.)

By the earnest and repeated desire of many.

FOR the Satisfaction of the Inhabitants of Newcastle and Gateshead who have not seen the EARTH-BATHING, and for the Benefit of the Country People who attend Newcastle Market,

Dr. GRAHAM, Physician, from Edinburgh,

and two young Women, will give two more Earth-bathing Exhibitions on Friday and on Saturday, the 15th and 16th of July (most positively for the last Time), from Twelve at Noon till Eight o'Clock in the Evening, in Mr. MUSGRAVE'S GARDEN, to the Left, without West-Gate, Newcastle, in order emphatically to recommend this most natural, most safe, and most radically efficacious Practice to the World in general, especially to Country People; by which, could Dr. G. persuade diseased or decaying Persons, in general, to be wise enough to adopt it, he would in Fact be a far, far greater Benefactor to Mankind than all the Surgeons, Apothecaries, and Physicians, collectively, that ever lived in the World have been, or than if he solely built and endowed larger and richer Hospitals or Infirmaries in every Country and Province upon the Face of the Earth, than ever yet have been founded; for it is really impossible that any Species or Degree of Foulness, Disease, Decay, or Corruption, can begin, go on, or continue, in any living human or other animal Body that is planted amongst sweet, mellow, fresh, living, and life-and-strength-giving Earth.

Dr. G. having for many Years past experienced, with Astonishment, that planting the naked human Body long and repeatedly in the Earth, most safely, speedily, and effectually cleanses it from all Impurities, abstracts from it every Species and Degree of Diseasedness, and charges it with the greatest Measure of Freshness, Sweetness, Strength, and Alacrity, which the Constitution of the Individual is susceptible of, has agreed to give the Inhabitants of this Town and Neighbourhood two more public Proofs and Explanations of the Practicability and Safety of this Practice in his own Person, and in the Persons of two young Women, by sitting, covered up to their Lips, in the Earth, this Day and To-morrow being Friday and Saturday, from Twelve at Noon till Eight o'Clock in the Evening, regardless of any Rain or Cold that may happen:—And he has given Orders, that in order to defray all the Expenses attending the public Exhibition of this most curious and most salutary Practice of Earth-bathing, the Keeper of the Door shall not demand more than Sixpence a-piece from Ladies and Gentlemen, and only Two-pence each from the common People.

N.B. One of the young Women is scorbutic, and the other has been afflicted with a dreadful Leprosy in her Face for nine Years, which has totally baffled the Skill of the best Physicians and Surgeons in Edinburgh and Newcastle; having been fourteen Months in the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh, and more than fourteen Months in the Newcastle Infirmary, and discharged from both incurable.

☞ The Inhabitants of HEXHAM and of that Neighbourhood are respectfully informed, that Dr. G. proposes to lecture, in Hexham, on HEALTH and very LONG LIFE, next Monday and Tuesday Evenings, the 18th and 19th instant, at Seven o'Clock,—and to exhibit and explain the Nature of EARTH-BATHING on Tuesday and Wednesday, from Noon till Six in the Evening.

*** Dr. G. may be consulted at his Apartments at Hexham during his very short Stay, in all internal and external Diseases.—Dr. G. has been very strongly solicited to favour the Inhabitants of Hexham with a visit, as he has never yet in his Life been in Hexham.

Emma Lyon, Lady Hamilton.

The story of Emma Lyon, wife of Sir William Hamilton, whose portrait by Romney is copied to illustrate this article, has often been told, but never with better effect than some years ago in *Temple Bar*. We have already mentioned that Emma Lyon was Dr. Graham's "Goddess of Health." For the rest of her story, as now condensed, we are mainly indebted to the writer in *Temple Bar*.

Emma, Lady Hamilton, the offspring of poor parents, was born at Preston, in Lancashire, in 1764. Her father, Henry Lyon—a labourer, it is asserted—died while she was still an infant. Mrs. Lyon then removed to Hawarden, in Flintshire, where she managed to support herself and her child. Rags, bare feet, and hard fare were the child's portion. At thirteen she entered the service of an apothecary as nursery maid. After three years, she removed to London, where she entered the service of Dr. Budd, a physician attached to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Tired of the young Budds, she obtained a situation as general drudge at a fruiterer's shop in St. James's Market—an open space of ground long since built over, lying beetween Pall Mall and King Street. Emma next appears as a servant at a tavern frequented by a Bohemian multitude of actors, artists, and hack authors. Here she received enough attention and flattery to have turned fifty heads. It was, however, the performance of an act of pure good nature that first led to her wandering from the path of virtue.

The war between America and England was raging. A Welsh youth of her acquaintance was, one fine day, impressed into the naval service, and detained on shipboard off the Tower. On hearing of this, she at once presented herself before Captain (afterwards Admiral) John Payne, under whose superintendence recruiting was carried on, and entreated him to obtain her friend's release. The captain was bewitched by her beauty, and granted her prayer conditionally. Her scruples, if she had any, were overcome. She became his mistress. Their connection did not last long. We follow her now to Up Park in Sussex, where she lived for a short time under the protection of Sir Harry

Featherstonhaugh, an enthusiastic fox-hunter. She shared his taste. Mounted on a thorough-bred mare, she galloped across country with all the skill and courage of Diana Vernon herself. When the day's sport was over, she would entertain Sir Harry and his rollicking bachelor friends with theatrical mimicries and tavern jokes. She and her baronet spent money recklessly—so recklessly, indeed, that hospitable Up Park had to be closed. Together they repaired to town, where they soon after separated, not apparently on the best terms.

If we are to believe the author of her memoirs (an abusive book, published after her death), Emma Lyon's next experiences were very degrading. Be this as it may, at the close of 1781 she had found a new protector in Mr. Charles Greville, a son of the first Lord Warwick. Greville appears to have been deeply enamoured of his companion, and there is reason for supposing that he contemplated marrying her some day. He was, however, painfully conscious of her defects of education. Masters were engaged, therefore, and under their instruction she made progress, in singing especially. She was joined about this time by her mother, the widow Lyon, who for some reason or other, on arriving in town, took to calling herself Mrs. Cadogan, while Emma styled herself Mrs. Hart.

Early in 1782, Emma sat for the first time to Romney, the portrait painter. From so lovely a face the artist

LADY HAMILTON.

could not but derive inspiration. He painted her in every variety of character—as Iphigenia, Cassandra, Calypso, Joan of Arc—even as Saint Cecilia! It was whilst thus posing for Romney that she acquired that power of attitudinising for which she became, later on, so famous.

At the end of six years Greville had fallen into pecuniary difficulties. It naturally occurred to him that Emma, on the training of whose voice a round sum had been spent, might start as a professional singer. His maternal uncle, Sir William Hamilton, K.B., a wealthy widower, was British Ambassador at Naples. Might not Emma proceed thither to receive the necessary finishing lessons in the land of song itself, and under the paternal eye of Sir William? Besides, she was the very person to represent to the Ambassador his nephew's necessitous condition, and ask his assistance. This scheme was to the fancy of all whom it concerned. Sir William was consulted, and approved of it. Emma and her mother were enchanted. Under the escort of Mr. Gavin Hamilton, the artist, who was returning to Italy, they made the journey to Naples in safety towards the close of 1787, and settled at a lodging taken for them near the Embassy. Here Emma pleaded Greville's cause with his uncle so irresistibly that the uncle had fallen in love with her. In the course of time Greville was informed that, if he gave up all claim to Emma, his debts would be paid. He was not in a position to hesitate. A bargain was thereupon struck between uncle and nephew, whereby the former obtained Mrs. Hart, encumbered by her mother, while the latter started free of debt.

Sir William Hamilton was a son of Lord Archibald Hamilton, and nephew of James, fourth Duke of Hamilton; his mother, too, was a Hamilton of the Abercorn branch. The rules of Neapolitan society were lax enough to allow of Sir William's making no secret of the character of his connection with Mrs. Hart. They were seen everywhere together. Madame Le Brun, the French artist, a refugee from her own troubled country, was at Naples in 1790. She mentions them both in her "Souvenirs":—

> I received a visit from the English Ambassador, Sir William Hamilton, who wished that the first portrait I took at Naples should be that of his mistress, Mrs. Hart, afterwards Lady Hamilton. I painted her as a Bacchante, reposing on the seashore, and holding in her hand a cup. Her lovely face was very animated. She had an enormous quantity of beautiful chestnut hair, which, when loose, completely covered her; thus, as a Bacchante, she was perfect.

The following year (1791) Mrs. Hart was taken to England by Sir William, who, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his patrician relations, had determined to marry her. She had profited much by her residence abroad. Her singing was equal to that of any operatic *diva*, she spoke Italian fluently, and French well enough. Her attitudes after classical models, and her dancing of the tarantella, were beyond praise. In addition to all this, she was in the full blaze of her beauty, while her naturally open manners had acquired a sort of polish that enhanced their charm. London society was moved to its

centre by the arrival of such a paragon. Her old acquaintance, Romney, was in ecstasies, and wrote of her to his friend Hayley in the following terms:—

She is the talk of the whole town, and really surpasses everything, both in singing and acting, that ever appeared. Gallini (then managing the Italian Opera) offered her £2,000 a year, and two benefits, if she would engage with him; on which Sir William said pleasantly that he had engaged her for life.

Putting all other work aside, Romney busied himself at a fresh series of portraits of the "divine lady," as he called her. He painted her again as Cassandra, and in divers other characters. Soon afterwards (on the 6th of September, 1791) she was married to Sir William Hamilton at Marylebone Church, she at the time being twenty-seven, and he sixty years of age. The bride immediately expressed her desire to be presented at Court; but the Queen (Charlotte) refused to receive her. She derived some consolation for this slight from the reception accorded her at the Tuileries, for Sir William and she stopped for some days in Paris on their way to Italy. Marie Antoinette, who probably knew nothing of Lady Hamilton's previous history, granted her an interview, it is said, and entrusted her with a letter—the last she wrote—to her sister, the Queen of Naples. The new ambassadress, on reaching Naples, where she felt far more at home than in England, succeeded in gaining the good opinion of everybody.

It is hardly likely that Marie Caroline, Queen of Naples—the purity of whose life is not above suspicion—was prejudiced to any extent against Lady Hamilton, who won for herself by degrees the Queen's full favour, and ended by becoming her most intimate friend. Naples, in 1792, was the most ill-governed kingdom in Europe, which is saying not a little. The King's disposition was puerile and vacillating; but the Queen has been credited with "great understanding and high spirit." The Prime Minister was an English baronet, Sir John Acton, who, owing his position entirely to her Majesty's favour, was obedient to her orders in everything. "The vilest and most impudent corruption," says Southey, "prevailed in every department of State, and in every branch of administration, from the highest to the lowest."

The successful progress of the French Revolution, now in full career, caused the Court of Naples a shock compared to which an eruption of Mount Vesuvius would have been as nothing. Two giant dangers presented themselves. A large and influential Republican party (ready to welcome any change whereby the existing odious form of government might be overturned) menaced the kingdom from within; while the new French Directory, bent on revolutionising all Italy, bullied it from without. In this state of affairs, the Neapolitan Court trusted implicitly to the assistance of England, whose one object then was to check the growing power of France.

It was in September, 1793, that Captain Horatio Nelson, commanding the Agamemnon, arrived for the first time in the Bay of Naples. He had been sent thither by Admiral Lord Hood with despatches for Sir William Hamilton, relating to the recent surrender of Toulon to the British forces. Sir William, in his short official interview with Nelson, formed a high opinion of the future hero. He told Lady Hamilton that he was about to introduce to her "a little man who could not boast of being very handsome, but who would one day astonish the world." During his stay at Naples, Nelson received the most flattering attentions from the King, Queen, and Acton. He lived with the Hamiltons, and his hostess was all kindness, both to him and his stepson, Josiah Nisbet, at that time serving under him as midshipman.

Nelson's animating sentiment, next to loyalty to his sovereign, was detestation of the French. In this Lady Hamilton fully shared, and she watched his career with ardent interest. It came to pass that she should contribute, in a great degree, to his after successes. The battle off Cape St. Vincent (1797), in which Nelson bore a brilliant part, is distinctly traceable to her. It happened thus. The King of Spain, Charles IV., wrote privately to his brother, the King of Naples, in that year, stating his determination to drop his alliance with England, and make common cause with France. The Queen of Naples got hold of this letter, and showed it to Lady Hamilton, who of her own accord sent a copy of it to Lord Grenville, then Minister for Foreign Affairs in this country. The movements of the Spanish fleet were strictly watched in consequence, and a battle ensued, whereby the power of Spain at sea was effectually crippled. Sir John Jervis was created Earl St. Vincent for his services, while Nelson was made a Rear-Admiral of the Blue and a Knight of the Bath.

Soon after the battle of Cape St. Vincent, circumstances drew Emma Hamilton into still closer relations with Nelson. Early in 1798, a French fleet of 250 sail started from Toulon, conveying the young and rising general, Napoleon Buonaparte, and a large army. Its destination was not known; but a descent on Malta, or possibly Sicily, was apprehended. At the same time the language of the French Envoy at Naples (Garat) became so overbearing that Sir William Hamilton could only liken it to that of a highwayman. Certain members of the Republican party were then in prison on a charge of treason. Garat insisted that they should be released; and so cowed were those with whom he had to deal that he gained his point.

The Queen, as she saw dangers thickening around her, felt that English aid must be invoked. At her instigation, Lady Hamilton wrote to Nelson and to Lord St. Vincent (who commanded in the Mediterranean), representing the state of affairs. Her letter to Nelson is curious as being one of the first, if not the first, that she

addressed to him, and as showing the forcible epistolary style she used :—

We have still (she writes) the regicide Minister here, *Garrat*, the most impudent, insolent dog, making the most infamous demands every day ; and I see plainly the Court of Naples must declare war if they mean to save their country. The Jacobins have all been lately declared innocent after suffering four years' imprisonment, and I know they all deserved to be hanged long ago, and since Garrat has been here, and through his insolent letters to Gallo, these pretty gentlemen, that had planned the death of their Majesties, are to be let out on society again. In short, I am afraid all is lost here, and I am grieved to the heart for our dear charming queen, who deserves a better fate. I trust in God and you that we shall destroy these monsters.

Nelson had been selected to pursue the French armament, and his secret instructions enjoined him to "take, sink, burn, and destroy it," if he could. The exciting chase began at once. The English fleet proceeded to Malta, then to Alexandria, then to the Syrian Coast; but no French were to be seen. Chafing at his ill-luck, Nelson made sail for Sicily, and anchored at Syracuse. But here a difficulty arose which, thanks entirely to Lady Hamilton, was overcome. Fresh provisions were urgently needed by the fleet. Unless the ships were enabled to victual and water where they were, they would have to run for Gibraltar, and abandon the immediate pursuit of the French. Nelson sent a messenger to Sir William begging him to obtain the Royal authority for his being supplied. Sir William did his best, but without success. By a treaty of peace then existing between France and Naples, no more than two English ships-of-war could enter any Neapolitan or Sicilian port. The King and his Ministers met in council to discuss the matter, but, not daring to break with France, refused Nelson's request. Meantime, Lady Hamilton, anticipating this refusal, ran off to the queen, and implored her passionately to authorise the supply of the fleet, since the safety of the kingdom depended on immediate action. Marie Caroline hesitated for some minutes; but, finally, to the other's dictation, wrote and signed this order :—"To all Governors of the Two Sicilies—To receive with hospitality the British fleet, to water, victual, and aid them."

The necessary supplies obtained, the Admiral wrote these grateful lines to the Hamiltons :—

22nd July, 1798.

My Dear Friends,—Thanks to your exertions, we have victualled and watered ; and surely, watering at the fountain of Arethusa, we must have victory. We shall sail with the first breeze, and, be assured, I will return either crowned with laurel or covered with cypress.

HORATIO NELSON.

Sailing next day, Nelson directed his course straight for Alexandria, where he found the enemy's fleet collected. He attacked it at once and annihilated it, in an engagement known as the Battle of the Nile. The news of this glorious victory reached Naples a month afterwards. Lady Hamilton had long been in a state of anxious suspense as to the possible result of the expected sea-fight; and now, when the joyful intelligence was communicated to her, she fell to the ground, it is said, "like one who had been shot." She, however, soon appeared in her open carriage, in company with Captains Capel and Hoste, who had brought the news, and paraded the main streets. Encircling her forehead was a white *bandeau* embroidered with the words, "Nelson and Victory." The populace quickly caught her enthusiasm, and greeted the party with hearty *vivas*. The shattered Vanguard herself, bearing the Admiral's flag, entered the bay a fortnight later.

Nelson had been badly wounded at the battle of the Nile, as indeed he had been in several previous engagements. His general health, too, was seriously shaken by all he had gone through. He sorely needed rest. This he obtained under Sir William's roof. Lady Hamilton nursed him so tenderly that a week after his return he was able to take part in a splendid fête which she gave in honour of his birthday. Eighteen hundred guests were present. Complimentary mottoes appeared on wall, pillar, and curtain. At the banquet which closed the festivities, the hostess showered endearments on the hero at her side in a manner so marked as to rouse the ire of Josiah Nisbet, who addressed some highly indecorous remarks to his stepfather, and had to be removed by his brother officers.

Lady Hamilton was now no longer a sylph in form. She had become fat. Here is her portrait, sketched by the impartial pen of Sir Gilbert Elliot :—

She is the most extraordinary compound I ever beheld. Her person is nothing short of monstrous for its enormity, and is growing every day. She tries hard to think size advantageous to her beauty, but is not easy about it. Her face is beautiful ; she is all Nature and yet all Art ; that is to say, her manners are perfectly unpolished—of course very easy, though not with the ease of good breeding, but of a barmaid ; excessively good-humoured, and wishing to please and be admired by all ages and sorts of persons that come in her way. But, besides considerable natural understanding, she has acquired, since her marriage, some knowledge of history and of the arts ; and one wonders at the application and pains she has taken to make herself what she is. With men her language and conversation are exaggerations of anything I ever heard anywhere, and I was wonderfully struck with these inveterate remains of her origin, though the impression was very much weakened by seeing the other ladies of Naples.

Such was the woman who seemed a very goddess to the conqueror of the Nile. Henceforth she influenced all his actions.

Then followed a rupture between Naples and France, the flight of the Royal family to Sicily, the capture of Naples by the French, and the proclamation of a Republic. The Hamiltons accompanied the king and queen in their flight. Months afterwards, Nelson, who had assisted the Royal family to escape, returned to Naples with his fleet, having the Hamiltons with him. When the French had been expelled, Nelson and the Hamiltons returned to Palermo, where honours and rewards awaited them. Nelson (already a baron in England) was created Duke of Bronte in Sicily, and

was given an estate valued at £3,000 a year. The king also presented him with a diamond-hilted sword. As for Lady Hamilton, she received a miniature of the queen set in diamonds, with the motto *Eterna Gratitudine;* "two coach-loads of magnificent dresses, and a richly-jewelled picture of the king." Sir William and his wife between them got presents to the value of £6,000. Poor Lady Nelson in England was quite forgotten the while. Letters from her husband became rarer and rarer, till they ceased altogether. Meantime, the Court, deferring its return to Naples, where executions were proceeding with unrelaxing severity, broke out in a round of gaieties. In these Nelson joined, led on by the enchantress Emma.

The part taken by Nelson and his friends in Neapolitan affairs was disapproved of by the home Government. Sir William Hamilton, to his surprise and annoyance, was recalled from his post in 1800. Nelson had already got leave to return to England on account of ill-health. The Queen of Naples was in despair at losing such powerful supporters. As she was anxious, for political reasons, to proceed to Vienna, Nelson gave her, her three daughters, and her younger son, a passage in his ship the Foudroyant as far as Leghorn, where he struck his flag. Here the Queen was delayed a whole month, in consequence of the defeat of the Austrians by the French at Marengo, which made travelling north, by the route originally fixed on, dangerous for her. Nelson and the Hamiltons, who had promised to see her safe to her journey's end, remained with her. At length they reached Vienna. The Viennese vied with one another in showing attention to Nelson and his friends. They were entertained four days by Prince Esterhazy at Eisenstadt, the composer Hadyn, *capelmeister* to the prince, giving a performance of his oratorio the "Creation" during their stay. Lady Minto, then English Ambassadress at Vienna, mentions them in a letter to her sister, Lady Malmesbury. She says :—

I don't think Nelson altered in the least. He has the same shock head, and the same honest, simple manners; but he is devoted to *Emma*. He thinks her quite an *angel*, and talks of her as such to her face and behind her back; and she leads him about like a keeper with a bear. She must sit by him at dinner to cut his meat, and he carries her pocket-handkerchief.

The rest of the journey through Germany was one continued ovation. The Archduke Charles did the honours of Prague to the travellers. Dresden was the next point reached. Here they were met at dinner, at the house of our then Envoy, Mr. Elliot, by an English lady (Mrs. St. George), who has treated them to some sharp adverse criticism :—

Lady Hamilton is bold, forward, coarse, assuming, and vain. Her figure is colossal, but—excepting her feet, which are hideous—well shaped. Her bones are large, and she is exceedingly *embonpoint*. She resembles the bust of Ariadne. The shape of all her features is fine, as is the form of her head, and her ears; her teeth are a little irregular, but tolerably white, her eyes bright blue with a brown spot in one, which, though a defect, takes nothing away from her beauty and expression. Her eyebrows and hair are dark, and her complexion coarse. Her expression is strongly-marked, variable, and interesting; her movements in common life ungraceful; her voice loud, not disagreeable. Her mother, Mrs. Cadogan, is what one might expect. After dinner, we had several songs in honour of Lord Nelson sung by Lady Hamilton. She puffs the incense full in his face; but he receives it with pleasure, and snuffs it up very cordially.

After spending eight days at Dresden, the travellers started down the Elbe in two great barges fitted with rooms. Mr. Elliot accompanied them to the point of embarkation, and the following was his account of what took place :—

The moment they were on board, there was an end of the fine arts, of the attitudes, acting, dancing, and singing. Lady Hamilton's French maid began to scold about some provisions which had been forgot, in language quite impossible to repeat. Lady Hamilton herself began bawling for an Irish stew; while her old mother set about washing the potatoes, which she did as cleverly as possible. They were exactly like Hogarth's actresses dressing in the barn.

On arriving in London, Nelson met with a chilling reception from his wife. She seems to have been an excellent woman; but the knowledge that her husband's affection was now another's had soured her temper. One morning at breakfast, when he had been dwelling at unconscionable length on the perfections of "dear Lady Hamilton," she burst out with pardonable petulance, "I am sick of hearing of dear Lady Hamilton, and am resolved that you shall give up either her or me." They separated by mutual consent soon after. Lady Nelson went back to live with her father-in-law, and Nelson sought again the genial companionship of the Hamiltons. Yet, enslaved though he was, he could not long remain idle. Early the following year (1801) he joined the fleet at Plymouth, and in March sailed, as second in command to Sir Hyde Parker, to settle matters with the Danes and their allies off Copenhagen.

It was during his absence at Plymouth that Lady Hamilton drove up one morning to a house in Little Tichfield Street, Marylebone, bringing with her a female child some three weeks old. A certain Mrs. Gibson, a nurse, lived at this house, and to her Lady Hamilton entrusted the infant, promising her handsome remuneration for rearing it. Two years later, this child was christened at Marylebone Church, receiving the names Horatia Nelson Thompson. That Nelson was the father of Horatia there remains no doubt, though he chose to write of her, at the time, as his "adopted daughter," or "little charge," and to make mystifying allusions to a non-existent individual, called Thompson, as her male parent. The question as to who the mother can have been has given rise to much discussion. The world has, of course, assigned that distinction to Lady Hamilton; and, in spite of divers proofs to the contrary brought forward by Sir Harris Nicholas, and similar protestations on the part of Lady Hamilton herself—to whom truth was of little account—the world appears to have been right.

While on service in the Baltic in 1801, Nelson be-

came the purchaser of a residence called Merton Place, in Surrey. It was a pretty little property, and Lady Hamilton exercised all her ingenuity in embellishing the house. To Nelson the idea that a home prepared and inhabited by the Hamiltons awaited him in England, cheered him through many worries and anxieties. "Have we a nice church at Merton?" he inquires of Emma with a simplicity that provokes a smile. "We will set an example of goodness to the under parishioners!" It was at Merton that the Hamiltons heard of their friend's victory at Copenhagen, and it was there that they welcomed him when he came back. From that time the house was always full. A needy aunt and cousins of Lady Hamilton, who had cropped up since her return from Italy; Nelson's brother, sisters, and their families, were guests for weeks at a time. People from town, principally of the theatrical world, arrived in hosts to dinner. The hospitality was profuse; the festivities often boisterous.

In April, 1803, Sir William Hamilton died. His pension of £1,200 a year died with him. By his will, he bequeathed his Welsh estates to his nephew, Grenville, charged with a jointure of £700 a year to his widow. This appeared a meagre income to Lady Hamilton. She petitioned the then Prime Minister, Mr. Addington, for the continuation of her husband's pension to herself n full, on the strength of the services she had rendered to the British fleet in 1798. Nelson used all his influence in support of her petition, as did other friends. Her claim, it would seem, was admitted; but nothing was done. A month after Sir William's death, Nelson was appointed to the command in the Mediterranean, and was absent from England for two whole years. In order to render his beloved Emma's circumstances as easy as possible, he settled on her, before starting, an annuity of £1,200, to be paid in monthly portions. For one with Lady Hamilton's notions of comfort, no fortune would have been adequate. In the course of 1804 she kept open house at Merton, and incurred heavy expense in making unnecessary additions and alterations. Meantime, Grenville was backward in paying her annuity, and her chance of obtaining a Government pension seemed at an end. She bemoaned the state of her affairs when writing to Nelson; and he, while counselling economy, consoled her in these words:—"If Mr. Addington gives you a pension, it is well; but do not let it fret you. Have you not Merton? It is clear—the first purchase—and my dear Horatia is provided for; and I hope, one of these days, that you will be my own Duchess of Bronte; and then a fig for them all!"

When Nelson did at last return to Merton in August, 1805, it was but for a brief period—some three weeks or more. Early one morning, intelligence arrived that the combined French and Spanish fleets, of which he had been in hot pursuit for the past ten months, were at Cadiz. Here was the chance for which he had been longing! Should he offer his services at once, or enjoy a while longer the rest he had so well earned? He was pacing up and down a path in the garden, thinking what he should do, when Lady Hamilton approached him. She asked why he seemed uneasy. On hearing his reply, she urged him at once to offer his services. "They will be accepted," she said, "and you will gain a quiet heart by it: you will have a glorious victory; and then you may return here and be happy." Her voice was enough. "Brave Emma!" he exclaimed, "good Emma! If there were more Emmas, there would be more Nelsons." The Admiralty gladly accepted his services. No name in the "Navy List" carried one quarter the weight that his did. Lord Minto was at Merton to take leave of him on the 12th September. He says:—"Lady Hamilton was in tears; could not eat, and hardly drink, and near swooning, and all at table. It is a strange picture. She tells me nothing can be more pure and ardent than this flame. Nelson is in many points a really great man, in others a baby."

The following night, Nelson left "dear, dear Merton" for Portsmouth, where he hoisted his flag on board the Victory. Four days later he writes to Lady Hamilton from off Plymouth:—"I entreat you, my dear Emma, that you will cheer up. We will look forward to many, many happy years, and be surrounded by our children's children. God Almighty can, when He pleases, remove the impediment." The impediment thus slightingly mentioned was, of course, Lady Nelson. She was the innocent obstacle to Lady Hamilton's becoming the lawful sharer of Nelson's titles, honours, and rewards, present and future. On the 21st October, just before commencing the action in which he lost his life, the hero of so many victories drew up a sort of codicil to his will. In it he enumerates services which, in his opinion, entitled Emma Hamilton to a reward from Government, and adds:—

> I leave Emma, Lady Hamilton, a legacy to my king and country [trusting] that they will give her ample provision to maintain her rank in life. I also leave to the beneficence of my country my adopted daughter, Horatia Nelson Thompson. These are the only favours I ask of my king and country at this moment when I am going to fight their battle.

The death of Nelson was a grievous blow to Lady Hamilton, though her sorrow was of a loud, impetuous sort, not always the deepest. The world could afford her scant sympathy. Her name was held in disfavour in high places. Those who had found it convenient to seek her acquaintance while Nelson was alive, remembered now that there was an injured Lady Nelson, whose place she had usurped. There were some on whose gratitude she really had claims; but they turned their backs on her, now that she could no longer be of use to them. Nelson's clergyman brother, the Reverend William, had, in his days of obscurity, been helped by her in a variety of ways. He and

his wife were as often with her at Merton as at home; his children he readily confided to her care. He used to address her as his "best and truest friend," and begged of her to watch, on his behalf, for "vacant prebends of six hundred a year with good houses." He favoured her, too, with a list of certain aged deans, into whose shoes he was prepared to step. After his brother's death, this mean personage, for whom the Battle of Trafalgar had won an earl's coronet and ample wealth, received the codicil written on board the Victory. He said nothing about it at first, fearing that Lady Hamilton might be provided for out of the sum which Parliament was expected to grant to the Nelson family. The joyful news that £120,000 had been voted for this object reached him as he sat at dinner at Lady Hamilton's table. He then, but not till then, produced the codicil, and, pushing it towards her, told her she might do with it as she pleased. She had the document registered next day at Doctors' Commons.

There was one or two influential persons prepared to assist her if they could. Mr. George Rose, then Vice-President of the Board of Trade, stands first. Himself a personal friend and admirer of Nelson, he considered that compliance with the hero's dying entreaty was binding on Ministers. He busied himself in advocating her claims, first with Pitt (whose illness and death prevented his taking the matter up), and afterwards with Lord Grenville—the "cold-hearted Grenville," as the indignant applicant herself called him. But his efforts were without result. In the end, both he and Canning (who was equally desirous of serving her for Nelson's sake) were obliged to deny her their further support, in consequence of some false statements respecting them which she had introduced into a memorial addressed to the Prince Regent.

Meantime, counting no doubt on having her services some day suitably rewarded, she lived far beyond her means, which, though much narrowed, would have sufficed for any prudent person. The monthly allowance made her by Nelson had ceased at his death. There remained her Hamilton jointure, and the interest on £4,000 which Nelson had wisely tied up for Horatia.

In 1808, it became necessary to part with Merton. A valuation of the house and its contents was made; but the sale of these, it was thought, would not cover the estimated amount of her debts. She implored that wealthy old rake, the Duke of Queensberry, who had honoured her with his senile attentions, to purchase the property; but this he was not prepared to do. At length five gentlemen, anxious to help her, came forward with funds for her immediate necessities. Merton and her effects were assigned to them as trustees, with power to sell at such time and in such manner as might seem to them most advantageous. This arrangement afforded her but short relief. Her creditors pursued her wherever she went—at Richmond, at lodgings she took subsequently in Bond Street, and at Fulham, where she had taken refuge with her friend Mrs. Billington, the actress. Presently she found herself in the King's Bench prison. It was to a kind-hearted stranger, Alderman Joshua Smith, who provided the necessary heavy bail, that she owed her release thence, after ten months' incarceration.

She was now once more at large; but liberty was useless without security. A report that some unsatisfied creditors were waiting to have her re-arrested forced her to put the sea between herself and them. Accompanied by Horatia, she embarked secretly, one summer's evening in 1813, at the Tower, and, "after three days' sickness at sea," arrived at Calais. She took up her abode at a poorly-furnished house in the Rue Française.

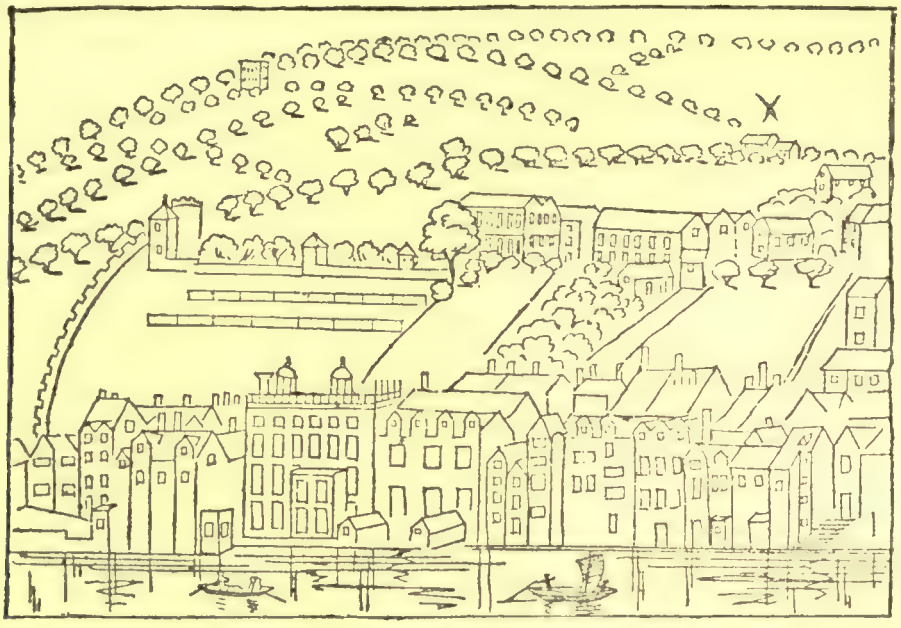
As the winter of 1814 drew on she was sometimes in absolute want. She had for some time been threatened with dropsy, and the disease now declared itself, rendering her incapable of any exertion. An English lady named Hunter was just then living at Calais. She was in the habit of ordering a little coarse meat daily at a butcher's for a favourite dog. The English interpreter, a certain M. de Rheims, finding her one day thus engaged, made the following appeal in Lady Hamilton's behalf:—"Ah! madame, I know you to be good to the English: there is a lady here that would be glad of the worst bit of meat that you provide for your dog." Mrs. Hunter, after this, supplied the sick woman with many comforts, not allowing her to know whence they came. Lady Hamilton for long fancied that she was indebted for them to M. de Rheims; but hearing who had sent them, she expressed a wish to see her benefactress and thank her. Mrs. Hunter accordingly visited her, and found her very ill, and growing feebler every day.

The still beautiful Emma Hamilton was, in truth, approaching that goal whence there is no returning. On the 15th January, 1815, she passed away. Her coffin was a plain deal box with no inscription; over it was drawn a substitute for a pall made by Mrs. Hunter "out of a black silk petticoat stitched on a white curtain." At Mrs. Hunter's request (there being no English Protestant clergyman in Calais), a half-pay officer of Dragoons read the burial service over her grave. The place of burial was a piece of ground outside the fortifications, which had once been a garden attached to a house inhabited by the bigamist Duchess of Kingston. It had been consecrated, and was used as a public cemetery for some time afterwards. It has since been converted into a timber-yard, and no traces of its graves remain.

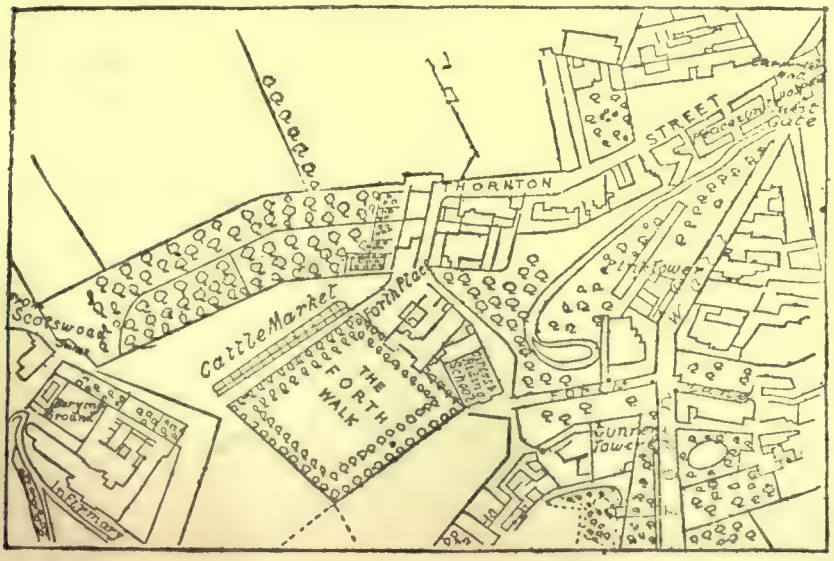
Horatia Nelson Thompson, the supposed daughter of Lady Hamilton by Lord Nelson, was married in 1822 to the Rev. Philip Ward, Vicar of Tenterden, Kent, and died his widow on the 6th of March, 1881.

The Forth, Newcastle.

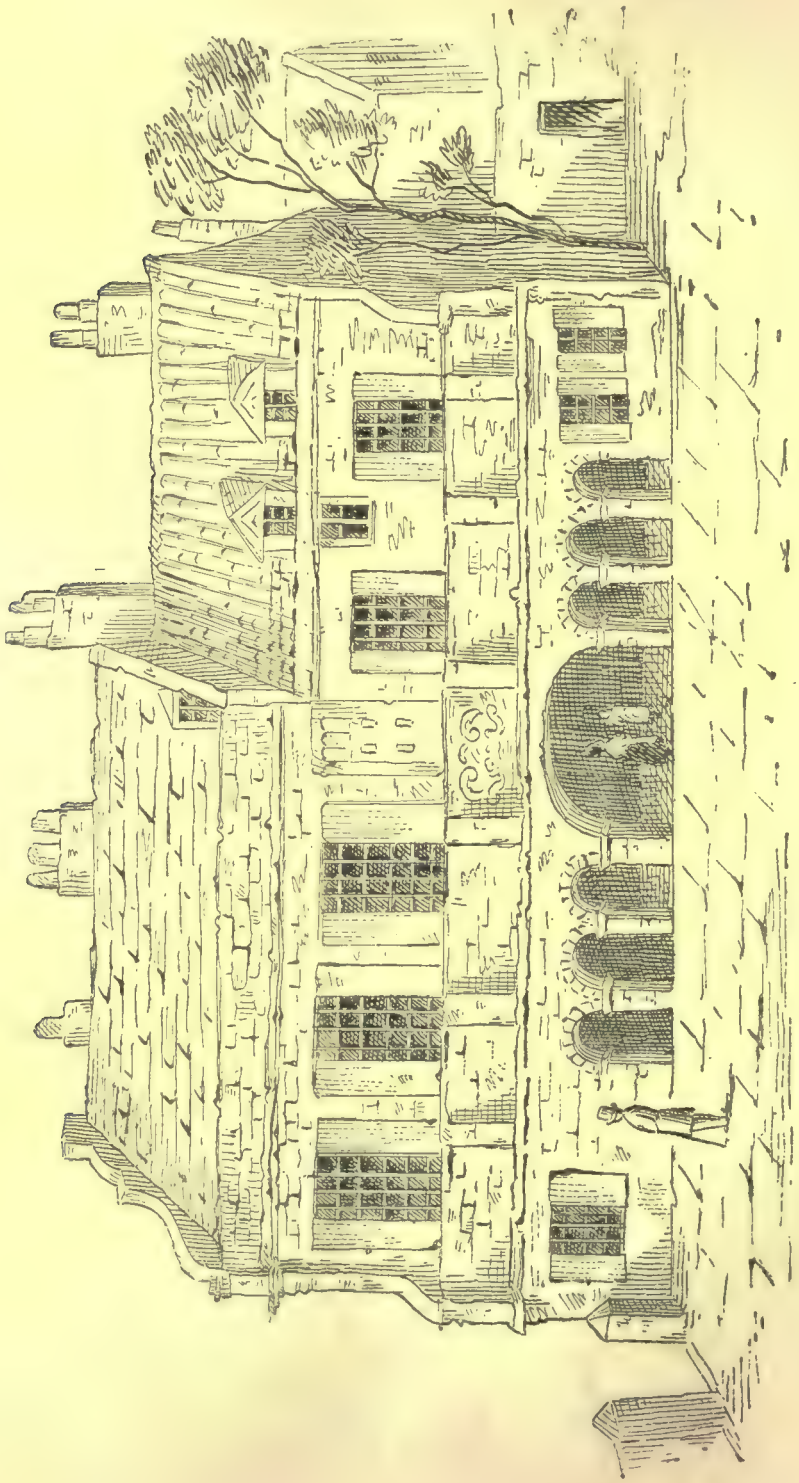
NO locality in Newcastle has excited more interest among the inhabitants than the open space called the Forth. It was for ages a playground for old and young; there the children used to bowl their eggs at Easter; and there the citizens used to enjoy the ancient game of bowls in summer time. Political meetings in later days were sometimes held in the enclosure. One of the most pathetic of Ned Corvan's songs was a lamentation for the loss of the Forth. That famous trysting-place, together with the Spital, has long since disappeared. The very site of it is now but dimly remembered, even by the oldest inhabitants of Newcastle. Nevertheless, the interest in the subject is still great enough to justify an attempt to give people now living the best idea possible of the appearance and situation of the Forth. No sketches of the enclosure, as far as we are aware, are in existence. The only approach to anything of the kind is contained in Buck's "View of Newcastle," published in 1745. A rough outline of part of that "view" is here printed. A cross in the outline indicates the ForthTavern and the trees surrounding it. We give also a tracing from Oliver's Plan of Newcastle, published in 1830. This tracing shows that the Forth joined the Cattle Market, and was situated between the Gunner Tower, which was removed in 1885, and the Infirmary, which still stands in the place it occupied in 1830. Neville Street, the Central Station, and the North-Eastern Railway, in fact, have taken the place of



FROM BUCK'S "S.E. PROSPECT OF NEWCASTLE," 1745.



FROM OLIVER'S PLAN OF NEWCASTLE, 1830.



FRONT VIEW OF THE FORTH TAVERN.

the once popular resort. Besides these outlines we have pleasure in presenting our readers with three sketches of the old Forth Tavern, taken from original drawings preserved in a book that belonged to the late John Waller. The original drawings were made in 1843, shortly before the place was pulled down and the entire ocality transformed. It was in this tavern and under the verandah in front of it, that the citizens were accustomed to gather of an evening, there to watch the sports which were proceeding on the green sward of the Forth itself. The view of the west end of the tavern shows the steps which led up to the terrace overlooking the Forth

our mayors and aldermen of the earlier days of Queen Elizabeth do not appear to have thought it beneath their dignity to witness and reward the exertions of "the fellyshpe of a shyp [of] Albroughe, dansyng in the Fyrthe," or even the pranks of a "player," who, it is gravely stated, was rewarded "for playing with a hobie-horse in the Firthe, before the maior and his brethren"; and, though it is not specially mentioned where the ceremony took place, yet we can hardly doubt that the bearward of Lord Monteagle, "him that had the lyon," and the "tumbler that tumbled before Mr. Maior and his brethern," one and all exhibited the capacities of them-

WEST END OF THE FORTH TAVERN.

Walk. Mr. M. A. Richardson published in 1848 Alderman Hornby's "Extracts from the Municipal Accounts of the Corporation of Newcastle." To these accounts he appended some historical notes, one of which furnishes the best description extant of the ancient playground of the Newcastle people.

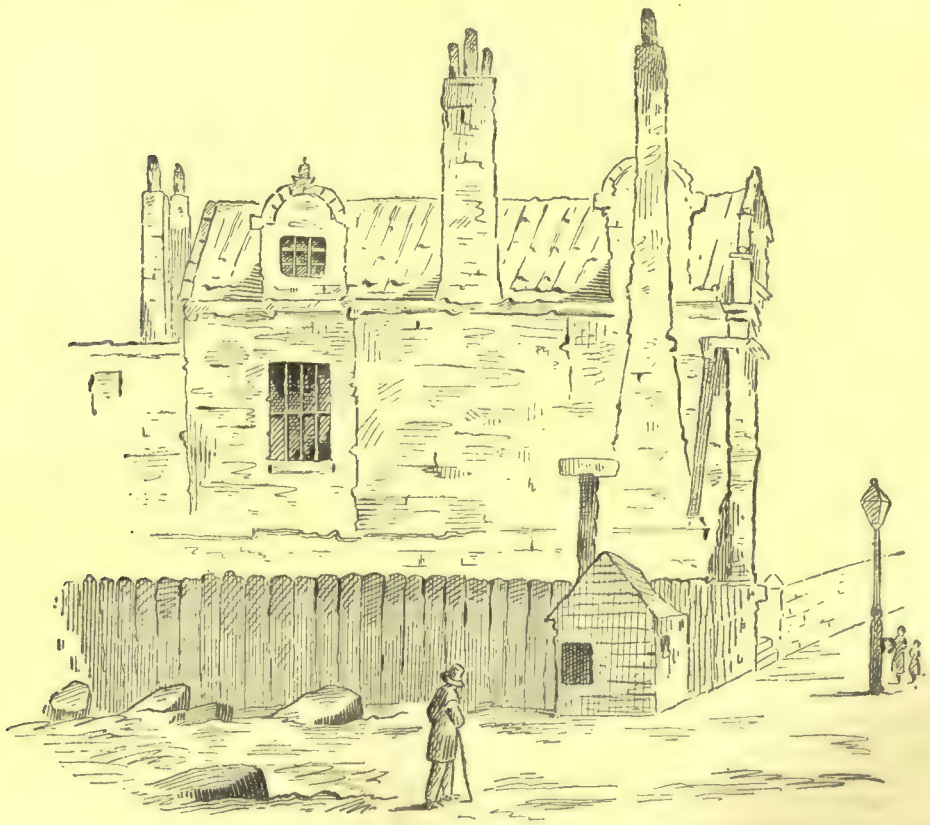
Mr. Richardson's History of the Forth.

The Forth has probably been in use as a place of recreation from a very early period, and that, too, countenanced by the governing body both in purse and person; selves or of their respective charges in the presence of these worshipful sightseers in this ancient place of recreation. In all these things we can discover a simplicity of manner, and an unbending of the sternness of justice at particular seasons, which cannot fail to impress us with a very favourable idea of the kindliness and easy intercourse of the magistracy with the commonalty at the period in question.

Archery, too, it would seem, has been practised here by the stalwart youths of the town, for in July, 1567, we have a charge "for making up the buttes in the Fyrthe.'

It seems probable, in fact, that the Forth has also been the *campus martius* of the town, or, at least, one of the places appropriated to the purposes of military array.

On 25th Sept., 1657, the Forth and paddock adjoining were ordered to be leased out under the common seal at a rent not exceeding £20 per annum, for 21 years, the lessee to let it to those only who should be bowling green keepers, with a clause to permit all the liberties, privileges, and enjoyments formerly used there; amongst these occur "lawful recreations and drying clothes." It is thus mentioned in a survey of crown lands, &c., in and about Newcastle, taken 29th Oct., 1649: "Item, one parcell of pasture grounde, called by the name of the Frith, lyeing on the west parte of Newcastle, conteynyng by estimacon 4 acres and one rood, and worth per annum 42s. 6d. Both this and Castle-Leazes or Castle-Fields hath been time out of mynd in the possession of divers persons re-



BACK VIEW OF THE FORTH TAVERN.

siding in or neare unto Newcastle, and (as we are informed) holdeth the same of the crowne in fee-farme. Therefore, we have not valued the same, but leave them to better judgements." Mention occurs of the Forth in an old rental of the sheriff of Newcastle which appears about the age of Car. 1.—"The Forth and Gooden-deane letten to Thomas Cook."

About 1657, a bowling-green and house for the keeper, was made by contribution in part of the Forth; around which on 29th July, 1680, the Corporation ordered a wall to be built, and lime trees brought out of Holland to be planted therein. On 25th Sept., 1682, there was an order of the same body "to make the Forth House suitable for entertainment, with a cellar convenient, and a handsome room, &c." On this occasion there was erected a stone inscribed "Nicholas Fenwicke, esq. maior, Nicholas Ridley, esq. sherriffe, anno Domini, 1682." In Brand's time it was affixed to the west end of the house, but was afterwards built into the parapet over the piazza.

A keeper of the bowling-green was retained till about the middle of the last century. Whether bowling was practised here previous to 1657, we have not been able to discover, but it is mentioned in 1690, and Thoresby, the historian of Leeds, who visited the town on 19th May, 1703, especially mentions having "walked to the very

curious bowling-green, built at a public charge, and where the best orders are kept, as well as made, that ever I observed."

"It was an ancient custom," says Bourne, "for the mayor, aldermen, and sheriff of this town, accompanied with great numbers of the burgesses, to go every year at the feasts of Easter and Whitsuntide to the Forth, with the mace, sword, and cap of maintenance carried before them." They then unbent the brow of authority, and joined the festive throng. On the north side of the bowling-green was the tavern, with a balcony projecting from the front, and a parapet wall, whence the spectators, calmly smoking their pipes and enjoying their glasses, beheld the sportsmen below. On Easter Tuesday, 1808, the holiday people assembled here were disturbed in the enjoyment of their annual amusements by an affray of a rather serious nature between some boys and a party of recruits of the Wiltshire Militia. The boys, according to annual custom, were amusing themselves with a game of football in the interior of the Forth, when the soldiers, no doubt for the sake of fun, interrupted them in their diversion, by running after them and tripping up their heels. The boys being reinforced by their friends, and encouraged by another party of military, set upon their opponents manfully, and with stones, brickbats, and other missiles, kept up such a determined discharge, that they compelled their antagonists, though superior in numbers, to seek safety in precipitate retreat. Luckily the scene of action being near the Infirmary, the wounded were conveyed thither. Two men received severe but not dangerous wounds on the head; the other accidents were mostly slight. At Easter-tide, too, the children used to go to the Forth to "bowl their eggs."

It seems pretty certain that the practice of several of the incorporated companies, of convening at the Forth and Forth-hill on their head meeting days, which during the latter half of the seventeenth century had become quite usual, was the traditional observance of a much earlier custom, and must, we think, have been derived from the assembling themselves together in former times of the body of burgesses, for the celebration of their processions and Corpus Christi plays. From the deficiency of very early records, and the paucity of the information given by those which do exist, we have not been able to trace any earlier mention of the custom than 1647, when the Cordwainers are enjoined to hold their head meeting on the Monday after Corpus Christi Day "in a place called the Forth, without the walls of our town, before 9 of the clock in the forenoon." The Smiths, on 23rd June, 1739, require that their company, which "heretofore usually on the head meeting day have gone to the Forth-hill to call the roll and gather in their fines," shall in future appear at their meeting hall for the same purpose. The Coopers, who had also met here for the adjustment of their business at seven in the morning, also discontinued the custom 7th June, 1710; and the Cordwainers, after the repair of their ancient meeting house in the Black Friars in 1728, in like manner abolished the practice from 30th September that year. Scattered over the records of the incorporated fraternities are many amusing entries relative to these meetings, whereby we observe that they did not neglect creature comforts, or spurn the aid of the drinking glass or of the fragrant weed. The companies brought their muniment chests to the place of meeting, called over their respective rolls, and fined not only those who were absent, but such as misbehaved themselves whilst there. We have an unfortunate wight so punished for calling one of his brethren "three times a knave att the Forth-banck." As might be expected, the proximity of a tavern and a bowling-green tempted many from their sterner duties; so we find that while one slips away to enjoy a pipe, a second is detected "playing at bowels" in the green, while "the twelve," or committee of his company, were waiting for his presence in order to the due despatch of business, which was frequently further retarded by others neglecting to bring the company's box. After these disputes were over, they incontinently entered the adjoining tavern, and, in repeated draughts, would reward themselves for their continence during the by-gone hour; a procedure no doubt often hastened by unpropitious weather to the satisfaction of all, especially as the cost was defrayed at the common charge—"the raine causeing them in."

As we have indicated, the Forth or Forth-field appears to have been used as a public drying ground, as also for the sweetening and airing of clothing of other descriptions. In 1685, the Cordwainers occur conveying thither "to aire" the cloaks, pall, and other burial paraphernalia of the fraternity, an economical expedient which in the following year is called "sunning."

The Forth, especially so called, was of square form, enclosed by a low brick wall, within which was a broad gravel walk, shaded by two rows of lime trees, planted at equal distances. Bailey informs us that these limes, which formed a kind of Lyceum for the inhabitants in their morning and evening walks, were subsequently cut square over at about fifteen feet from the ground; for years they shot out afresh, but by the latter part of the last century were going fast to decay; that at the time he wrote (1801) the constant exercising of troops on the green, and putting horses and cattle on the neighbouring field, had greatly impaired the beauty of the place, and entirely subverted its original and peaceful intention; but the Corporation prohibited these trespasses on the quiet enjoyment of the inhabitants, planted many young trees, and put the whole into excellent order, rendering it the most convenient and delightful promenade in the vicinity of the town. As such it was the daily resort of the inhabitants whose leisure permitted their making use of its pleasing features; while on Sundays, between and after Church hours, it was crowded with a brilliant and gaily-dressed throng.

After 1840 the Forth declined; the green, which had been surrounded by a railing, and kept in a state of exquisite verdure, was broken in upon, and a footpath formed from one corner to the other by idle people as a short cut from gate to gate; the seats, which were placed all around the enclosure for the convenience of the delicate and invalid, fell into decay, and were either torn up for firewood or intentionally removed; and the trees, dying one by one, were cut down and not replaced. Subsequently, the railing was overthrown, and "the green" so completely disappeared that hardly a blade of grass was discernible,—and the interior of the Forth became a miry plunge.

The open summit on which it was seated, the delightful views formerly to be had from it of the fine vales and extensive tracts of fell country in the distance, with its immediate contiguity to the western suburb, gave it all the advantages that could be desired for an evening resort in summer; but, from many manufactories and other works having sprung up in its vicinity, the smoke rapidly destroyed the vegetation. Bourne, writing in 1735, tells us that the Forth is a "mighty pretty place, exceeding by much any common place of pleasure about the town. On the east side of it you have a prospect of part of the town's wall, through which is the common passage to and from this place, under a shady walk of trees; on the west you view the grounds of the village of Elswick, which have a gentle ascent to the village itself; a place at the proper season of the year much frequented by the town's people, for its pleasing walk and rural entertainment. From this quarter we view also, as we do on the south, the banks of the river Tyne, together with their villages." In Bourne's time there was nothing to hinder an uninterrupted view of the country south and west; but now the very scenes upon which he expatiates are wholly shut out from obser vation, and covered with modern dwellings.

The last tree, extending its gaunt, leafless arms over the neglected swamp, as if pointing out deploringly the melancholy condition into which the place had fallen, was removed in November, 1842, when the workmen were engaged in cutting away the western side of the enclosure, for the purpose of adding to the ground occupied by the Cattle Market. On this occasion the wall was set into a line with the end of the tavern; the old gate, which had posts to prevent the ingress of horses, was removed, and a new one built up against the house; while among the mass of soil removed were found a great number of cows' horns.

It may be implied that there was not any tavern in the Forth previous to the year 1657, as in 1651 we find the whole fraternity of Smiths indulging in thirty-pence worth of "beare in the Foorth," a sum which includes the cost of "fetching it," a charge that would hardly have occurred under other circumstances. The same remark may possibly apply to expenditure of this kind at an earlier date.

The enclosure appears originally to have been effected by a wooden railing, which we have reason to think was erected for the first time in 1654. Mention of the Forth-*wall* first occurs in 1681, when, or in the preceding year, it was originally built. Considerable renovations also took place in 1731, and the succeeding year. A "seat in the Firth" is first mentioned in 1681, after which period down to the close of the century, it occurs being kept in repair, or at least some acknowledgment made, by the company of Smiths.

A Book with a History.

The book from which our views of the Forth Tavern are taken belonged to the late Mr. John Waller, proprietor of the Turf Hotel, Newcastle. It is a copy of Mackenzie's "History of Newcastle," bound in two volumes, and interleaved with rare engravings and original sketches of old buildings, many of which have now disappeared. The work has twice passed through the hands of Mr. Robert Robinson, of the Bewick's Head, Pilgrim Street, in the course of his business. It is Mr. Robinson himself who relates the history of this literary treasure. The book originally belonged to a gentleman named Bacon, who was for half-a-century the respected agent of Messrs. Cookson, in the Close, and who resided not far from the office of the firm. Mr. Bacon amused himself for many years by collecting local engravings, &c., to illustrate the text of the historian. Furthermore, in 1843 he employed a scene-painter at the Theatre Royal to make drawings for him of old and picturesque buildings and places in Newcastle. When he had completed his task, Mr. Bacon informed two or three old friends, collectors like himself, that he intended to present the result of his "labour of love" to the Literary and Philosophical Society. These old friends heartily approved of his scheme. Urged by them to quit the Close for a more pleasant part of the town, Mr. Bacon took a house in Derwent Place, sent his book to a bookbinder to be bound, and then died. The gatherings of many years were shortly afterwards sold by auction by the late Mr. George Hardcastle, of Sunderland, in a room in the Royal Arcade. Endeavours were made at the time to get the Mackenzie volumes from the bookbinder, in order to present them to the Lit. and Phil. But the auctioneer would not assent to this proceeding, got possession of the books, and sold them with the rest of Mr. Bacon's collection. The sale took place about thirty-six years ago, to the best of Mr. Robinson's recollection. Mr. Robinson bought the Mackenzie lot, which he sold afterwards to the late William Sidney Gibson, the author of the "History of Tynemouth Monastery," &c. On the death of that gentleman the work fell a second time into the hands of Mr. Robinson, who sold it to Mr. Ketelle, music-

master, at whose death it came into the possession of the late Mr. Samuel Neville. When Mr. Neville's library was dispersed, it was secured by the late owner, Mr. Waller. Such is the history of one of the most curious and interesting works extant.

The Inventor of the Panorama

AMONG the numerous inventions which Newcastle men have given to the world, there is one which is not generally known to be due to a Novocastrian—one which, in the centenary of its birth, finds appropriate location at the Jubilee Exhibition now being held on the Town Moor. I refer to the panorama in the North Gardens.

A panorama proper is not the series of revolving paintings which are usually called by that name. They constitute a "moving panorama," while the genuine article is a system of pictorial display in which the picture is painted on the inner surface of a circle or semi-circle, in the centre of which is a platform for the spectators, covered overhead to conceal the light, and thereby increase the illusion and give greater effect to the painting itself. The erection on the Moor shows the true panorama.

It is to Robert Barker, the son of an upholsterer in Newcastle, that the panorama owes its origin. He was a portrait painter and teacher of drawing in the town during the latter half of last century. By these accomplishments he earned a precarious livelihood, which he endeavoured to supplement by opening a shop. The place he selected for his venture was at the foot of Middle Street, where the Town Hall now stands. There he painted miniatures, sold glass, china, colours and paints, and manufactured pomatum and other articles of perfumery. Mackenzie describes him as a peculiarly active, inventive, and speculative man—one of those gifted beings, no doubt, who are quite unfitted for the ordinary routine of business. His shopkeeping was a failure. After struggling on for a time he "broke"; his effects were sold off, and, in 1784, he left the town. From Newcastle he went to Edinburgh, and tried his old profession of a portrait painter. In that city he was more fortunate, and in 1787, three years after his arrival, he perfected an idea, at which he had been working for some time, and brought out the panorama, which he patented under the name of *La Nature à coup d'œil*—Nature at a glance. The following year he opened a public exhibition of his new method of pictorial representation, and achieved a genuine success. Thence he removed to London, and, building a house for the purpose in Leicester Square, gave to panoramic display an enduring home. For eighteen years he continued his exhibitions in London, and after his death, in 1806, the business remained an unfailing source of attraction for a long period, under the management of one of his sons.

In these days of School Boards, it is perhaps unnecessary to add that panorama comes from two Greek words —*pan*, all, and *orama*, a view.

RICHARD WELFORD.

Count Boruwlaski, the Polish Dwarf.

USUALLY dwarfs have been characterised by oddity of habit and irritability of disposition, and, more frequently than not, diminutive size has been accompanied by deficient intellectual capacity, or else capacity has been perverted and depraved. The famous little fellow who was known to the dons of Durham, and indeed to general society both in London and the provinces, as the Count Boruwlaski was, however of singularly pleasant manners, cultivated mind, and refined tastes. The trials to which in early life his abnormal stature exposed him, instead of souring his disposition, only polished him untll he ripened into as thorough a little gentleman as could be found in any society, and prepared him for friendships which, for generosity and steadfastness, were a credit to human nature.

Joseph Boruwlaski was born near Chaliez, in Polish Russia, in November, 1739. There was no peculiarity about his parents to account for his Liliputian proportions; and yet three out of six children born to them were of dwarfish stature. The youngest was a daughter, and at her death, when she had reached the age of twenty-two, she measured only twenty-six inches in height. Joseph was only eight inches long when first he saw the light; but he was a healthy child from his birth, and through his protracted life of nearly a century he was remarkable for his vitality and exemption from disease. At the end of his first year he was fourteen inches in height; at six he had reached seventeen inches; at ten, twenty-one inches; at fifteen, two feet one inch; at twenty-five, one inch less than three feet; and at thirty, when he ceased to grow, three feet three inches. When in his sixth year, he lost his father; but this bereavement scarcely affected his situation in life, for he had already been adopted by a lady of wealth and quality in the neighbourhood. With this lady he remained for about four years, when he was transferred to a noble neighbour of hers, the Countess Humieska.

Having formed a desire of making a tour of Germany and France, the countess resolved to make him the companion of her travels, and after some necessary preparations he set out with her, at the age of fifteen, for Vienna. Here he had the honour of being presented to the Empress Queen, Maria Theresa, who was pleased to say that he far exceeded all the accounts she had heard of

him, and that he was one of the most astonishing beings she had ever beheld. That great princess was at the time at war with the King of Prussia, and Boruwlaski being one day in her apartment, when her courtiers were complimenting her on a victory obtained by her army, the empress asked him his opinion of the Prussian monarch. "Madam," replied he, "I have not the honour to know him, but were I in his place, instead of waging a useless war against you, I would come to Vienna and pay my respects to you, deeming it a thousand times more glorious to gain your esteem and friendship than to obtain the most complete victories over your troops." Her Majesty, who seemed highly delighted at this reply, caught Boruwlaski in her arms, and told his patroness that she thought her very happy in having such a pleasing companion in her travels. On another occasion, when, according to her desire, he performed a Polish dance in the presence of his sovereign, she took him upon her lap, caressed him, and asked him, among other questions, what he thought most curious and interesting at Vienna. He answered that he had seen in that city many things worthy of a traveller's admiration; but nothing seemed so extraordinary as what he at that moment beheld. "And what is that?" inquired her Majesty. "To see so little a man on the lap of so great a woman," replied Boruwlaski. The answer procured him fresh caresses. The empress wore a ring, on which was her cipher in brilliants of exquisite workmanship. His hand being accidentally in hers, he seemed to be looking attentively at the ring, which led her to ask whether he thought the cipher was pretty. "I beg your Majesty's pardon," replied Boruwlaski, "it is not the ring that I am looking at, but the hand, which I beseech your permission to kiss." With these words he raised it to his lips. The empress seemed highly pleased at this little specimen of gallantry, and would have presented him with the ring which gave occasion to it, but it was much too large. She called to her a young lady, five or six years old, who was then in the apartment, and, taking a very fine diamond ring from her finger, put it on Boruwlaski's. This young lady was the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, afterwards Queen of France. As may be easily imagined, Boruwlaski preserved this jewel with religious care. During a residence of six months at Vienna, the Countess Humieska availed herself of the opportunity to get her little charge instructed in dancing by M. Angelini, the ballet master to the Court, who afterwards obtained great celebrity by his extraordinary professional talents and his taste for literature.

From the Austrian metropolis the travellers proceeded to Munich, where they were most graciously received by the Elector of Bavaria, and where the countess's little companion excited no less curiosity than he had done at Vienna. They next repaired to Luneville, at that time the residence of Stanislaus Leczinski, the dethroned King of Poland, who, as a compensation for the Polish Crown, had been put in possession of the Dukedoms of Lorraine and Bar. By this venerable monarch the travellers were received with his usual bounty and affability, and, being of his own country, they were by his order lodged in his palace. With this prince lived the famous Bebe, who was till then considered the most extraordinary dwarf that was ever seen. From Luneville Boruwlaski proceeded with his benefactress to the gay metropolis of France, where they were received in the most flattering manner by the Queen, herself a native of Poland, and daughter of King Stanislaus. At this time Count Oginski, Grand-General of Lithuania, resided at Paris, and showed particular regard for Boruwlaski. He even carried his complaisance so far as to teach him the rudiments of music, and, conceiving that his pupil had a taste for that art, he prevailed on the Countess Humieska to engage for his master the celebrated Gavinies, who taught him to play on the guitar, an amusement which often solaced him in moments of trouble and disquietude. Count Oginski took great pleasure in having his little countryman near him. One day, when he gave a grand entertainment to several ladies of high distinction, he put Boruwlaski into an urn placed on the middle of the table, saying that he would treat them to an extraordinary dish. He forebore for a considerable time to uncover the urn, and the curiosity of the company was excited to the highest pitch. When the cover was removed, out sprang Boruwlaski, to the no small astonishment and diversion of the ladies. The travellers passed more than a year in Paris. They were visited and entertained by all the principal nobility and persons of opulence. Among the rest, M. Bouret, the farmer-general, so renowned for his ambition, his excesses, and his extravagances, gave an entertainment, and, to show that it was in honour of Boruwlaski, he caused everything, even the plate, knives, forks, and spoons, to be proportioned to his size. The ortolans, becaficos, and other small game of that kind, of which the entertainment entirely consisted, were served up on dishes adapted to their dimensions.

The count reached the ripe age of five-and-twenty before he succumbed to the passion of love. His first fancy was an actress attached to a French company performing at Warsaw. He was truly smitten. Day after day, and night after night, the little man carried his swelling heart to the feet of his mistress, whenever he could steal an opportunity without attracting the suspicion of his benefactress. For a time he deluded himself that he had made an appropriate impression on the affections of his idol; but, alas! he was doomed to smart under ridicule, after escaping it so long, in the very quarter where, had all the world despised him, he might have hoped for solace and protection. The naughty actress made fun of her passionate lover, and when he knew this beyond doubt, he withdrew into himself, like the injured snail into its shell. When he was forty, however, he again fell in love—this time with a young companion to the

Countess Humieska, named Isalina Barboutan. She was long obdurate, but he persevered until his noble benefactress felt constrained to interfere. She tried confining him to his chamber, like a naughty boy; but as he was inflexible, she at length sent him adrift into the wide world and despatched Isalina to her parents. The King of Poland granted him a pension of a hundred ducats, and this golden shower invested him, it was thought, with just sufficient advantage in the maiden's eyes or those of her relatives to outweigh all considerations of personal or general disadvantage. The marriage turned out an excellent thing for both parties.

On the recommendation of trusted friends, he resolved to visit several of the Courts of Europe, and, being provided by his sovereign with a specially constructed equipage, he and his wife set forth on their tour in 1780. The lady was confined at Cracow in January, 1781. When she was sufficiently recovered to travel, they renewed their tour. The count's old patroness, Maria Theresa, was dead by the time he reached Vienna; but he received generous entertainment and help from Prince Kaint, the celebrated Minister of State. After a brief sojourn at several capitals on the Continent, he came to England in the spring of 1782. Letters of introduction to the Duchess of Devonshire secured him access to the great and gay world of the English Metropolis, and even presentation at Court. For three years he exhibited himself for a livelihood. This was much against his grain, although he had the wit in most instances to give his entertainments something of a private, high-priced character.

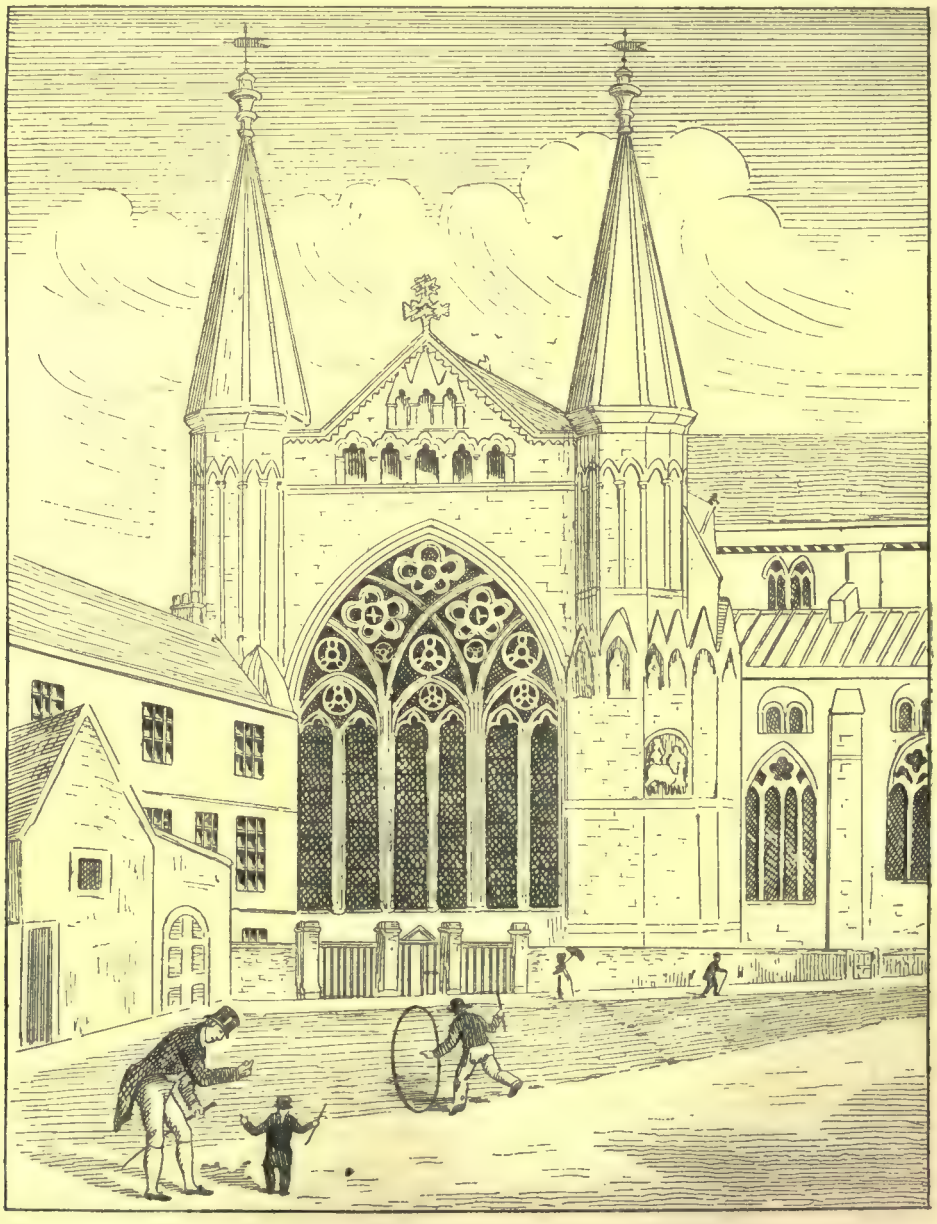
After a lengthened sojourn in Ireland the count crossed over to the Isle of Man and thence to Whitehaven. Finding little that was congenial to his tastes or promotive of his interests in Cumberland, he made his way eastward to Newcastle. Here he met with a very cordial reception, and considerable pecuniary benefit from his concerts. At Durham he formed a friendship with Mr. Ebdon, a famous cathedral singer of those days, and that friendship was destined to be the comfort and rest of his later days. After a long and pleasant visit to the capital of the Palatinate, in the course of which he gained the sympathy of many dignitaries of the Church, amongst others conspicuously that of Bishop Barrington and Prebendary Philpotts (afterwards Bishop of Exeter), he set out for Hull; but, being invited to visit a gentleman named Smelt, at Northallerton, he met with what proved, after much that was extremely painful as well as still more that was pleasant, the crisis of his life and the termination of his wanderings. Mr. Smelt, it appears, was a friend of the Duke of Gloucester's, and this royal personage interested himself warmly in the count's affairs. Everything promised halcyon days for the now elderly dwarf. But misfortunes came tumbling in upon him one after another with signal severity. First his patron the duke died; then the king became hopelessly imbecile; and, to crown all, his benefactor Smelt no sooner reached home after his return from London than he fell down dead. The little man, seeing the cup of felicity thus dashed from his hand as he was on the point of putting it to his lips, gave way to despair. He resolved to emigrate to America; but generous friends, who had long taken a warm interest in his welfare, interfered not only to prevent his design, but to render the remainder of his days comsortable.

The solid character of Ebdon's professed friendship for the Polish count showed itself in a pressing invitation to take up his abode with the Ebdon family in The Grove, Durham. Here he was made as welcome and happy as it was in the power of human kindness and refined courtesy to make him. It was not long, however, before his beloved friend Ebdon was removed by death. To his unspeakable relief, the daughters of his deceased friend urged him to continue his residence with them, and this he did for many years. His circle of friendship comprised all the best and highest of the great folks attached to the cathedral. He also enjoyed the closest intimacy with old Stephen Kemble, with whom it was his custom to stroll along the banks of the Wear in the summer sunset, and to converse as only refined and accomplished men can converse in the long winter nights. Through Kemble he was introduced to Mrs. Siddons, and later on to the famous Charles Mathews, the elder.

The count, on one occasion, was induced to visit his friend Mathews at Ivy Cottage. It so happened that during the time he was at Ivy Cottage, a gentleman offered the count his snuff-box, the size of which astonished him not a little; so much so indeed that he ran off with it to his friend "Mattoos," exclaiming, "I nevare saw such a ting in my life! Parbleau! I tink I could put all my *bas de soie* and two tree pairs of satin culottes in him, upon my word, ha! ha! ha!" At Mr. Mathews's, as at the prebendal houses, the count was supplied with miniature knives, forks, and spoons. At table he observed all the minutiæ of etiquette, but he was never known to imbibe either wine or spirits. One of Mr. Mathews's guests wished to take wine with the count, who made the following reply to the invitation courteously tendered:—"Oh! sare, vill you pardon my rudeness to refuse? I nevare have drunk vine nor grog punch all the time vile I stay in your countrie. I don't require him. I leave him alone. Vat shocking ting for me to made tipsy myself to dis time of my day; but I shall pledge you vid one glass of vater vid all my heart."

While on this visit, Boruwlaski seems to have had a very anxious desire to see the King (George IV.) in order to present him with a copy of his memoirs—a handsome octavo volume very creditable to the literary power of its author. Years before he had been favoured with an interview with the king, then Prince of Wales. The present visit was in 1821, when the king was preparing for his coronation. The count had a horror of anything ap-

proaching to patronage, and he was much afraid that the king might offer him money. He declared to Mr. Matthews that if the monarch did attempt to offer him money, "upon my vord, your friend will faint, expire dead as vall stone." They arrived at Carlton House, and were ushered into the presence, the interview taking place in the same room where the king and the Liliputian Pole were introduced to each other thirty years before. "He kissed me," says the count, "placed me on a chair next to him, and, at the close of the interview, presented me with a gold watch." The count's gratitude to Mr. Mathews for his kind agency in this matter appears to have been boundless. In his broken English he exclaims to him, "Ah! you are a good creature, upon



COUNT BORUWLASKI IN THE CATHEDRAL YARD, DURHAM.

my vord; in Durham, I tink you only funny Mattoos; I say you are kind Mattoos, and very good to your Boruwlaski."

The count spent the last days of his life in comparative seclusion. As long as he could get about he was an object of insatiable curiosity, especially on the part of the pitmen who came to Durham to do their marketing and holiday-making. At first he was much annoyed and even alarmed by their intrusiveness; but, at length, he got to understand that their phrase "canny aad man" was one of endearment, and by no means rude in intention. The boys, of course, were a perpetual plague to him. But if they not seldom pulled his pigtail, he as frequently, or nearly so, caned their backs for them. When extremely old, he could no longer take the air; but his closing days were enlivened and comforted by a large circle of intelligent and interesting visitors. In his later days the count lived in a pretty little stone house—an appropriate nestling place for so small a man—which peeps out from among a perfect bower of foliage about one hundred yards above the Prebends' Bridge. The river at that place makes a great bend as it turns direct eastward, after flowing almost due north, and the place is known as the Count's Corner. Old people still living remember how he used to stop lads or men from using profane language wherever he encounterd them in his rambles. A suit of his clothes is preserved in the museum at Durham. The amiable dwarf died on the 5th September, 1837, in the 99th year of his age.

As lending some additional interest to the story of Count Boruwlaski, we copy on the preceding page part of an old view of Durham Cathedral, published in 1821 by James Edward Terry, miniature painter, and kindly lent us by Mr. William Sharp.

The Willington Ghost.

WILLINGTON MILL, near North Shields, was the scene of one of the most popular ghost stories in the North of England, though many years have elapsed since anything uncanny has been seen or heard in the neighbourhood.

It was about 1840 and the four or five succeeding years that the ghostly visitations attracted the greatest amount of public notice. At that time the house adjoining the mill was occupied by Mr. Joseph Procter, whose relatives appear to have bought the building in 1806. The mill itself was used then for grinding flour by Messrs. Unthank and Procter but is now occupied as a store for oilcake. The Procter family lived in the house till 1847, prior to which the "visitations" had become much less frequent. A rumour that the house was haunted gained some currency previous to the time of its purchase by Mr. Procter's relatives, although it is stated that nothing of the kind was noticed during the first twelve years of Mr. Procter's own residence there. At last, both the people outside and the family inside began to hear sounds often, and to see apparitions frequently, for which there was no visible cause. The house was built in 1800, and there were reports of a deed of darkness having been committed by some one engaged in the work. Mr. William Howitt, whose narrative we shall presently quote, also mentions that Mr. Procter had discovered a book which made it appear that the same kind of thing went on in a house on the same spot about two hundred years before.

The appearance of Willington Mill, as our illustration shows, is not particularly picturesque. Standing

THE HAUNTED MILL, WILLINGTON-ON-TYNE, 1887.

between the Tynemouth branch of the North-Eastern Railway and the river Tyne, it occupies a position between two highways of commerce, which makes it anything but lonely, although forty years ago one can conceive that the neighbourhood was much more secluded than it is now. Situated in a deep hollow, which is spanned by a railway bridge of lofty arches, the famous habitation can be seen from the train by all travellers between Newcastle and North Shields. A dirty stream runs round its base and joins the river, after passing the mill, through acres of mud when the tide is low.

Efforts were made at different times to unravel the mystery of the noises and strange apparitions which are said to have been observed in Mr. Procter's house. Perhaps the best known endeavour in this way was that made by Mr. E. Drury, a young surgeon, in 1840, particulars of which were published in "Richardson's Table Book." Mr. Drury had arranged to pass a night in the haunted house along with a companion (Mr. Thomas Hudson, now the well-known chemist of South Shields), and the two arrived to execute their purpose on the 3rd of July. After the premises had been locked up, every corner of them was minutely examined. Drury and his friend had two lights by them, and were satisfied that there was no one in the house besides Mr. Procter, the servant, and themselves. What followed was thus described by Mr. Drury in a letter, dated Sunderland, July, 13, 1840, addressed to Mr Procter :—

I hereby, according to promise in my last letter, forward you a true account of what I heard and *saw* at your house, in which I was led to pass the night, from various rumours circulated by most respectable parties, particularly from an account of my esteemed friend, Mr. Davison, whose name I mentioned to you in a former letter. Having received your sanction to visit your mysterious dwelling, I went on the 3rd of July, accompanied by a friend of mine named T. Hudson. This was not according to promise, nor in accordance with my first intent, as I wrote you I would come alone, but I felt gratified at your kindness in not alluding to the liberty I had taken, as it ultimately proved for the best. I must here mention that, not expecting you at home, I had in my pocket a brace of pistols, determining in my mind to let one of them drop, as if by accident, before the miller, for fear he should presume to play tricks upon me —but after my interview with you I felt there was no occasion for weapons, and did not load them, after you had allowed us to inspect as minutely as we pleased every portion of the house. I sat down on the third storey landing, fully expecting to account for any noises I might hear in a philosophic manner— this was about eleven o'clock. About ten minutes to twelve we both heard a noise, as if a number of people was pattering with their bare feet upon the floor; and yet so singular was the noise that I could not minutely determine from whence it proceeded. A few minutes afterwards we heard a noise as if some one was knocking with his knuckles among our feet; this was immediately followed by a hollow cough from the very room from which the apparition proceeded. The only noise after this was as if a person was rustling against the wall in coming upstairs. At a quarter to one I told my friend that, feeling a little cold, I would like to go to bed, as we might hear the noises equally well there; he replied that he would not go to bed till daylight. I took up a note which I had accidentally dropped, and began to read it; after which I took out my watch to ascertain the time, and found that it wanted ten minutes to one. In taking my eyes from the watch they became riveted upon a closet door, which I distinctly saw open, and also saw the figure of a female, attired in greyish garments, with the head inclined downwards, and one hand pressed upon the chest as if in pain, and the other, viz., the right hand, extended towards the floor, with the index finger pointing downwards. It advanced with an apparently cautious step across the floor towards me; immediately as it approached my friend, who was slumbering, its right hand was extended towards him. I then rushed at it, giving at the time, as Mr. Procter states, a most awful yell; but, instead of grasping it, I fell upon my friend— and I recollected nothing distinctly for nearly three hours afterwards. I have since learnt that I was carried downstairs in an agony of fear and terror.

The story of an apparition seen in the window of the same house from the outside by four witnesses, who had the opportunity of scrutinising it for more than ten minutes, is given by Richardson. One of these witnesses was a young lady, a near connection of the Procter family (who for obvious reasons did not sleep in the house); another, a highly respectable man who was a foreman of the manufactory; his daughter, aged about seventeen; and his wife, who first saw the object and called out the others to view it. The appearance presented was that of a bareheaded man, dressed in a flowing robe like a surplice. After performing various antics, the ghost is said to have gradually faded away from the head downwards.

Mr. Howitt, who visited Willington about 1840 or 1841, tells the following story in his "Visits to Remarkable Places" :—

One of Mrs. Procter's brothers, a gentleman in middle life, and of a peculiarly sensible, sedate, and candid disposition, a person apparently most unlikely to be imposed on by fictitious alarm or tricks, assured me that he had himself, on a visit there, been disturbed by the strangest noises; that he had resolved, before going, that if any such noises occurred he would speak, and demand of the invisible actor who he was, and why he came thither. But the occasion came, and he found himself unable to fulfil his intention. As he lay in bed one night, he heard a heavy step ascend the stairs towards his room, and some one striking, as it were, with a thick stick on the banisters as he went along. It came to his door and he essayed to call, but his voice died in his throat. He then sprang from his bed, and, opening the door, found no one there, but now heard the same heavy steps deliberately descending, though perfectly invisibly, the steps before his face, and accompanying the descent with the same loud blows on the banisters.

My informant now proceeded to the room door of Mr. Procter, who he found had also heard the sounds, and who now also arose, and with a light they made a speedy descent below, and made a thorough search there, but without discovering anything that could account for the occurrence.

The two young ladies who, on a visit there, had also been annoyed by this invisible agent, gave me this account of it. The first night, as they were sleeping in the same bed, they felt the bed lifted up beneath them. Of course they were much alarmed. They feared lest some one had concealed himself there for the purpose of robbery. They gave an alarm, search was made, but nothing was found. On another night their bed was violently shaken, and the curtains suddenly hoisted up all round to the very tester, as if pulled up by cords, and as rapidly let down again, several times. Search again produced no evidence of the cause. The next day they had the curtains totally removed from the bed, resolving to sleep without them, as they felt as though evil eyes

were lurking behind them. The consequences of this, however, were still more striking and terrific. The following night, as they happened to awake, and the chamber was light enough—for it was summer—to see everything in it, they both saw a female figure of a misty substance, and bluish grey hue, come out of the wall at the bed's head and through the head-board, in a horizontal position, and lean over them. They saw it most distinctly. They saw it as a female figure come out of, and again pass into, the wall. Their terror became intense, and one of the sisters from that night refused to sleep any more in the house, but took refuge in the house of the foreman during her stay, the other shifting her quarters to another part of the house. It was the young lady who slept at the foreman's who saw, as above related, the singular apparition of the luminous figure in the window, along with the foreman and his wife.

It would be too long to relate all the forms in which this nocturnal disturbance is said by the family to present itself. When a figure appears, it is sometimes that of a man, as already described, which is often very luminous, and passes through the walls as though they were nothing. This male figure is well known to the neighbours by the name of "Old Jeffery." At other times it is the figure of a lady, also in grey costume, and as described by Mr. Drury. She is sometimes seen sitting wrapt in a sort of mantle, with her head depressed, and her hands crossed on her lap. The most terrible fact is that she is without eyes.

To hear such sober and superior people gravely relate to you such things gives you a very odd feeling. They say that the noise made is often like that of a pavior with his rammer thumping on the floor. At other times it is coming down the stairs, making a similar loud sound. At others it coughs, sighs, and groans like a person in distress; and, again, there is the sound of a number of little feet pattering on the floor of the upper chamber, where the apparition has more particularly exhibited itself, and which for that reason is solely used as a lumber room. Here these little footsteps may be often heard as if careering a child's carriage about, which in bad weather is kept up there. Sometimes, again, it makes the most horrible laughs. Nor does it always confine itself to the night. On one occasion, a young lady, as she assured me herself, opened the door in answer to a knock, the housemaid being absent, and a lady in fawn-coloured silk entered, and proceeded upstairs. As the young lady, of course, supposed it a neighbour come to make a morning call on Mrs. Procter, she followed her up to the drawing-room, where, however, to her astonishment, she did not find her, nor was anything more seen of her.

Such are a few of the questionable shapes in which this troublesome guest comes. As may be expected, the terror of it is felt by the neighbouring cottagers, though it seems to confine its malicious disturbance almost solely to the occupants of this one house.

Mr. Drury's version of the adventure in the haunted house had been before the public for more than forty years ere Mr. Hudson consented to give his. The latter gentleman's narrative, reprinted further on, was first published in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* on December 20, 1884. How it happened that Mr Hudson so long remained silent on the subject was thus explained: When the permission of Mr. Procter was given to the visit in 1840, he requested the visitors not to make known their experiences, because of the difficulty he found in retaining domestic servants, who were naturally terrified at the idea of residing in a house that was reputed to be haunted. Mr. Hudson scrupulously observed Mr. Procter's injunctions. But the reason for silence had disappeared in 1884. Mr. Procter was dead, his family had removed from Willington, and the premises had been converted to other uses. There was, therefore, no longer any reason for reticence. So it happened that we have now Mr. Hudson's narrative of the incidents of the memorable night he spent in the haunted house nearly half-a-century ago.

Mr. Hudson's Story

One Midsummer afternoon, in 1840, my young "governor"—Mr. J. Ogilvie, jun., chemist, North Shields—said to me in an off-hand way, "Tom, the doctor (Drury) is going to-night to make the acquaintance of the ghost at the haunted house at Willington. How would you like to go with him, and see that he doesn't come back with a cock-and-bull story about it?" To give the "powdered aloes" the "go-by" even for one afternoon was a prospect too tempting to give up, especially after having had for many hours the acute aroma of that dust in my nostrils. "Most willingly," was my ready reply. And not many minutes afterwards I bade the great mortar a joyful "good-bye," and set off for the mysterious mansion.

That was before the days of railways, and as the Newcastle omnibuses, which then ran hourly to and beyond Willington, charged two shillings for the journey, we elected to tramp it. It was a beautiful evening. Golden clouds shone in the sky, the air was rich with the scent of wild flowers, the trees and hedges seemed clothed in gold, and the peaceful hum of the industrious bee in the green fields around us fell like dreamy music on the ear. These were the "delightful days of old," before "buzzers" were born; when old Father Tyne kept sand beds right up the river for sleepy steamers to get stranded upon for hours daily at low tide; and when fiddlers were always part of the crew, for the amusement of the company on board. Palmer had not then built his palaces of labour nor his plantations of iron ships at Jarrow on the opposite shore. Even Willington had not heard the ghost of a whisper that the *Weekly Chronicle* had become the eighth wonder of the world! Quietude reigned everywhere. There was nothing ghostly about except the memory of the many tales told of the headless old lady whom it was our vaunted ambition to accost on her nocturnal excursion from the other world.

We arrived at the mansion by the mill at the appointed time—eight p.m.—and were most kindly entertained to supper by the genial and worthy miller, whose memory will long be revered on Tyneside. Mr. Procter told us he had never seen the apparition himself, but he had heard many utterly unaccountable sounds on several remarkable occasions. However, from the accounts given to him by his children (who felt not at all alarmed at the "old lady's" appearance by night or day)—accounts which, he told us, agreed in every detail—he was quite satisfied that the story of the supernatural appearance in

his house was founded on fact. "Moreover," said he, "the testimony of most trustworthy witnesses, such as friends, neighbours, and people on the premises, seem proof enough for the most sceptical." "If," continued our interesting and respected informant, "if you feel inclined to stay all night on the chance of seeing *it* [as the visits, it seemed, were ever erratic], you are welcome to do so, or to return upon any future occasion when curiosity may call you here again." Having enjoyed a salubrious but anti-stimulative supper, we listened to the story of all that was known concerning the ghost for about two hours. Mr. Procter related incidents so unmistakable and circumstantial as to be almost enough to forbid even a syllable of controversy afterwards. We were then taken through every part of the premises, so as to assure ourselves of the impossibility of any intrusion or hoax-playing.

At ten o'clock, Mr. Procter and his housekeeper retired to rest. We had been previously led to the upper stairhead, where the "old lady" had been so distinctly seen by the children and others on many occasions. Here two chairs, a small table, two wax candles lighted, and two silk night-caps were kindly left for our use, as we intended to watch diligently till daylight. Four bed-room doors stood open around us. All the bed-rooms were furnished, but none of them was occupied on the night in question, Mr. Proctor's family being away from home at the time. Dr. Drury, being my senior, took the choice of seats, and sat upon one nearest the stairs, without, of course, any intention of beating an ignominious retreat at the advance of the ghost. So brave was he, indeed, that at my request he left his pocket pistol downstairs, being now assured that whatever might appear would be skinless, and not susceptible to shot. I occupied a central position, two rooms being to the right of me and two to the left, while the stairs were at a right angle. Both of us looked as profoundly philosophical as possible in the light of the two stately wax candles, and there was not a sound save the occasional creech of the old-fashioned snuffers. Two hours crept slowly by in this solemn silence. The clock struck the ghostly hour of twelve without a single incident having occurred worthy of a word of comment. Fifteen minutes afterwards, however, a most unearthly, hollow sound broke upon our ears. Knowing that coming events often cast their shadows before, we awaited breathlessly in the anticipation that these sounds might be the prelude to sights. But we waited in vain. Later on sounds came in a sort of rumbling and unequal fashion, such as might have been caused by waggon wheels travelling over the skeleton of the Willington Bridge, then in course of construction. Anon my friend was a little excited by a vibrating noise which he said sounded "like the fluttering of an angel's wing!" My answer was that it was more likely to be the echo of a steamer's paddle wheels on the adjoining river. Then there came another awfully perplexing sound, as if something was trying to squeeze itself through the floor at our feet. This was simple as a matter of fact, yet it produced in us a great degree of nervous uneasiness. Not, however, to an alarming extent, as we knew that the house was built upon piles, and was, therefore, more sensitive to sounds than other buildings resting on more substantial foundations. This thought calmed our feelings. About a quarter to one the most unaccountable disturbance we had yet heard occurred in one of the rooms close by—the room to my right hand. It was as if someone were really there, walking on his (or her) bare feet, and approaching us. But nothing met our vision.

We had both been up from six a.m. the previous morning, and now at last tired nature was weighing my eyelids down. Drury suggested that we should go to bed and keep watch from there. But to this I would not agree until daylight should appear. I suggested, however, that he might go to bed, and leave me as "captain of the watch." He refused somewhat testily, and not only so, but in a bad temper refused all further conversation, nursing his "pet" to keep it warm. To retaliate, ladlike, I took out a cigar in a strong spirit of independence, and jocosely remarked that I would take his white hat for a spittoon. This annoyed him, and he reminded me that we were engaged on too serious a matter for levity or laughter. Thus, after sitting there nearly three hours, without a book to read or a friend to chat with—the doctor refusing to speak—I naturally became exceedingly drowsy, yet I was awake enough for any emergency. I saw my friend reading a note which he had taken from his waistcoat pocket, and I closed my eyes for a few seconds only. I was quickly startled, however, by a hideous yell from Drury, who sprang up with his hair standing on end, the picture of horror. He fainted and fell into my arms, like a lifeless piece of humanity. His horrible shouts made me shout in sympathy, and I instantly laid him down and went into the room from whence the last noise was heard. But nothing was there, and the window had not been opened. So loud was his scream that two or three neighbours were awakened by it—so they afterwards told me. Mr. Procter and the housekeeper came quickly to our assistance, and found the young doctor trembling in acute mental agony. Indeed, he was so much excited that he wanted to jump out of the window. Coffee was kindly given to us, and we shortly afterwards left for North Shields.

Drury declared his unbounded belief in the ghost. He said he had seen the grey old lady in a grey gown proceed from the room at my right hand side, and slowly approach me from behind. She was, he said, just about to place her hand on my slumbering head, while he was strongly endeavouring to touch my foot with his, but though our feet were only a few inches apart, he had not

power to do so. Instead, he shouted with all his might, and then swooned. My opinion, however, is that Drury saw the appearance of the mysterious lady, as others had seen her, in much the same way as Macbeth saw the ghost of Banquo and the dagger; but whether it was or was not a spirit in form will remain a mystery to some, a fact to a few, and simply a mental delusion to many. The latter will be the more prevalent opinion in this age of materialism, when the question is asked, How can there be a shadow without substance, or mind without matter, except in our dreaming eyes and foolish fancies?

THOMAS HUDSON.

The Tower on the Bridge.

OLD TYNE BRIDGE, the admirable model of which is now one of the great attractions at the Jubilee Exhibition in Newcastle, had three towers or gates—the Magazine Gate at the north end, the Tower on the Bridge further south, and a third at the Gateshead end. We have here an engraving of the Tower on the Bridge, printed years ago in Sykes's "Local Records." The block is now the property of Mr. Richard Welford, who has kindly loaned it to us for reproduction in the *Monthly Chronicle*. The cut, as Sykes explained, was taken from an original

drawing in the possession of Miss Hornby, daughter of Alderman Hornby, a well-known antiquary of a past generation. According to Grey's manuscripts, as we read in Richardson's Reprints, "the Tower on the Bridg was builded by G. Bird, mayor of this town: the Bird coots of Armes was upon it." As George Bird was Mayor of Newcastle at various times from 1493 to 1511, in which year he died, the structure must have been erected about the close of the fifteenth or beginning of the sixteenth century. The Tower was a temporary place of confinement for disorderly persons. It was also at the same time a storehouse for malt. Anent this the biographer of Ambrose Barnes, the famous Puritan Alderman, tells a well-known story. The alderman had committed to the Tower one Henry Wallis, a master shipwright, for drunkenness. Seeing in the grain the source of his trouble, Wallis cast the whole heap into the river, "merrily reflecting upon himself and saying" as he did so—

O base malt!
Thou didst this fault,
And into Tyne thou shalt.

While the workmen were taking down the ruins of the bridge, after the flood of 1771, they found in the pier on which the Tower formerly stood, four or five feet below the pavement, the bones of a human skeleton and an empty stone coffin without an inscription—relics of the past of which nothing further is or ever will be known.

The Newcastle Chare Story.

ONE of the old stories which have long been current on Tyneside was thus related recently in the leading columns of the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*:—

Mr. William Russel, who was deputy-surveyor of this ancient city, was giving evidence at the Guildhall, and, being a genuine Northumbrian in dialect, brogue, and shrewdness, said:—"As I was going along the quay, I saw a hubbleshew coming out of the chare foot." Not aware that on Tyneside the word "hubbleshew" meant "a concourse of riotous persons," that the narrow alleys or lanes of the old town were called by their inhabitants "chares," and that the lower end of each alley, where it opened on to the Quayside, was termed a "chare-foot," the judge, seeing only one part of the puzzle, inquired the meaning of the word "hubbleshew." "A crowd of disorderly persons," answered the deputy-surveyor. "And you mean to say," inquired the judge of assize, with a voice and look of surprise, "that you saw a crowd of people come out of a chair-foot?" "I do, my lord," responded the witness. "Gentlemen of the jury," said his lordship, turning to the twelve good men in the box, "it must be needless for me to inform you *that this witness is insane!*"

Another version of the same story appears in the "Reminiscences of Sir F. H. Doyle," as follows:—

While a trial for murder was going on in Newcastle, one witness had to detail what he knew. "Go on, witness!" "Yes, my lawd; then I saw thwee men come out of a chare-foot!" Taunton, the judge, got very angry. "Mind what you're about, witness, and don't talk nonsense of that kind. Go on, now, and be careful." "Yes, my lawd; yes, my lawd. Then I saw thwee men come out of a chare-foot." "Witness, you must be drunk. If you don't conduct yourself properly, I shall refuse you your expenses." Mr. Fenwick, a local barrister, attempted to explain, but the judge would have none of him. Ultimately, the judge was made to listen. He recovered his temper, and, let it be hoped, learnt a lesson in provincial English.

The absurdity of the story is sometimes increased by

the addition to the witness's statement, that he saw one man in the crowd eating a brick, brick being an old local name for a small loaf. Sir Francis Doyle's attempt to give the Newcastle pronunciation is, of course, an utter failure. As to the story itself, it seems to be really an invention. We can find no record of a judge of the name of Taunton ever having visited Newcastle; nor have we been able to trace a deputy-surveyor of the name of Russel. For the rest, Dr. Bruce and Mr. John Clayton, both men of venerable age but sound memory, though they have been familiar with the story all their lives, can throw no light on it. Mr. Clayton's opinion, indeed, is that it was concocted years ago by a waggish member of the bar. Anyway, as far as we have been able to ascertain, there is no historic foundation for it. But the story is good enough, for all that.

A Famous Hunting Song.

"D'ye Ken John Peel?"

THIS famous Cumbrian hunting song, which was written, about the year 1826, by the late John Woodcock Graves, then carrying on business as a woollen and stocking-yarn manufacturer at Low Caldbeck, some six or seven miles south-south-east of Wigton, has long enjoyed a wide popularity, due not only to the words, but to the air, which is one of the old spirit-stirring Border lilts, seemingly "as old as the hills." It is certainly one of the best hunting songs in the English language, rich as our noble tongue is in lyrics of the sort, comprising, besides as many more good ones as would fill a volume, such rare gems as "Old Towler," "Tom Moody," "Tantivy, tantivy, tantara!" "Hark, forward's the cry," "Chevy ho!" &c. It has been chanted wherever English sportsmen have penetrated—in America, Australia, South Africa, and elsewhere—as well as in the neighbourhood of the Caldbeck, Catlands, Brocklebank, Warnel, and other Cumbrian fells. Its hero, John Peel, a "statesman" who owned a small property in the parish of Caldbeck, was a real original "Nimrod of the North." Through the courtesy of Mr. George Coward, bookseller, Carlisle, and Messrs. Brash, proprietors of the *West Cumberland Times*, Cockermouth, we are enabled to give portraits and memoirs (the latter necessarily abridged) of both these notable men, as well as a sketch of Peel's gravestone in Caldbeck Churchyard. The portrait of Graves, we may add, is copied from a photograph taken a short time before his death.

THE AUTHOR: JOHN WOODCOCK GRAVES.

John Woodcock Graves, born on the 9th February, 1795, was the son of an ironmonger at Wigton, who also carried on the kindred trades of plumber and glazier, but, being somewhat erratic in temperament, was not prosperous in business, and died in the midst of financial entanglements, leaving an only son and some daughters to the care of his widow. John was then but nine years old. His mother strove heroically, amidst anxieties and troubles, to fulfil the obligations, monetary as well as domestic, which her spendthrift husband had left her surcharged with; and the one thing to which she gave special care was the education of her children. So John was sent to the nearest school, which was "in a clay daubin in a backyard"—not a very promising place, to be sure—and here he learned the use of figures and became an expert writer. After leaving school, he went to Cockermouth, and remained there till he was twenty, under the care of an uncle, who was a house, sign, and coach painter, and likewise, with his wife, kept a bathing hotel at Skinburness. Here he learned little or nothing, his uncle leaving it to his foreman to initiate him into the art and mystery of handling the paint brush and plumbing tools, for which, as he afterwards confessed, he cared nothing. There was a pack of hounds in the neighbourhood, and it was his delight to follow them, of course on foot. His love for the chase grew with his growth; and but for his falling in with a certain Joseph Faulder—an old bachelor who lived with his sister in a house opposite the young man's lodgings, and who was a remarkable character in his generation, being an intimate friend of John Dalton, the famous discoverer of the atomic theory, which is undoubtedly one of the most important contributions ever made to chemistry, and himself a good mathematician—Graves might possibly have sunk down into something like vagabondage. But Faulder took a deep interest in him, and managed "to fix in him a love of truth, and bent his purpose to pursue it." By and by his uncle declined business, and young Graves, having all the world before him where to choose, as well as a taste for high art, was inclined to visit the classic lands of Southern Europe, to study painting and sculpture, working, tramping, and learning as he went on; but his mother and sisters and other friends were so much against this course, and pressed him so much to settle at home, that he finally yielded, much against his will. He was not long in Wigton before he got married, but his wife lived only about twelve months. A few years afterwards he married again, this time to a very superior sort of woman, "comely in person and of cultured mind," who brought him eight children, but of whom he wrote to a friend, some years after her death,—"to tell the truth, I cannot say that we were by any means happily mated." The fact was, his erratic ways were more than enough to try the temper and exhaust the patience of the best wife in the world. He was constantly devising new schemes, none of which, when adopted, succeeded. He had always too many irons in the fire. Not content with managing a woollen and stocking-yarn factory at Caldbeck, he must needs begin specu-

lating in coal mining in the West of Scotland; and, having in this way ruined himself, he metaphorically threw up the sponge, leaving the wrecks of his property—machinery, book debts, &c.—in the hands of a relative, to provide for two daughters whom he left behind, and carried out his wife and four or five children to Tasmania, where he landed in 1833 with about £10 in his pocket. His course at the Antipodes was as wayward and unsuccessful as at home. Soon after the family arrived in Tasmania, Graves went off to New Zealand and Australia, leaving his wife without any intelligence of his whereabouts for more than three years. It was his genius to form dazzling plans, which invariably came to nothing, or, at least, brought no grist to his own mill. One of his daughters, Mrs. Hubbard, "a shrewd, intelligent woman," who married a gentleman connected with the *Melbourne Argus*, and takes a great interest in the hospitals and charitable institutions in that city, wrote of him as follows, a year or so since:—"My father was a man of very superior mental attainments, of vigorous constructive and inventive capacity, a geologist, botanist, astronomer, and, in fact, too scientific in his proclivities to be content to walk in the ordained course of everyday life." In the southern hemisphere, where every man is a labourer or an artizan—all workers, striving for an independence—he found no intellectual sympathy, and he occupied his mind, while rambling from one colony to another, in working out various mechanical inventions, some of which might be serviceable to others, but none whatever to himself. The natural result was that the burden of his family fell upon his wife, who, through patient perseverance, accompanied by staunch integrity, and sustained always by a spirit of independence, managed somehow to give all her children a liberal education, and got his eldest son trained to the profession of the law, in which he rose to local eminence, but died before he reached the age of fifty; while the second son nobly worked up his way from boyhood at hand labour to the position of a prosperous saw-mill proprietor and timber merchant, estimated, some years ago, to be "a thirty thousand pounds man." The whole of the daughters married well. After the death of his eldest son, the barrister, who inherited, with more mental ballast, the old man's love of sport, Mr. Graves had necessarily to be put on a regular limited allowance. Still retaining much of his bodily activity, he continued his reckless style of expenditure in the pursuit of utopian or quixotic inventions and discoveries, often denying himself the common necessaries of life, which gave outsiders the impression that he was neglected by his surviving family, which was by no means the case. On the contrary, his wants were dutifully supplied, a neat cottage being bought for him in a beautiful situation, and a weekly income allowed him, sufficient for his real needs. But, under the misunderstanding in his native county that he was in great poverty, a subscription was raised among his old friends there, and the amount forwarded to him "in pauper-like doles," to the utter dismay of his children, who shuddered at the prospect of their father being represented to their kinsfolk at home as a recipient of charity. The old man, truth to tell, was maintained to the last in a comfortable home. He died at his residence in the suburbs of Hobart Town, on the 17th of August, 1886, in the ninety-second year of his age.

JOHN WOODCOCK GRAVES

THE HERO: JOHN PEEL.

A contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in writing of the hero of the song, says:—"Old John Peel was for many years the hunting hero of Cumberland; and Cumbrians who have never met before have grasped each other's hands, and joyfully claimed county kindred, in the Indian bungalow or the log hut of the backwoods, when one of them, being called on for a song, struck up 'D'ye ken John Peel?'" This remarkable man was born on the 13th November, 1797, at Greenrigg, a hamlet in High Caldbeck township, on the outskirt of the Caldbeck Fells, where his father was a small landed proprietor. He married, in his twentieth year, the daughter of a neighbouring yeoman, two years his junior, in spite of the banns having been forbidden in church, owing to the loving pair being "far ower young." Discountenanced by their parents, they went to Gretna Green, where they were summarily spliced by the world-renowned blacksmith. The elopement, we are told, was planned with the young hunter's characteristic acuteness. On the appointed night he mounted his father's sturdiest nag, and rode over to Uldale, to the residence of the

bride, and planted himself and his steed, Binsey, underneath her windows. Mary was duly on the look-out, all in readiness for the flight—

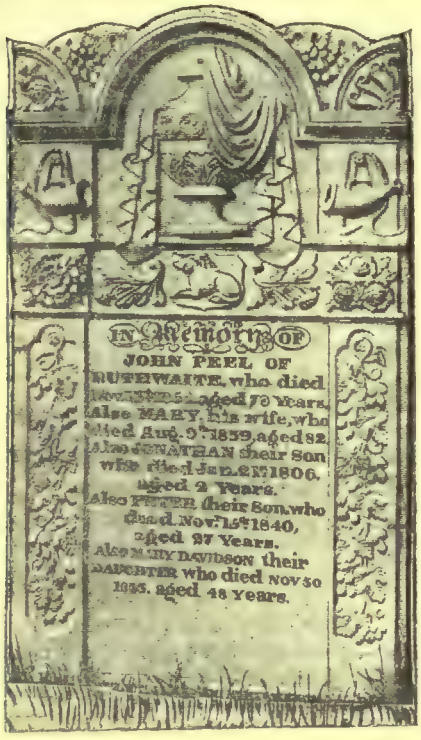
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung,
"She is won! we are gone!—when Binsey shows heel,
They'll have swift steeds that follow," quoth young Johnny Peel.

The match, though premature, was not unsuitable; and, whether that had been the case or not, what was done could not be undone. So, to make all square, the loving couple were tied a second time by Parson Lynn, with the established ceremonies of the Church. The issue of this union was six sons and seven daughters, all of whom, with one exception, grew up to manhood and womanhood,

JOHN PEEL.

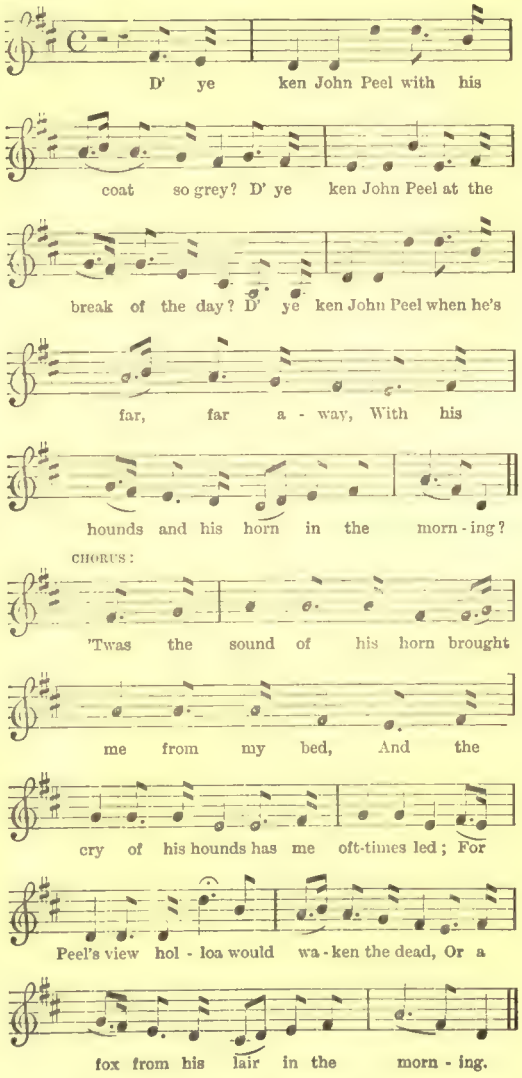
and filled respectable positions in life. So that it was scarcely true of him, as the writer we have already quoted says, that he "seems to have come into this world only to send foxes out of it." Between him and John Woodcock Graves there was naturally a strong mutual attraction, born of common sympathies, in one particular at least. It was difficult to tell which of them was most passionately fond of the chase; and, whenever it was not physically or morally impossible, they were constant companions in the hunting field. John Peel, though he stood more than six feet in his stocking soles, and had more than proportionate bulk of body and weight of limb, was an expert and fearless rider, who would take a leap without hesitation that even the Big Huntsman of Galtres might have boggled at. In the pursuit of crafty Reynard, he occupied every day when the scent would lie; and as a good pack of foxhounds is not kept for nothing, even when the master is his own huntsman, he spent in this way a great part of his income. It is credibly stated that he got no assistance from the neighbouring gentry who followed his hounds, with the exception of an occasional bag of feeding stuff, and the cost of the excise license during two or three years, which was considerately defrayed by a brother yeoman, Mr. Joseph Jennings of Caldbeck. Unaided, he maintained the famous pack, usually comprising twelve couples of efficient hounds, for the long period of fifty-five years, and kept a pair of hunting horses besides. The outlay was necessarily great, and could not fail to pull heavily upon the income derived from his two estates—the ancestral property at Caldbeck, and that of Ruthwaite, near Ireby, in the neighbourhood of the Binsey and Catland Fells, which came to him through his wife, and where he usually resided. His friend Graves says of him:—"He was of a very limited education besides hunting. But no wile of a fox or hare could evade his scrutiny, and business of any shape was utterly neglected, often to cost far beyond the first loss. I believe he would not have left the drag of a fog on the impending death of a child, or any other earthly event. An excellent rider, I saw him once on a moor put up a fresh hare, and ride till he caught her with his whip." He adds the following characteristic anecdote:—"John had a son named Peter, about twelve years old, and somewhat dwarfish. When Peter was put upstairs to bed, instead of prayers, he always set out with the call to the hounds. From the quest upwards he hunted them by name till the view halloa, when Peel would look delighted at me, and exclaim, 'D—n it, Peter has her off! Noo he'll gan to sleep.'" Dying on the 13th November, 1854, John Peel had reached the patriarchial age of seventy-eight years; and Mary, his wife, who died on the 9th August, 1859, lived till she was four years older. Their remains lie, with those of three of their children, in Caldbeck Churchyard. John Peel's funeral was, as may well be imagined, attended by a large number of people from near and far. His illness had not lasted above a week, and the last time he was out of doors was to take part in a hunt on the Bassenthwaite side, two or three miles from home. At the head of his grave stands a neat memorial stone, on which are carved emblems of the chase. The portrait here given has been acknowledged by those who knew him best to be a pretty faithful representation of the mighty hunter, sitting fully equipped for the field, with his whip and his horn, whose resonant blast, according to the song, brought Graves from his bed, and from which his

eldest son, "Young John Peel," of Maxwell House, near Ireby, who was eighty-nine years of age on the 5th of October last, and who had been a hunter all his life, from the time he could be trusted astride a horse till within the last two or three years, was still able to draw a long, loud peal on his ninetieth birthday.


In Memory of
JOHN PEEL OF
RUTHWAITE, who died
aged 70 Years.
Also MARY, his wife, who
died Aug. 9th 1839, aged 82.
Also JONATHAN their Son
who died Jan. 2nd 1806,
aged 2 Years.
Also PETER their Son, who
died Nov. 15th 1840,
aged 37 Years.
Also MARY DAVIDSON their
DAUGHTER who died Nov 30
1845, aged 48 Years.

THE SONG AND AIR.

The following is the history of the song by the man who wrote it, communicated in a letter to Mr. Metcalf, of Carlisle Cathedral, who published, some ten years ago, a very fine arrangement of it to the old tune:—"Nearly forty years have now wasted away since John Peel and I sat in a snug parlour at Caldbeck, among the Cumbrian mountains. We were then both in the hey-day of manhood, and hunters of the olden fashion, meeting the night before to arrange earth stoppings, and in the morning to take the best part of the hunt—the drag over the mountains in the mist—while fashionable hunters still lay in the blankets. Large flakes of snow fell that evening. We sat by the fire-side hunting over again many a good run, and recalling the feats of each particular hound, or narrow neck-break 'scapes, when a flaxen-haired daughter of mine came in saying, 'Father, what do they say to what granny sings?' Granny was singing to sleep my eldest son—now a leading barrister in Hobart Town—with a very old rant called 'Bonnie (or Cannie) Annie.' The pen and ink for hunting appointments being on the table, the idea of writing a song to this old air forced itself upon me, and thus was produced, impromptu, 'D'ye ken John Peel, with his Coat so Gray?' Immediately I sung it to poor Peel, who smiled through a stream of tears which fell down his manly cheeks; and I well remember saying to him in a joking style, 'By Jove, Peel, you'll be sung when we're both run to earth.'"


D' ye ken John Peel with his
coat so grey? D' ye ken John Peel at the
break of the day? D' ye ken John Peel when he's
far, far a - way, With his
hounds and his horn in the morn - ing?
CHORUS:
'Twas the sound of his horn brought
me from my bed, And the
cry of his hounds has me oft-times led; For
Peel's view hol - loa would wa - ken the dead, Or a
fox from his lair in the morn - ing.

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gray?
D'ye ken John Peel at the break of day?
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far away,
With his hounds and his horn in the morning?
'Twas the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds has me oft-times led,
For Peel's view-holloa would waken the dead,
Or a fox from his lair in the morning.

D'ye ken that bitch whose tongue is death?
D'ye ken her sons of peerless faith?
D'ye ken that a fox with his last breath
Curs'd them all as he died in the morning?
'Twas the sound of his horn, &c.

Yes, I ken John Peel and auld Ruby, too,
Ranter and Royal and Bellman as true;
From the drag to the chase, from the chase to the view,
From the view to the death in the morning.
'Twas the sound of his horn, &c.

And I've follow'd John Peel both often and far,
O'er the rasper-fence, the gate, and the bar,
From Low Denton Holme up to Scratchmere Scar,
When we vied for the brush in the morning.
'Twas the sound of his horn, &c.

Then, here's to John Peel with my heart and soul;
Come fill—fill to him another strong bowl;
For we'll follow John Peel thro' fair and thro' foul,
While we're wak'd by his horn in the morning.
'Twas the sound of his horn, &c.

Sark Weddings.

MARRIAGES that went by this name are described in the late John Timbs's "Things Not Generally Known." Thus he quotes the following from a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*:—

There is a vulgar error that if a woman who has contracted debts previous to her marriage leave her residence in a state of nudity, and go to that of her future husband, he, the husband, will not be liable for any such debts. Now, this opininion is probably founded, not exactly in total ignorance, but in a misconception, of the law. The text-writers inform us that "the husband is liable for the wife's debts, *because* he acquires an absolute interest in the personal estate of the wife," &c. (Bacon's "Abridgement," tit. "Baron" and "Feme.") Now, an unlearned person who hears this doctrine might reasonably conclude that if his bride has no estate at all he will incur no liability; and the future husband, more prudent than refined, might think it as well to notify to his neighbours, by an unequivocal symbol, that he took no pecuniary benefit with his wife, and, therefore, expected to be free from her pecuniary burdens. In this, as in almost all other popular errors, there is found a substratum of reason.

There is also a reference to the subject in Burn's "History of Fleet Marriages." Alluding to the statement that a certain woman "ran across Ludgate Hill in her shift," the editor makes the following note:—

The *Daily Journal* of 8th November, 1725, mentions a similar exhibition at Ulcomb, in Kent. It was a vulgar error that a man was not liable to the bride's debts if he took her in no other apparel than her shift.

REN, Fence Houses.

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The following instances of sark weddings are taken from an article by Mr. William Andrews:—

In the "Annual Register" for 1766, we are told:—"A few days ago, a handsome, well-dressed young woman came to a church in Whitehaven to be married to a man who was attending there with the clergyman. When she had advanced a little into the church, a nymph, her bridesmaid, began to undress her, and by degrees stript her to her shift. Thus she was led, blooming and unadorned, to the altar, where the marriage ceremony was performed. It seems this droll wedding was occasioned by an embarrassment in the affairs of the intended husband, upon which account the girl was advised to do this, that he might be entitled to no other marriage portion than her smock."

Among Malcolm's "Anecdotes of London" is this story:—"An extraordinary method was adopted by a brewer's servant in February, 1723, to prevent his liability from the payment of the debts of a certain Mrs. Brittain, whom he intended to marry. The lady made her appearance at the door of St. Clement Danes habited in her shift; hence her inamorata conveyed the modest fair to a neighbouring apothecary's, where she was completely equipped with clothing *purchased by him*, and in *these* Mrs. Brittain changed her name at the church."

Again, the *Chester Courant*, of June 24, 1800, is quoted:—"At Ashton Church, in Lancashire, a short time ago, a woman was persuaded that if she went to the church naked her intended husband would not be burdened with her debts, and she actually went as a bride like Mother Eve, but, to the honour of the clergyman, he refused the damsel the honours of wedlock."

Other instances are cited as follows:—"In Lincolnshire, between 1838 and 1844, a woman was married enveloped in a sheet. And not many years back a similar marriage took place; the clergyman, finding nothing in the rubric about the woman's dress, thought he could not refuse to marry her in her chemise only." George Walker, linen weaver, and Mary Gee, of the George and Dragon, Gorton Green, widow, were married at the ancient chapel close by, on June 25, 1738. She was in her shift sleeves during the ceremony, believing that would make him free from her debts. Nathan Alder married Widow Hibbert with only a smock on, for the same reason, at the old church in the adjoining parish of Ashton-under-Lyne, on March 7, 1771.

YORKSHIRE LAD, Leeds.

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The *Ipswich Journal* of May 12, 1764, had the following paragraph:—

On Monday last was married at Hickling, in Norfolk, Simon Greenacre, of that parish, aged 74, to Hannah Corbett, of the same parish, his fifth wife, aged 61. That he might not be encumbered with the demands of her former husband's creditors, he took her quite naked at one of the principal Cross ways in that parish; after which they went to church, where the Ceremony was performed. The Road leading from his House to the Church, which is upwards of Half-a-Mile, was strewed with Flowers. A. D., Ipswich.

Notes and Commentaries.

WINTER'S GIBBET.

It might have been added to the story of the Elsdon Tragedy (*Monthly Chronicle*, p. 106) that Walter Clarke, the father of Jane and Eleanor Clarke (hanged the preceding year), was executed at Morpeth for burglary on August 14, 1793. A.

The story of the Elsdon Tragedy, which was told in the *Monthly Chronicle* for May, reminds me that a year or two ago I crossed the moor on which the gibbet of the murderer Winter is still standing. I saw for some distance the remains, in the shape of a wooden head, of the last figure set up in place of the body. The day was windy, and the creaking noise of the chains was very hideous. ROBERT BLAIR, South Shields.

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Winter's gibbet is still standing, with the wooden head upon it, creaking as hideously as usual. Last November,

I stood beneath it, late at night, for the purpose of experiencing a new sensation which the French would no doubt characterise as *macabre*. Judge of my chagrin when I learnt the next day that the original gibbet had long since gone the way of all wood, and was replaced about twenty years ago by the present one at the instance of the late Sir Walter Trevelyan. It was only the other day that I came across, at Cambo, the person who had put up the graceful structure and carved the wooden head. In regard to the old "stob," a curious superstition connected with it is related by the Rev. J. F. Bigge, the late vicar of Stamfordham. He tells us that people from the village used to make pilgrimages to the weird spot for chips of the wood to place on aching teeth. Imagination must have been a very powerful factor in the cures which are said to have been effected.

WM. W. TOMLINSON, Whitley.

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About twenty years ago, I was wending my way, at the close of an autumnal evening, over the dreary, wild, lonely road between Elsdon and Cambo, when I saw, for some two or three miles before I came to it, what appeared to be a gallows standing not very far from the highway. On arriving at it, I found it to be a gibbet, newly-made, stained, and varnished. Suspended from it by an iron chain was a wooden imitation of a man's head, of forbidding countenance, painted in most ghastly colours. I concluded that some local highway authority had been unwisely at the expense of this renewal of an object which, to my mind, was a highly alarming one to a nervous passer-by. I learned then, however, on arriving at Wallington Hall, from Sir Walter Trevelyan himself, that he had ordered the erection of the new gibbet, to perpetuate the hanging in chains of the murderer Winter on this spot. Through the courtesy of the Rev. John J. Sidley, vicar of Cambo, I learn that the late Sir Walter Trevelyan fenced round the gibbet with substantial iron railings, that he found the head of the old effigy so worn and battered that he caused a new one to be made, and that this new one still exists in the place where it was originally fixed.

FRED. R. WILSON, Alnwick.

HATFIELD THE FORGER.

Touching Hatfield the forger, I think Miss Wordsworth says in her letters that Coleridge did actually see the rascal in Carlisle. The reason Hatfield avoided Coleridge in Keswick was this—Hatfield was pretending to be a Devonshire man, and he knew that Coleridge, being from Devonshire, would detect his imposture by his speech alone. The writer of the little essay in the *Monthly Chronicle* for May did not mention the circumstance that the crime for which Hatfield died was *forgery on the Post Office*. The forgery consisted in franking letters under a false name. No doubt it was the scoundrel's audacity in this regard that deceived the people of Keswick, who knew the dreadful penalty. Thus, for bigamy, deception, seduction, desertion, &c., Hatfield was not punished; but for using another man's name in posting his letters, he went to the gallows! Hatfield was executed on the Sands at Carlisle. There is a vivid description of an execution at Carlisle in the "Heart of Midlothian." When Wordsworth and Coleridge passed through Carlisle, on the day of Hatfield's death, they were on their way to visit Scott, and no doubt the events of that day were described to the great novelist.

HALL CAINE.

RIDING THE STANG.

One of the latest examples of the old custom of Riding the Stang occurred at Northallerton on the last day of February. According to the *York Herald*, of March 1, 1887, the cause of the display was that an ostler attached to a well-known hostelry had proved unfaithful to his bride. The usual doggerel was repeated, the usual hubbub was witnessed, and the usual effigy was burned.

DAMAS.

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Riding the stang used to be a very common occurrence in the district of Malton and Thirsk, until stopped by the police about four or five years ago. The case that then occurred was that of a carpenter, living at Welburn, near Malton, who had been beating his wife. Next morning she showed a pair of black eyes to the neighbours, and it was immediately settled by them that the young men of the village should be asked to ride the stang. Accordingly, the following evening an effigy was drawn through the village in a farmer's cart by a lot of men and lads, while two more rode in the cart to hold the "old man" in his place, and alternately repeating the following doggerel rhyme :—

Ran-a-dan, dan-a-dan, dang.
It's not for my cause nor thy cause that I ride the stang,
But it is for old Club Jack, who his wife did bang,
He banged her, he banged her, he banged her, indeed,
He banged the poor woman more than she stood need.
Upstairs behind the bed such a racket there was led,
Downstairs, behind the door, there he kicked her into the floor,
Out at the door, into the green, such a race there ne'er was seen.
If old Club Jack does not mend his manners,
We'll skin his back and send him to the tanners'!
If the tanners don't tan him well,
We'll nail him to the gate of h——!
If the gate should happen to breck,
We'll tie him on Old Harry's back!
If Old Harry should happen to run,
We'll shoot him behind with a bottery gun.*

Now, all good people that live in the raw,
You must take warning, for this our law—
That if you do your wife so bang,
We'll swell the cause and ride the stang.

On this particular night, the police alleged that an obstruction had been caused, and summonses were issued

*A bottery gun is made out of a stick of the elder tree—really a pop-gun.

against the ringleaders. During the time between the issuing and the hearing of the summonses, a petition was drawn up and signed by many of the most influential villagers, praying that the case might be dismissed, as no obstruction was caused, and stating that it was an old custom which helped to keep men from beating their wives. The case was adjourned for the men to bring witnesses to prove that the signatures were genuine, and that the villagers did not object to the proceeding.

The magistrates, however, decided, on the second hearing, that this sort of thing was illegal, but let the men off on payment of costs. Since then no case of riding the stang has occurred.

WORKING MAN, Stoneclough, Manchester.

"BLENKARDS."

When the barbarous pastime of cock-fighting flourished, this name was given to birds that had lost an eye, and was doubtless derived from "blink," or "blinker." The announcements in the *Newcastle Chronicle*, "To be fought for, by *stags* and *blenkards*," &c., meant, therefore, by young cocks and cocks with one eye.

BORDERER, Newcastle.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

BIBLES AND NEWSPAPERS.

A man who was travelling with family Bibles happened to call at the house of a miner in Northumberland, when the following conversation ensued:—Traveller: "Are you in want of a family Bible?" Miner's wife: "Wey, hinny, whaat's the use o' me buyin' a family Bible, when wor Geordie gets the *Chronikil* ivery week wiv aall the news o' the warld in't?"

A NEW APOSTLE.

Two rustic dames, who were on a visit to a local exhibition, were at a loss to decide the subject of a painting which peculiarly attracted their attention. Each at length came to an opposite conclusion, and stuck to it, till a lady came near who was provided with a catalogue. The fair referee, turning to the number of the picture, informed them that it was "Peter the Great and his Empress." "Aye, aa tell'd ye se!" exclaimed one of the old connoisseurs, with an air of triumph, "aa said it was yen o' the 'postles!"

THE SCHOOLMASTER AT FAULT.

A good anecdote is told relative to the education of miners in days gone by. Two men were working at a colliery, and one of them removed to another district. His neighbour went to see him and ascertain if it was any better place than the one he had left. He was told by his marrow it was a good deal better work. "Aa will gan te the maistor's alang with ye, and get ye on if ye like." They both went to the master's, but he was not at home, and were told that he would not return that night. One was named Jack and the other Bill. Jack said, "Wey, thoo can gan te the maistor's the morn thysel, tell him aa hev twe lads, and ask him if he'll send the colliery cairts te shift us, and write an let's knaa." Bill replied, "Thoo knaas aa canna write nyen." "Wey," said Jack, "nivvor mind, let's away doon te the public-hoose." After calling for some beer, Jack asked the landlord to write on an envelope, "John ——, Seghill Colliery." The landlord readily complied, and then left them to write the letter. Jack said to Bill, "Noo, if the maistor gies us wark, fill this papor full of big O's on beyth sides; if he's gan te send the cairts, put big O's and little o's aall ower the papor; if he'll not gie's wark, put crosses. If it's Tuesday myek twe marks, Wednesday three, Thorsday fower, and Friday five, just as ye mark the kaulking board." They left each other with this understanding. Two or three days after this a letter went to John as addressed. No one being in the house but his wife, she got the letter; and, as she couldn't read, she took it from one neighbour to another, one of them being considered a very learned man, because he took in the newspaper. None of them, however, could understand it. She next went to the schoolmaster; he laughed when he saw it, saying, "Nothing but nonsense, mistress; somebody's making a fool of your husband." When Jack came home she railed at him about his "fine cronies to myek gam on him in that way," shaking the letter in his face. "Aa's been at all the neebors, and the skeulmaister, and he says they're just myeking a feul on ye." "Had yor hand," said Jack; "let's hev a luik at the letter. What's the fond skeulmaister knaa aboot wor affairs?" The moment he looked at the letter, and saw it was full of big O's and little o's, and four crosses at the end, he jumped up and said, "Had away, get the lend of a bed key, and let's hev the bed doon; we're gan te shift, the cairts are coming the morn!"

RESTORING LIFE.

A Tyneside labourer, the general nature of whose calling permitted him to consider himself connected with various trades or occupations, was subpœnaed as a witness in a case tried at Quarter Sessions. Some of the witnesses previously examined in the case had caused the Recorder much annoyance through their inability to understand the meaning of the most ordinary terms. The Recorder, addressing the labourer referred to, trusted that he would not cause so much trouble and delay as the previous witnesses, and that he would be able to answer the questions, which, he believed, would be plainly and clearly put to him. The following was the result:—Counsel (to witness): "What is your occupation?" Witness (looking with an inquiring gaze, first at counsel, then at the Recorder, and finally around the court): "Whaat's the man taakin' aboot?" Counsel (perplexed and annoyed): "What do you do to obtain a live-

lihood?" Witness: "Maister, de taak plain; aa divvent knaa whaat ye're drivin' at." Counsel: "I can scarcely credit that you are so ignorant as you seem to assume. What do you do to get a living?" Witness: "Ah! aa see whaat ye're drivin at noo; whaat's ma trade? Had ye said that at forst, aa wad hev knaa'd whaat ye wanted te be at. Aa's a graplor." Counsel: "A what?" Witness (vociferously): "A graplor; a graplor for deed bodies." Counsel (looking wonderingly): "Dead bodies! And do you ever get any?" Witness: "Oo, ay, sometimes; we got yen the t'other day; oney he wesn't reet deed." Counsel: "May I ask if you tried to bring him right alive again?" Witness: "Ay, sartinly; we riped his pockets, but only fund a thrupenny bit!"

SHIP AHOY!

A keelman was sent at dusk of evening in search of a ship. On arriving at the place where the craft lay among a fleet of other vessels, he felt somewhat abashed at discovering that he could not be positive as to the correctness of the name entrusted to his usually treacherous memory. Deeming it prudent, however, to make some attempt to attract the attention of the crew, he called out in his loudest tones, "Latitude, ahoy! Latitude, ahoy!" A roving tar, slightly inebriated, coming up at the time, in sailor fashion, said to the keelman, "Well, messmate, are you sure as how it ain't Longitude as you're a-wanting?" "Wey," says the keelman, "aa divvent knaa but what thoo's mebbies reet." Whilst rending the air with his cries for "Longitude ahoy," he was again brought to a stop upon hearing the sailor mutter, as he moved away, "Well, I reckon that fellow knows no more about latitude or longitude than a shark knows about gratitude." "Gratitude!" cried the keelman, throwing the cap off his head: "wey, dash ma wig, man, that's the varry nyem aa want. Aa knaa'd it was the ootlandish nyem o' something wor owners didn't deal in!"

A MISTAKE.

The following anecdote has been associated with the name of a well-known clergyman's helpmate in the North of England:—The minister had been entertaining at dinner a clerical friend from some distance. The evening was unpropitious, and the friend was invited by the minister to remain during the night, and he accepted the invitation. They walked together for some time in the back garden. At dusk the minister asked his visitor to step into the house, while he would give directions to his man servant to get his friend's conveyance ready in the morning. As the stranger entered the house, the minister's wife mistook him for her husband in the twilight, she raised the pulpit Bible, which chanced to be on the lobby table, and, bringing the full weight of it across the stranger's shoulders, she exclaimed emphatically, "Take that for asking that ugly wretch to stay all night!"

North-Country Obituaries.

On the 16th of April was announced the death of Mr. William Brown, late superintendent of the North-Eastern Locomotive Works at Tweedmouth, who for close on half a century had been intimately connected with the rise and progress of railway enterprise in the North of England.

Mr. Lawrence Baily, who was formerly Conservative member for the Exchange Division of Liverpool, and who at the General Election of 1874, unsuccessfully contested the representation of Sunderland, died on the 18th of April.

Mr. Thomas Wilkinson, who in 1880 succeeded Mr. Hill Motum, now Town Clerk, in the office of Clerk to the Magistrates of Newcastle, died on the 25th of April, after a comparatively brief illness, at his residence in Osborne Road, in that city. The deceased gentleman, who was only 42 years of age, and whose services were much appreciated, had served his articles as solicitor at Liverpool, whither his remains were removed for interment.

Mr. John Wilson, an old local tradesman, died at Thrift-Street, South Shields, on the 3rd of May, at the advanced age of 82 years. He and his brother, Mr. James Wilson, succeeded their father as worsted manufacturers, in Hillgate, Gateshead, and for many years carried on business there. It was in their manufactory that the great fire which culminated in the disastrous explosion on the 6th of October, 1854, first broke out. Mr. Wilson afterwards carried on business in Newcastle, and more recently in South Shields.

At the age of 73 years, Mr. Thomas Oswald Small, artist, Newcastle, died on the 5th of May, at his residence, Gateshead. The deceased gentleman was originally an architect in the office of the late Mr. John Dobson; and, as an artist, he numbered among his personal friends T. M. Richardson, Carmichael, and others.

Mr. William Anthony Blakston, registrar of births and deaths for the district of North Bishopwearmouth, and reputed to be one of the best ornithological judges in the North, died at Sunderland, after a short illness, on the 9th of May, his age being between 50 and 60 years.

On the evening of the 13th of May, Mr. Charles Henry Young, alderman of Newcastle, died under exceedingly sad and sudden circumstances at his residence, Goldspink Hall, Jesmond Vale. Alderman Young for many years carried on the business of commission agent in the Close, Newcastle, and he had also been long identified with public affairs in the town, of which he was a native and a freeman. He entered the Town Council as one of the representatives of St. Nicholas's Ward on the 1st of May, 1868; and he continued to sit in that capacity till the 31st of May, 1882, when, on the death of his old friend, Alderman Ingledew, he was elected an alderman. In the municipal year 1873-4, he filled the office of Sheriff; and since the 19th of May, 1874, he had held a position on the Commission of the Peace for the Borough and County of Newcastle. As a Churchman, Mr. Young manifested a warm interest in all that related to the parish of St. Nicholas; and, in conjunction with the late Alderman Dodds and others, he took an active part in the proceedings connected with the restoration of the tower and interior of the old church. He showed a keen appreciation of local antiquarian lore; and on such sub-

jects he occasionally contributed useful information to the columns of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. The deceased gentleman was 65 years of age.

The Rev. George Marsh Gurley, vicar of Blanchland, a position which he had held for nearly twenty-four years, died on the 16th of May, in the 63rd year of his age.

Mr. James Elliott, detective-inspector of the Sunderland police force, was found dead in bed on the morning of the 18th of May, apoplexy being supposed to have been the cause of death. The deceased, who was a native of Hartburn, in Northumberland, was 59 years of age, and had been a member of the Sunderland police force since 1853.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

APRIL.

11.—Several new incidents occurred during April and May in connection with the miners' strike in Northumberland. It was announced to-day that Mr. Burt, M.P., had received a letter from Mr. R. O Lamb, intimating that the owners would not submit the wages question to arbitration. On the 12th, the Executive Committee of the miners issued a circular, detailing the past history of the dispute; and, as the result of a new ballot-paper. there were found, on the 15th, to have voted for a continuance of the strike 4,661; and for empowering the Wages Committee to make the best terms possible, 3,476. On the 18th, the Wages Committee decided tc resign their position. At a meeting of coalowners, held at Newcastle on the 19th, it was resolved to open the pits forthwith, and let those who choose return to work on the masters' terms, viz., a reduction of 12½ per cent. On the 23rd, the result of the voting on another series of questions submitted to the miners was made known. It was as follows :—(1) That we make the owners a definite offer of 10 per cent. reduction, on condition that they pay 1s. rent to men in rented houses, 1,317; (2) That the new Wages Committee be empowered to meet the owners, with full power to settle on the best terms they can obtain, 1,382; and (3) That the strike be continued, 3,665 The men who had been convicted of taking part in disturbances at Dudley Colliery on the 2nd of March were brought up for judgment at the Moot Hall, Newcastle; but as there had been no renewal of the disorder, the defendants were discharged on the payment of costs. The election of the new Wages Committee was completed on the 28th of April; and at a meeting of delegates on the 2nd of May, it was resolved that the wages of all officials, committees, and delegates be reduced one-half during the strike. In reply to another ballot-paper sent out about the beginning of May, the men, by a large majority, decided in favour of arbitration; but, on this result being communicated to the masters on the 7th of that month, they definitely refused to accept that mode of settling the dispute.

13.—A band of Greek gipsies, numbering in all 27 persons, were evicted by the police, acting on instructions from the Town Clerk, from an encampment in which they had taken up their position behind the Avenue Theatre at Sunderland. On the following day, the wanderers took their departure for Durham; and from the latter city, a portion of the requisite expense having been supplied by the Mayor, they were forwarded by train to London. They arrived in the metropolis on the 16th.

—At the annual meeting of the Tyneside Sunday Lecture Society, the treasurer's statement showed a balance in hand of £118 5s. 6d.

—Mr. Thomas Everatt, of the Newcastle Public Library, was appointed librarian of the Public Library at Darlington.

14.—Mr. J. C. Stevenson, M.P., presided at the formal opening of a new Grammar School, erected in Westoe Lane, South Shields.

—The foundation stone of a new Infectious Diseases Hospital for Sunderland, to be built on a site about 12 acres in extent, was laid by Councillor T. J. Rickaby, Chairman of the Health Committee of the Corporation.

—The Bishop of Durham consecrated the new church of St. John's at Hebburn.

—A life-size oil portrait, painted by Mr. H. H. Emmerson, of the Rev. Canon Wheeler, one of the founders, and for 21 years the hon. secretary, of the Cullercoats Life Brigade, was presented by his friends and admirers to the Brigade.

15.—A young woman, named Lily Armstrong, was playing with a rifle on board a steamer lying in the river Wear, when the charge exploded. the bullet lodging in the brain, and injuring her so seriously, that she died in the Infirmary next day.

16.—An undivided moiety or half-part of the freehold estate called "Ridge End," in the parish of Falstone, North Tyne, and containing 130 acres, was sold to Mr. Henry Arkle, of Gallowshaw, for £1,220.

—A fire, attended with considerable damage, broke out in the stables belonging to Messrs. Joshua Wilson and Brothers, provision merchants, North Durham Street, Sunderland.

—The freeholders of Newbiggin-by-the-Sea observed the ancient custom of riding the boundaries of their possessions.

17.—A communication was read in most of the churches and chapels in Newcastle from the Mayor, suggesting that, in whatever other manner it might be arranged to celebrate the Royal Jubilee on the 21st of June, there should be thanksgiving services in all the places of worship in the city in the forenoon of that day.

—Considerable damage was done by a fire which broke out in the rear of the premises of Messrs. R. Ward and Sons, printers and publishers, Dean Street, Newcastle.

18.—The body of a man named Michael Hanley, 27 years of age, who had previously told his wife he had dreamt he was drowned in the Tyne, was found drowned in that river, near the Swing Bridge at Newcastle.

19.—In presence of a large company, Lady Armstrong laid the foundation stone of the Fleming Memorial Hospital for Sick Children, in Burdon Terrace, Moor Edge, Newcastle; the entire cost of the building, amounting to about £20,000, being provided by Mr. John Fleming, solicitor, in memory of his wife, Mary Fleming, who died on the 4th of March, 1882.

—At a meeting of the Wallsend Local Board, steps were taken for preserving and enclosing the portion of the Roman Wall forming part of the Buddle-Atkinson estate at that place.

—An ode, composed by Dr. Thomas Hodgkin, at the request of the Executive Committee of the Newcastle

Exhibition, and, by a similar arrangement, set to music by Dr. W. Rea, City Organist, was issued to the press to-night.

20.—A sum of a hundred guineas was voted by the Newcastle City Council to Mr. J. H. Amos, in recognition of his long and faithful services to the Corporation, prior to entering upon his new office of Secretary to the Tees Conservancy Commissioners.

21.—In charging the Grand Jury at the Newcastle Assizes, Mr. Justice Manisty complained that the Vicar had declined to hold a special service on his account that morning at ten o'clock, on the plea that the ordinary services of the church at 8 a.m. and 5 p.m. could not be altered for the convenience of any individual.

22.—A very noisy town's meeting, which pronounced against the Irish Coercion Bill of the Government, was held in the Town Hall, Newcastle, under the presidency of Mr. W. D. Stephens.

23.—The last of a series of People's Oratorios was given in the Town Hall, Newcastle, under the management of Dr. Rea.

—The exhibition of Munkacsy's picture, "Christ on Calvary," after having been visited by 63,200 persons, was closed in Newcastle.

25.—At a meeting of the Newcastle Parks Committee, it was decided to accept a proffered gift of marble statues by the late Mr. Lough, the eminent sculptor.

—An army reserve man, named Wass, a native of Bourne, Lincolnshire, and his wife, who hailed from Newcastle, and whose maiden name was Barber, were found dead in bed with their throats cut in a common lodging-house in Peterborough.

26.—A little girl named Angelina Brown, four years of age, was accidentally killed on the tramway at Gateshead.

—Two check-weighmen were ejected from their houses at Hebburn Colliery.

—Alexander Smith (50), labourer, convicted at Durham Assizes of the manslaughter of John Connor, at Barnard Castle, was sentenced to three months' hard labour.

—The Schools and Charities Committee of the Newcastle Corporation approved of a new scheme for the regulation of St. Mary's Hospital.

29.—John M'Cann, who was sentenced to death for the murder of his comrade, John Dixon, at Houghton-le-Spring, but whose sentence was afterwards commuted to penal servitude for life, died in Durham Gaol, the cause of death being acute delirious mania.

30.—The foundation stone of a new Christian Lay Church was laid at Fence Houses.

MAY.

2.—The section of the Alnwick and Cornhill Railway between Cornhill and Wooperton, was opened for goods traffic.

—In the course of his charge delivered to the clergy in St. Nicholas's Cathedral, Newcastle, the Bishop of Newcastle stated that £243,795 had been expended on Church objects in the diocese since its severance from that of Durham, and that the number of persons confirmed had nearly doubled.

3.—The Rev Marmaduke S. Shaw, LL.B., was ordained minister of Tynemouth Congregational Church.

4.—A large dry dock, constructed for the River Tyne Pontoons and Dry Dock Company, Limited, Wallsend, was formally opened by admitting the Chinese cruiser Chih Yuan, recently built by Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co.

—A silver cradle was presented to the Mayor and Mayoress of Jarrow (Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Salter) in celebration of the birth of a son during Mr. Salter's mayoralty.

—Early this morning, a daring attempt, fortunately unsuccessful, was made to destroy by explosion the house of Mr. John Matheson, manager at Messrs. Hawthorn, Leslie, and Co.'s shipyard at Hebburn. No trace of the delinquents has, so far, been obtained.

—Sir M. W. Ridley, Bart., M.P., was elected President of the Royal Agricultural Society of England for next ear.

SIR MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY.

6.—As three miners were boring in the north-east division of the D pit belonging to the Earl of Durham, at Fence Houses, they apparently holed the old workings, causing an escape of gas, which completely overpowered them. One of the men, Thomas Harrison, was rescued alive; but the other two, Thomas Lynn and George Thirtle, when brought out, were found to be dead.

7.—This afternoon, at the invitation of the Executive Council, representatives of the press from all parts of the kingdom were treated to a special preliminary view of the Jubilee Exhibition on the Town Moor, Newcastle, after which they were entertained to dinner in the Dining Hall, under the presidency of Mr. John Daglish, Chairman of the Executive Council.

9.—His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge arrived in Newcastle this afternoon, preparatory to opening the Jubilee Exhibition, and immediately afterwards proceeded to Rothbury as the guest of Sir W. G. Armstrong at Cragside.

10.—The season at the Royal Exhibition Theatre, Newcastle, under the lesseeship of Messrs. Howard and Wynd-

ham, was inaugurated by a special performance, the proceeds being devoted to a charitable object.

11.—At noon, to-day, the Newcastle-upon-Tyne Royal Mining, Engineering, and Industrial Exhibition was opened by the Duke of Cambridge, under auspicious circumstances, and in presence of an assemblage of about 20,000 persons. Within the spacious building on the Town Moor, and prior to the inauguration, his Royal Highness was presented with two addresses—one from the Corporation of Newcastle, and the other from the Executive Council of the Exhibition; and to both he made appropriate replies. The opening ceremonial included the singing of the Jubilee Ode composed by Dr. Hodgkin, and set to music by Dr. Rea, city organist, who conducted. In the afternoon, his Royal Highness was entertained to luncheon by the Mayor; at a later stage, he reviewed the local volunteers on the Town Moor; and in the evening Sir W. G. Armstrong gave a banquet in his honour in the Banqueting Hall at Jesmond Dene. The total number of persons who visited the Exhibition on the opening day was about 32,000.

12.—Early this morning, the Duke of Cambridge, who had remained in Newcastle overnight as the guest of Sir W. G. Armstrong, visited the beautiful grounds of Jesmond Dene and the Armstrong Park, the gifts of his host to the city. His Royal Highness afterwards made an inspection of the works of Sir W. Armstrong and Co. at Elswick. Subsequently, on the invitation of the Tyne Improvement Commissioners, he made a steamboat excursion to Tynemouth. Arrived at the mouth of the river, his Royal Highness was received with a Royal salute, and addresses were presented by the Corporations of Tynemouth and Gateshead. Having inspected the defences of the harbour, the Duke returned to Newcastle by train, and attended a conversazione at the Exhibition, leaving the same night for London.

17.—The new church of St. James, which has been built in the village of Thorpe Thewles, near Wynyard Park, for the parish of Grindon, was consecrated by the Bishop of Durham.

18.—A new chapel erected in Burdon Road, opposite Douro Terrace, Sunderland, for the congregation of New Connexion Methodists worshipping in Zion Chapel, was opened for worship.

General Occurrences.

APRIL.

15.—An extraordinary scene took place in the House of Commons. Colonel Saunderson, member for North Armagh, in the course of a speech on the Coercion Bill, accused the members of the Irish party of associating with men whom they knew to be murderers, whereupon Mr. T. M. Healy, member for North Longford, called him a liar, and, refusing to withdraw the expression, was suspended. Amidst much tumult, Colonel Saunderson continued his speech, and, on being called to order, withdrew some offensive charges against Mr. Sexton, another member of the Irish party.

17.—Twelve Socialists were charged at the Marylebone Police Court, London, with inciting a mob to riot. Three were bound over to keep the peace, seven were sentenced to six months' hard labour each, one to be imprisoned for one month, and another for three weeks.

18.—A letter appeared in the *Times* purporting to be the *fac-simile* of a communication from Mr. Parnell, leader of the Irish Party, to Mr. Egan, wherein the former was represented as attempting to pacify the wrath of the latter's subordinate instruments in the Phœnix Park murders. The letter caused a great sensation, and was the subject of much discussion in Parliament and comment in the newspapers. The same night, Mr. Parnell, in the House of Commons, characterised the letter as "a vile and barefaced forgery."

19.—Telegrams reported that the forces of the Ameer of Afghanistan had been defeated by rebels.

20.—An affair happened on the Franco-German frontier which at one time had a serious aspect. A French police commissary at Pagny, Alsace, named Schnaebelé, was arrested by two German police agents and conveyed to Metz. It was alleged that the arrest took place on French territory. The cause of this extraordinary proceeding was the supposed complicity of the commissary in attempts to detach the German Imperial province of Alsace-Lorraine from its allegiance to Germany. After explanations had been made on both sides, M. Schnaebelé was released.

20.—The Prime Minister (the Marquis of Salisbury delivered a speech at Battersea, in which he stated that Mr. Parnell's mere denial of the authorship of the letter in the *Times* was not sufficient, but that he was bound to disclaim the accusation in a court of law.

21.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Goschen) introduced his Budget in the House of Commons. The surplus to be dealt with amounted to £2,700,000, the duty on tobacco was to be reduced to the extent of fourpence in the pound, the taxes on marine policies were to be reduced from threepence to one penny per £100, and a penny was to be taken off the income-tax.

28.—An appalling disaster was reported from Western Australia. About 500 pearl fishers were drowned during a hurricane.

29.—An engagement between Egyptian troops and Dervishes took place in the Soudan, near Wady Halfa. The Dervishes were defeated with great loss.

MAY.

3.—The Prince of Wales formally opened a Jubilee Exhibition at Manchester.

4.—A terrible explosion of firedamp occurred in a coal mine at Nanaimo, Vancouver Island, British Columbia. More than 100 miners were entombed alive.

5.—Disastrous earthquakes were reported on the Pacific Coast of the United States and Mexico. Nearly 200 persons were killed.

6.—Death of Mr. James Grant, novelist and historian, at the age of 64.

—Princess Beatrice and her husband formally opened a Jubilee Exhibition at Saltaire, Yorkshire.

14.—The Queen formally opened the large hall of an edifice called the People's Palace, situate in Mile End, London.

Printed by WALTER SCOTT, Felling-on-Tyne.

The Monthly Chronicle

OF

NORTH-COUNTRY LORE AND LEGEND

VOL. I.—NO. 5. JULY, 1887. PRICE 6D.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford,

AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF NEWCASTLE AND GATESHEAD," &c.

James Alexander, M.D.,

A FRIEND OF LORD BYRON.

JUNE 8, 1818, "At St. Andrew's Church, James Alexander, Esq., surgeon in the Scots Greys, to Miss Rosanna Pollard, daughter of Joseph Pollard, Esq., of this town." So reads the first notice in local annals of a man who, until a recent period, surviving the snows of over eighty winters, lived in Newcastle, and was known far and near as the lessee of the Newcastle Turkish Baths. Dr. Alexander had been at Quatre Bras, at Waterloo, and in the triumphant march of the allied armies into Paris; but after his marriage he went on half-pay, and took up his residence in Genoa. There he was acquiring considerable private practice, when an order came for him to go on active service at Ceylon, and upon his declining, through the indisposition of his wife, to obey the order, his half-pay was forfeited In 1822, he received the appointment of medical attendant to Lord Berwick, British Minister at the Sardinian Court, and in that capacity became known to Lord Byron. The poet, in his self-exile from England, generally avoided his countrymen, but appears to have found in Dr. Alexander a congenial spirit, for while his lordship remained in Genoa he was his constant companion. There is a reference to their friendship in Moore's Life of Byron. The poet was on the eve of leaving Genoa for Greece, and, writes Moore, "A physician acquainted with surgery being considered a necessary part of his suite, he requested of his own medical attendant at Genoa, Dr. Alexander, to provide him with such a person, and on the recommendation of this gentleman, Dr. Bruno, a young man who had just left the

university with considerable reputation, was engaged." Dr. Alexander used to relate that his lordship asked, almost implored, him to go to Greece as physician, com-

panion, and friend. He refused, alleging, as one powerful reason, that he was a married man. "Oh!" replied Byron, "how different it is with me! I go just because I am married." He went, and the doctor saw him no more.

In the course of years Dr. Alexander returned to Newcastle and commenced practice. He became lessee of the eastern portion of the Northumberland Baths, and endeavoured to combine a rational amount of bathing with the administration of drugs, believing, as he often told his friends, that the bath might be made the means of preventing disease, and an adjuvant in the removal of morbid secretions when disease was already established. For a time all went well. Mr. David Urquhart, Mr. George Crawshay, and Sir John Fife had made the Turkish bath popular in Newcastle. Dr. Alexander projected a plan for making his experiment permanent. In 1860, he invited the Corporation of Newcastle, who had just acquired the Northumberland Baths, to erect a covered glass arcade, with ornamental walks and borders, planted with shrubs, for the use of consumptive or delicate persons during the winter, and to grant him a lease of the premises. But the Corporation did not see their way to invest money in what appeared to be a hobby for the few, and the proposal was shelved. On the 11th January, 1864, Dr. Alexander's hot air chamber took fire, and the greater part of the rooms in which the medical baths were conducted became useless. It was late in the year before they were restored, and they never seemed to succeed. In 1868, the Corporation let the whole establishment, and an end came to Dr. Alexander's connection with it. He himself retired from active practice soon after.

Towards the close of 1874 he contributed to the *Weekly Chronicle* some recollections of Lord Byron, and of the battle of Waterloo. At that time he was over eighty years old, and is described as possessing "a fresh-coloured, healthy-looking face, and abundant white hair," with sight so good that he could read without artificial aid, and with no marked signs of old age except "a failing step and a gradually increasing weakness of memory." He died at Walker, in March, 1877, and on the 23rd of that month was buried in Jesmond Cemetery.

William of Alnwick,

BISHOP OF NORWICH AND LINCOLN.

The distinguished prelate who bore this name was born in the county town of Northumberland in the latter part of the fourteenth century. Of his early life nothing is known. He appears in history for the first time when Henry V. appointed him to be confessor of the Monastery of Sion, in the royal manor of Isleworth. In the succeeding reign he was Archbishop of Salisbury, a Commissioner to adjust differences on the Border, Keeper of the Privy Seal, Bishop of Norwich (1426), and Bishop of Lincoln (1436). He died on the 5th December, 1449, and was buried in Lincoln Cathedral. In his will he remembered his native town, and bequeathed £10 towards the completion of the wall which the burgesses had begun to erect around it, and £10 towards the fabric of the church. He also gave a missal, a chalice, and some vestments to the church, a pair of silver vessels to the high altar of the abbey, 100s. to the abbot and convent there, and 40s. to the Carmelite brethren at Hulne.

Yeldard Alvey,

ROYALIST VICAR OF NEWCASTLE.

In the year 1622, when James the First was drifting into difficulties with both Houses of Parliament, and the great struggle between Prelate and Presbyter was rapidly germinating, Neile, Bishop of Durham, licensed Yeldard Alvey, Master of Arts, of Trinity College, Cambridge, to preach in Newcastle.

The vicar, Henry Power (who had been in the living of St. Nicholas but a short time), died the year after Alvey's arrival, and was succeeded by Thomas Jackson, S.T.P. (Professor of Theology), afterwards President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Vicar Jackson was perhaps the most eminent divine that has held the living. His prolific writings are still valued by those who hold Arminian or anti-Calvinistic views. Alvey himself was a very pronounced Arminian—"Arminian and superstitious," as Prynne in his "Hidden Works of Darkness" terms him. As afternoon lecturer at St. Nicholas', he made a good impression upon at least one highly respectable burgess, for when Cuthbert Gray, father of the first historian of Newcastle, was making his will in April, 1623, he had a kindly thought for the young lecturer, and bequeathed to him a token of remembrance. In 1627, he obtained preferment, being collated to the vicarage of Eglingham. About this time, too, he married, and settled in the Close, occupying a house adjoining the east side of the Tuthill Stairs. That he was a favourite with Vicar Jackson is evidenced by the trouble which the latter took to procure for him the living of Newcastle, when he himself, in 1630, was resigning it. "His Vicarage of St. Nicholas' in Newcastle," writes Lloyd in his Memoirs, "he gave [*i.e.*, induced the patron to give] to Master Alvey, of Trinity College, upon no other relation but out of the good opinion he conceived of his merits." That he was in favour with King Charles I. is equally clear, for the king wrote to the Bishop of Durham on the 3rd November, 1631, ordering him to give Alvey institution to the vicarage "without delay, that the Church may not suffer by the Ordinary's default."

Being now head of the church in Newcastle, Vicar Alvey began to make his influence felt upon the con-

troversies of the time. He was an earnest Churchman and a devoted Royalist, and he set himself resolutely at work to check the rising tide of Puritanism and rebellion. State Papers and the records of the Bishopric testify to his abounding zeal in the one direction, and his relentless antagonism in the other. His tongue and his pen were never idle. When he was not citing offenders before the courts ecclesiastical, he was reporting to Laud, or the Secretary of State, upon the upgrowth of Dissent and the progress of disaffection. In volume 34 of the Surtees Society's Publications, there is a long report of proceedings which he instituted, in 1636, against John Blakiston (afterwards M.P. for Newcastle, and one of the regicides) for neglecting during four or five years to receive Holy Communion in his parish church, and for accusing him (the vicar) of preaching "seven errors in one sermon." Neither party shows to advantage in the controversy. Alvey was headstrong and vindictive; his opponents were stubborn and spiteful. Little good came of it, or of any other course which the unhappy vicar adopted to restrain the tendencies of his parishioners.

In the midst of this strife the brethren of the Trinity House of Newcastle obtained a warrant from the Bishop of Durham to enable the vicars of Newcastle to preach in their chapel, and, under date the 25th April, 1636, there occurs in the books of the fraternity an item of £2 5s. 10d., "given to Mr. Yeldard Alvey, vicker of Newcastle, for a present from the house in wine and wheate, in regard he made the first sermon in the chappell." And again, "Paid for a diner for the vicker, the doctor [Dr. Jenison, of All Saints'] and rest of the clargie that daie the vicker preached in the chap., being the first sermon, 28 March, 1636—£3 1s. 6d."

By Michaelmas, 1639, the Puritans were strong enough in the electoral body to secure the mayoralty of Newcastle in the person of Robert Bewicke. And they followed up that act of defiance by one even more obnoxious to the mortified vicar—they appointed John Bewicke, a kinsman of the Mayor, to be a lecturer at St. Nicholas', *i.e.*, to occupy the vicar's own pulpit. Alvey complained bitterly of this intrusion. He wrote to Laud that "some aldermen picked out a Common Council for the purpose," and, "not so much as vouchsafing to consult and advise with me whether I would discharge the place myself, or admit a lecturer for a coadjutor," appointed "one Mr. Bewick, a townsman born, who is a near kinsman to our Mayor." He alleged that they took this step "merely to keep a faction on foot, and still to maintain opposition and siding in the town," and he recommended that only one afternoon sermon should be preached in the whole town, "and that only at St. Nicholas', the chief church, either by me, the vicar, or by some other able preacher whom I shall see fit." Laud reported this episode to King Charles, and through the Bishop of Durham the Common Council were called to account for their proceedings; but into their defence we need not enter.

While the dispute was progressing, two leading Covenanters from Scotland, Sir Walter Riddell and Sir John Buchanan, came to Newcastle, and Vicar Alvey busied himself with reporting their doings to Laud. Buchanan, he informed the Archbishop, lodged at the house of Mr. Allen, an attorney, "a notorious Puritan," and "did converse only with those of that faction." Furthermore, he had been told that Mr. Middleton, of Belsay, "and some three or four of our Nonconformists held a more familiar correspondence with them than was fit, and accompanied them both in walking about the town walls, and also at their lodgings and other places." Such was the kind of tittle-tattle that the vicar sent to London, adding, as a side thrust at the chief magistrate, that "there is not such a watchful eye kept over these men by our Mayor as is requisite in these dangerous times." One result of Alvey's interference was a command for the Mayor to proceed at once to Whitehall. He went, accompanied by Ralph Gray, and, after a severe examination by the Attorney-General, he was ordered not to leave London without the king's permission. It was not until he had sent a special petition to his Majesty that he was released from surveillance and allowed to return to Newcastle.

By the time the Mayor resumed his official functions more serious events were in progress. He came back in March or April, 1640, and already the movements of the Scots were creating alarm throughout the country. In August the Scots crossed the Tweed; on the 28th of that month the disastrous rout at Newburn took place; and on the following day the army of the Covenant took possession of Newcastle. Then, writes fanatical Colonel John Fenwick, "all the priests and black-coats fled as fast as they could, but meanly mounted." Vicar Alvey "leapt on horsebacke behind a countrieman without a cushion," and escaped to York, whence he wrote a pitiful letter to Laud, bewailing the loss of his "spiritual promotions" and his "movable goods." His movements during the winter are obscure. In April, the House of Commons issued an order to have him brought up to London as a delinquent, and on his appearance he was committed to the custody of the sergeant, where he remained a month, and then obtained his release on bail. Rejoining, we may presume, his wife and their ten children, he waited the withdrawal of the Scots from Newcastle. That event occurred in August, close upon twelve months after their arrival, and then Vicar Alvey came to his own again. How "his own" received him may be learned from Fenwick's mocking narrative:—

> The first Sabbath Day after the Scots were gone, Vicar Alvey appeares in publike againe, new drest up in his pontificalitie, with Surplice and Service-booke, whereof the Churches had been purged by the Scots lads, and therefore now became innovations, and very offensive

to many who could digest such things before; but my wife being lesse used to have her food so drest, growing stomack-sicke, set some other weak stomacks on working, who fell upon the Vicar's new dressing (the Surplice and Service-boke), which set the malignant superstitious people in such a fire as men and women fell upon my wife like wilde beasts, tore her clothes, and gave her at least an hundred blowes, and had slaine her, if the Mayor had not stept out of his pue to rescue her.

After that scene of disorder, in perpetual conflict with the Presbyterians, and in imminent dread of war between King and Parliament, the few remaining months of Vicar Alvey's life in Newcastle must have been unhappy. To increase his misfortunes, at Easter, 1643, he lost his wife, and was left with ten helpless children to "face a frowning world." Next year the Scots came back again. Newcastle was taken by storm, and the unfortunate vicar, sticking to his post this time, shared the horrors of the siege and capture. He is named in a print of the period as one of the "perverse crew" who "did betake themselves to the Castle, whence they cast over a white flag, and beat a parle." Soon afterwards Parliament deprived him of both his livings, and he was driven out a ruined man. Walker, in his "Sufferings of the Clergy," tells us that he was "not only pulled out of his pulpit by two holy sisters, but imprisoned at Newcastle, at Holy Island, and Norwich," adding that "he had been active as well as passive in the service of his Majesty, by both which means he had so far recommended himself to the favour and esteem of that prince that he had designed some reward for him, which in all probability the Rebellion prevented the King bestowing." If he had lived till the Restoration, something might have been done for him. But his spirit was broken, and under the pressure of poverty and privation his health gave way. He wrote, in 1647, "The Humble Confession and Vindication of them who suffered much, and still suffer, under the name of Malignants and Delinquents," and then the end came. A few weeks after the execution of the King, whose cause he had championed, death released him from his sufferings. On the 19th March, 1648-49, he was buried in that great temple of silence and reconciliation wherein he had passed the greater part of his chequered life. Upon the tombstone, with its touching inscription, which he erected to the memory of his wife, there is no later record; but in the register of burials, under the date above cited, comes the simple entry:—"Mr. Yeldard Alvey, minister, and sometime vicar of this towne."

Stoney Bowes and Lady Strathmore.

JOHN LYON, ninth Earl of Strathmore, married, in the year 1767, Mary Eleanor, only daughter of George Bowes, Esq., of Streatlam Castle and Gibside, in the county of Durham, and assumed in consequence, by Act of Parliament, the surname of Bowes. Miss Bowes was reported at the time to be the richest heiress in Europe, her fortune, at the date of the marriage, being set down at one million and forty thousand pounds, besides which it was understood she would inherit a large estate on the demise of an uncle, while a great jointure would fall to her on the death of her mother. The earl died at Lisbon in 1776, and her ladyship—who had borne him three sons and two daughters, but who was yet under thirty years of age, with an uncommonly fine person, an exquisite complexion, and the most graceful manners—was left to all the arts of "false designing men." She was a very talented lady, a liberal patroness of the arts, an accomplished botanist, and no mean linguist, with somewhat of a poetic vein, exhibited in the composition of a five-act drama called "The Siege of Jerusalem." Her splendid town house, in Grosvenor Square, was thus naturally the resort of men of talent, who, knowing her tastes, ministered to their gratification. Her extensive conservatories at Upper Chelsea were enriched with exotics from the Cape and various other parts of the world, so as to form an invaluable collection, in the assortment of which she took a deep interest. While thus engaged, she was frequently visited by a gentleman of the name of Grey, who had just returned from India, and who paid his addresses to the young widow, with what seemed likely to be final success. But he had an adroit and unscrupulous rival in a dashing Irish adventurer, named Andrew Robinson Stoney, a younger son of a respectable family, whose more showy accomplishments and winning arts carried the day against him.

Born in 1745, Mr. Stoney was in the full-blown flower of manhood. He had come to Newcastle nine or ten years before, in the capacity of an ensign in the 4th Regiment of Foot. Here he had the address to win the affections of Miss Newton, of Westgate Street, only child of Mr. William Newton, of Burnopfield, an heiress with a fortune of £20,000; and, on the 5th of November, 1768, that lady was married to him at St. Andrew's Church, Newcastle, by the Rev. Nathaniel Ellison. Two years subsequently Ensign Stoney was promoted to a lieutenancy in the same regiment, and after it was disbanded he retired on half-pay to the seat of his wife's paternal ancestors. That lady, after suffering, by common report, much cruel treatment from the Irish fortune-hunter, died, leaving no issue; and Lieutenant Stoney, now designated Andrew Robinson Stoney, Esq., of Colpighall, county

Durham, lost no time in paying his addresses to the Countess of Strathmore, the enviable possessor of seemingly boundless wealth.

Mr. Stoney commenced his attack with the most consummate art. The Countess, who was of a lively, generous, affectionate temperament, and as susceptible to obloquy as to adulation, began to be constantly abused and vilified, attacked and defended, in the columns of the *Morning Post*, then the fashionable society paper; and Mr. Stoney, as the lady's champion, challenged and fought the fire-eating editor—the Rev. Henry Bate, afterwards Sir Henry Bate-Dudley, of Kilscoran House—who had already had two similar rencontres, in defence of Mrs. Hartley, the actress On the 17th January, 1777, only four days after this duel, which was thought at the time to be of a rather equivocal character—in plain terms, a sham duel—the grateful Countess married Mr. Stoney, who soon after assumed, by his Majesty's pleasure, the name of Bowes—Andrew Robinson Stoney Bowes.

In the month following his marriage, Bowes offered himself as a candidate to succeed Sir Walter Blackett as one of the representatives of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. His accomplished young bride entered into an active canvass to promote his return, but, nevertheless, he was unsuccessful. His opponent, Sir John Trevelyan, Bart., polled 1,168, and Mr. Bowes 1,068 votes. Mr. Bowes lodged a petition, which accused Sir John of bribery; but, no proof that was deemed sufficient having been produced, the election of the knight-baronet of Wallington was declared valid by a committee of the House of Commons.

Three years later, Mr. Bowes, who had in the meantime purchased Benwell estate from the Archdeacon family, was more successful in his electioneering, being, on the 21st September, 1780, returned member for Newcastle by 1,135 votes. In the same year he held the office of High Sheriff of Northumberland, entertaining the judges with lavish hospitality.

Soon after the Countess and Bowes had been united in the firm bonds of lawful wedlock, the latter discovered that her ladyship, just a week before the ceremony took place, had got a deed drawn up and signed whereby she vested in trustees all the estates which had been willed to her by her father, so as to place the rents and produce of them at her own absolute disposal, whether she should be single or married, reserving to herself, however, a power to revoke and annul this settlement. He also found that she was considerably in debt. Irritated at what he conceived to be double-dealing on his wife's part, Bowes was not very gentle in the mode which he adopted to get rid of the obnoxious deed. Whether by fair means or foul, he induced the countess to execute another deed, bearing date the 1st of May, 1777, that is, rather less than four months after her marriage, whereby she revoked the other instrument, and vested the whole of her landed property in Mr. Bowes, who then joined her in a deed granting, for the benefit of her creditors, annuities to the amount of £3,000 yearly for the countess's life, by which measure a sum of £24,000 was raised. In order to secure the payment of these annuities, certain parts of the estates were vested in trustees, who were to receive the rents, pay the annuities, and hand over the residue, if any, to Bowes and the Countess.

But, before long, the expenses of Bowes's shrievalty, his election contests, his horse-racing, his insurances, and his purchase of Benwell Tower, went far to exhaust his available resources, and compelled him to leave Gibside, which had been a scene of continual feasting and extravagance, and retreat, in 1782, to Paul's Warden, in Northamptonshire, the seat of Mrs. Bowes, his mother-in-law, where the Countess, on the 8th of March, was delivered of a son and heir. Mr. Bowes affected much solicitude for her health; but the way in which he treated her showed that, if he was sincere in his purpose to make her life pleasant, he went about it in a very strange fashion. In fact, he seems to have assumed towards her ladyship the part of a veritable Bluebeard. He commenced, moreover, a series of stratagems to obtain possession of the Countess's two daughters, who were wards in Chancery; and he did actually fly to Paris with Lady Anna Maria (afterwards married to Henry James Jessop), under the specious plea of "adding to the comforts of a delicate and tender mother," abridged by the presence of her own offspring. In November, 1784, the Court of Chancery proceeded in this business, and the young lady was brought back to England and placed out of her step-father's reach.

In the beginning of the following year (7th February, 1785), the Countess, by an effort, escaped from her artful and cruel husband, and took refuge with "a civil officer of high respectability," under whose protection she continued to live for some time. She felt herself under the necessity of seeking a divorce from Bowes, on account of his systematic, brutal ill-usage; and to this end she had recourse to the Ecclesiastical Court at Durham. It appeared that, from a short time after her marriage, she had been deprived of her liberty in every respect. The use of her carriage was denied her unless with Mr. Bowes's previous permission. Her own old servants were discharged, and the new ones engaged were ordered not to attend the ringing of her bell. She durst not write a letter nor look into one sent to her till he had first perused it. She was treated with foul language, and often chastised with blows, having frequently received black eyes from his savage hands. She was driven from her own table, or often forced to sit at it in company with prostitutes, till at last she was compelled to fly from her house and apply to the law for justice. All these facts were sworn to in the Ecclesiastical Court. It was likewise stated that Mr. Stoney, having spent the whole of the money he got by his first wife, and become a bankrupt

in fame and fortune, had conspired with Parson Bate, then editor of the *Morning Post*, to impose upon Lady Strathmore, and that to execute their plan a sham duel was fought between them, under pretence of vindicating that lady from libels inserted in the *Post* by Parson Bate himself, in which duel nothing really suffered but a looking glass, broken by the make-believe mortal combatants; that Mr. Stoney pretended to have been wounded in the affair; and that Lady Strathmore, impressed with gratitude for his supposed gallantry and sufferings, exhibited and endured in vindication of her character, had generously given him her hand, and raised him from indigence and obscurity to affluence and high position. It was added that, to crown all, when her ladyship's spirit had been broken with continual and unexampled ill-usage, when she was no longer a free agent in any sense, her ungrateful husband had extorted from her a deed of revocation, vesting in him all her estates, the nett rental of which was £15,000 a year. Among her grievances she alleged her husband's infidelities, and in particular his gallantries with her female domestics, "most of whom he caused in their turn to furnish a dinner to the parish officers." Mr. Bowes answered, on oath, that he did not get more than £9,000 a year by his wife, and that he had debts of hers to pay to the amount of £30,000, contracted through folly and extravagance, such as the purchase of stuffed animals, and other useless and absurd curiosities. Besides all this, he avowed that Mr. Grey had, the night before her marriage, anticipated the matrimonial mysteries. Then was read a pretended confession of the Countess, written by Mr. Bowes himself, giving an account of her previous amours, and medicines taken to ward off the interference of Lucina. The judge in Doctors' Commons admitted two out of the articles of the libel, but did not approve of the admission of any evidence as to the conduct of either party before the marriage.

While the suit for a divorce was pending in the Ecclesiastical Court, Bowes, by a deep-laid conspiracy, obtained possession of her ladyship's person, and carried her down to Streatlam Castle. Here he endeavoured to persuade her to sign a paper, to stop the proceedings, and to consent to live with him again as his wife. But, though he alternately coaxed and threatened, and even used violence, the countess firmly refused compliance. Being pursued on his flight down from London, Bowes hastily made off from Streatlam, carrying her ladyship along with him, and returned southwards. Passing through Darlington, he was overtaken and captured; and the countess was delivered out of his clutches. Escorted by a constable and assistants, her ladyship got safely back to the metropolis, after twelve days' absence.

Articles of peace were immediately exhibited against Bowes, and the Court of King's Bench made an order in the case to the effect that he should enter into security to keep the peace for fourteen years under penalty of £20,000—himself £10,000, and two sureties of £5,000 each.

The trial of Andrew Robinson Bowes, Thomas Bowes, Mark Stewart, George Chapman, James Bourne, Samuel Bigg, George Lucas, and others, for conspiracy, was commenced in the Court of King's Bench on May 10, 1787. The information contained five charges, the substance of which was that Lady Strathmore had commenced a suit in the Ecclesiastical Court against her husband, Andrew Robinson Bowes, Esq., for a separation and divorce, and that the defendants, knowing the premises, had conspired to assault and imprison her (Lady Strathmore) for the purpose of preventing the determination of the same. The evidence of Peter Orme, a post-boy, living at Stone, in Staffordshire, went to show that on the 14th October, 1786, two gentlemen, whom he subsequently knew to be Mr. Bowes and Mr. Chapman, but who gave the fictitious names of Colonel Medecin and Mr. Johnston, with Peacock, Bigg, and others, came to his house and hired him as a servant to the pretended colonel. On the 10th of November, Bowes ordered him to hire a chaise, and to wait at the Adam and Eve in the Barnet Road. He did so, and, after he had waited there for about four hours, he perceived Bowes coming with a gentleman's carriage, followed by a hackney coach. The carriage was Lady Strathmore's. Bowes beckoned to him to come on with them, which he did, and they went on to Highgate, thence to Barnet, Stilton, and other stages, till they reached Streatlam Castle. Lady Strathmore frequently cried out "Murder!" from the coach, but no regard was paid to her cries. It appeared from other evidence that Thomas Crundell, Lady Strathmore's footman, and Daniel Lee, her coachman, had been carried off before a Justice of the Peace, and that a trumped-up charge had been sworn against them by Chapman under the name of Cummings. This charge Chapman did not, of course, appear to sustain, and the men were released; but during their detention their mistress was spirited away in the following manner:—The countess being locked in a room with her attendant (Mrs. Morgan), Lucas, a confederate of Bowes's, *tapped* at the door and cried out, "My dear lady, here is Lucas, your friend, at the door, pray open it?" In consequence of this the women opened the door and went downstairs, when Lucas seized Lady Strathmore by the arm and told her he had a warrant against her, which he was bound to execute at the peril of his life. Lucas then forced her into the coach. And then the coach and its occupants went forward by stages to Streatlam Castle. Mr. Erskine (afterwards Lord Chancellor Erskine), who, with Mr. Chambre and Mr. Fielding, was counsel for the defendants, addressed the court on their behalf, after which Mr. Justice Buller summed up the evidence, leaving the law and the facts to the jury, who, without any great hesitation, found all the defendants guilty. Mr. Bowes

was consequently adjudged to pay a fine of £300 to his Majesty, to be confined in the King's Bench prison for three years, and at the expiration of that term to find security for fourteen years, himself in £10,000 and two sureties in £5,000 each; while the other conspirators received lighter sentences.

About the same time that the action for divorce was raised by the Countess of Strathmore, her ladyship instituted a suit in the High Court of Chancery against her husband, charging him with various acts of cruelty and outrage, setting forth that an instrument of revocation was extorted from her by violence

ANDREW ROBINSON BOWES ESQ?

and compulsion, and praying the court to restrain Bowes from recovering the rents of her estates. The case was tried on Monday, the 19th May, 1788, in the Court of Common Pleas, before the Right. Hon. Lord Loughborough (afterwards Earl of Rosslyn), on an issue directed out of the Court of Chancery, the question which the jury had to try being whether the said deed of revocation was or was not obtained by duress. During the trial, a number of witnesses deposed to the ill-usage to which Lady Strathmore had been subjected by Bowes, who had cruelly assaulted her, and prohibited her from even going into the garden without his leave. The jury, without retiring, brought in their verdict that the deed was executed under duress, and it was, consequently, afterwards set aside in the Court of Chancery.

On the 3rd March, 1789, Lady Strathmore was restored to her property, and finally severed from the unfortunate connection she had formed.

In 1790, a sentence of excommunication, decreed by the High Court of Delegates—then the supreme court of appeal in ecclesiastical causes—against Andrew Robinson Stoney Bowes, "for contumacy and for not having paid the expenses of the said court, amounting to £553 8s. 6d., in the cause instituted by Mary Eleanor Bowes, his wife," was read in the parish church of St. Nicholas, in Newcastle. Bowes was then living within the rules of the King's Bench prison, which, being a sort of moral and spiritual death, induced the countess to write a very bitter epitaph for him, which she sent to him in his confinement. The misguided man now appeared to lose heart altogether. "Every faculty," says one of his biographers, "seemed to have deserted him, but his deception. He pretended lameness, and took to his bed, saw scarcely anybody, and kept himself in a constant state of intoxication."

The instrument of revocation having been declared null, it was referred to a Master in Chancery to take an account of the rents received by Mr. Bowes since the commencement of the suit. He was charged with a large sum which he had unjustly pocketed, and it was entered upon the marshal's books as a debt hanging over his devoted head. Meanwhile, the sentence of separation and divorce issued from Doctor's Commons, and he was likewise stunned with the burden of excommunication launched against him. He was now forced to enter within the prison walls, and bid adieu to the outer state-rooms.

About the year 1797, Bowes commenced a suit in the Court of Chancery, claiming the surplus rents of the estates set apart to pay his wife's annuities; and the Countess having put in no answer to it, he applied to the House of Lords, the decision of which was in his favour. Elated by this, he recurred again to the Court of Chancery, under the expectation that he was certain of success to the amount of at least £60,000, but the law's delays, then proverbially tantalising, lost him this hope.

Lady Strathmore died on April 20, 1800, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, dressed in a superb bridal dress. When this event occurred, Bowes moved out of prison, the demand of heavy bail having been withdrawn, through application to the Court of King's Bench. But his affairs, during his long imprisonment, had become too much involved ever to be settled, and so he remained a prisoner for debt. He was, however, granted the privilege of residing anywhere within the rules, chiefly on account, it is said, of his commendable conduct in a riot and conspiracy which took place in the prison in May, 1791, when the outer gate was in danger of being forced by the insurgents, and Mr. Bowes actively aided the authorities in quelling the disturbance. We are told by

GIBSIDE, DERWENT VALLEY, DURHAM.

a writer in the "Annual Register" for 1810 that his general demeanour in durance vile "obtained the confidence of the different marshals of the prison, who rendered it as light as possible."

Bowes subsequently took a house in the London Road, St. George's Fields, to await the issue of his lawsuits, which were still dragging their slow length along. In June, 1807, the deed of revocation was once more brought up, this time before Sir James Mansfield; and a verdict having been found in favour of the Earl of Strathmore, Bowes's forensic contentions finally terminated.

The adventurer's darkly-chequered career came to a close on the 16th of January, 1810, when he died within the rules of the King's Bench, having been a prisoner for more than twenty years. His mortal remains were interred, seven days afterwards, in the vault of St. George's Church, in the Borough. He left legacies to his four children by a young lady whom he had seduced in prison, and who, says one authority, "had suffered patiently the most incredible privations for many years, from the jealousy, meanness, and violence of her children's father." His son by the countess had a place in the Navy, and died in his father's lifetime.

A portrait of Bowes is prefixed to the memoirs of his life, written by Jesse Foote, his surgeon and friend. That gentleman describes him thus:—

His person was rather in his favour, and his address was probably, when young, captivating. His speech was soft, his height more than five feet ten, his eyes were bright and small, he had a perfect command over them; his eyebrows were low, large, and sandy, his hair light, and his complexion ruddy; his smile was agreeable, his wit ready, but he was always the first to laugh at what he said, which forced others to laugh also. His conversation was shallow, his education was base, and his utterance was in a low tone and lisping. There was something uncommon in the connection of his nose with his upper lip: he never could talk without the nose, which was long and curved downwards, being also moved ridiculously with the upper lip.

Another writer describes Bowes as possessing the most fascinating manners, and as being witty, hospitable, and convivial, and a most pleasant table companion. He lived on terms of intimacy with the twelfth Duke of Norfolk, premier duke and earl of England; with John Lee, the famous lawyer, Attorney-General in 1803; and, in early life at least, with the two brothers Scott, Lord Chancellor Eldon and Lord Stowell. That he retained some opulent friends, even in his latter days, seems certain, or he could never have obtained security to the amount required for the privilege of the rules of the King's Bench.

In October, 1811, the Benwell estate, which Bowes had purchased for about £24,000, was brought to the hammer at the Queen's Head Inn, Newcastle. It was sold in lots, which, together with the wood upon it, realised about £65,000. The old mansion house or tower, which, when Bowes bought the estate, was in the most perfect condition, had meanwhile become a heap of ruins. It was anciently the summer residence of the priors of Tynemouth, who had a chapel there, and subsequently it became the seat of the Shafto family. It was rebuilt in 1832, at the cost of about £14,000, passed through various hands, and is now the residence of the Right Rev. Dr. Wilberforce, Bishop of Newcastle.

BENWELL TOWER.

A Romance of Tyne Bridge.

The Story of Dr. Oliphant.

DR. OLIPHANT, whose name is associated with a tragic incident in the history of Old Tyne Bridge, resided in one of the houses which partly covered that picturesque structure. The house was at the southern end of Tyne Bridge, and on the western side. It stood over an arch of that portion of the bridge which belonged to the bishopric of Durham, and which the count palatine (or bishop) was bound to keep in repair. There were four floors, the dwelling comprising cellar, shop, kitchen, and parlour (whose doors were opposite to each other), and attics. The cellar (if we may call it so) hung down in the arch, and had half-doors (upper and lower) looking out upon the Tyne. The river rose to within a few inches of the lower door, so that goods could be received and shipped, "the water at high tide running deep and rapid, and almost close below." Smeaton the engineer, reporting on the bridge at the time of which we are speaking, tells us, as to the arch in question, that it was in a great measure blocked up by cellars for the convenience of the houses above (on the east and the west), and had no current of water through it when the tide was below the starlings or jetties surrounding the piers. It was a dry arch, with sundry "holes and chasms," when the water was down. When it was up, the cellar floor was little above the level of the flood; and at all hours of the day the tide of life rolled along the bridge on the level of the floor of the shop. Four flights of stairs ran up from the river to the roof, a winding stair connecting the cellar with the shop. The viaduct, we have said, was on the level of the shop-floor; but the word level is somewhat out of place, for the bridge was steep. Where the road passed the shop window of the surgeon and apothecary, it rose at the rate of a foot in every seven or eight; and it was also very narrow. The whole width, from parapet to parapet, was not more than fifteen feet; yet room had been made for dwellings on both sides, still further cramping the thoroughfare, and in several places reducing the breadth of the roadway to three yards. A tower, used as a prison, bestrode the way; and there were two or three gates to guard the passage of the river. Old and infirm, the structure had long been regarded with an anxious eye. "Originally very ill built, and in general of too small stones, and not of the best kind," Smeaton "found it in a general state of disrepair." But, although it was feared that unless measures were taken for its safety it might fall through decay, there was no dream of the flood that was shortly to throw it down. This cloud was no more foreseen by James Oliphant than was the baleful prosecution by which it was preceded.

Dr. Oliphant, at the period of our story, had lived nine or ten years on the Tyne. The eldest son of James Oliphant, of Perth, sometime wine merchant there, and nephew of Lawrence Oliphant, of Gask, he had been brought up to the medical profession, and in his earlier years was in the army. In 1754-55, he came to Newcastle, where he met Margaret Erskine, daughter of Dr. William Erskine, of Gateshead. An attachment sprang up between them, which led to an engagement; and on the 13th of July, 1755, they were married in St. Mary's Church, Gateshead, the subscribing witnesses being "William Erskine" and "Jeffrey Oliphant." The marriage with the daughter was followed by a partnership with the father; and they all lived together in the old house on the bridge in which Dr. Erskine had dwelt from the closing days of Queen Anne.

Twice has Tyne Bridge passed away since Dr. and Mrs. Oliphant were dwelling there in the year which brought unmerited reproach and suffering to their happy home. The calamity which came over them occurred in the year 1764. On the 28th of July there appeared in the *Newcastle Chronicle*, about four months after the publication of its first number, the following short paragraph:—"On Sunday last, the body of Diana Armstrong, late servant] to a gentleman in Gateshead, was found floating in the Tyne near Dunston Staiths, and had, as is supposed, lain in the river several days. The cause of the accident is not known." An inquest had been held by the County Coroner (who was household steward of the bishop); the verdict of the jury had been returned; and the Whickham register had recorded the burial of "Dinah Armstrong, belonging to Hexham, supposed to be both hang'd and drown'd": "The coroner's jury," added the parochial penman, "brought in their verdict wilful murther. She was found at Dunstan. Bur. 24 July, 1764." Parish registers did not restrict themselves, in those days, to a simple record of baptism, marriage, and burial; they partook of the character of chronicles and diaries; and we have here the clerk of the parish writing down, besides the burial, a supposition and a verdict, both of which were destitute of foundation, and fell to the ground as false and worthless when they came to the test of a court of justice.

Dinah Armstrong was the younger servant of Mrs. Oliphant. About the latter end of May, 1764, a former servant had fallen sick; and Dinah, recently dismissed, for some slight misbehaviour, from the service of a widow lady in Newcastle (Mrs. Heath), was engaged in her stead. "The plausible account the girl gave of herself, joined to a good countenance, and other favourable appearances, were her only recommendations to Mrs. Oliphant," who knew nothing of the circumstance of the girl's dismissal. Dr. and Mrs. Oliphant were about to leave home for Scotland. The new girl came on or about the 31st of May; her master and mistress began their journey on the 5th of June, and they did not return

till the 10th of July. In the meanwhile, the two children had been left in the charge of Mrs. Milne, the wife of a merchant in Newcastle, where Dinah was in attendance upon them. Mrs. Oliphant was told on her return that the girl's behaviour had been but indifferent; that she had been detected in pilfering several trifling things from Mrs. Milne; and this lady, moreover, a day or two afterwards, said she had missed, among other things, three damask napkins, which she strongly suspected, from certain circumstances, Dinah had taken, and she desired that she might be strictly examined about them. Her mistress spoke to her accordingly on the subject. The suspicion was repelled, and the girl consented, reluctantly, to have her chest examined. The napkins were none of them found, but there was a sheet marked "A. H.," which she said was the gift of a relative. It was remarked, however, that the initials were those of her late mistress, and she confessed that it belonged to Mrs. Heath, and that she had taken some other trifles. Examining the sheet, Mrs. Oliphant was led to believe, from some marks upon it, that Dinah had intended to convert it into body linen, whereupon she asked her other servant, Mary Shittleton, if the girl was ill-provided, and learnt that she was so. She then made her a present of some materials; spoke tenderly to her as to the only means of making life honourable and happy; and promised to intercede with Mrs. Heath and Mrs. Milne on her behalf, and to keep her to the end of the quarter; at the same time begging that if she had the napkins she would restore them. This was on Monday, the 16th of July, when she still denied having the napkins, or any knowledge of them; and Mrs. Milne intimated her intention of prosecuting her as soon as she left the family. Mrs. Oliphant was advised to discharge her immediately, but did not do so. "Willing if possible to save the girl from public shame and ruin," Mrs. Oliphant "resolved to try a little further, to prevail on her to discover these napkins." It was thought that, for this purpose, "if some person of ingenuity was to interrogate and talk with her about them, she might possibly be prevailed upon to make a confession; and with this view and intention Mrs. Oliphant applyed to Mr. Green, a neighbour and intimate acquaintance, and then a parish officer, a gentleman of great humanity, and acquainted him with the whole matter; and he, approving of the design as being laudable and benevolent, agreed to give his assistance towards furthering it." He accordingly saw Dinah on Tuesday forenoon, the 17th of July, and expostulated with her, representing the natural consequences of her conduct and of a prosecution. She admitted, as before, that she had taken the sheet, but denied the napkins; and he came away, saying he would see her again in the afternoon.

There was a report that she was under restraint; but she went about her work as usual, within doors and without. Several times on the day of Mr. Green's conversation with her, she brought up water from the cellar; she also conducted the children to school; and before dinner she went for ale to the Queen's Head, in Pipewellgate. Dinner was served in the parlour over the shop, between one and two o'clock. Dr. Erskine, Dr. and Mrs. Oliphant, and Mr. Henry Thompson (residing in the family under the doctor's care), were those who sat down to table. The two children, a son and a daughter, were at school; and a staymaker (Mrs. French) was in the kitchen awaiting their return, that she might see Miss Oliphant, and "try on a pair of stays." Dinah was also there, "extremely dull and sullen," managing matters, while Mary waited at table. Suddenly Dinah was missed; and Mrs. French, when appealed to, thought she was gone downstairs. Her fellow-servant called to her in vain; went down to the shop, but she was not there; then descended to the cellar, where she saw her shadow as she leaped out at the door, and heard her fall. Looking out, she saw her lying on her side on the sand. She called to her repeatedly, receiving no answer; upon which she alarmed the house, and search was made in various directions. Those who ran to the cellar could see nothing of Dinah, nor could any others hear of her. Mary and Mr. Thompson, and George Rutherford, shopkeeper to a mercer next door, and John Weatherburn, the barber, could nowhere find her. The print of her body in the sand was observed, but no traces were discovered of the road she had taken; the river was clear and smooth, and without mark of her whereabouts; "all the holes and chasms in the dry arches of the bridge" were examined in vain; nothing could be learnt in the lanes and back-yards adjacent; "and some boys who were fishing a few yards below the bridge" could give no intelligence of her. "She had leaped a height of about 13 feet; and the place she fell on was distant from the then stream (it being low water) only four or five yards." The family were perplexed, and knew not what to do. Dorothy Carr, servant-maid of Mrs. Milne, sent to Dinah's sister Jane, living in a gentleman's family in Newcastle, telling her what had happened, and asking her if she knew anything of the missing girl. She replied that she did not, and waited on Mrs. Oliphant, next morning, to learn the particulars, and inquire if anything had been heard of her; and before going away she said their sister Tamar lived at Long Benton, and probably Dinah might be there. The day after, she called again, with a companion, and took away the chest and clothes of her absent sister. It was now Thursday, the 19th of July, and nothing had yet been discovered. On Sunday morning, Joseph Barlow, a keelman, called at Dr. Oliphant's and inquired of Mary, who opened the door, if Dr. Erskine had a maid that was drowned lately. Mary said that they had a maid who was missing, but she hoped she was not drowned. Dr. Oliphant had now come to the door, and Barlow told him he had that morn-

ing, with one John Southeron, taken up a woman floating in the middle of the Tyne, and that he had carried the body ashore at Dunston. Dr. Oliphant could not say, by the description, whether or not the body was that of Dinah; but he gave him the address of Jane, who would no doubt go and see. The family meantime sent Mary to Dunston, who recognised the deceased as her late fellow-servant, and brought back the sad intelligence to Tyne Bridge.

The body bore the mark of "a circle, or scar, on the neck, which at first appeared whiter than the other parts of the skin, but in a short time turned into light purple colour." "Deceased always wore a black ribbon or necklace about her neck," and "had one or the other of them on at the time she left Dr. Oliphant's house." When found in the river the body of the poor girl was landed at Dunston, and brought many persons together, who viewed it with curious interest, and had their attention attracted by the marks on the neck. Their supposition was that "she had been hanged"; and "a young practitioner in surgery," coming to the spot, instantly declared that such had been the case. This was decisive with his audience; and it immediately became a clear point with them that she had so died, "and, as a necessary consequence, that her master and mistress were her murderers." Next day (Monday), Tamar Armstrong called on Mrs. Oliphant, indulging in "abuse and threats against the whole family." On Tuesday, the 24th, John Robson, one of the county coroners, came to Dunston to hold an inquest; and John Crozer, constable of Whickham, was sent to Gateshead with a summons for Mary Shittleton, fellow-servant of the deceased. By this officer Dr. Oliphant sent a message to the coroner, to the effect that Mrs. Oliphant and himself, and others, would also attend to give an account of what they knew, if he thought necessary. Afterwards, at noon, some of his friends called to inform Dr. Oliphant they had heard all was in confusion at the inquest, and advising him to go. He therefore went off, with Henry Thompson and John Weatherburn, and got to Dunston between two and three o'clock. He at once gave the coroner an account of the affair, but was told that "he should go talk to the jury." Acting on this suggestion, he found the jurors at some distance, "standing by a hedge in the open air, surrounded by a crowd of people, who frequently intermixed with them." He then began to repeat what he had before related to the coroner, experiencing frequent interruptions, "and particularly from Tamar, the sister of the deceased, who was there with her other sister Jane, busied in inflaming the populace." Unable to obtain a full hearing, he returned to the coroner, and requested that his evidence, and that of his companions, might be recorded; but he was told that he was charged with confining the deceased in his cellar from the Friday till the Tuesday; that when she leaped out of the cellar no measures were taken to find her; that when Barlow came he threw the door in his face, and bid him begone; that he had not sent for him (the coroner), as was incumbent upon him; and, lastly, the marks of strangulation were hinted at. On all these points Dr. Oliphant replied, and offered to produce evidence on oath; but the coroner refused to examine the witnesses tendered. They waited, however, until about six o'clock, when they sent to know if the coroner had any occasion for them, and received in answer that he had not; "so they returned home, ignorant of the result of the coroner and jury's deliberations."

Robert Somerville, of Swalwell, surgeon, one of the witnesses examined, deposed that he had inspected the body of Dinah Armstrong. "She had," he said, "a circular mark on her neck, about half an inch in breadth, which has been made (to my judgment) by a rope, or might have been done by a ribband necklace or the like nature, but there was no such thing found upon her neck when taken up. Her face was quite black, occasioned by a stagnation of the blood, which is a concomitant of strangling or suffocation, there being no other appearance of violence which I observed."

Not the slightest evidence was given that implicated any of the inmates of the house on Tyne Bridge as the authors of Dinah's death; but, on the contrary, it was the testimony of Jane Armstrong that Mary Shittleton told her the girl "leapt out of the cellar window or door," and so left the house; which statement Mary repeated to the coroner and jury on oath. Yet, without any proof whatever, the jury found that James Oliphant, Margaret Oliphant, and Mary Shittleton had strangled the girl in the cellar with a cord, and so murdered her.

This verdict was given on the 24th of July. On the 25th, Mr. and Mrs. Oliphant and their maid were arrested and conveyed to Durham; whither, also, Dr. Wilson, of Newcastle, and a great number of their friends besides, proceeded to offer them assistance. They were suffered by the coroner to return home in the custody of the constable; and on the 13th of August, the day preceding the assizes, "at their own request they were again carried to Durham," and the coroner committed them to gaol. On Friday, the 17th, they were arraigned on a bill of indictment, and also the coroner's inquisition. Ten or eleven witnesses were heard for the prosecution, Somerville stating that he could not say positively the stricture was the cause of death; the body might have swelled so in the water that any ligature on the neck would have occasioned the mark, and the necklace or ribbon might have broken. The other witnesses called for the prosecution were John Southeron (and his wife Jane), Joseph Barlow, Jane and Tamar Armstrong, Thomas Dinning, Isabella Nickson, Susannah Wilcock, Sarah Ward, Jane Grieve (Long Benton), and Thomasine Elwell (Swalwell). Two witnesses were examined for

the defence, Henry Thompson and Margaret French, who testified that the girl was going about the house at perfect liberty; and Mr. Thompson, lodging with the family as a patient, stated that as they sat at dinner on the Tuesday, "they were alarmed by the prisoner Shittleton calling out from below stairs that the deceased had jumped out of the cellar window into the bed of the river." "He never saw the least ill-usage from any of the family towards the deceased."

An immediate verdict of acquittal was returned by the jury; and the judge before whom the case was tried, Mr. Justice Bathurst, expressed his sorrow for Mr. Oliphant's misfortune, and said he believed him to be as innocent of the crime laid to his charge as himself.

The following brief notice of the case appeared in the *Newcastle Chronicle* on the 25th August, 1764 :—

On the 17th inst., came on at Durham, before the Hon. Mr. Justice Bathurst, the trial of Mr. and Mrs. Oliphant, and their maid, for the alleged murder of Dinah Armstrong; when the parties being justified by the very evidence brought against them, the judge declared his sense of their unmerited sufferings, in public court, by saying he believed them as innocent of the crime laid to their charge as himself. The late unmerited misfortunes and uncommon sufferings of a worthy family, who have always deservedly enjoyed the esteem and affection of all who knew them, are too glaring to be passed over in silence. Their innocence is now clearly demonstrated, not only by their fair and honourable acquittal, and the public declaration of the judge in court, but also by the particular respect and attention paid to their cause by a number of gentlemen of the most respectable character, who have, during this unhappy affair, so warmly interested themselves in their vindication. Besides, the delicacy of all the publishers of the newspapers in agreeing to pass over in silence the scandalous, false, and malicious reports so industriously propagated against them, is a further demonstration of the sense of the world, and sentiments of the thinking part of mankind, on this melancholy occasion. The humanity and good-nature of the parties in endeavouring to reclaim an unfortunate girl from vice and infamy, was the original cause of their cruel and unparalleled persecution. But to enter into a detail of the injustice done them would be equally tedious and unnecessary here, as we are informed a full and genuine ftatement of the facts will be soon published, when the treatment they have received will appear in its proper colours.

Had it not been for the "statement" thus promised, and afterwards printed, we should not have now been able to narrate the story of James Oliphant; for, with the exception of the preceding notice, and the brief paragraph printed on July 28, the newspapers of the day did not, so far as we are aware, contain any account of the death of Dinah Armstrong, and of the prosecution of her master, mistress, and fellow-servant. The publication announced above appeared in 1768, under the title, "The Case of Mr. James Oliphant, Surgeon, respecting a Prosecution which he, together with his Wife and Maid-Servant, underwent in the year 1764, for the Supposed Murder of a Female Domestic." It was "printed for Mr. Oliphant," and "published by his appointment," one of the publishers being Benjamin Fleming, bookseller and stationer under the Magazine Gate on the Tyne Bridge.

This little book of 88 pages is now rare. After a preface or "advertisement" and an "introduction," there is a statement of the whole case, with the evidence given before the coroner and judge, and an account of the steps taken to obtain redress, founded on "the coroner's refusal to hear evidence, by which defendant had been involved in such a dangerous, expensive prosecution." The Bishop of Durham was written to; lawyers were consulted; application was made to the Court of King's Bench. All in vain. The end aimed at was not achieved.

The Court of King's Bench, moved by Mr. Wedderburn on the affidavits for an information against the coroner, did not think proper to grant the motion, but referred Dr. Oliphant to the Grand Jury, as the subject, matter of complaint appeared to be more proper by way of indictment in the county. The suggestion, however did not commend itself to the mind of the applicant. There was one more course open to him—that of a special action for damages; but the great expense, and other reasons, deterred him.

"Thus unhappily circumstanced," says Mr. Oliphant, "I resolved to avail myself of the liberty of the press in my own vindication, and in making my case known to the world; and then it was that the following narrative was written. Unwilling, nevertheless, to expose the conduct of a man who, I flattered myself, would have had candour enough to acknowledge his error, and justice to repair the ill effects as far as lay in his power, I have since that time waited in silent expectation that the spontaneous convictions of his own mind would have voluntarily induced him to render me every satisfaction which I had to hope for from compulsory methods; but in that expectation I have hitherto waited in vain. I can now, after having struggled with my misfortunes for three years and upwards, estimate my losses with the greater exactness, and judge of the consequences of those events that have proved so destructive to my happiness; and it is with a heartfelt concern that I here declare them to be ruinous in the highest degree. Before my disasters in 1764, my affairs were prosperous, my practice extensive, my mind at ease, my good name unblemished, my friends numerous, and the fairest prospects of future felicity opening to my view. But, good God! what a reverse have I experienced, to what a scene of misery reserved! what a change did a few days produce! I leave the humane, judicious part of mankind to judge of the cause I have to complain. I leave them to inquire what were my feelings, when life, liberty, character, and fortune, were all at once so rudely attacked. On returning to the inspection of my domestic affairs after my acquittal, what a melancholy view did they exhibit! A considerable part of my small fortune, the fruits of years of honest industry, dissipated in a necessary defence, and ineffectual endeavour to obtain redress; my business greatly reduced; my reputation sullied; my peace of mind deeply wounded; my wife's health much impaired; and, to complete my affliction, deprived of the kindest and best of fathers, who, after languishing a few months in all the bitterness of sorrow, fell a victim" (in May, 1765) "to his great sensibility of the injuries of his son. These are some of the triumphs of my persecutors, a few of the long train of evils that have resulted from this most oppressive prosecution, the effects whereof I must severely feel to the last moments of my life."

To the death of Dr. Oliphant's father, in May, 1765, succeeded that of Dr. Erskine, father of Mrs. Oliphant, in December, 1766. In November, 1771, came the overthrow of Tyne Bridge, depriving the family of their home. The Oliphants then removed to Church Chare,

the narrow thoroughfare which preceded the Church Street of the present day. This, however, was but a temporary place of sojourn. The disaster which had destroyed their dwelling-place, following the calamity that overshadowed its peace and happiness, led the way to their departure from the banks of the Tyne. At what precise period they crossed the Borders does not appear, but it was within the year subsequent to the fall of the bridge; for the municipal records of Newcastle show that they were in Scotland in October, 1772. Mr. John Green appeared in the Mayor's Chamber, in the course of that month, "for and on behalf of Mr. James Oliphant, in Scotland, owner of a house at the south end of the old stone bridge," and represented that "the present slanting stays were not sufficient to support it," and that it was consequently "in danger of falling into the river"; whereupon Mr. John Stephenson, at that time employed in the construction of a temporary viaduct across the Tyne, was instructed to apply additional props, if necessary.*

Mr. Oliphant, for some time after his return to Scotland, was Professor of Medicine at St. Andrews. He afterwards settled at Irvine, and was private physician to Lords Eglintoun and Glasgow. Lord Justice Boyle, who was living in advanced years when Dr. Oliphant's heir-male was advertised for in 1848, well remembered him as in practice there. The advertisement ran thus :—

SUCCESSION TO AN ESTATE IN SCOTLAND.

THE heir-male of the body of the deceased Doctor James Oliphant is first called and entitled to the estate of Gask, in the county of Perth, under the settlement of its late proprietor, James Blair Oliphant, Esq., of Gask and Ardblair. Doctor Oliphant is understood to have resided for several years preceding and subsequent to 1764 at Gateshead, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and to have removed from Gateshead to Irvine in Scotland, and to have died in 1791. Failing heirs-male of the body of the said Doctor James Oliphant, the heir-male whomsoever of the said James Blair Oliphant is entitled to succeed to the estate. The trustees appointed by Mr. Oliphant to carry the destination in his settlement into effect make this public intimation, and request that claimants may communicate with their agents, Messrs Hunter and Conning, writers, Perth.

Perth, July 5, 1848.

Dr. and Mrs. Oliphant had several children; and Mr. Blair Oliphant supposed there might be male issue of their sons living. The *Gateshead Observer*, however, recalling, some years ago, the incidents of the eighteenth century, stated that the only grandchild remaining in 1848 was a daughter of Janet Oliphant, the young lady on whom Mrs. Margaret French was waiting, on the sad 17th of July, 1764, "to try on a pair of stays." One son of Dr. Oliphant died in Canada, another in Tobago. Two were impressed in a time of war, one of whom was supposed to have perished in an engagement with the French; and the career of the other, "which ended at Workington, was marked by even stranger passages than those which chequered the life of the father." Chequered, indeed, was the life of the household established on Old Tyne Bridge; and when, about sixty years subsequent to the death of Dr. Oliphant, Fortune seemed disposed to smile, there was no son of his line to succeed, and enjoy her sunshine.

JAMES CLEPHAN.

* The number of houses on the bridge when the flood came exceeded twenty, their yearly value being £286. One was of the value of £22; three (including Dr. Oliphant's), £20; while two of the places of business occupied on the crowded roadway were so small as to bear no higher rentals than £6 and £7.

A Contemporary Account of the Fall of Tyne Bridge.

Mr. Joseph Crawhall has published, in one of his wonderful books, a contemporary account of the destruction of Old Tyne Bridge. This account, Mr. Crawhall informs his readers, was copied from a manuscript now in the possession of George H. Haydon, Esq., Bethlehem Hospital, London. As the story is short, and is moreover told in a way that would not have disgraced Defoe, we have taken the liberty to transfer it to our pages.

On Saturday morn, Nov. 16th, 1771, when I came down to breakfast, I never remember so dark and dull a day, attended with a mizling kind of rain which rather encreased: I passed the evening with some friends at the Coffee-house on the Sandhill, from whom I parted after 11 o'clock, and in coming home heard the Watchman call the hour without any observation about a high tide: at 4 o'clock in the morn I was suddenly awakened by a loud rap at the door: starting from my bed, Mr. Joseph Robinson called out in the street—pray arise, Sir, for the River is swell'd prodigiously and encreasing very fast: glad to know it was not a fire which I apprehended, I came downstairs, and having got half-a-dozen of the workmen together, with each of us a candle, we came into the room with the bow-window, where the water had rose to about our knees: as it had been the same height in 1763 and I had no idea of its rising higher and hurting my library &c., I only removed upstairs my violin and the Family Bible, and resolving on walking along the Close and alarming some of my friends, I perceived ere I came to the Gate that the River was so high in the street as to render this step impracticable; on this I took a servant with a lanthorn went up the Forth Banks and down the Side to the Sandhill and to my astonishment found very few people in the streets, and even on the Sandhill not above a dozen were stirring: I called on Mr. Wallis and some other wine merchants and was glad to know they had taken precautions in time: as the water continued rising I returned home between 5 and 6 o'clock, and when I was at the Forth Banks my ears were alarmed with the falling of the Bridge which gave me the most shocking sensations imaginable: The idea of the sleeping inhabitants rushing in a moment into eternity, the rending of the houses, with the crush and noise made by their falling, added to the dreadful gloom and darkness of the night created most terrible reflections, and brought to my mind all the horrors which must have attended the earthquake at Lisbon: On my return home I found the water was upwards of 5 feet high in my rooms next the River, that it had broke all the pots in the Bottle-house furnace, and as it continued to rise the White-house furnace was in danger: at eight o'clock it was on a level with the second step of front door to the street: and now watching it with eager attention I perceived with great joy that it abated: on this I returned again to the Sandhill, which was covered with water, and hearing that some friends were pent up at the King's Head Tavern on the Keyside I rowed over the Sandhill to their relief. In going hither

two ships broke from their moorings and were carried by the Torrent down the River: the water was dashing impetuously over the Battlements of the remaining Arches and exhibited a scene of horror and wild uproar, while every dismayed countenance indicated their apprehensions of the great calamity and loss of life and property to many of the Inhabitants of the banks of the Tyne, which were but too fatally confirmed in a few days: Six persons perished when the Bridge fell, and several others up the water were drown'd: it was Monday morn before the water abated, and left in mine and every house near the River an immense quantity of mud and ooze. Our loss by it in the works was upwards of £300. Mr. Fenwick of Bywell was a great sufferer; and as several poor people had lost their all, a subscription was opened for their relief: for several months the River was crossed in Boats and Ferrys till the temporary Bridge was compleated; application was made by the Corporation to Parliament to assist them in the rebuilding the Bridge, but it was refused. This Bridge had stood near 500 years. Accounts mention it to have been originally made of wood: The stone piers I conclude must have been built in the time of the Romans, as in pulling down the old piers several coins of the Emperor Antoninus and Faustina were found.

Hawick Common-Riding.

HAWICK COMMON-RIDING is a festival which is held every year on the Friday and Saturday that fall between the 5th and the 12th of June, that is, on the Friday and Saturday after the first Monday in June. Before the adoption of the New Style in 1752, the last Friday of May was the day on which the Common-Riding was held. It is, as the name implies, the riding of the marches, or boundaries, of the town's lands. The custom of making an annual tour of the boundaries of town lands is one which has been observed in several other places. It is very probable that doing so would be resorted to when a community found that adjacent proprietors were overstepping the limits of their own land, and encroaching on, or appropriating, a part of the community's domains.

In the year 1537, James Douglas of Drumlanrig, Baron of the Barony of Hawick, granted a charter to the town of Hawick, in which he conveyed to it 1,400 acres of land. This land, though now considerably decreased in quantity, has ever since been known as the Muir or Common, and, as at the time when this bequest was made few boundaries of lands were fenced, the necessity of seeing that the adjoining proprietors did not encroach became very often an imperative duty. It is probable that the riding of the Marches would be begun very soon after the date of the Drumlanrig Charter, in order that the lands given by Douglas might be preserved and handed down intact to the descendants of the burgesses of the town.

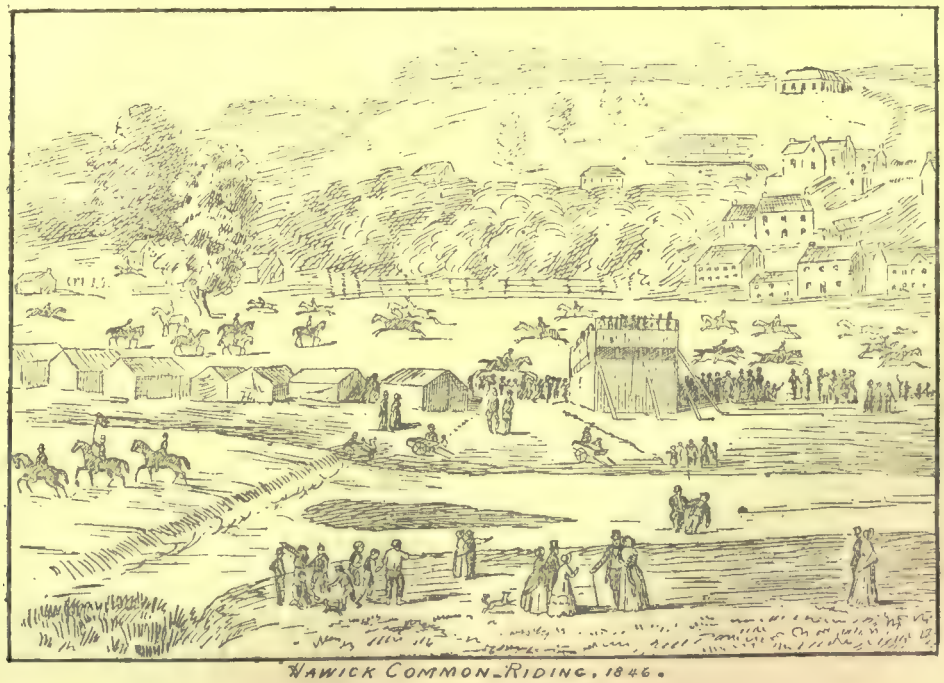
The earliest reference to the Common-Riding occurs in an Act of the Bailies passed in the year 1640, the tenth clause of which is as follows:—"Item, whatsomever person that beis not present yeirlie at the common ryding and setting the faires, sal pay forty shillings, *toties quoties*, and wardit without license or ane lawful excuse.' ("Annals of Hawick," by James Wilson. Edinburgh: Thomas George Stephenson, 1850, page 46.)

In order that none might escape compliance with this clause of the Burgh Act, the Burgess Roll was called over at the Muir by the Town Clerk. Absentees were thus detected:—"A burgess charged with not being present at the riding and meithing of the common, pleads that he was at the *Watch-know*, and is assoilzied." (Wilson's "Annals," page 62.) The following entry also occurs in the Council Books of Hawick in the year 1645:—"The said day Allan Deans, traveller, being accused for not being at the riding and *meithing* of the Common upon the 24th of May, 1645, compearing, confessit he was at the Watch-know, assoilzies him of the penalty and fine, and actit himself gif ever he do the lyk he shall pay the double of the penalty, conform to the Act, and double punishment." (Wilson's "Annals," page 65.) In 1699, the following entry occurs in the Council Records:—"The sum of £4 Scots ordered to be paid to the town's officer for his common-riding coat, to be defrayed out of the first ready money that can be had out of the burgess money." (Wilson's "Annals," page 105.) There are a few other entries concerning the Common-Riding in the Council Records.

The Watch-Knowe was a height overlooking the town, from which a good view of the surrounding country could be obtained. It seems, from the occasional references made in the burgh and other records, to have been customary for certain of the citizens to betake themselves to the Watch-knowe, in order that they might guard against the town being surprised by roving parties of freebooters, and this was more especially necessary on the day when the Common-Riding took place. *Meithing* the Marches (or boundaries of the estate) meant making landmarks of some kind or other, at short distances, so that the boundary of the unenclosed lands might be known from point to point—that is, from *meith* to *meith*. A *meith* was a landmark. In some cases it consisted merely of a *stucken*, or *stab* (*Anglice*, a stake), which was driven into the ground. In other cases it was a large stone, set up on end. It was also customary at one time, before the Muir was enclosed, for a number of the burgesses to take flaughter-

spades with them to the Muir. A flaughter-spade is about twice the length of an ordinary spade, with a cross-bar at the top, and two handles with which to hold it. With these spades the citizens used to cut a quantity of sods or turf, and build up therewith small cairns or hillocks, three feet in height or so, at distances of perhaps one hundred yards apart when the boundary ran in a straight line, and at shorter distances when the boundary was zig-zag or circuitous.

Before the town's land or common was enclosed and fenced, the town's standard, or banner, was carried at the Common-Riding from the town to the Muir, and along the boundaries of the Burgh lands, by a young unmarried man, who has always been termed the Cornet. The custom, too, is that the Cornet of the previous year rides upon his right hand, while the one for the year before rides upon his left. Up till about the middle of the present century only the sons of burgesses were eligible for the Cornetship, it being considered a high honour to be chosen for that purpose. Of late years, however, any of the young men belonging to the town are eligible for the office. The Cornet is chosen or appointed by the Town Council. The first notice of this having been done occurs in the Council Records in the year 1703, although it is pretty evident from other entries that there were Cornets before that year. Since then, with one exception, a continuous list of the Cornets has been kept. In the year 1706, the Cornet who had been chosen refused to carry the town's standard, because of its worn-out and useless state, whereupon the Town Council "directed the eldest bailie to carry the same through and out of the town, and the younger bailie to carry it back again, in and through the town." (Wilson's "Annals," page 116.) The Council also fined the party who had refused to be Cornet. This action on the part of the Town Council did not please the young unmarried men of the town, and they "patched up ane mock colour," and carried it through the town, and to the Muir and back. They also publicly insulted the bailies, "deriding, mocking, and scoffing" at them on both days of the Common-Riding, and they also made an attempt to take the old colour from Bailie Hardie. For this conduct the bailies and Council seized a number of the wrongdoers, and imprisoned them till they found caution for their better behaviour in future. In the year 1707 the bailies and Town Council "did unanimously agree, that ane new colour, standard, or pennil should be bought." It is stated further on in the Council Records that George Deans was the first that carried the new standard, which was bought at Edinburgh by Bailie Mertine, and cost £10 14s. Scots money. In the year 1856, the Cornet who had been chosen refused to accept the office, and the Town Council resolved not to elect another. A public meeting was, however, held, at which a Cornet was appointed. Next year the Town Council, in compliance with the wishes of a large number of the



HAWICK COMMON-RIDING, 1846.

inhabitants, rescinded their previous resolution, and again elected the Cornet, which they have done yearly ever since.

The proceedings at the present time are mainly as follow:—About 10 a.m. on the Friday morning, the Cornet, bearing the standard, and accompanied by his right and left hand men, proceeds to the Muir on horseback, attended by a cavalcade consisting of young men and others; the magistrates, town councillors, and other citizens following in the rear. On arriving at the Muir, the Cornet and his supporters ride over a considerable portion of the pasture land of the burgh, and at St. Leonard's Farm, which is the town's property, they are regaled with curds and cream. Afterwards there are horse races up till about three o'clock, when the Cornet and his supporters return from the Muir, and ride what is termed the Myreslawgreen Marches. They then proceed to the Mill-Path, where there is usually an immense concourse of people waiting to hear the Common-Riding song sung. The duty of singing the song has generally been undertaken by young men whose leathern lungs enabled them to make themselves heard by those on the outskirts of the congregated multitude. The refrain, or "ower-word," is generally sung by the whole of those present, and the effect produced by such a volume of sound as can be made by three or four thousands of voices is almost indescribable. After this, the Cornet and his supporters proceed to dinner, which usually takes place in the Town Hall. There are gymnastic games held in the upper Common Haugh until about sunset. At night there is a ball, which now gets the name of the Race Ball, but which formerly was called the Cornet's Dance. In the grey light of the next morning, the Cornet and his friends proceed to the Moat—a small artificial conical hill on the outskirts of the town. After reaching the summit, those who are there pledge each other in the sparkling glass, and then, as the broad orb of the summer sun is seen slowly rising in the far east, a few selected verses of the Common-Riding Song are sung by the assembled citizens. This may be said to be the last portion of the ancient ceremonies, which have been observed, according to the Council Records, for "many generations and hundreths of years past." There are horse races held at the Muir during the Saturday, but they are merely a holiday amusement, and form no part of the Common-Riding proper.

On page 342 of Robert Wilson's "History of Hawick" (printed by Robert Armstrong, Hawick, 1825), I find the following notice of the Town's Standard:—"The most accredited account of the Colour or the Standard belonging to the town of Hawick was given by the late Mr. Scott, of Burnhead, as follows:—A marauding party of the English, the year after the battle of Flodden, came up the Teviot for plunder. Previous to their arrival at Hawick, the magistrates called a meeting of the inhabitants, and proposed that the enemy should be resisted, seeing their number was not great, and that the town should be defended to the last rather than given up to plunder. Recollections of Flodden sharpened the revenge of the people, who shouted unanimously to be led to battle, when about two hundred stout men were armed with such weapons as the town or neighbourhood could supply. This band set off the following morning, and met the English plunderers at Trows, two miles below Hawick, where a desperate conflict took place. The enemy, about forty in number, with a flag, were come upon rather by surprise, when a complete massacre ensued. The flag was taken, and scarcely a soldier escaped. This colour, or its emblem, has been carried round the marches of the burgh property at the Common-Riding ever since."

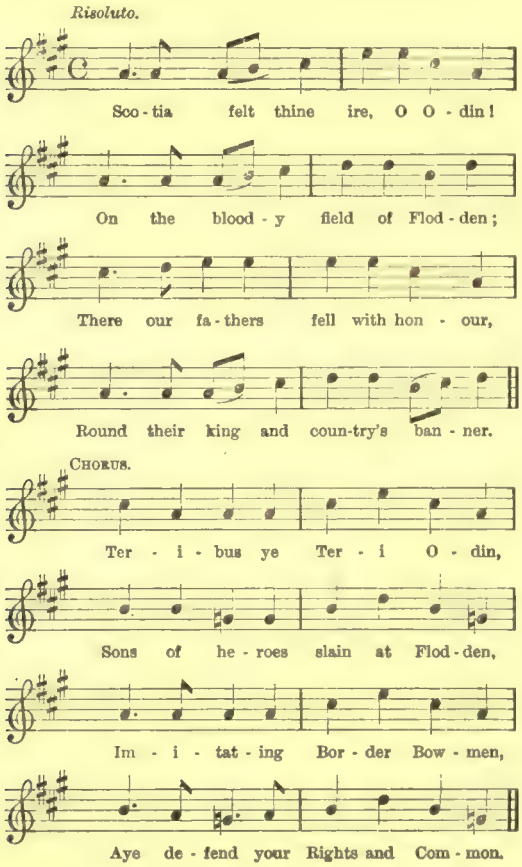
Up till the year 1803, the Cornet and the equestrians who rode with him took the old road to the extremities of the burgh's property. When on their way to the

JOHN KELL, CORNET IN 1865

Moor they took off at the Haggisha', rode over the Vertish Hill, and along Pilmuir Rig, &c., instead of going up the road leading through the plantations at the Nipknowes. Robert Purdom, farmer, the grandfather of the present Town Clerk, and the father of Thomas Purdom, late Town Clerk, was the last Cornet who rode that way. Owing to the nature of the road, he was thrown from his horse, and carried into a house at the Haggisha', after which going this way was discontinued.

The "Old Common-Riding Song" was written by

Arthur Balbirnie, who was a foreman dyer at the carpet manufactory at Damside in the first decade of this century. "Flodden Field" and the "New Common-Riding Song" were both written by James Hogg, not the Ettrick Shepherd, but a woollen frame-work knitter, or stocking-maker, pretty intelligent for his position, but a little intemperate in his habits. He wrote the "New Common-Riding Song" some time before the year 1819, for it was sung in that year for the first time by James Scott, an apprentice of Hogg's. I give the air, three of the verses, and the chorus :—


Risoluto.
Sco - tia felt thine ire, O O - din!
On the blood - y field of Flod - den;
There our fa - thers fell with hon - our,
Round their king and coun-try's ban - ner.
CHORUS.
Ter - i - bus ye Ter - i O - din,
Sons of he - roes slain at Flod - den,
Im - i - tat - ing Bor - der Bow - men,
Aye de - fend your Rights and Com - mon.

Scotia felt thine ire, O Odin!
On the bloody field of Flodden;
There our fathers fell with honour,
Round their king and country's banner.

Chorus.—Teribus, ye Teri Odin,
Sons of heroes slain at Flodden,
Imitating Border Bowmen,
Aye defend your Rights and Common.

"Hawick shall triumph 'mid destruction,"
Was a Druid's dark prediction;
Strange the issues that unrolled it
Cent'ries after he'd foretold it.

Peace be thy portion, Hawick, for ever!
Thine arts, thy commerce flourish ever!
Down to latest ages send it—
"*Hawick was ever Independent.*"

Here is a copy of the "Old Common-Riding Song," by Arthur Balbirnie; the Little Haugh referred to was a place for dead horses :—

We'll a' hie to the muir a-riding;
Drumlanrig gave it for providing
Our ancestors of martial order,
To drive the English off our border.

Chorus.—Up wi' Hawick, its Rights and Common,
Up wi' a' the Border Bowmen!
Tiribus and Tiriodin,
We are up to guard the Common.

At Flodden Field our fathers fought it,
And honour gain'd, though dear they bought it:
By Teviot-side they took this colour,
A dear memorial of their valour.

Though twice of old our town was burned,
Yet twice the foemen back we turned;
And ever, should our right be trod on,
We'll face the foe to Tiriodin.

Round our Cornet now we'll rally,
And forth on horseback let us sally;
Round our marches we'll escort him,
Pledging firmly to support him.

Up the Loan we'll drive like fire,
O'er the Fertish Hill, nor tire,
And 'lang Pilmuir Rig we'll canter,
Down the Bailie Hill we'll scamper.

At the Ca'knowe we halt a little;
Slack our girths, and ease the cripple;
Take a glass o' cheering whisky,
Then down o'er Hawick Mossbrow fu' frisky.

At the Haggiesha' we rank up,
Weaver Will's auld bonnet clank up,
Down the Loan we come fu' doucely,
And ride to Mycelaw Green sae crousely.

But by and by, I'd maist forgot it,
The Mycelaw Green, we'll just be at it,
There we'll get a guid cauld caulker
Frae a man that is nae Quaker.

Now Tiriodin blaws the chanter,
As rank and file the town we enter;
Till round the Haugh our flag is flying,
And some their Bits of Blood are trying.

While round and round our beaux do spatter,
Others doucely cross the water
To the Little Haugh, fu' sorry,
While the horses neigh *Memento mori!*

In the Town Hall all things are ready;
Knives and forks we'll play them steady;
Push about the flowing glasses,
Sing, and dance, and kiss the lasses.

Our marches rode, our land-marks planted,
But ah! not those that Douglas granted;
For spoilers, armed with gold and power,
Robbed our sires in an evil hour.

Yet still, my lads, let wisdom steer ye,
And virtuous actions ever cheer ye,
And may the joy of our descendants
Be "Hawick for ever and independence!"

The ballad of "Flodden Field," by James Hogg, begins thus :—

Sons of heroes slain at Flodden;
Met to ride and trace our Common;
Oral fame tells how we got it,
Hear a native muse relate it.

Chorus.—Tyr hæbbe us, ye Tyr ye Odin,
Sons of heroes slain at Flodden,
Imitating Border Bowmen,
Aye defend your rights and Common.

The rhyme then proceeds with the well-known tale of Scotland's sorrow at Flodden Field.

J. C. Goodfellow, Hawick.

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Dr. Murray, in his "Dialects of the Southern Counties of Scotland," says of the Hawick chorus :—"A relic of North Anglican heathenism seems to be preserved in the phrase which forms the local slogan of Hawick, and which, as the name of the local air, and the refrain or 'ower-word' of associated ballads, has been connected with the history of the town 'back to fable-shaded eras.' Different words have been sung to the tune, from time to time, and none of these now extant lay claim to any antiquity; but, associated with all, and yet apart from all, the refrain, 'Tyr hæbbe us, ye Tyr ye Odin,' appears to have come down scarcely mutilated from the time when it was the burden of the song of Gleoman or Scald, or the invocation of a heathen Anglo warrior, before the Northern Hercules, in the blood-red deity of battle, had yielded to the 'Pale God' of the Christians." "When James Hogg was writing his versions of the Common-Riding Song," says Mr. Balbirnie, "he was asked if the music was ancient. He replied, 'The air's eternal.' This gave rise to the phrase the 'Eternal air.' Our slogan of 'Teribus ye Teri Odin' is traceable to the Teutonic settlement in Teviotdale. In the Anglo-Saxon language it is 'Tyr hæbbe us, ye Tyr ye Odin,' which signifies, 'May Tyr have us, both Tyr and Odin,' showing that the slogan of Hawick has a pious foundation, being first of all an invocation to the deities of our Saxon ancestors."

Harry Haldane, Newcastle.

Witchcraft in the North.

IT was once remarked by a Roman sage, that there were certain practices (sorcery, divination, and the like) which would always be prohibited and always pursued; and Time has not failed to fulfil the prediction. Such impostures have their origin in the infirmities of our nature. The ignorant and the superstitious resort to charlatans who profess to forecast the future; men and women seek to know their "fortunes," and become the prey of pretenders; and when there were believers in witchcraft (as there yet are even in the present day) there were also "witches" and "wise men" to profit by their weakness. Unhappily, also, as the annals of our country testify, many an innocent woman, to say nothing of some men, making no pretence to supernatural power or influence, has been brought under suspicion, and suffered violence and death at the hands of the fanatic and credulous. There were even mercenary "witch-finders" in former days, who traded on the belief in their skill; one of whom, at least, was overtaken by poetical justice, and found the fate in which he had involved his victims.

It may be read in local history how much repute these nefarious discoverers enjoyed in the town of Newcastle in the seventeenth century. On the 26th of March, 1649, a "petition concerning witches" having been read, it was "ordered that thanks be returned to the petitioners; and the Common Council will contribute their best assistance therein." Two town sergeants were accordingly sent across the Borders, "to agree with a Scotchman who pretended knowledge to find out witches, by pricking them with pins, to come to Newcastle, where he should try such who should be brought to him, and to have twenty shillings a-piece for all he should condemn as witches, and free passage thither and back again." The man having arrived on his fearful errand, the town-crier was sent through the streets; and thirty poor women were brought to the Town Hall in response to the proclamation, most of whom were pronounced to be witches. The tragic end of all this miserable work came in the month of August, 1650, when, on one single day, fifteen so-called witches and a wizard, with nine mosstroopers, twenty-five men and women altogether, were hanged on the Town Moor in one fell swoop. In Northumberland, the witch-finder pocketed in some cases as much as £3 a-piece. But his game was now up. He was laid hold of by Henry Ogle, Esq., afterwards one of the members for the county, who required bond for his appearance at quarter-sessions. He then got away into Scotland, where he was brought to trial and execution, and confessed at the gallows that he had been the death of more than two hundred and twenty women!

The fortieth volume of the Surtees Society, comprising "Depositions from the Castle of York" (edited by the late Canon Raine), affords abundant evidence of the wide-spread prevalence of the belief in witchcraft at the time of the wholesale execution on Newcastle Moor.

The first case of witchcraft in the volume, associated with the county of Northumberland, was heard on the 15th of February, 1660, before Luke Killingworth, Esq. The charge was brought by a soldier of Tynemouth, named Michael Mason, who said that about the 20th of January, 1660, Elizabeth, wife of George Simpson, fisher, came into his house, and asked his daughter Frances for a pot of small beer. Her request being refused, she threatened to make the girl repent. Next day, she lost the use of one of her legs, and within four days the use of the other. She had then to keep her bed, and lay miserably tormented, crying out that Elizabeth Simpson did pinch her heart and pull her in pieces. But the complainant getting blood of her, his daughter had ever since continued quiet in her bed without any torture. She did not, however, recover the use of her limbs, but pined away in a most lamentable manner. The said Elizabeth was reported to be a charmer, and turned the sieve for money, and had been reported a witch. To draw the

blood of a witch, was to counteract her evil influence. Such was the popular belief; and hence, when suspicion fell upon a woman, it was common to wound her, so that blood might flow.

The Tynemouth witch was, as we have seen, a reputed charmer. She practised "turning the sieve" for money: a common form of divination where property had been stolen and the culprit was to be discovered. The wise man or woman, on being consulted, invoked an answer by the riddle and shears, chanting with due gravity the mystic lines:—

By St. Peter and St. Paul,
If —— has stolen ——'s ——,
Turn about riddle and shears and all.

All was quiescent till the supposed offender was named, and then the revolving motion began!

Riddle and shears were variously adjusted. In a case heard before the Commissary for Northumberland in the month of January, 1567, it was stated of Margaret Lambert, "that, for certain things lackinge, she turned a seve upon a pair of sheres": thus practising a form of divination resorted to among the Romans before they came into Britain, so high is the antiquity of conjuration and credulity.

In the year 1563, Alice (wife of Robert) Swan was adjudged by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to make confession after the minister, in St. Nicholas's Church, Newcastle, on a Sunday, that "by the means and procurement of Margaret Lawson, Anne Hedworth, Elizabeth Kindleside, Agnes Rikerbye, Anne Bewike, and Jerrerd Robison," she had "of filthy lucre, and under colour of a singuler and secret knowledge of lost thinges, used by the space of certen yeres to cast or tourne the riddle and sheares," being "a kinde of a divination or charming"; to her sorrowful repentance of which the congregation were called upon to bear witness. The form of confession is set out in the twenty-first volume of the Surtees Society, being "Depositions and other Ecclesiastical Proceedings from the Courts of Durham."

Again, in 1573, there is mention of a "wyff in Newcastell" that "culd torne the ryddle, and tell of things that weir stolne," thus turning a penny by the credulity of her customers. One Alison Lawe, as appears by the parish-register of Hart, in the county of Durham, was sentenced in 1582, as "a notorious sorcerer and enchanter," to do penance in the market-place of Durham, "with a papir on her head," and also in the parish churches of Hart and Norton. She had been consulted all round about; and there was an accusation made against Janet Allenson and Janet Bainbridge, of Stockton, that they had "asked councell at witches," and resorted to Alison Lawe, for the cure of the sick.

We now come to cases of alleged witchcraft in Newcastle, and find the Chief Magistrate gravely listening to the most marvellous charges. Thus, on the 8th of August, 1661, John Emerson, Esq., Mayor, heard Robert Phillip, labourer, depose that in the month of December, 1660, he fell sick, and was lying awake, pained at the heart, and having his head anointed for the headache, when, the door being shut, there came before him the wife of William Johnson of Sandgate, and two other women. "Wype off that on thy forehead," cried Margaret Johnson, "for it burns me to death!" Puffing and blowing, and breathing vengeance, she stood before him; till, after a scene which he continues to describe, and in which he declared his trust in Christ, a voice commanded them to begone, and they vanished away.

Sir John Marlay, the defender of Newcastle against the Scots in 1644, succeeded to the chair at the end of September, 1661; and on the 10th of October, "Winifrid Ogle, of Winlington White House, spinster," and "Jane Patteson, servant to Mr. John Ogle, of Winlington White House, spinster," gave evidence before him against Jane Watson, on an accusation of witchcraft. Marvellous evidence it was! Winifrid Ogle, hearing that two of the children of Jonas Cudworth (woollen-draper) were at the house of Thomas Sherburn, watchmaker, in sore pain, being bewitched, went to the place, and found them in great extremity. Jane Patteson was also there; and she and one of the children cried out that they saw the witch, Jane Watson. The child said the witch brought her an apple, and was very earnest (for her) to have it. Presently after, the people of the house cried "Fire! fire!" upon which, Winifrid Ogle "see something like a flash of fire on the farr side of the roome, and she see a round thing like fire goe towards the chimney, and the said childe was several tymes speechles, and in great torment and pain, and halfe of the apple the child spoak of was found at the bedfoote." Jane Patteson, when the child cried, "There is the witch! there is the witch, Jane Watson!" said, "I see the witch"; she then "seeing a woman in a red waistcoate and greene petticoate, which woman was gon under the bed presently." Her master, Mr. John Ogle, then "came with his rapier, and thrust under the bed therewith; and she further saith that some of the people in the house told her they heard something cry like a swyne upon the said thrust under the bed."

Heightening the absurdity of this gross charge, Elizabeth, wife of Thomas Richardson, of Blaydon, yeoman, deposed that about eight years before, being then living in Newcastle, she fell very sick, and was much tormented in her body. "She sent for a medicer called Jane Watson, who came to her, and tooke her by the hand, but doth not now remember what she said to her, but immediately after the paine left her, and a dogg which was in the said house presently dyed."

Another Newcastle case, even more remarkable, is that of Dorothy Stranger, who sometimes appeared in her own proper person, sometimes as a cat. The presiding magistrate was Sir James Clavering, Bart., the Mayor of 1663-64, Jane, wife of William Milburne, deposed, on the 10th of November, 1663, that about a month before, she

sent her maid to the house of Daniel Stranger, cooper, to get some casks cooped. His wife Dorothy inquired why her dame did not invite her to the wedding supper (there being, apparently, as will be seen by the evidence of a subsequent witness, some relationship between the two families). She said she would make the girl's mistress repent it; it would be dear to her. On Friday se'nnight (October 30), being alone in her chamber, there appeared to Mrs. Milburne something in the shape of a cat, which "did leape at her face, and did vocally speake with a very audible voyce, and said that itt had gotten the life of one in this howse, and came for this informer life, and would have itt before Saturday night. To which she replyed, I defye thee, the devill and all his works. Upon which the catt did vanish." Going down the cellar on Saturday last (November 7), "to drawe a quarte of beare," she unlocked the door, and in the inside was the said Dorothy Stranger, who again threatened her life, and attempted to cast a cord over her head, but was prevented. Next day being Sunday, while dressing for church, a cat of the same shape as the former "did leape att her throat," and vowed to overcome her yet. It bit her arm, and then let go and disappeared. One day (November 9), in the afternoon, it leaped upon her on the stairs, brought her down, and kept her there for a quarter of an hour, without power of her body and tongue. At night, "the said Dorothy did in her perfect forme appeare," and "tooke hold of her arme and pulled her, and would have pulled her out of bed if her husband had not held her fast, and did nip and bite her armes very sore, and tormented her body soe intollerably that she could nott rest all the night, and was like to teare her heart in peeces, and this morneing left her." Her belief was that the cat which appeared to her was Dorothy Stranger; and, having a desire to see her that morning, Sent for her, but she was very loth to come. When she came, "she gott blood of her, at the said Stranger's desire, and since hath been pritye well."

Next year (1664), on the 8th of August, there was a further examination of this case, when Mrs. Milburne said that, after getting blood, she was in good condition, and not molested for a quarter of a year; but in the night of the 16th of January, Dorothy came again, "in her own shape," and once more in July. On this last occasion, she first appeared as a grey cat, which "did transforme itselfe into the shape of the said Dorothy Stranger, in the habitt and clothes she wears dayly, haveing an old black hatt upon her head, a greene waistcoate, and a brownish coloured petticoate." "Thou gott blood of me," she said, "but I will have blood of thee before I goe," and, flying violently upon her, she cut and scratched her, and drew blood, and then vanished away.

"Strange," as Canon Raine remarks, "that any magistrate should write down such ridiculous evidence!"

There was a further witness, Elizabeth Stranger, widow, who stated that, about six or seven years before, her daughter Jane, then wife to Oswald Milburne, baker and brewer, being on the Sandhill, met Dorothy Stranger. Dorothy told her she should never see the Sandhill again. "Comeing home imediatly, she fell sick, and lanwished above a yeare, and dyed." In her sickness she had sad and lamentable fits, and cried out most hideously, saying, "Ah, that witch-theafe, my ant Dorithy, is like to pull out my heart. Doe not yow see her, doe not you see her, my ant Dorithy, that witch?" And so "to her very last howre did cry out of the said Dorothy Stranger."

During the mayorality of Sir James Clavering, there was one more case of witchcraft. Anthony Hearon, baker and brewer, deposed, on the 20th of July, 1664, that, about five weeks before, his wife bought a pound of cherries of Jane Simpson, huckster, whose charge was eightpence. Reproving her for taking more of her by twopence than she did of others, she was scurrilous and threatening. "And, within a fewe dayes after, the saide Dorothy tooke sickness, and hath beene most strangely and wonderfully handled, and in bedd had most sad and lamentable fitts, to the admiration and astonishment of all spectators, being sometymes rageing madd, other tymes laughing and singing, other tymes dispareing and disconsolate, other tymes very solitary and mute." On Saturday, she had a sad fit at three in the morning, crying out that one Isabel Atcheson and Jane Simpson did torment her, and were about the bed to take her away; "and he did clearly see Isable Atcheson standing att the bedd side, in her own shape, clothed with a green waistcoate. And, he calling upon the Lord to be present with him, the said Isabell did vanish."

Still another case was heard on Friday, February 3, 1665, before the then Mayor of Newcastle, Sir Francis Liddell, Knight. The defendant was Mrs. Pepper, who practised medicine and resorted to charms in the treatment of her patients. She had been called in to Robert Pyle, a pitman, whose wife Margaret now gave evidence, deposing that he had a fit shortly after tasting some water which Mrs. Pepper gave him to drink. He was "most strangely handled"; and "the said Mrs. Pepper did take water and throwed itt upon his face, and touke this informer's child, and another sucking child, and laid them to his mouth. And, she demanding the reason why she did soe, she replyed that the breath of the children would suck the evill spiritt out of him, for he was possessed with an evill spiritt; and she said she would prove itt either before mayor or ministers that he was bewitched." One of Mrs. Pyle's neighbours, Elizabeth, wife of Richard Rutherford, tailor, deposed to seeing the patient in his fit. "There was then there one Mrs. Pepper, a midwife; and she did see her call for a bottle of holy water, and tooke the same, and sprinkeld itt upon a redd hott spott which was upon the back of his right hand, and did take a silver crucifix out of her breast,

and laid itt upon the said spott. And did then say that she knewe by the said spott what his disease was, and did take the said crucifix, and putt itt in his mouth."

In 1667 (July 4), "Thomas Sherburne, watchmaker," occurs again in a case of witchcraft, heard "before John Emerson, Mayor." Margaret, the wife Sherburne, deposed, that on Monday (July 1), Emma Gaskin, of Sandgate, came to her door, begging; and the servant, Elizabeth Gibson, said she had nothing for her, for she had got too much ill by her already. Witness, looking out of the window, asked Gaskin what she did there, and bade her begone; and the woman said to the maid that she hoped she would either break her neck or hang herself before night. "And the said maide hath never been well since; for the night after she tooke her fitt, which she had done many tymes before, and lay, that she could not speake for about half an houre; and when she was in that condition, there began a thing to cry like a henn among the people's feet; and as soon as it began to cry, the said Elizabeth did begin to smile and laugh; and then the thing that cryed like a henn did, as they thought, flawter with the wings against the bords of the floor; and when it left off the said Elizabeth came out of her fitt, and asked what that was that cryed, as she thought, like a henn; for she heard it, and saw the woman that came to ask something for God's sake goe out at the doore, and is still worse and worse."

In the year 1673 was heard what Canon Raine describes as one of the most extraordinary cases of witchcraft that has ever been printed. "We are here introduced to a witchfinder who plays the part of Matthew Hopkins, and tells us her experiences, which are of the most peculiar description. The reader must test her depositions with his own critical acumen. He must draw his own conclusions as to the accuracy of the tale that would run like wildfire through Durham and Northumberland. I know nothing of the result of the affair. I need not say that the accused persons deny their guilt." The proceedings occupy eleven pages of the volume. The barest outline is all that we can lay before our readers. Many days were given to the strange inquiry at Morpeth. Sir Thomas Horsley and Sir Richard Stote, Knights, and Humfrey Mitford, James Howard, John Salkeld, and Ralph Jenison, Esqrs., occur as sitting magistrates; and one session by Jennison was held in Newcastle. Ann Armstrong, of Birchen or Birks Nooke, the witchfinder, who had been servant to one Mabel Fowler, of Burtree House, gave evidence against a number of persons, men and women, and described their marvellous assemblies, over which the devil presided, "sitting at the head of the table in a gold chaire, as she thought, and a rope hanging over the roome, which every one touched three several times, and whatever was desired was sett upon the table, of several kinds of meate and drinke; and, when they had eaten, she that was last drew the table and kept the reversions." "Lucy Thompson, of Mickley, widow, upon Thursday in the evening, being the 3rd of April" (the witchfinder was giving this evidence at Morpeth on Wednesday, the 9th of April), "att the house of John Newton, of the Riding, swinging upon a rope which went cross the balkes, she, the said Lucy, wished that a boyl'd capon with silver scrues might come down to her and the rest, which were five coveys consisting of thirteen persons in every covey; and that the said Lucy did swing thrice, and then the said capon with silver scrues did, as she thinketh, come downe, which capon the said Lucy sett before the rest off the company; whereof the divell, which they called their protector, and sometimes their blessed saviour, was their chief, sitting in a chair like unto bright gold. And the said Lucy further did swing, and demanded the plum-broth which the capon was boyled in; and thereupon it did immediately come down in a dish, and likewise a bottle of wine, which came down upon the first swing." The company made report to the president of the harm they had done in various directions, to life and limb and property, and were commended in proportion to the mischief they had wrought. "Mary Hunter said she had killed George Taylor's filly, and had power over his mare, and that she had power of the farre hinder legg (of the ox) of John Marche." She (Ann Armstrong) had been ridden to these meetings with an enchanted bridle, recovering her own proper shape when it was removed. "Ann, wife of Thomas Baites, of Morpeth, tanner, hath beene severall times in the company of the rest of the witches, both at Barwick, Barrasford, and at Riding Bridg End, and once att the house of Mr. Francis Pye, in Morpeth, in the seller there. The said Ann Baites has severall times danced with the divell att the places aforesaid, rideing upon wooden dishes and eggshells, both in the rideing house and in the close adjoyninge. She further saith that the said Ann hath been severall times in the shape of a catt and a hare, and in the shape of a greyhound and a bee, letting the divell see how many shapes she could turn herself into."

Such is a sample of the extraordinary depositions of Ann Armstrong, who was under examination on seven several days. On the last of these days (May 14), she deposed that, "she being brought into Allandaile by the parishioners for the discovery of witches, Isabell Johnson, being under suspition, was brought before her; and she, breathing upon the said Anne, immediately the said Anne did fall down in a sound (swoon), and laid three-quarters of an houre; and, after her recovery, she said if there were any witches in England Isabell Johnson was one."

Armstrong had deposed, on the 9th of April, that Anne Forster, Michael Ainsley, and Lucy Thompson, among other confessions made to the devil, told him that "they made all the geer goe of the mill (Riding Mill), and that

they intended to have made the stones all grind till they had flowne all in pieces." Robert Johnson, of Riding Mill, was afterwards examined, and in the course of his depositions said that about some sixteen days before Christmas, 1672, he could not by any means get the mill set; and about the hinder end of the holidays, "being sheeling some oats about two hours before the sunn-setting, all the geer, viz., hopper and hoops, and all other things but the stones, flew down and were casten off, and he himselfe almost killed with them, they comeing down against him with such force and violence."

John March, of Edgebridge, yeoman, who had been to Birkside Nooke to see Ann Armstrong, deposed that she, hearing him named, began to speak to him, "and askt him if he had not an ox that had the power of one of his limbs taken from him; and, he telling her he had, and enquireing how she came to know, she told him that she heard Mary Hunter, of Birkside, and another, at a meeting among diverse witches, confess to the divell that they had taken the power of that beast." With much more evidence of the same kind.

George Taylor, of Edgebridge, yeoman, whose foal had fallen sick and died, deposed "that coming to Birkside to speak with one Ann Armstrong, whoe had oftentimes formerly desired to have seen him, and she being asleep upon a bed, her sister awakened her and raised her; and being asked if she knew him, or could name him, she answered that if he were the man that had a fole lately dead, and if he lived at Edgbrigg, his name was George Taylor. Upon his demanding on her how she came to know it, she told him that she had heard Mary Hunter, of Birkside, widdow, confesse itt before the divell at a meeting they had that she had gotten the power and the life of his fole." She told him, moreover, of other confessions of power over his stock; and he had a grey horse, the dam of the same foal, pining away; "and he thinks that all his goods do not thrive, nor are like his neighbours' goods, notwithstanding he feeds them as well as he can, but are like anatomyes."

Mark Humble, of Slaley, tailor, deposed that he was walking to the high end of that place, between seven and eight years before, and met one Isabel Thompson, formerly suspected of witchcraft; and, looking over his shoulder, he saw her hold up her hands towards his back. On reaching home, he grew sick, and for three or four years he continued very ill by fits.

With the depositions of this witness, the extraordinary case comes to a termination. Incredible are the stories told by the professional witchfinder; and marvellous the credulity of the men who went after her, and gave corroborative evidence!

Sir Thomas Horsley heard a case at Morpeth on the 17th of May, 1673. Margaret Milburne, widow, was the woman accused of witchcraft. She asserted her innocence. But Dorothy Hymers, of Morpeth, who often took sick fits, "verily believed that she was the cause of her grievances"; and Isabel Fletcher, of the same place, had a similar persuasion. "She had heard her reputed for a witch"; and, seeing her approach, "fell into a swoune." Next day, when "dressing a room, she apprehended the said Margaret put her head in at the window; upon which she fell into her distracted condition again, and continued soe five or six houers, insomuch that she was holden by severall people."

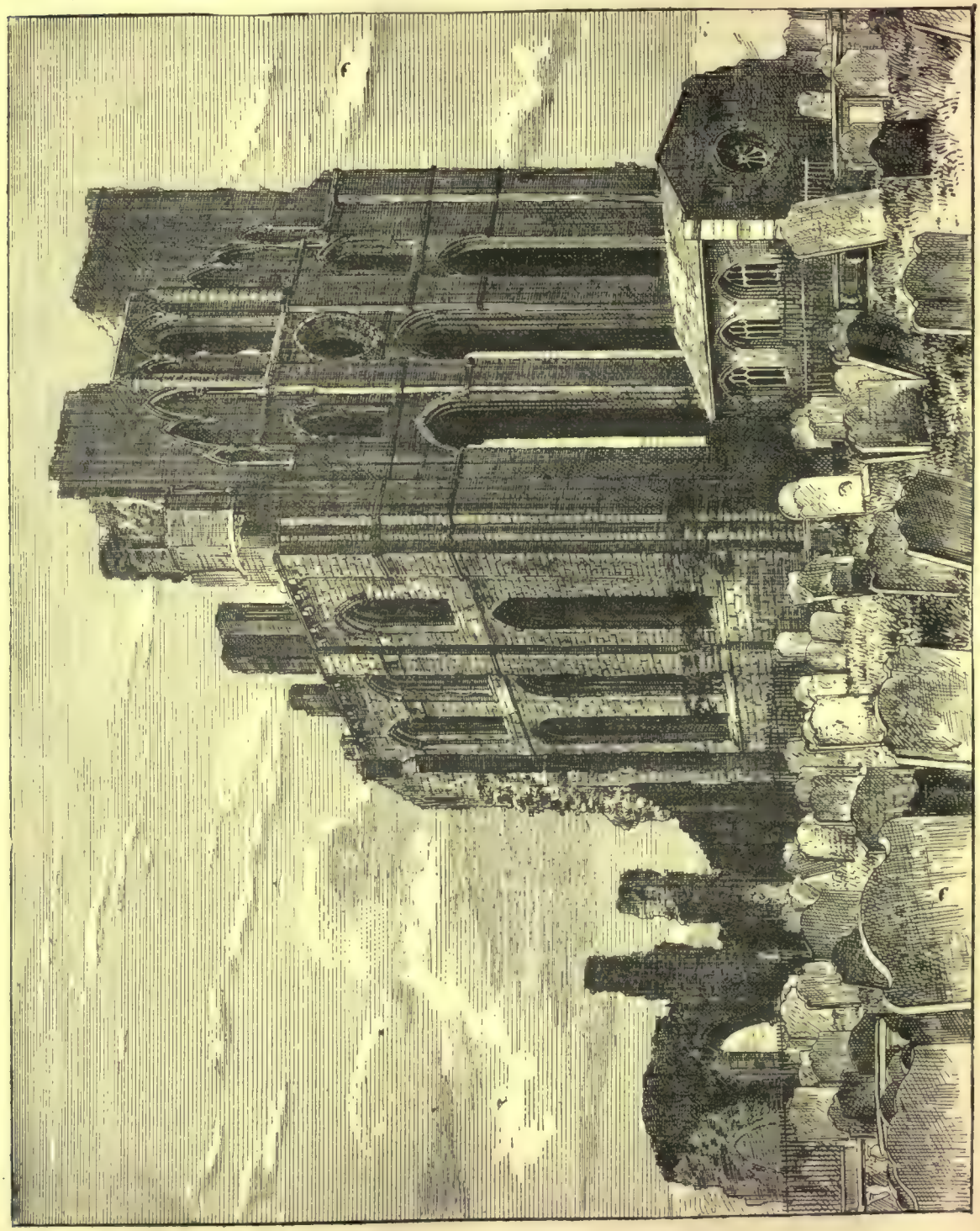
This is almost the last case of supposed witchcraft found by Canon Raine in the county of Northumberland. "I am happy to say," he observes in his preface, "that in no instance have I discovered the record of the conviction of a reputed witch. All honour to the northern juries for discrediting these absurd tales! And yet some of these weak and silly women had themselves only to thank for the position they were placed in. They made a trade of their evil reputation. They were the wise women of the day. They professed some knowledge of medicine, and could recover stolen property. People gave them money for their services. Their very threats brought silver into their coffers. It was to their interest to gain the ill name for which they suffered. They were certainly uniformly acquitted at the assizes; but no judge, or jury, or minister, could make the people generally believe that they were innocent. The superstition was too deeply rooted to be easily eradicated." Nor is it rooted out yet. Every now and then we are reminded that it lingers still. But no magistrate would in the present day listen for a moment to such tales as were told by Winifrid Ogle and Jane Milburne in the seventeenth century; nor would anyone be denounced for discountenancing the cry of witchcraft.

JAMES CLEPHAN.

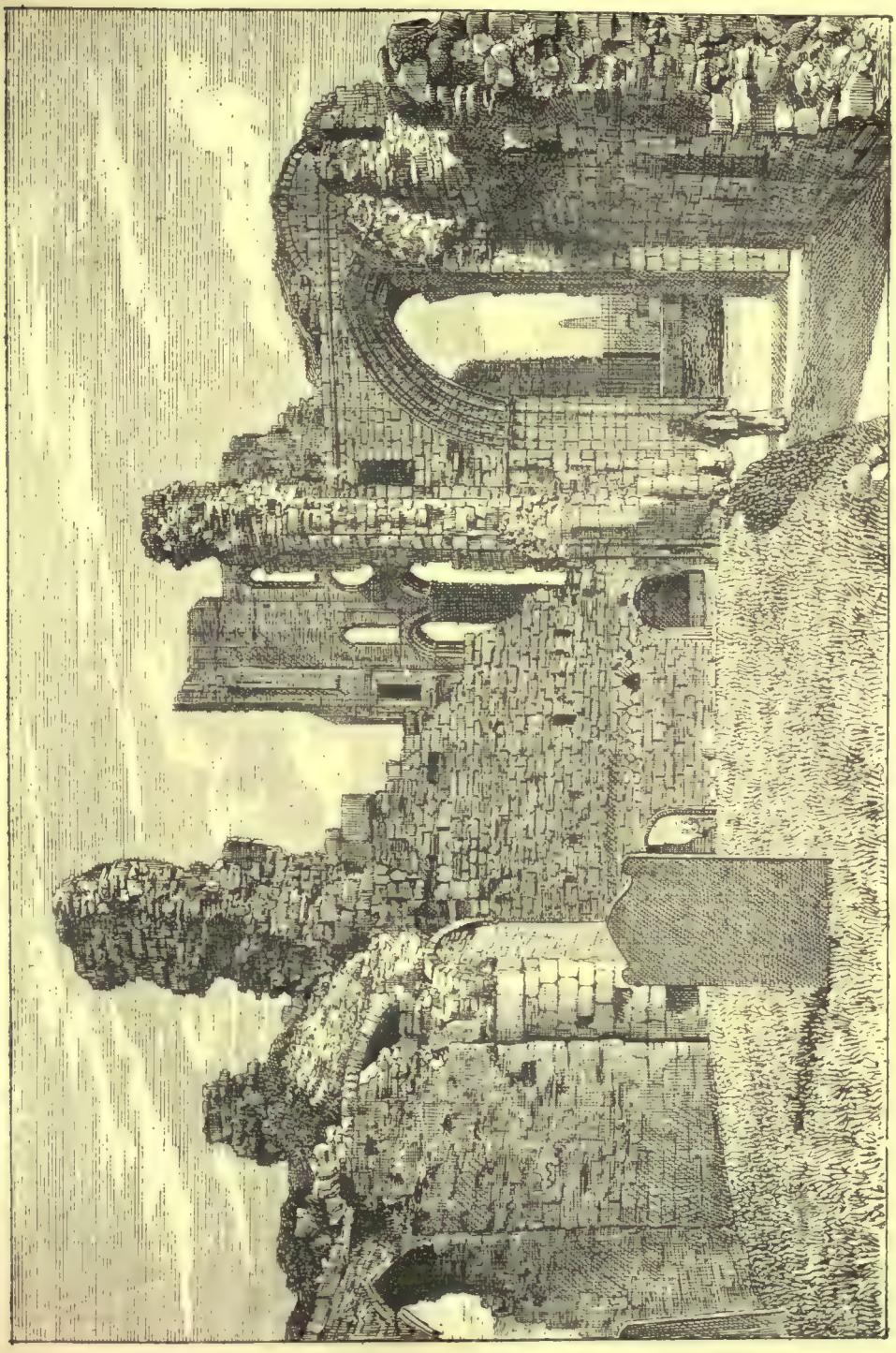
Tynemouth Priory.

THE bold headland of Tynemouth, crowned by the crumbling ruins of the Priory Church of St. Oswin, is one of the most striking landmarks of the North-East Coast. For centuries past the eye of the sea-tossed mariner has sought it from afar to guide him to the haven of the Tyne. We have every reason to suppose that the headland was fortified by the Romans, for it is hard to believe that advantage would not be taken of so commanding and important a point by those skilful military engineers. The supposition is strengthened by the fact that a Roman votive altar and an inscribed tablet, now in the possession of the London Society of Antiquaries, were, some years ago, dug up near the Priory ruins.

The first mention of a Christian building on this site is made by a certain monk of St. Albans, whose name is unknown to fame. He was resident at Tynemouth about the year A.D. 1111, and wrote an account of the "Life and Miracles of St. Oswin," in which he says



TYNEMOUTH PRIORY: EXTERIOR VIEW.



TYNEMOUTH PRIORY: INTERIOR VIEW.

that King Edwin of Northumbria built here a chapel of wood. This must have been before the year 633; for in that year King Edwin died, and was succeeded by King Oswald, who is said to have rebuilt the chapel in stone. The place enjoyed great credit for sanctity, and the illustrious dead from many parts around were brought to Tynemouth for burial. Here were buried the royal martyr Oswin, its patron saint; King Edred; Henry, the Hermit of Coquet Island; and, afterwards, Malcolm King of Scotland, his son Prince Edmund, and others.

The history of the place is for many years a troubled one. In 671, it was plundered and destroyed by Danish pirates. It was afterwards rebuilt; but, in the year 800, it was again attacked by the descendants of its former foes, and burnt, together with its inmates. In 832, the Danes made another, but this time happily an unsuccessful, attempt. We read, however, that in 865 the "noble edifice" again was destroyed, and that the nuns of St. Hilda, who had taken refuge in it, were massacred. There is no mention of its being rebuilt after this; but in 870 it is recorded that a convent of nuns here was plundered. We now come to the reign of Alfred the Great, during which (in 876) the convent at Tynemouth was ravaged by Halfden, the Danish king, and, like so many of the other religious buildings in the North, levelled to the ground. Finally, in 1008, the Danes again wasted it, and for many years it was deserted and forsaken, as well it might be, considering the history of its past existence.

A remarkable dream of one Edmund, the sexton, caused the complete rebuilding of the Priory by Tostig, Earl of Northumberland; and his successor, Earl Waltheof, about 1074, bestowed it, with all its possessions, upon the monks of Jarrow. A later earl (the well-known Mowbray, who conspired to dethrone William Rufus), out of enmity to the Bishop of Durham, made Tynemouth a cell of St. Albans in Hertfordshire. Mowbray fortified the peninsula on which the Priory stood, and sustained here a two months' siege by the King's forces. The place being taken by storm, Mowbray fled to Bamborough, and was eventually captured at Tynemouth.

On account of the injuries received during the siege, the church was rebuilt in 1110, and St. Oswin's remains were brought back from Jarrow, whither they had been sent by Waltheof. The building escaped, on account of its reputed sanctity, when David of Scotland ravaged Northumberland, and we hear little more of it in history until the suppression of the monasteries by Henry VIII., in 1539, when it was demised to Sir Thomas Hilton at a yearly rent of £163 17s. We have not space to give even a list of its numerous possessions, which all came into the hands of the Crown.

The church was parochial until 1659, when it became too dilapidated, and service in it was finally discontinued in 1668.

Our illustrations will give to those who do not know it some faint idea of the beauty of this fine specimen of early English architecture. One of them shows the little chapel or oratory of St. Mary, under and east of the east window. It has been conjectured by Hutchinson that this chapel contained the shrine of St. Oswin; but the supposition is open to doubt. Those who would know all concerning the Priory Church and its most interesting history should consult the valuable work upon it by the late W. Sidney Gibson, to which we are indebted for such few facts as we are here able to give. R. J. C.

Jingling Geordie's Hole.

Some curious caves are to be found in the rock on which the ruins of Tynemouth Priory stand, and several subterranean chambers and vaulted passages have been ascertained to exist beneath the circuit of the adjoining castle walls. It is thought that the excavations, which are such as tradition associates with almost every old monastic building, have been intended to give secret access and egress to and from the river, or to the Prior's Haven on the one side of the rock and Percy Bay on the other. It is also said that by means of some of them provisions and ammunition could be brought to the inmates, in time of trouble, from one or other of the neighbouring coal-pits.

One of the caves, partly destroyed by a fall of the rock in the present year, was on the north side of the precipice, and has long been known as the Jingler's Hole or Jingling Geordie's Hole. Though, perhaps, not so famous as Spottie's Hole at Roker, this cave has fully as many strange legends connected with it. It was explored about forty years ago, and was found to lead to two arched apartments, which, from their structure, might safely be reckoned dungeons. The entrance had been partly formed by masonry, and could be reached with some little danger. A short distance within there was a circular opening like a well, of the depth of twelve feet or so. At the bottom of this, there was a square apartment, from which a low and narrow passage gave access to a similar one, beyond which it does not appear that the explorers ventured. We believe that the falling of the rock and earth subsequently stopped up the cavern, so that it was never known where the excavations ended, or what could have been their original purpose.

One of the vaults used in former times to be shown to the curious as having been formed by Ceolwulf, King of Northumberland, who flourished in the eighth century, and to whom the Venerable Bede dedicated his "Ecclesiastical History." Simeon of Durham tells us that "King Ceolwulf, in the third year after Beda had fallen asleep in Christ, abandoned his kingdom and the cares of this life, and, in voluntary poverty, he

became a follower of Him who had not where to lay His head, that with Him he might be made rich in glory."

This dismal cell is said to have been subsequently inhabited by a witch—"the Wytche of Tinemouth," who is spoken of by an old author as living

In a gloomy pit o'ergrown with briers,
Close by the ruins of the mouldering abbey,
'Midst graves and grots that crumble near the charnel-house,
Fenced with the slime of caterpillars' kells,
And knotted cobwebs rounded in with spells

The witch's pastimes are quaintly described by the same writer as

Stealing forth to find relief in fogs
And rotten mists that hang upon the fens
And marshes of Northumbria's drowned lands,
To make ewes cast their lambs, swine eat their farrow,
Sour the milk, so maids can churn it not,
Writhe children's wrists and suck their breath in sleep,
Get vials of their blood, and where the sea
Casts up its slimy ooze search for a weed
To open locks with, and to rivet charms
Planted about her in the wicked feats
Of all her mischiefs, which are manifold.

According to other accounts, it was not a witch, but a wizard, that took possession, for his own purpose, of the excavations by which the rock was honeycombed. In the year 1827, when the ingenious William Hone was issuing his "Table Book" in monthly parts, Mr. Robert Owen, a native of North Shields, who, like a true Northumbrian, was passionately fond of the tales and legends of the Borders, of which he had made an extensive collection towards a work he intended to publish, but never completed, owing to ill-heath and other causes, placed at Hone's disposal a considerable portion of the material he had collected; and amongst the pieces thus contributed is a long metrical version of the tradition of the Wizard's Cave, which he declares to have been at the time he wrote as familiar to the inhabitants and visitors of Tynemouth as household words.

Mr. Owen's story is that young Walter, the son of a knight named Sir Robert, far-famed for his valour in Border warfare, being desirous of doing some feat by the bow or the blade,

Where foe might be quelled or charm be undone,
Or lady, or treasure, or fame might be won,
Where treasures were hidden in mountain or dell,
Where wizards for long had kept beauty in thrall,

was informed by his mother that there was a cavern scooped under the sea out of the rock on which Tynemouth Castle stood, and that therein lay a vast store of wealth, guarded by infernal spirits, commissioned by their master to serve a certain powerful sorcerer. Many a brave knight, she told him, had sought that dreadful den, reckless of life if they could only break the spell; but, foiled in the encounter, and failing to conquer the fiends, they had been doomed to remain in the cave immured for ever. Not one of them, it was certain, had ever returned to tell what dreadful things he had seen. But, not in the least intimidated by the fate of those who had gone before him, young Walter, armed with basnet and brand, and with his face protected by his bright aventayle or steel-barred visor, scrambled up the rocks at midnight, and, with a single spring, gained the entrance to the cave, while a terrible thunderstorm raged overhead, enough to deter any common man from prosecuting so weird an adventure a step further. But, nothing daunted, young Walter pushed his way into the dismal tunnel, which, if the tale be true, seems to have been defended from intrusion by as many goblins as Don Quixote encountered, or dreamt that he met and vanquished, in the Cave of Montesinos. As he proceeded inwards, the yells of the guardian spirits grew every moment louder and louder, and the blue flames from their glaring eyeballs, as they danced wildly round him, were a clear indication that their proper home was the bottomless pit. Fierce scaly dragons likewise blocked up the way, gaping wide with their great sharp teeth and vibrating forked tongues, and belching forth fire from their cavernous throats. But ever as the hero rushed on, with brand and shield, to hack them to pieces, like another Pythian Apollo, the monsters recoiled and vanished, horridly hissing. Then huge hell-dogs came baying out of their dens, and sprang forward to seize the knight, coming so very near that the sulphurous fumes of their hot breath were like to suffocate him on the spot. But, with repeated sturdy strokes, he cut them, as it seemed, in twain; and they disappeared, even as the dragons had done, and left him to grope his way inward, in more than Egyptian darkness. At length he discerned, "far in the gloom of the murky air," the unearthly glimmer of a ponderous lamp; but when he was hastening towards the light, which did not seem to be very far off, he found himself on the brink of a wide chasm, of which it was impossible to guess the depth. This for a minute stopped his progress, and the spirits of the cave hovering round, though invisible, marking what seemed his hesitation, and anticipating a triumph over him, gibbered and jeered at him like so many mischievous apes. But the gallant Walter, doffing hauberk and basnet, so as to disencumber himself of all superfluous weight, leapt across the yawning gulf with herculean effort, and safely landed on the other side. It was only to find himself, however, surrounded by still more horrible and indescribable monstrosities, which hissed and yelled and wound their snaky way amongst his feet and coiled round his limbs. He felt, fortunately, that they were only such shadowy things as dreams are made of, and that phantoms like them could have no power whatever except over the timorous and craven-hearted. It was the eve of the nativity of John the Baptist, his patron saint; and to him he mentally addressed his fervent prayer, not formulated in words, but breathed forth direct from his heart, for strength of will to sustain his courage; and then, rushing forward through the gloom, still towards the light, confident in the aid of the good saint, he heard with indifference a sound as if the rocks

were crashing and crumbling around him. Firm in his purpose, he at last reached the grim portal of the magician's treasury, above which the lamp hung, and beside which he saw suspended by a golden chain a bugle horn. This horn he boldly seized, and blew into it a loud blast—once, twice, thrice—in spite of its turning into a snake in his grasp, and its mouthpiece the asp's poisonous fangs. A magic cock, perched above the gate, awoke at the sound, shook its broad wings, and crowed its loudest, whereupon the whole demon array vanished, with the speed of a flash of lightning, and the portal opened with an earth-quaking clash, revealing to the knight's enraptured gaze a large and lofty hall, the roof of which was supported by a double row of pillars, twelve of jasper and twelve of pure crystal, while the floor sparkled with topaz and amethyst, and the doors were studded inside with beryls instead of brass nails. Twelve golden lamps, suspended from the fretted dome, shed a radiant light through the hall, and twelve altars of onyx stone sent up wreaths of incense that would not have been out of keeping in the presence chamber of Temsheed, the most magnificent of all the ancient Persian kings, who is said to have filled the throne of Iran in fairy splendour for upwards of a century, and who built Istakhar, with its Palace of the Forty Pillars, aided by his possession of the Seal of Solomon. We cannot here tell of the uncounted wealth this marvellous hall contained, in the shape of gold and silver, emeralds, diamonds, sapphires, rubies, opals, and other rich and rare gems, and these, not like the goblins by which they had been guarded for ages, unsubstantial fleeting shadows, but as real, solid, and tangible as Ophir, or Tarshish, or the Golden Chersonese ever sent forth. And the whole of this treasure became the reward of the young Northumbrian knight for the unexampled courage and daring he had shown. How much of it he managed to bring away we are not told, nor is it on record by what means he got it conveyed to the surface of the earth from the depths where it had lain concealed; but tradition assures us that he became, through its means, the lord of a hundred castles on a hundred domains, with far-spreading forests, wide flowery meadows and rich corn fields, all fairly purchased, marrying a most lovely and highly-accomplished maiden, who brought him a numerous family of beautiful and affectionate children, and dying, after a long life, if not in the odour of sanctity, at least in something very like it, having built a chapel and founded a monastery on the rocks where the ruins of Tynemouth Priory now stand.

The name given to the place in modern times has been explained in various ways. Some say it arose from the hole having been the resort of juvenile gamblers in days when it was more easily accessible than it has been recently. Sydney Gibson asks:—"Can it have been derived from the appropriation of the chambers described to the jongleurs or minstrels who were maintained in the convent?" Not a very likely supposition. The most current tradition is that some time during last century a poor desolate stranger, possibly a foreigner, took up his residence in the cave, and being frequently seen prowling about, like an unearthly being, became an object of terror to the women and children. He acquired the name of the Jingler from his making, by some unexplained means, a strange clanking sound, like that produced by chains or fetters, when he was on his nocturnal rounds. The name Geordie, we believe, has been fixed upon the mysterious Jingler since the date of his disappearance, which took place nobody can exactly tell when or how.

Tynemouth, in the olden time (and that not so far back either) is declared to have been a favourite haunt of the fairies. An old woman, whom a friend of ours visited the other day to gather any particulars she might know respecting the mythical Jingler, was told that her recollections went back at least sixty years, and that the story was already an old one when she was a girl, but that she had herself often actually seen the fairies, so that that was no mere hearsay.

WILLIAM BROCKIE.

Curiosities of Dialect.

MANY years ago, when a Berwick election petition was being heard before a Committee of the House of Commons, considerable amusement was caused by the difficulties of the South-Country members to make out the Berwick dialect. "Well," said counsel to a witness, "where did —— go?" "He went wi' we," replied the native of the ancient borough. "'Wi' we,'" repeated the puzzled chairman: "what is 'wi' we'?" "Well," came the reply, "he went wi' we—he went wi' huz." "Huz! But who is 'huz'?" "'Huz' is we!" cried the Borderer, indignant that his tongue should be so little understood. I may add that a reporter was present who knew the Berwick dialect, and, having taken a verbatim note, he afterwards printed a full account of the proceedings. So great was the interest excited that the publication sold in hundreds, I am told, in the Border town. The story reminds one of the little urchin who, on having his attention directed to a woman supposed to be his mother, exclaimed, "Hur is not callin' of we—huz don't belong to she!"

L. M., Berwick-on-Tweed.

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Readers of the *Monthly Chronicle* may be interested by the following curious expression in the Newcastle vernacular:—Of a group of men, one of them said, "Hey, Jackey, he' ye onny backey? Be beggor'd, aa's not carin' whor aa get it: has onny on ye onny on ye?"

WILLIAM MORAN, Newcastle.

Thomas Pigg, Mathematician.

THOMAS PIGG, of Bishopwearmouth, commonly known as Tommy Pigg, who died there on the 24th February, 1852, aged 59 years, was one of the many amongst the working population in the counties of Durham and Northumberland who have distinguished themselves in mathematical and mechanical science. His memory recalls the names of about a score of illustrious natives, the majority of whom have sprung from the ranks of the hard-handed sons of toil, and risen, by their inborn energy, to prominent positions. Such were the Huttons, Coughrons, Emersons, Riddles, Atkinsons, Weddles, Hearns, Fenwicks, Woolhouses, and many more. Of Thomas Pigg's birth and parentage little or nothing is known. His early years were likewise spent in obscurity We only learn that for a short time, previous to the year 1830, he was employed as an agricultural labourer in the service of a Mr. Lowrey, near Oxclose, beside Shadforth, a few miles from Durham; and that, being dissatisfied with common farming work, he engaged himself that year as a waggon shifter on the Lambton (Lord Durham's) railway. His occupation brought him to the staiths on the south side of the Wear, in Galley's Gill, Sunderland, and there he rose to be a trimmer. At this period of his life, it is a remarkable fact that he was entirely unacquainted with the simple rules of arithmetic. He had reached his thirty-seventh year, when, one day, he and his fellow-workmen, having got their wages in a lump sum, adjourned to a neighbouring public-house in order to divide them and assign their several shares in proportion to the shifts they had each worked. Tommy was not satisfied with the division, thinking he had not received so much as he was entitled to; but, being no scholar, he could not contest the point. He manfully resolved, however, to make himself able by the next pay-night to calculate the amount which he had to get; and this he succeeded in accomplishing, with the help of a fellow-workman, whose literary advantages had been better than his own. From this time, up to his death, he was a devout and ardent student. While the rest of the trimmers went to the public-house, or perhaps spent their leisure hours more prudently in making and mending their own shoes, Tommy, while not neglecting that branch of domestic industry, occupied his time, during the long waits which the trimmers had in their cabin, in working out arithmetical and algebraic problems, continuing the same course of study at every by-hour, either at home or in a friendly shoemaker's shop he used much to frequent, with his familiar slate and pencil, which he could use there without interruption, as an intelligent brother of the craft, who worked in the shop, which was his father's, and who knew Tommy intimately, informs us. It was also not an unfrequent occurrence with Tommy, when he chanced to come upon some problem more difficult than usual, to sit up a good part of the night, after a long, hard day's work, puzzling his brain how to solve it, and seldom going to bed until he had done so. He might often have been seen engaged at intervals during the day in solving knotty questions with the end of his fore-finger amongst the dust accumulated on the ship's deck, which formed a rough and ready-made black board. At length, by such extraordinary application and perseverance, he became one of the first mathematicians in the North of England. For many years previous to his decease, he answered nearly all the questions propounded in the "Ladies' Diary"—that admirable periodical which has done more than any other to bring out the special mathematical talent of all kinds of people in all parts of the country. He was also an occasional contributor to the *Glasgow Engineer* and *Mechanics' Magazine*, besides other periodicals of the same class. His ability secured for him the appreciation and acquaintance of some of the foremost scientific men in the kingdom; and several of the best mathematicians in Sunderland and the neighbourhood received private instruction from him, and owe to him at least their initiation into, and lasting keen taste for, the exact sciences.

WILLIAM BROCKIE.

Joe the Quilter.

A TERRIBLE and mysterious tragedy, vividly remembered for half a century after the event, was perpetrated in the neighbourhood of Hexham at the beginning of the year 1826. The victim, an old man of 76, was well known over all the country side as an honest, industrious, and kindly character.

Joseph Hedley, better known as Joe the Quilter, had essayed in early life to be a tailor. He does not appear to have taken kindly to the goose, nor the goose to him, and he turned out to be but a useless knight of the thimble. But Joe had a good genius of his own. Although cutting coats and trousers was not in his way, and although sewing seams was far from being his peculiar forte, yet he developed a faculty for delineating flowers, fruit, and figures, which in time led him to adopt the profession of "quilting." There were no sewing machines in those days. Nought but the swiftly plied needle vied with the knitting wires in creating the new or repairing the old. There seems, therefore, to have existed a good field for the operations of a quilter. It is hardly necessary to say how quilts of those days were made, or to describe them minutely when executed. Quilts of all days, we daresay, since quilts were made, have been much the same. Joe showed exquisite taste in devising the

figures which he wrought upon the linen or cotton committed to his care. He first cut out the patterns in cardboard, then laid them on the cloth, which was stretched upon a frame, and with chalk or pencil marked the outline of the flower or leaf which the taste of his employers had selected. He soon came to have a stock of excellent figures, and, being popular with the lady members of families, his services appear to have been greatly in request. As a workman, he seems to have occupied a high place. Specimens of his work were known in different parts of England, and even Ireland and America heard of his fame.

Joe spent the latter days of his life in a small cottage in the parish of Warden, situated on the road between Warden church and the village of Chollerford, and overlooking the North Tyne. The locality was at that period (as it is now) lonely and retired, and went by the name of "Homer's Lonnin." The cottage itself was unpretentious enough, although it was called Homer's House—for what reason is not apparent. Low walls, a thatched roof, moss-covered stones, and weeds that made the rotten thatch look green, formed the beau-ideal of a witch or warlock's dwelling: but in connection with Joe it was merely known as the habitation of a human being of powers not exceeding the bounds set to those of ordinary humanity, except in the particular province of kindness to all living creatures. It is, of course, natural that people who knew the "Hermit of Warden" should speak highly, even to exaggeration, of his good qualities when he was robbed of life in a manner at once so brutal and so mysterious. But the truth remains that the burden of all that was written of the unfortunate creature at the time was greatly and unreservedly to his praise, while certain facts indicate that he was not neglected during his life. His place of habitation secured for him the name of Hermit, though the quality of a recluse seems to have had a very slight hold of his character. The cottage was pulled down in 1872, so that all landmarks of the mournful tragedy have vanished, leaving nothing to recall the circumstance but the silent page of the local historian. A painting of the humble domicile, however, was made before its removal, and from it we have taken a sketch, reproduced from a photograph by Mr. Gibson, of Hexham.

The Quilter did not at one time occupy his cottage alone. Like other men, he had married; but his married life proved in the end to be a burden and a severe drain on his slender resources. His partner was much older than himself, and was, besides, confined to bed for eight years before her death. Joe met the adverse circumstances manfully. With true affection he nursed his ailing wife through her lingering trouble, performed all domestic operations, and watched over her till she died. Having alternated the lighter labour of quilting with a turn at the reclamation of a piece of waste land near his dwelling, Joe in course of time managed to convert it into a garden, where gooseberries grew which young couples from neighbouring farms and villages came to share with each other on Sunday afternoons. Some people possess a happy aptitude for putting blushing lovers at their ease, and there are others before whom the tender passion dare not and cannot show itself. The Quilter belonged to the former class, and his conversation or banter seems to have been as acceptable to his young visitors as his supply of fruit. Joe had another class of visitors, and this feature of his story recalls an interesting phase of social life. There were pedlars and beggars in those days. The joint profession was rather an honourable one than otherwise. The members of the tribe often acted the part of newspapers, and carried from house to house the latest intelligence and the most highly flavoured accounts of the exciting in fact, the horrible in fancy, or the supernatural in gross superstition. In lonely farm-houses the beggar with a wallet of news was, metaphorically speaking, "high placed in hall a welcome guest." Joe's cottage was often the resort of the more respectable of these peripatetic vendors of household necessities or articles of ornamentation, which found a ready market when going from home was not so common as now, and when shops were fewer and further between. By this means the Quilter added to his popularity with his neighbours and the public generally; for he got good stories from these wandering visitors, and he could retail them with considerable effect. It is even said that Joe at some time of his life connived at smuggling, which is scarcely surprising when we consider the times and the character of many of his guests. The secluded position of Joe's cottage must have suited this business wonderfully well, although it does not appear that it had ever been carried on under his eyes to any considerable extent. The distance of his home from neighbouring habitations seems to have made him liable to other dangers besides the temptation of baulking the exciseman; and it is reported that he would have perished from want during a severe snowstorm had not a Hexham clergyman—the Rev. R. Clarke, to whom, we believe, the late General Gordon was distantly related—gone through the drifts to his assistance after other efforts to reach him had failed. This occurred in 1823, three years previous to Joe's miserable death.

A mystery deep and as yet unfathomed hangs around the end of honest Joe. On the evening of Tuesday, January 3rd, 1826, he returned to his cottage, having been at Walwick Grange in the afternoon. He had brought home his pitcher of milk, with other marks of the kindness of the farmer's wife. About six o'clock, William Herdman, a labourer living at Wall, called on returning from his work to sit with him for a few minutes. Joe had a good fire, and was preparing some

potatoes for his supper. About seven o'clock, a female pedlar from Stamfordham called to inquire the road to Fourstones, having missed it in the darkness of the night. Old Joe came to the door and gave the necessary directions, gallantly observing that he would, if he had been a younger man, have been glad to have acted as her guide. She was so far within the threshold of the house as to be able to observe that he was then alone, and she is supposed to have been the last person who saw him alive, except those who deprived him of life. This was, as we have said, about seven o'clock. An hour later, when Mr. Smith, of Haughton Castle, rode by, all was silence and darkness in the cottage. The horrid deed had, in all human probability, been committed between the hours of seven and eight. Next morning Herdman, on proceeding to his day's work, found the cottage shut up, and a pair of old clogs lying on the other side of the lane opposite to a way leading over a hedge in the direction of Wall Mill. He mentioned the circumstances to some one during the day, but only to receive for answer the remark that Joe had likely got a pair of new clogs, and had consequently thrown the old ones away. On Thursday, Herdman was not at work, and it does not appear that any other person had passed the cottage that day. On Friday, he found the cottage still shut up, and also observed for the first time marks of blood on the door. But till Saturday no further inquiry was made, and no fears were entertained.

The neighbours at length became alarmed, and the cottage door was burst open on Saturday afternoon. The body of the unfortunate man was found in a small inner room, which was perfectly dark, the window having been built up. The apartment had been used as a place for lumber, and contained no furniture. Here the last act of the tragedy had been performed, as a sort of hollow or indentation of the floor close to the body contained quite a pool of blood. There were no fewer than forty-four wounds inflicted on the head, face, and neck. The hands of the deceased were dreadfully cut, probably in endeavouring to ward off the knife from his throat, and several wounds had been received in his breast and neck, which seemed likewise to have been inflicted with a knife, apparently at the same period of the struggle. His head and face were frightfully mangled. A garden hoe with many appalling marks of its having been used as an instrument of death was lying across the breast. It bore evidences, near the middle of the handle, of having been wielded by two bloody hands, and the mingled blood and grey hairs of the sufferer "still stuck to the heft." The coal rake was found near the clock, and in a position which seemed to indicate that it had been the purpose of the murderer to conceal it. Its shank was much bent, and it bore other unmistakeable marks of having been offensively used. From the circumstance of two weapons having been wielded, it was considered at the time that there must have been two persons concerned in the murder.

A theory such as we are about to state was formed at the time the murder was committed. The old man's garden tools, with the exception of the hoe we have mentioned, were found, after the discovery of the murder, in one of his three slips of garden against the south gable of the cottage, where they were usually placed. On the supposition that there were two murderers, one of them was probably stationed at the corner of the house as a scout, and, finding a braver and more protracted resistance than had been expected, he perhaps snatched up this implement, which he would find ready by his side, and went in to hasten the work of death. The clogs found in the lane, and the muddy state of the murdered man's clothes, are proofs that the deceased had at one time succeeded in making his escape from the house, and had been endeavouring to flee for refuge to Wall Mill, about a quarter of a mile distant, and the nearest residence, although on the east or opposite side of the Tyne. On being dragged back, poor Joe must have made a considerable stand in the doorway, as one of the lintels bore marks of blood and grey hairs just where his head would have touched it when standing with his back to the door. In the cottage itself traces of the brave struggle which its aged tenant had made for his life were everywhere visible. The bed-tester had been violently torn down. The clock face was broken. Prints of three bloody fingers were distinctly visible on the chimney-jamb, next the coal-hole, to which Joe must have clung for support. To this corner he had probably retreated after his unsuccessful escape across the road, as there were traces of blood as well as mud on the walls. Here, too, he probably received some desperate wounds, as the plates on the table were streaked with blood.

All efforts to discover the murderer or murderers were fruitless. Several arrests were made immediately after the deed took place, and even poor Herdman was taken into custody on the charge. The parish offered a hundred guineas reward to whosoever would bring the guilty persons to justice, and the Secretary of State, then Sir Robert Peel, offered a free pardon to any but the actual murderer who would give information which should lead to conviction. But these means were unavailing, and for once murder did not come out. The only possible motive for the crime was considered to have been a hope of securing money, as it was foolishly believed that old Joe was rich, although he was receiving parish relief. From time to time there have been published reputed confessions of the murder. One was made in 1836 by a man in Carlisle, then on his death-bed. Another was said to have been made by a prisoner in Gloucester Gaol—an Irish navvy who was employed at the time of the tragedy in cutting a new road in the neighbourhood. Still another story is to the effect that the murder was committed by a couple of

Newcastle pig-jobbers. But there does not appear to have been any truth in these statements. At all events the mystery of the crime in Homer's Lane has never been unravelled.

The following quaint verses were written at the time by Mr. A. Wright:—

—And the lone cottage on the hill,
Is it without a tenant still?
No. It remained vacant till
'Twas ta'en by Joe the Quilter.

Then it became the main resort,
There lads and lasses went to court,
To chat and have a bit of sport
With canny Joe the Quilter.

Old Joe hedged in a rood of land;
As from the stroke of magic wand
A garden sprung beneath his hand—
Industrious Joe the Quilter.

His cot secure—his garden neat,
He loved the lone and still retreat.
Glad were his neighbours all to meet
With honest Joe the Quilter.

Of each he had some good to say,
Some friendly token to display,
And few could cheer a winter's day
Like canny Joe the Quilter.

Joe was beloved by all. The great
Forgot the lowness of his state,
And at their tables sometimes sate
Respected Joe the Quilter.

By efforts of superior skill,
He paid these tokens of good will;
Humble but independent still
Was grateful Joe the Quilter.

His quilts with country fame were crown'd,
So neatly stitch'd, and all the ground
Adorn'd with flowers, or figured round,
Oh, clever Joe the Quilter!

Joe's wife was sick, bed-rid and old;
To ease her pain he spent—he sold—
Oh, there was never bodght for gold
Such love as Joe the Quilter's!

He was her housewife, doctor, nurse,
But still the poor old soul grew worse,
And she was lifted to her hearse
By weeping Joe the Quilter.

His labour still supplied their need,
Till eight years' sickness bent the reed,
And then the parish took some heed
Of poor old Joe the Quilter.

And now in widowhood and age,
Frail, fail'd in sight, his hermitage
Was little better than the cage
Of feeble Joe the Quilter.

But there were friends who cheer'd his days;
Money and food they strove to raise,
And—kinder still—relieved with praise
The mind of Joe the Quilter.

A favoured duck was dead, but yet
He had two hens on which he set
High value, and a cat, the pet
Of tender Joe the Quilter.

These were his wealth, and these to guard
He'd just receive his work's reward,
And darkling homewards trudging hard
I've met the thoughtful Quilter.

Thus oft from Warden Paper Mill
He'd toiling climb the weary hill,
Tho' bed and supper with good will
Were press'd on Joe the Quilter.

Joe the Quilter's Cottage

His friends, his hens, his cat and garden,
He never thought his lot a hard one;
And the old Hermit of High Warden,
They called good Joe the Quilter.

Oft in his solitary nook,
With shaking head, but steadfast look.
Through spectacles on goodly book,
Was seen the pious Quilter.

His lowly latch was thought secure,
At night he seldom ope'd the door,
Except to lodge the wand'ring poor—
Oh! hospitable Quilter.

Who raised the tale 'twere vain to scan,
But far and wide the story ran
That there was scarce a wealthier man
Than poor old Joe the Quilter.

Satan by this vain tale, 'tis said,
Had put it in some monster's head
To violate the lowly shed,
And murder Joe the Quilter.

Missed by his friends at Walwick Grange,
Who thought his few days' absence strange,
They sought the cot—and—awful change,
There lay the murdered Quilter.

We pass the horrid scene of blood,
For when hath feeling hearts withstood
The grief of the afflicted good?
All mourned for Joe the Quilter.

Know, then, ye proud ones of the earth,
How light weigh greatness, wealth, and birth,
To lowly virtue's heavenly worth,
And envy Joe the Quilter

Pudding Chare, Newcastle.

CHARE is a term applied in Newcastle to a narrow lane or passage leading from one wider thoroughfare to another. Equivalent terms elsewhere are alley, wynd, close, &c. One of the best known chares in Newcastle is Pudding Chare, of which, as it appears at this day, we give a sketch.

Much doubt exists as to the origin of the specific name. Three of the theories most in favour are mentioned in the subjoined communications.

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Symie Nixon, the jobber o' the Pow Burn near Glanton, rode past me the other day on his road to Birjam to buy beasts. Knowing that Symie attended Newcastle market every week, I cried down to him as he approached me. "Symie," said I, "do ye ken the Pudding Chare at Newcassel?" "Fine," said he. "What kind of puddings do they sell there, Symie?" said I. "Puddings!" cried Symie, with a snort, "feint a pudding saw I ever there." "Then what gars the folks call the place Pudding Chare?" said I. "Well," said he, "ye mun ken, Christie, that lang syne, when the folks biggit the New Cassel, the ground all round the place was hills and howes. There was a muckle slack cam up frae the river that they called the dene. There were lots o' denes round about on the hill side, and there's a bonny bit they call Jesmond Dene to the fore at this day. But what wi' pullin' down and buildin' up, levellin' here and fillin' up there, the face o' the country side is so much changed that if the auld masons that biggit the Cassel were to come back again they wadna ken their ain calfyard. The big dene is covered ower, and they call the place Dean Street now. There was at one time, where Pudding Chare now is, a bit sma' water-course that ran into the dene. This they called the Pow Dene, or High Dene, in contradistinction to the Low Dene near by, and into which the Pow Dene ran, but the bairns divvent call it Pow Dene, but Puddin', for short." Symie rode away, and I have been wondering ever since if what he said to me was true, or if he was only hoaxing me

CHARLEY'S MONUMENT, Coldstream.

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According to Bourne, Pudding Chare is a corruption of Budding Chare. Dr. Bruce, however, thinks that Budding is only a clerical error. He further says:—"May not the vendors of black puddings have had their stalls in this chare, for the convenience of the market people? Before the destruction of the last 'new markets,' to make way for Mr. Grainger's improvements, the dealers in this article sat at the entrance into them, and importuned each passer-by to purchase them. Many persons from the country, pitmen especially, made a comfortable dinner off a penny roll and a black pudding. The following extract is from 'Brockett's Glossary':—'Black *pudden*, a pudding made of blood, suet (oatmeal), &c., stuffed into the intestines of a pig or sheep.' I take notice of this word, because the savoury and piquant delicacy is a standing dish among the common people in the North; and it affords me an opportunity of rescuing from oblivion the peculiar cries of the vendors of this *boudin ordinaire*. 'A nice black pudden, man!' 'A nice het pudden, hinney!' 'A nice fat pudden, smoken het, ma jewel!'"

H. D. ROBERTS, Durham.

The False Alarm.

THE story of the false alarm which disturbed the whole of the North-East Coast of England and no small part of the East Coast of Scotland early in 1804 was told in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* a few years ago. The story, as related by Mr. James Clephan, is printed below. The alacrity with which our people flew to arms at the period mentioned is not without some interest at the present moment, when the beacons have just been lighted to commemorate the Jubilee of Queen Victoria.

The war of the French Revolution, that broke out early in 1793, was brought to a close, after a lapse of some seven years, by the Peace of Amiens. The Tyne had its illumination. The corporate authorities assembled in state on the Sandhill. Newcastle and Gateshead Volunteers were there, and the Armed Association. Bands of music and peals of bells filled the air with their notes. Halberts, javelins, and battle-axes were borne by a long array of officials. Trumpets were blown, and announcement made that his Majesty's proclamation would be read. This done, the town-marshal, who had brought his sword to the ceremony unsheathed, returned the blade to the scabbard. At the west end of Mosley Street, and at the White Cross, the proclamation was repeated; and there was afterwards firing of guns by the river; wine was handed to the magistrates and the military; "and the occasion of the day was drunk," as Sykes records, "with the enthusiasm of acclamation it so well deserved."

The peace was hollow. In less than twelve months there was again war with Bonaparte. "March 14, 1803, an impress by the sergeants-at-mace and constables broke out in Newcastle, in consequence of the re-commencement of hostilities by the French." Europe was a camp; our countrymen were fighting on land and sea; and while Volunteers stood guard over the island their mettle was tried by the false alarm of an early day in 1804.

More than four-score years have since gone by. The nineteenth century, now waxing old, was then young. George III. was King of England; Napoleon Bonaparte, First Consul of France. French invasion was the chief topic of the day. Little else could compete with it in interest. Preparation for defence was everywhere on foot—everywhere organised. Volunteers were enrolled in thousands. Straws show how the wind blows. One of the civic guard, who had retired from the ranks, was so unpopular through his abdication that his effigy was borne in procession at Berwick by the populace, and exposed to gross indignities. The offender was a solitary and scorned exception. Every other day there was a review in our own immediate district. The Loyal Usworth Legion, commanded by Colonel Wade, underwent inspection by Colonel Seddon on Gateshead Fell. General Grey reviewed the Hexham Volunteer Infantry, and told Major Carr "that if all the Volunteers in the island were equal to his, the home service of the regulars might be dispensed with." At Newcastle, on the Leazes, were assembled the Loyal Armed Association, commanded by Colonel Sir Matthew White Ridley, M.P., and gave great satisfaction to General Hew Dalrymple. While these and other reviews were in progress, rumours and reports of all kinds were afloat. In the *Newcastle Chronicle* there is an apocryphal account of the rehearsal of an embarkation, at Boulogne. Mounted "on a spirited charger," Bonaparte "spurred along the beach," and was at times up to the girth in water, where his horse having got entangled with the cable of a gun-boat, the great captain was thrown into the sea, "from which he was dragged by his attendants." Massena, according to a private letter from Hamburg, was to have the chief command of the expedition; Victor, having charge of the left wing, was to invade Scotland; bands of warriors, under Ney, Soult, and Davoust, forming the centre, were to land in England. "Bonaparte himself, at the request of his friends and the principal politicians of France, renounces, it is said, going in person." At Deal, "heavy firing" was heard in the latter part of January; and signals were said to have been seen intimating that the French flotilla was in motion for our shores. But it was not so; nor was it likely that any such notice would be afforded by the foe to the English forces. On the 31st, "the blockading squadron sailed from the Downs to resume its station off Boulogne." Two days before, "three more of the enemy's gunboats," to the great joy of our countrymen, had been taken in the Channel, by the Hydra and Trident men-of-war; and Admiral Cornwallis was now on the seas in the Ville de Paris.

Thus did matters stand at the end of the month of January, when the false alarm was given. On Wednesday, the 1st of February, a wave of excitement ran through the country from Tweedside to the Tees. The "Fiery Cross" had flashed forth, giving warning that the French were approaching the coast. The summons to arms was welcomed with instant response. Hearths and homes and fatherland were assured of brave defence. What earnestness and bustle—what ferment and hubbub—filled the country of the Wear and the Tyne! The military—horse and foot—were in prompt motion. Volunteers were equal to the occasion. The corps so recently reviewed justified the compliments that had been paid to them. "Such a display of zeal and ardour on behalf of the country was manifested by all descriptions of men in arms as to prove that, on the real occasion of national danger, the voluntary forces will come forward with an alacrity becoming the glorious cause in which they are engaged." These were the words of the *Newcastle Chronicle* on Saturday, the 4th, when the signals had been found to be at fault. On

the Thursday, when the alarm had reached Durham, Major Mowbray sent messengers in all directions; "there was riding and spurring o'er Gilligate Moor"; and in less than two hours he had his whole corps in readiness to assemble on Palace Green, "fully equipped for the field."

But who had sent forth the electric call to arms? This question began to be asked after February had come in. But there was no one to answer it. "Various and ridiculous were the rumours assigned as to the origin of the popular ferment," although "on all hands it was agreed that the French had actually landed." Such, for some time, was the common conclusion; no one could doubt the genuineness of the summons; yet, gradually, this confidence gave way, and the conviction dawned that it was a false alarm.

A correspondent of the *Newcastle Chronicle* in Berwick sent a letter for publication on Saturday, the 4th. "Report," said he, "amused the public, during the whole of Wednesday, with a variety of vague and improbable rumours; but the most likely, on Thursday, was that the whole had originated in a mistake of taking the burning of whins on Lammermuir Hills for the lighting of the signal." In the third volume of the "Life and Letters of Sir Gilbert Elliot, first Earl of Minto," published in 1874, it is stated, on the last page of the Appendix, that "a limekiln on fire led to the error which had lighted the beacons on the Border Hills for the first time for more than two hundred years."

Burning of whins or flaming of kiln, it was all a blunder. The public mind was inflammable, and the slightest spark was sufficient to create a flame. In one of our North-Country towns, even the running of a wheelbarrow down the long High Street by a midnight wag, brought a night-cap to every window, and scattered a rumour all round "that the French had come!"

When, some few years afterwards—not more than twenty—"The Great Unknown" brought out "The Antiquary," his readers were amused to find what good use he had made of the incident of 1804 towards the close of the story. In a note to the novel, Scott assigns the error to the signalman who kept watch on the commanding station of Home Castle. "Deceived by some accidental fire in the county of Northumberland, which he took for the corresponding signal light in that county with which his orders were to communicate, he lighted up his own beacon. The signal was immediately repeated through all the valleys on the English Border. If the beacon at St. Abb's had been fired, the alarm would have run northward, and roused all Scotland. But the watch at this important point judiciously considered that if there had been an actual or threatened descent on our eastern sea-coast, the alarm would have come along the coast, and not from the interior of the country. Through the Border Counties the alarm spread with rapidity; and on no occasion when that country was the scene of perpetual and unceasing war was the summons to arms more rapidly obeyed. In Berwickshire, Roxburghshire, and Selkirkshire, the volunteer and militia got under arms with a degree of rapidity and alacrity which, considering the distances individuals lived from each other, had something in it very surprising. They poured to the alarm-posts on the sea-coast in a state so well-armed, and so completely appointed with baggage, provisions, &c., as was accounted by the best military judges to render them fit for instant and effectual service."

All Liddesdale was alert, making forced marches by the first horses that came to hand. Two members of the Selkirkshire Yeomanry, being absent in Edinburgh on business, the lately-married wife of one, and the widowed mother of the other, sent their arms, uniforms, and chargers to the city, that they might join their comrades at Dalkeith. Sir Walter, paying some compliment to the latter lady, was much struck by her answer:—"Sir, none can know better than you that my son is the sole prop by which, since his father's death, our family is supported. But I would rather see him dead on that hearth, than hear that he had been a horse's length behind his companions in defence of his king and country."

The story of the gallant rising for hearth and home reached Dr. Leyden on a sick bed in India. It was read out to him how the different corps, as they drew towards the alarm-posts, announced themselves by their music, playing the airs peculiar to the several districts, many of them having been gathering cries for centuries. The men of Liddesdale entered Kelso with defiant note:—

O wha daur meedle wi' me?
An' wha daur meddle wi' me?
My name it is little Jack Elliott,
An' wha daur meddle wi' me?

Leyden was beyond restraint. He sprang up in bed as he listened to the record of the old Border spirit in his beloved home, and began the old song with such vehemence of voice and action that his attendants, unable to enter into the feeling of the patient, concluded that his fever had fired the brain; but Sir John Malcolm, another Borderer, coming in, was able to enter upon explanations that prevented resort to medical coercion.

The alarm had had its uses; proof had been given of what was to be looked for from the nation in the hour of trial; but there was no disposition to have a repetition of the *ignis fatuus*—the delusive light. There was therefore an advertisement in the Newcastle and other newspapers, relative to official local signals, to obviate a recurrence of false alarms. "In order to prevent any alarm in the country," said Thomas Smith, Mayor of Newcastle, "notice is hereby given, that the undermentioned signals, intended to be made use of in case of invasion, but only in the event of the General Officer Commanding H.M. Forces in this district giving orders for the removal of the inhabitants and stock of this town, will be made, for the information

of the inhabitants, on Tuesday, the 20th day of March instant, between 12 and 1 o'clock at noon, and between 8 and 9 o'clock in the evening, and that such signals will be a red flag day and a light by night, hoisted at the following places, viz., The Castle, St. Nicholas' Church, All Saints' Church, St. Andrew's Church, and the Tower at the Westgate, accompanied by five minute guns, fired at each of the following places, viz., The Castle, All Saints' Church, Newgate, and Westgate." All which signals were made accordingly, for the instruction of the inhabitants; pacific and prophetic hopes finding, at the same time, expression, that the ceremony thus rehearsed might never again salute the eye and ear of the inhabitants.

Should the signals, however, be given, all cattle and live stock, of every description, were to be collected together on the Town Moor, where persons appointed for the purpose would take them in charge. The young and infirm, requiring removal, were to proceed to the Skinner Burn, Forth Lane, &c., from St. Nicholas' parish; to the Garth Heads from All Saints' without the Walls; to the Carliol Croft from All Saints' within the Walls; to Percy Street from St. Andrew's; to the Spital from St. John's. Cooking utensils, three days' provisions, and bed and blankets, would alone be allowed to be put into the conveyances appropriated for transport.

Newburn, Wylam, Ryton, and their vicinities, were the appointed places of general depôt (in the first instance) for Newcastle. Temporary habitations, and every possible convenience, were to be there provided in case of removal; and to those places all persons not engaged in the public service, desirous of removal, might repair of themselves on witnessing the signals, taking with them three days' provisions. To prevent interruption to the march of his Majesty's troops, none on foot to come on the West Military Road, but to take bye-roads; and "the footpath leading up the north of the Tyne" was strongly recommended to adoption. No carriages, or persons on horseback to quit the town after the signals, save under the direction of the persons appointed to superintend the roads; and for this purpose they must be brought to some of the places of rendezvous.

Needful precautions all; but, happily, no occasion anywhere arose for the exhibition of the flag by day or the light by night. The necessity never came of removing any of the inhabitants of Newcastle, with bed and bedding and cooking utensils, to Newburn, or Ryton, or Wylam; nor was it required that the Queen and the Princesses should speed to the hospitable refuge of Hartlebury Castle, near Worcester, which the bishop of the diocese had undertaken to have in readiness for their reception, if the French should come. Bonaparte, if he ever thought of a visit—if he had any other intention than to keep England uneasy and employed—abandoned his design, and no hostile foot was planted on our shores. One thing, however, is certain, that had invasion been made, the island would have been defended with a courage and patriotism worthy of success.

A few other particulars of the same great event are reprinted from another article that also appeared in the *Weekly Chronicle*:—

The late John Younger, the shoemaker-poet of St. Boswells, gave the following details relative to "The False Alarm," from his own personal recollection, at a festive meeting held at that village, on the evening of the 31st of Jan., 1860, to celebrate "the Lighting of the Beacons":—"On the memorable night in 1804, when the blazing beacons on the Scottish Hills told the false tale of a French invasion, a party of volunteers were enjoying themselves in a licensed toll-house at Ancrum Bridge, Roxburghshire. They rushed out on hearing that the beacon was lit on the Eildons, and, in their hurry to march to the appointed rendezvous, forget to settle their reckoning with the host of the toll-house. When the alarm had subsided, and the volunteers had retnrned to their homes, they remembered the bill was still to pay, but the difficulty of assembling the whole party retarded the settlement till the anniversary of the day of the False Alarm, the 31st January, drew near. They considered this a proper occasion to meet and clear off the old score, and it was determined to hold an annual meeting by way of commemorating the lighting of the beacons. The toll-keeper removed first to New Town, and then to St. Boswells, but the party followed him, and the festival is still held in the Buccleuch Arms' Inn, St. Boswells, though none of the members of the original party of 1804 remain to take part in it."

Apropos of the Selkirkshire contingent, it is told as a joke that when Will Thomson, the trumpeter at Selkirk, was sent up Yarrow to warn the Yeomanry, he called on his round on Watty Laidlaw at Catslackburn, and told him to ride in haste to the ancient borough. He thence proceeded up as far as Dryhope, and in returning he overtook Watty jogging along leisurely, at a place called the General's Brig, about three miles above Selkirk. He began to scold him for his tardiness, at which Watty was provoked. "If ye be in a hurry, aw'se gi'e ye a hurry," said he, and, seizing him by the cuff of the neck and the seat of the trousers, he flung him over the dyke. The poor trumpeter rose and shook himself, and, recollecting that he was in the power of a very Goliath—for Watty was one of the strongest men in the Forest—he meekly said, "O man, fling ower my horse, too, for aw'm sure ye're weel yibble."

In anticipation of the enemy landing, the inhabitants of all the seaward towns had received orders to be in readiness to go off with their goods to places in the interior, where they would be in comparative safety. The spot fixed on for those on Tyneside to flee to was Alston Moor, in Cumberland, near the head of the South Tyne, and precisely half-way between the two seas. The farmers were bound to provide long carts, with spring seats fixed in them, as a means of transport, and particular regulations were issued to prevent confusion. The following is a copy of a horseholders' ticket, given in Mr. William Brockie's "History of Shields":—"Ticket No. 196. John Wilkinson, you and your six children, belonging to cart No. 1011, driver, Anthony Butler, Station No. 106. As soon, therefore, as the Alarm is given, do you pack up your Blankets, and a Change of

Cloaths for yourself and Children, in the Coverlid of your Bed, and fix upon the Bundle this direction—No. 196, John Wilkinson and Children, of the Township of North Shields, in the Parish of Tynemouth. Carry also what Meal and Meat and Potatoes (not exceeding one Peck) you may have in the House at the Time; but on no Account will any Article of Furniture or heavy Baggage be allowed to be put into the Carts. One Hour only will be allowed for Preparation, and then set out. January 23rd, 1803."

Wardon Law.

WARDON LAW is the name of the loftiest hill on the Eastern Coast of Durham. It is situate nearly mid-way between Seaham Harbour and Houghton-le-Spring, being about three miles distant from the former and two miles from the latter town. This hill was at one time, in the present century, crowned with a clump of fir and hawthorn trees, which were conspicuous well nigh throughout the whole county. Ages back, it seems, trees of vast growth flourished on the brow of the prominent *Were-dun*. Some years ago, Mackenzie says that a large oak tree, upwards of 60 feet long and a cart-load of nuts, were dug up at Wardon-Law Hill; and there were unearthed there, more recently, I learn, the antlers of deer and many fossil shells. And on its summit, for ages, a beacon-fire was kindled, when the fighting-men of the bishopric were needed to repel, perchance, the incursion of some old and dreaded foe.

It was to the summit of this notable hill that the unhappy poet, Blackett—whom Miss Milbanke befriended, and whom Byron so ridiculed—would often of an evening repair to watch the sun decline, and seek for inspiration. Late one night in summer, the peaceful villagers of Seaton were startled by some one, in passing, exultingly exclaiming: "I have found it! I have found it!" It proved to be poor Blackett, who was returning from Wardon Hill to the home at Old Seaham which Lady Milbanke had provided for him. He had *found* inspiration on the Wardon mount! In justice to the memory of the Seaham poet, it should be stated that his poems reached a second edition, the *Monthly Magazine* observing of Joseph Blackett on his demise that "he was a true noble of nature, in person, manners, virtue, and genius."

A moiety of the hill and vill of *Wardona*, as it is called in the Boldon Book, belonged, of old, to the Hutton family, who built, and long resided in, the hall at Houghton-le-Spring, now the Durham seat of Sir George Elliot, M.P. Robert Hutton, a captain in Cromwell's army, was buried here in 1680, and, according to his request, in "his own orchard"—alongside, or near to, tradition adds, his favourite charger. Captain Hutton, although his grandfather had been Rector of Houghton, and had acquired much wealth, which he as heir inherited, was zealously attached to the Puritans. This may probably account, Mackenzie suggests, for his interment in the orchard! Of Houghton orchards, by the way, it is somewhat remarkable that a contemporary of the said Hutton, a Richard Chilton (who married a daughter of Ralph Lambton, of Lambton), the last male heir of his family, was killed in a duel in *his own orchard* at Houghton-le-Spring.

The other moiety of the vill or township of Wardon, which descended from the old Shadforth family, was sold in 1811 to William Hutchinson, of Durham. There were, by Boldon Book, "nine farmers in Wardona, holding 18 oxgangs of land, each containing 13½ acres." An oxgang of land, in ancient law, comprised as many acres as an ox could plough in a year, generally from 15 to 20 acres. The oxgang, however, was contracted or expanded according to the quality of the land. Horses have now, in the North, superseded oxen for all purposes of labour, but, until comparatively recent times, the latter were yet in common use in the bishopric. Less than a century ago, the writer's grandfather, when a youth, took a yoke of his father's "ousen" to a ploughing match—ploughing matches with oxen were no novelty at that day—by the river side, near Durham. He would sometimes, in after years, give an amusing description of the mid-day meal which was provided that day for the ploughmen. Each competitor, he said, received as his portion for dinner a "sonsy" water dumpling (too well known to old countrymen), which the irate and hungry ploughmen christened "watter whelps," after pitching them, in disgust, into the Wear; but the youthful fore-elder of the writer returned at night in triumph to his father's farm at Cassop, with two of the discarded "watter whelps" crowning the horns of his favourite ox.

Turning again to the venerable Mount of Wardon, it is perhaps best of all known in ecclesiastical history, at least, if not in the locality, through the legend which points to that spot as being the hallowed ground whereon the bones of Saint Cuthbert rested just ere they found a permanent repose at Durham. The tradition, I believe, still lingers with a few of the older families in the neighbourhood of Wardon; and the fragment of the old story which has come to me, and which appears not improbable, brings the wandering monks, with the tercentenary bones of the saint, to Wardon Law by the old Salter's Way. "Salter's Way," says Surtees, "is a road apparently of very great antiquity, which may be traced along the whole eastern coast of Durham, and is, I believe, known under the same or similar appellations near the coast in several parts of the island." Now, this ancient bridle road, which was once mainly used for pack horses, I found, last autumn, to pass through Wardon, touching the base of the hill on the north-east, and continuing on, though it cannot always be traced, to Hylton Ferry. From thence the road, I understand, used to run to the old Salt Pans at

South Shields. Is it not just possible that the bearers of St. Cuthbert's remains may have in their erratic peregrinations taken the Salter's Way at some point of the road further south (they were journeying from Ripon), and, to avoid the Danes who arrived then (990), have followed this secluded road to the lofty eminence that would doubtless tempt them onwards, whence the wanderers might obtain "a view of the hill of Zion, whereon St. Cuthbert was to rest for ever"? The historian Hutchinson, however, is dubious about the tradition, and questions the account handed down by ancient authorities.

Those who treat of our Church history (says the Durham historian) do not mention that any particular veneration was paid to the saint's resting-place till the time of Prior Hugh, of Darlington, who built a camera, a hall, and a chapel at *Wardelaw*, or Wadele. Wardon was from very early times part of the possession of the see, but never of the convent, so that the prior had no right to enter therein and build a lodge or hall for the use of the cloister. The hill of Wardon is a considerable eminence rising gradually from all sides, but towards the east, where it is more steep. There are no remains of buildings to be discovered on any part of it. The similitude of name to that of the place mentioned by old writers has led to the error; but if we consider the names Wardon and Wardona, we shall be led into two probable conjectures touching their etymology, either that the eminence, commanding an extensive prospect by sea and land, was the station of the Warden of the North in some conflicts with the Danes or Scots, as was called the Warden's Law or Mount; or that, this being a mark and guide for sailors—when the small vessels of the ancients kept close under the shores, and, for want of the compass, dared not in dark weather to trust themselves to an open and stormy sea—it was the point of view which struck the eye on passing the promontory of Flamborough, or Souter Point, and guided to the mouth of the river Were, gaining thereby the name of *Were-dun*, or the Hill of Were. REN, Fence Houses.

Captain Cook.

JAMES COOK, the great navigator, first saw the light of day on the 27th of October, 1728, at Marton, four miles south of Middlesbrough, as appears from an extract from the parish register, dated January 21st, 1730, signed by Mr. Thomas Peacock, curate of the parish. His father, who had found his way to Cleveland from Ednam, in Roxburghshire (Thomson the poet's birthplace), was then a day-labourer on a farm, and resided in one of the mud cottages common in the neighbourhood; but his circumstances were somewhat improved soon after, as in 1730 he was appointed hind or bailiff to Thomas Scottowe, Esq., and entrusted with the care of a large farm at Ayton, whither he removed. Up to the age of thirteen his son James, who was one of a family of nine children, remained at home, assisting as far as his strength would permit in the ordinary duties of the farm. He was then sent to Michael Postgate's charity school in the village, where he learnt writing and arithmetic, reading having been taught him before, it seems, by his parents. Having displayed "a very early genius for figures," it was supposed he would be qualified for some mercantile line. He was accordingly apprenticed, in January, 1745, to a haberdasher at Smeaton, near Whitby; but, his natural inclination not having been consulted on the occasion, he soon quitted the counter with disgust, his master kindly giving up his indentures. His mind, like that of many other lads, was set upon going to sea, and in July, 1746, he bound himself for three years to Mr. Walker, a shipowner engaged in the coal trade at Whitby.

The coal trade has been the nursery of tens of thousands of good seamen; and in it Cook evidently acquired no common amount of nautical skill. He first sailed in the Free Love, a collier trading between Newcastle and London; and he remained in that ship till 1748, when his master, who had already perceived his worth, and was desirous of giving him all the advantages in his power, sent him to Whitby that he might have an opportunity of improving himself in his profession by assisting in the rigging and fitting out of a new vessel of six hundred tons, called the Three Brothers, in which he sailed about the latter end of June, first in two trips to London in the coal trade, and afterwards, the ship being taken up as a transport, to Middleburg, Dublin, Liverpool, and Deptford, where the ship was paid off, finishing the season in the Norway trade. In the spring of 1750 he left Mr. Walker's service, and enlisted on board the Marian, of Whitby, engaged in the Baltic trade. The next year he passed in a vessel belonging to Stockton, the name of which has not been preserved; and in February, 1752, he returned to Mr. Walker, who made him mate of one of his vessels, the Friendship, in which capacity he continued until he resolved to enter the royal navy, "having," to use his own words, "a mind to try his fortune that way." He was furnished with a recommendation from Mr. Walker, and another, which, at the request of several of his friends and neighbours, was written for him by Mr. Osbaldiston, M.P. for Scarborough; and, thus provided, he entered the king's service on board the Eagle, a sixty-gun ship, then commanded by Captain Hamer. That officer was shortly superseded by Captain Palliser (afterwards the distinguished Sir Hugh Palliser), who, greatly to his honour, soon recognised Cook's merits, and transferred him from the forecastle to the quarter-deck, thus laying the foundation for his future superstructure of fame.

On the 15th of May, 1759, he was appointed a master in the navy on board the Mercury, and in that vessel joined the fleet before Quebec, then commanded by Sir Charles Saunders, who immediately employed him in making a complete survey of the channel and river of St. Lawrence, which chart was published. In September of the same year he was transferred to the Northumberland, the flagship of Lord Colville, who had the command of the squadron stationed on the coast of America. Here, during a hard winter, he first read Euclid, and

applied himself to the study of mathematics and astronomy, without any other assistance than what a few books and his own industry afforded him. While attached to these vessels, he had committed to his charge the execution of services of first-rate importance, and the way in which he performed them was such as to redound vastly to his credit. When Wolfe was preparing for his attack upon Quebec, the person best qualified to take the requisite soundings opposite to the French camp, and to lay down the buoys, was found to be the ex-mate of a North-Country collier brig, and James Cook was employed accordingly, with what results history bears testimony. He piloted the boats to the attack of Montmorency, and conducted the embarkation to the celebrated Heights of Abraham. The following extract from a letter from an intimate friend of his, inserted in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1780, details his share in the subsequent events :—

We owe the conquest of Quebec, in September, 1759, and the cession of all Canada, in the autumn, 1760, as its consequence, to General Wolfe and the gallant little army which he commanded, in which every general was equal to be a chief, and almost every officer to be a general, and every soldier an officer. But, it is without any diminution from General Murray in his defence of it in spring, 1760, against the French army which besieged him, to say, that we owe its preservation to Captain Cook. Mr. Murray's army alone, with all his activity and high spirit in the command of it, was very incompetent for its defence against an army so much superior as that commanded by Monsieur Levy, and the force of a whole country with him, where every man capable of carrying arms was then a soldier. All the hopes of the English were, under Providence, in the aid of a British fleet. The arrival of one was momentarily expected, under the command of Lord Colville; the French also entertained hopes of one from France, and pushed the siege with vigour. When the British fleet had just entered the easternmost entrance of the traverse, the almost only difficult part of the navigation of the St. Lawrence, it was in that moment enveloped in a thick fog, and the pilot of the admiral's ship, the Northumberland, which led, refused to continue any further charge of it, and insisted upon the necessity of immediately coming to anchor. In this trying, this eminently important exigence, that modesty which was so strikingly characteristic in Mr. Cook, who was then master in her, could not withhold him a moment from the offer of his service—*vicit amor patriæ*. He had surveyed the river a year before, by the command of Sir Charles Saunders, in order to draw that noble chart of it dedicated to him, and published by his order. Attention had been paid by him to the soundings of the traverse adequate to its importance. He engaged to Lord Colville to carry him safe through it, steering only by the lead. His offer was accepted. Early the next morning it cleared up; Captain Dean in the Lowestoffe was the first ship discovered as well by the French as English in the bason. Levy first hoped it might be the French—he soon found her to be English. He instantly broke up his camp, and marched, or rather fled precipitately, to Montreal. Quebec and all Canada, in consequence of it, was preserved to England.

At the close of the war, Cook was, on the recommendation of Lord Colville and Sir Hugh Palliser, engaged in a survey of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the coasts of Newfoundland, an employment in which he continued, with few interruptions, till 1767. On a visit which he paid to England in the autumn of 1762, he married Miss Elizabeth Batt, of Barking, Essex, to whom, strange to say, he had stood godfather at her christening, on which occasion he (a mere lad) sportively remarked that he intended to make her his wife.

When, upon the representations of the Royal Society that an accurate observation of the approaching transit of Venus over the sun's disc would materially serve the cause of science, and that such an observation could nowhere be made with such advantage as in some of the islands of the South Sea, George the Third determined in 1767 to send an expedition for the express purpose, as well as for making geographical discoveries in that part of the world, Captain Cook was singled out to command it by the First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Edward Hawke. The voyage being one to his taste, he immediately accepted the offer; and it being necessary that the rank of the commander of a vessel destined for such an enterprise should be in some degree commensurate with its importance, he received his commission as lieutenant on the 25th of May, 1768, and took his final departure from Plymouth on the 26th of August, in the good ship Endeavour, of 370 tons, accompanied by Mr. (afterwards Sir Joseph) Banks and other scientific gentlemen.

On the 18th of April, 1769, the expedition reached Otaheite (now Tahiti), which had been selected as the most eligible spot for making the observations. The object was accomplished on the 3rd of June, with complete success. On the 18th of July, Cook quitted Otaheite, and, after visiting the other Society Islands, sailed southward in quest of the great continent (*Terra Australis incognita*) which was then supposed to exist in the Pacific Ocean. On the 6th of October, he reached New Zealand, but was prevented from exploring it by the hostility of the natives. He then proceeded to New Holland (now Australia), of which he took possession in the name of Great Britain, denominating the eastern coast, which he had explored throughout its length, New South Wales. He next made for New Guinea, and, sailing through Torres Strait, proceeded to Batavia, where he was obliged to remain nearly a quarter of a year to repair his shattered ship, and where the pestilential climate proved fatal to many of his crew. From thence he sailed home round the Cape, and, after encountering many imminent dangers and narrowly escaping shipwreck, anchored safely in the Downs on the 12th of June, 1771. The results of this voyage, which made vast additions to our scientific and geographical knowledge, excited general and deep interest, and whetted the public appetite for still further discoveries.

Shortly after his return, Cook was promoted to the rank of commander, and it was resolved to fit out another expedition under his charge, to circumnavigate the globe in high southern latitudes, with the view of solving the much agitated question of the existence of a southern continent. Two vessels, the Resolution, of 460 tons, and the Adventure, of 386, with a complement in all of 193

men, were accordingly commissioned for this purpose, and sailed on the 18th of July, 1772. On this voyage the Antarctic seas were explored with some degree of minuteness, as far as 71·10 south, without any considerable land having been found, but several discoveries of scarcely less importance were made, including that of the great island which Cook named New Caledonia, now a French penal colony. The voyage lasted three years and eighteen days, the ships' run being upwards of twenty thousand leagues, and the climates sailed through ranging from the torrid to the frigid; but so admirable had been the commander's arrangements for the health of his crew that he lost only one man by sickness during the whole time, and so skilful was his seamanship that not a spar of any consequence was lost. The account of the first voyage had been manipulated—"fitted for the press," as it was called—by Dr. Hawkesworth, who contrived to make it unpopular by some interpolations of his own; that of the second voyage was wholly written in a plain and manly style by Cook himself, and did no small credit to his literary ability, as well as bespoke favour for his genuine modesty, which was quite consistent with firm confidence in his own powers, "under the Divine favour," to use his own words.

Cook was received on his return home with marked honours. Immediately raised to the rank of post-captain and appointed captain of Greenwich Hospital, he soon after was elected a member of the Royal Society, and received the Copley medal for the best experimental paper of the year.

During his absence in the Southern Ocean, the attention of the Government had been turned towards the discovery of a North-West Passage from the North Atlantic to the North Pacific Oceans, and it was resolved that an expedition should be fitted out for this purpose. Although Captain Cook had well earned a right to repose after so many years of labour and anxiety, he promptly volunteered his services to conduct the expedition. This offer was at once gladly accepted. Two vessels were accordingly fitted out and placed under his care—namely, his old ship, the Resolution, and the Discovery, under the command of Captain Clarke. His instructions were to proceed first round Cape Horn to the Pacific, and visit the newly-discovered groups of islands there, disseminating among them a variety of useful animals, which he carried with him for that purpose. He was next to turn northwards along the west coast of America, as far as latitude 65 deg., and then endeavour to find a passage to the Atlantic by rounding the most northerly point of that continent. The requisite preparations having been made, the expedition sailed from England in the month of July, 1776. On his third voyage, Cook discovered—to omit minor matters—the important group to the north of the equinoctial line called the Sandwich Islands, after the nobleman who was then at the head of the Admiralty. He afterwards explored what had hitherto remained unknown of the west coast of America, from the latitude of 43 deg. to 70 deg. north, embracing an extent of three thousand five hundred miles, ascertained the proximity of the two great continents of Asia and America, passed the straits between them, and surveyed the coasts on each side to such a height of northern latitude as seemed to demonstrate the impracticability of a passage, in that hemisphere, from the Atlantic into the Pacific Ocean, either by an eastern or a western course.

Returning to winter at the Sandwich Islands, his adventurous career was suddenly cut short by a tragical death on the principal island of the group, then known

as O-why-hee, now Hawaii. The following recital of the circumstances was given in a letter to the famous German geographer, M. de Busching, from the still more celebrated M. Pallas, Professor of Natural History in the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg:—

He (Captain Cook) cast anchor at one of these (the Sandwich) islands named O-why-hee, in the gulf of Carcca Coffa, and treated very amicably with the natives, who paid him almost divine honours. After he had refreshed his people, one of whom only had died on the voyage, and two others had fallen sick, he was already got under sail, when a furious storm hurt his mizenmast, which obliged him to return to the gulf to repair it. The islanders became every day more bold, and most clearly demonstrated their inclination for theft, which went so far as to steal one of his boats. Captain Cook, willing to seek justice for this robbery, went on shore with his lieutenant and ten or twelve of his crew. He advanced towards a large body of the inhabitants, who always paid him great respect, and accosted their chief. Whilst the negotiation was carrying on, the insolence of one of the islanders, who was in the throng, obliged him to fire on him with his musket, loaded only with small shot, which did not even penetrate the mat with which he was covered. The Indians began then to be enraged, and when the lieutenant had at length fired and killed his man, the whole troop fell on the body; and as soon as the sailors

had discharged their pieces, they did not give them time to load again, but killed Captain Cook and four of his people, forcing the others, partly wounded, to make their escape, under favour of the fire of their pinnace. Captain Clarke, to whom the command then devolved, saw no possibility of revenging the death of the brave Captain Cook, but was obliged to keep on the defensive till his mast was repaired. In the meantime, he made friends of the savages, and quitted the island to return to Kamtschatka, where he wintered in Port Awatscha.

Captain Cook's body was left in the possession of the natives, and the bones only were subsequently recovered and committed to the deep with the usual honours. The intelligence of his murder was received, not in Britain only, but throughout all Europe, with general lamentation. King George, who had always the highest opinion of him, shed tears when Lord Sandwich informed him of his death, and directly ordered a pension of £200 to be paid to his widow, and to each of his three children £25 per annum. His widow long survived, but his children were all short-lived. Nathaniel, the second son, who was a midshipman on board the Thunderer, Commodore Walsingham, was lost with that vessel, which foundered at sea, he being then only sixteen years old. Hugh, the youngest child, who was a student at Christ's College, Cambridge, died there in 1793, being then only seventeen years of age; and in the next year James, the eldest son, then commander of the Spitfire, sloop of war, was drowned in his thirty-second year, with his whole boat's crew, off the Isle of Wight. A daughter had previously died of a dropsy when about twelve years of age. Thus a few short years beheld the widow of the great navigator left alone in the world, torn from all the ties that were most dear to her.

Mrs. Cook fixed her residence at Clapham, that she might enjoy the society of her son James, whenever his duties called him to London, and there she continued to reside until death at length called her, in her ninety-fourth year, to rejoin those whom she had so long lamented. Her circumstances, independently of her pension, were easy, and she left large sums to various charities; but her most precious relic, her Copley medal, which had been voted to her husband for his improved method of preserving the health of seamen during long voyages, but which he did not live to receive, she bequeathed to the British Museum.

Our sketch of the mud cottage in which Captain Cook was born is copied from a picture in the possession of Mr. Raylton Dixon, of Gunnergate Hall, Marton. The site of the cottage is on the south lawn in front of Marton Hall, the residence of Mr. Carl H. F. Bolckow, chairman of the great firm of Bolckow, Vaughan, and Co., Middlesbrough, and is indicated by an artistic granite pedestal. Only a short distance to the west of this pedestal stands the now unused old pump from which the Cook family drew their supply of water. When the writer, through the courtesy of Mr. Bolckow, visited Marton Hall on the 7th May last, the top of the interior of the pump was inhabited by a flourishing family of lively tom-tits. Mr. Bolckow has in his possession two log books of Captain Cook's voyages from 1775 to 1777 which are written in a legible hand by the great circumnavigator himself.

Captain Cook's Family.

In the month of September, 1867, the following paragraph went the rounds of the press:—"The death is announced, in the parish of St. Martin, Colchester, of

BIRTH-PLACE OF CAPTAIN COOK

Mrs. Ann Rumsey, widow, in her 104th year. It is an interesting circumstance that she was the daughter of the celebrated circumnavigator, Captain Cook, who was massacred by the natives of Owhyhee, in the South Sea Islands, and that she was born only a few years after the accession of George III. to the throne of England." But the story of this lady's connection with the family is believed to be doubtful.

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I am able to say that the Mrs. Ann Rumsey, supposed to be the daughter of Captain James Cook, was not in any way akin to the family. The captain had a sister named Margaret Cook, whose name will be found mentioned in his will. This Margaret Cook married a man named Fleck, and had a family. Her daughter Mary married a man named Duck, and had a family. Her daughter Catherine married a man named Cornforth, and had a son, who was named Hugh Cook Cornforth, after the captain's son, Hugh Cook.

Mrs. Cook, the captain's widow, survived the captain for not less than 56 years, dying at her residence at Clapham in 1835, aged 93 years. It was her melancholy fate thus to outlive the captain for more than half a century; for, by cumulative fatality, not her husband alone, but all her sons and one daughter, were prematurely cut off in her lifetime. Hugh died at Cambridge; Nathaniel was lost in the Thunderer, which foundered at sea; James, the eldest, perished with his boat's crew while commander of the Spitfire sloop-of-war; and the daughter died at home with her mother.

The captain's sister, Margaret Cook (afterwards Fleck), and the widow herself, were, therefore, the sole survivors of the family of Captain James Cook.

Margaret's descendants are now living, and there is money, &c., left lying for the family, which, however, they have not got.

Hugh Cook Cornforth, Hendon, Sunderland.

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Mrs. Ann Rumsey was probably the daughter of Captain Cook, but certainly not of his wife—that is, she was illegitimate. She was born at Harwich, and was adopted by a lady whom she looked up to as her mother; but it is doubtful if she ever knew her mother's name. Before she was twenty years of age she married a postboy on the London and Harwich road, who very early in life settled at Colchester. Her great-grandson, who saw her daily for several years previous to 1864, was often told by her of her father, and on his going to New Zealand in the year mentioned she gave him an old copy of the voyages of the great circumnavigator. She saw him on his return in August, 1868: so the date given of her death is not correct. The grandson tells me this to-day, June 7, 1887.

G. D., Colchester.

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The Government voted £1,575 for a national memorial to the memory of one of the greatest discoverers who ever shed lustre on the history of any country of the globe, and to further honour his name and memory the Royal Society struck an elegant medal bearing on one side the head of Captain Cook in profile, with the inscription "*Jac. Cook, oceani investigator acerrimus*"; and on the *exergue*, the small space beneath the base line, "*Reg. Soc. Lond. Socia. Suo.*" These beautiful medals were struck in gold, silver and bronze, a gold one being presented to each of the subscribers of twenty guineas—Mrs. Elizabeth Cook, the widow's name, appearing along with the King, Queen, Prince of Wales, King of France, Empress of Russia, Earl of Sandwich, Dr. Benjamin Franklin, and other distinguished friends of the renowned navigator, as a recipient of a gold medal.

"Captain Cook was a married man, and left several children behind him. On each of these his Majesty [King George III.] settled a pension of £25 per annum, and £200 per annum on his widow. It is remarkable, if true, as reported, that Captain Cook was godfather to his wife; and at the very time she was christened declared that he had determined on the union which afterwards took place between them." (*Yorkshire Magazine*, 1786.)

The body of James Cook, "day labourer," the father of Captain Cook, lies in Marske Churchyard, near Redcar, without a stone to mark the spot. In the register book of Marske appears the entry "James Cook, of Redcar, April 1, 1779; his son having perished among the savages of Owhyhee, Feb. 14th of the same year." To the memory of James Fleck, who married Margaret Cook (the captain's sister), a monumental stone was erected westward of the church; and there are other stones of the Fleck family, but none to Captain Cook.

> No monumental stone adorns the nook
> Where rests the parent of the gallant Cook;
> Cook stands aloft upon a hill of fame—
> His father lies at Marske without a name!

Mr. John Walker Ord, the historian of Cleveland, was the great-great-grandson of Mary Walker, of Marton Grange, who was the "spectacled tutoress" of young Jimmy Cook. Dame Walker was the daughter of the wealthiest farmer in the neighbourhood; and her husband, a respectable yeoman of the first class, resided at Marton Grange. Young Cook, then a mere lad, tended the stock, took the horses to water, and ran errands for the family; and, in return for such services, the good old lady, finding him an intelligent, active youth, was pleased to teach him his alphabet and reading. (Ord, pp. 545-6.)

Mr. Ord published his history in 1846, and states (p. 356) that Grace Carter, daughter of James Fleck, by Margaret Cook, and niece of the circumnavigator, then resided at Redcar, and, at pp. 363-4, writes as follows:—"During our last visit to Redcar we entered a plain fisherman's cottage, of the most humble description, in no way superior in external or internal

appearance to those surrounding it. At the upper end of the kitchen, a brawny, sunburnt fisherman was busily engaged in arranging his nets and bait; whilst a middle-aged woman, his wife, was equally active with some simple culinary preparations. In the corner of the room, in a large arm-chair near the fireplace, sat an aged, venerable looking woman, 75 years of age, the expression of whose countenance was at once thoughtful and energetic, who saluted us with a courteous welcome. This humbly-attired personage was Grace Carter, daughter of Mrs. Fleck, and niece of Captain Cook. She seemed pleased with the visit, and pointed out an excellent engraving of her uncle, from the original by Dance. She then requested her daughter to produce some relics of her uncle, which had been presented to the family by his widow. These consisted of a large sheet taken from Cook's journal, with a chart of the soundings of the St. Lawrence in his handwriting; a number of fishing-lines, composed of a vegetable substance from the South Sea Islands! specimens of cloth of a cottony appearance, manufactured from the bark of trees in Otaheite; a curious old brass box, with an almanac engraven on the lid; six silver table spoons, with the initials J. C.; and two letters from the captain's widow. We inquired if she had any brothers or sisters alive; she answered one brother, Captain John Fleck, of North Shields, also two sisters, Mrs. Mary Duck, of Sunderland, and Mrs. Christiana Hustler, in the Navy Almshouse at Deptford. This last only of the gallant Cook's descendants has received any pittance from the nation, and that of the most paltry and wretched description."

Cleveland can boast of honour paid to Captain Cook by crowning Easby Hill with a prominent obelisk to his memory, which is a striking landmark to the sailor and the landsman, "at once a tribute to his energy, skill, and fearless spirit, whilst it teaches posterity to emulate his valiant deeds and world-wide fame." This monument is a square grey stone column, built of sandstone blocks. The width at the base is 12 feet, and it runs up in a slender shape to a height of 51 feet. The obelisk is hollow, and at the eastern side is an acutely pointed Gothic doorway. In the western face is a tablet, on which is the following inscription:—"Erected to the memory of the celebrated circumnavigator, Captain James Cook, F.R.S., a man in nautical skill scarcely inferior to any, and in zeal, prudence, and indefatigable exertion superior to most. Regardless of personal danger, he opened an intercourse with the inhabitants of the Society Islands, and other portions of the Southern Hemisphere. He was born at Marton, in this neighbourhood, 27th October, 1728, and was massacred at Owhyhee, 14th January, 1779, to the unspeakable grief and disappointment of his countrymen. While the sciences in general, and navigation in particular, shall be cultivated amongst men, while the spirit of enterprise, commerce, and philanthropy shall animate the sons of Britain, whilst it shall be deemed the high honour of a Christian nation to spread the enjoyments of civilised life and the higher blessings of the Christian faith among Pagan and savage tribes, so long will the name of Captain Cook stand enrolled among the most celebrated and most admired of the benefactors of the human race. As a token of respect for, and admiration of, the character and labours of this truly great man, who served his apprenticeship to sea from Whitby, this monument was erected by Robert Campion, Esq., of Whitby, and Lord of the Manor of Easby. The foundation stone was laid by him 12th July, 1827, being the anniversary of the day on which Captain Cook commenced his last voyage, and on the birth of the founder; and it was finished 27th October, 1827, being Captain Cook's birthday, and wanting only one year to complete the centenary."

In 1874 a handsome and substantial monument was erected in Kealakekua Bay, Sandwich Islands, near the spot where Captain Cook was killed by the natives, bearing the inscription:—"In memory of the great circumnavigator, Captain James Cook, R.N., who discovered these islands on the 18th of January, 1778, and fell near this spot on the 14th of February, 1779, this monument was erected in November, A.D. 1874, by some of his fellow-countrymen.

S. F. LONGSTAFFE, Norton, Stockton-on-Tees.

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I have a copy of the will of Elizabeth Cook, the widow of Captain Cook; it was proved on June 1, 1835, at London, with effects under £60,000, and in this there is no mention of any daughter, alive or dead, all the money being left to cousins and others less nearly related to her. She directs that she may be buried at St. Andrew's, Cambridge, near to her two sons, and among those who are legatees are Elizabeth Cook Davidson, daughter of James Fleck, of Broughton, Yorkshire; John Fleck, of Sunderland; Thomas Fleck, of Boston; Grace Carter, of Redcar; Christiana Hustler, of London; Mary Duck, wife of George Duck, of Whitby; a number of Smiths, cousins; Mrs. W. Newcomb, wife of J. Newcomb, of London; Mrs. Mary Copling, of Brixton, god-daughter, &c. No mention is made in the will of any grandchildren either; but the testator is very precise respecting the children of the legatees, and is very minute also in other particulars, the will being some 33 foolscap pages in length. Now, if Mrs. Elizabeth Cook had had a daughter living when she made her will, the presumption is that she would have bequeathed something to her, or that at least some mention would have been made of her when everybody else who seems to have had any connection with her was remembered in the will. Mrs. Cook appears to have been left in affluent circumstances, and to have had numerous cousins, if no nearer relatives.

H. S., Redcar.

Notes and Commentaries.

THE TOBOGGAN.

It may interest such of the readers of the *Monthly Chronicle* as have been delighting themselves with tobogganing at the Newcastle Exhibition, to have it explained that the word "toboggan" is a corruption of the American-Indian *odabagan*, meaning a sled. The toboggan is made of a pliable board turned up at both ends, and is used for sliding down snow-covered slopes in Canada. The name is also applied to a small sledge drawn by dogs over the snow. MALCOLM, Newcastle.

NOTABLE COAL HEWERS.

I wish to correct an error I committed in respect to the match hewed between Robert Whitfield and Joseph Rodham, at Shield Row, in 1840. It is therein stated that Rodham was ahead of his man when the engagement was terminated by Rodham colliding with open "threads" in his headway, on the third day of the match. The truth is, Whitfield beat Rodham on the first day one corf, and, on the second day, two corves; and thus matters stood when Rodham's "place" emerged upon "loose coal" on Wednesday, the third day of the match. This correction is due to the sons of Robert Whitfield, now residing at West Stanley. JOHN ROWELL, Twizell.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

THE WHISTLOR.

At a wedding party in the country, many years ago, the younger guests were contributing in turns to the harmony of the entertainment. On a young miner being pressed to sing, he bashfully declined. His sweetheart then tried to induce him to favour the company, and he at last exclaimed, "Leuks thoo, hinny, aa canna sing onny; but aa's as gude a whistlor as ivver cooked a lip!"

"THROW DOWN THE BOTTLE!"

A local comic singer of some repute, not only as a vocalist, but as a wit, was once admonished by a gentleman respecting a certain weakness to which he was addicted. "I am glad to hear, Edward," said the gentleman, "you have thrown away the bottle. I hope it's true." "It's quite true, sor," was the answer. "Aa did thraw'd away; but there wes nowt in't!"

A SISTER OF MERCY.

At a Northumbrian poultry show, three young men were looking at the first prize, a black Spanish hen, when one of them remarked to his friend: "That's a bonnie bord, Jack!" "Aye, Jack," said he, "she is a bonnie bord; she's varry like yen of them Sisters of Marcy!"

THE INFLUENZA.

About the year 1845, Seaton Sluice was a thriving shipping town, and had a great many pilots. The following anecdote is told of one who, on taking a walk along the road towards the bottom of the Avenue, met a gentleman who inquired the way to Seaton Sluice. "Torn to the right hand," said the pilot. "You belong to Seaton Sluice, sir?" asked the stranger. Receiving an answer in the affirmative, he proceeded, "Have you the influenza there?" "Darned if aa knaa," returned the pilot; "thor's se mony new ships, yen disn't knaa yen nyem from t'other!"

A SKELETON.

A surgeon's assistant in Newcastle once astonished the weak mind of a keelman by giving him a glimpse through the keyhole at a skeleton which hung in the doctor's study. A few days afterwards, the keelman happened to meet Dr. Thorpe, who was a tall gentleman of exceedingly attenuated form and cadaverous hue, and whom he accosted as an old friend. The doctor, of course, expressed his ignorance of the keelman, who thereupon exclaimed, "Na, na, man! aa knaa thoo for all thoo's gotten thy claes on!"

THE BARBER'S EXPEDIENT.

Where the Town Hall, Newcastle, now stands there stood in former years a noted barber's shop, kept by a well-known character. One evening, just as it was getting dark, a gentleman called in for a shave. After patiently receiving a number of successive latherings, with no appearance of the razor, he begged the barber to finish the job. "Well, sor," exclaimed the knight of the lather-brush, "aa mun be candid. Aa's stumped for brass; cuddint pay me rates; so the gas company thowt fit to stop th' supply. Just hev patience till th' chemist shop leets up, then aa'll finish ye up wi' the reflection iv the bonny glass bottles fra' th' opposite side o' th' street!"

"THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD."

One Sunday morning, many years ago, the minister of the chapel of a Northumbrian colliery village failed to put in an appearance. After waiting for some time beyond the usual hour, a worthy young member of the congregation volunteered to officiate. Things went on smoothly enough till it came to the sermon. He gave a preliminary cough, and then gave out the text, "I am the light of the world." But when he opened his mouth to begin the sermon, his tongue refused to do its office. Not a word would it utter. In this extremity he began to examine his finger nails as if he had his ideas in his finger ends. He then cast his eyes upwards, as if to gain inspiration from the rafters. But it was all no good. Not a word would come. To gain time he once more gave out the text, "I am the light of the world." Then he pulled his handkerchief out, mopped his forehead with it, and tucked it under the cushion. By this time he could see that the congregation was getting impatient, and the silence was becoming unbearable. His knees began to tremble. He felt that his ambition had o'er-leaped itself. Something must be done, and so, as a last resource, he gave out the text again, but this time in a faltering

timid voice. "I am the light of the world," said he. At this an old pitman, whose patience was exhausted, shouted from the midst of the congregation—"Wey, hinney, if thoo's the leet of the warld, thoo wants snuffin' sadly!"

WHISKEY AND WATER.

A young man, who is reputed to be rather "soft," was sent by the wife of a local clergyman on an errand to a certain village not far from Newcastle. On his return, she asked the lad if he could drink a glass of whiskey. "Aa's willing te try," he replied. After filling a glass three-quarters full, the lady said: "But perhaps you would like some water with it?" "No, thank ye," he said, "the wettor elwis flees te ma heed!"

SHADES AND TOWELS.

A newly-married coal trimmer came home from his day's work, and, after washing himself, went to some new white window shades which his wife had just put up. Commencing to give himself a good scrubbing, he innocently exclaimed, "This is a queer place te hang the rowler tool, reet up agyen the winder, where folks can see ye when ye're nyeckt!"

North-Country Obituaries.

At Winlaton, on the 16th of May, died Mr. George Thompson, principal in the firm of George, Cuthbert, and Andrew Thompson—prominent from an earlier generation in the iron industries of the district. He was also managing director of the firm of Emerson, Walker, and Thompson Brothers (Limited), of Dunston, Winlaton, and London. The deceased gentleman, whose public services extended to the Board of Guardians and School Board, was 62 years of age.

Mr. John Newton, secretary of the Sunderland Club, who for upwards of twenty years had been connected with various banks in that town, died on the 18th of May.

At Sunderland, on the 23rd of May, there died, in his 82nd year, Mr. Thomas Hunter, who began life as a ship-carpenter, afterwards rising to the position of ship captain and owner.

On the 24th of May, Miss Ann Allan, a member of an old historic family, died, from the effects of injuries received by burning, at her residence, Wilton House, near Darlington. The deceased lady had, for some years past, lived in an almost entirely secluded state; and it was only on a forcible entry being made into her house, a few days previously, that her sad condition became known. She was found in bed, with her body badly burnt; and although she rallied somewhat on receiving attention, she never recovered sufficient consciousness to give any account of the accident. At the inquest, which was held on the 25th, Sir Henry Havelock-Allan, M.P., second cousin of the deceased lady, stated that she was in her 87th year. She had, he said, been repeatedly urged to have some person resident in the house with her, but had always declined, saying it was not agreeable to her feelings. Very determined and courageous, she had, on two or three occasions, successfully beaten off attempts to break into her house, and had, it was thought, in every instance, secured the conviction and punishment of the burglars. Miss Allan, by her will, left £600 to provide a tomb for herself, the interest of £100 to keep up the grave of her father and mother, and three or four other legacies of £100 each. The remainder of the property was left to Sir Henry Havelock-Allan, and his eldest son and heirs in perpetuity.

Mr. William Humphreys, the maker of "Master Humphreys' Clock," immortalised by Charles Dickens, died suddenly at Hartlepool, on the 24th of May. When the great novelist first visited the shop in which the Humphreys family worked at Barnard Castle, he particularly noticed a long-cased clock within the entrance door, and asked the father who had made it. The reply was, "My lad there." "Oh! then, that is Master Humphreys' Clock," and the old clock was thenceforth so called. Master Humphreys was born at Barnard Castle in 1812—the same year as the novelist. The famous clock is now on view in the North Court of the Newcastle Exhibition.

On the 31st of May, Miss Isabella Purvis, daughter of the renowned Billy Purvis, showman, died at the house of her brother-in-law, Mr. John Wallace, St. Andrew's Court, Newcastle, at the advanced age of 75.

On the 3rd of June, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, died Lieutenant-Colonel Nicholson, of Halliwell Dene, Hexham. He was a medical practitioner, but retired from the profession about twenty years ago. On the formation of the Hexham Rifle Volunteers, he was enrolled a member, on the 20th of January, 1860, the corps being now known as the A company of the 1st Volunteer Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, of which regiment, on the death of the late Earl of Durham, he became lieutenant-colonel. The deceased gentleman was also chairman of the Hexham Board of Guardians.

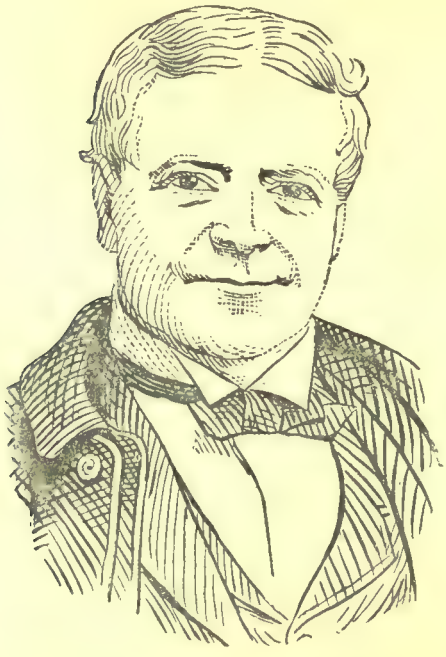
On the 3rd of June was announced the death, as having taken place in Berwick Workhouse, of John Richardson, formerly one of the leaders of the Northumberland and Durham miners. Richardson was 73 years of age.

Mr. William Walls, for many years a well-known draper in High Street, Sunderland, died suddenly at his residence in that town, on the 3rd of June.

After a long and severe illness, Mr. Edward Savage, chief accountant in the goods audit department of the North-Eastern Railway at Newcastle, died on the 5th of June, at his residence at Hexham. The deceased gentleman, who was 48 years of age, was a leading Roman Catholic, and in that capacity he was for some time a member of the Newcastle School Board. He was also, until recently, a member of the Board of Guardians, besides being otherwise actively identified with the public life of Newcastle and district.

At an early hour in the morning of the 5th of June, Mr. Richard William Younge, lessee and manager of the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, died very suddenly at his residence, Westmorland Terrace, in that city. Heart disease was the cause of death. Mr. Younge, who was held in the highest esteem by all who knew him, was born at Liverpool on the 8th of July, 1821, so that he was within a few days of completing the sixty-sixth year of his age.

He made his first appearance on the stage at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, on the 6th of July, 1837, as Albert in "William Tell," his father, Mr. Richard Younge, being one of the stock company connected with that establishment at the time. Mr. Younge was subsequently associated with many provincial companies, and undertook theatrical tours in America and Australia. He entered upon the management of the Tyne Theatre in the autumn of 1881. With great energy he worked at that undertaking, achieving a fair amount of success; and under his direction the house acquired considerable celebrity for the magnificence of its pantomimes, a free representation



R. W. YOUNGE.

of which was given once a year to the poor and charity children of the city. Mr. Younge took a keen interest in the working of the Dicky Bird Society of the *Weekly Chronicle*, and at the great demonstration of that organization, in 1886, he impersonated Uncle Toby in the tableau which formed part of the entertainment at the Tyne Theatre. The deceased gentleman, previous to his death, had all but completed arrangements for a series of varied and attractive performances at the Tyne Theatre, in celebration of his jubilee as an actor, saying, in an address delivered on the evening of June 3, that he hoped, "God willing," to return on the 6th of July to celebrate his golden wedding with the stage.

On the 9th of June, there died at his residence, Crofton, near Blyth, Mr. William Culley Bergen, at the age of 70. The deceased, who was a native of Blyth, served in all the capacities necessary to constitute a perfect sailor, having been, in turn, able seaman, carpenter, mate, and captain. On retiring from the sea, he devoted himself to literary pursuits, and published what is known as the "Great Circle Chart," the value of which consists in the rapidity and accuracy with which the great circle tract can be ascertained. The same gentleman was also the author of "Bergen's Navigation," and of other nautical works.

On the 10th of June was recorded the death, in the 75th year of his age, of the Rev. John P. Lockwood, a Wesleyan minister, well known throughout Yorkshire and the North of England generally.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

MAY.

17.—Mrs. Richardson, of Byker, Newcastle, was delivered of triplets—two girls and a boy. The girls lived for about twenty minutes, and the boy half-an-hour. The mother had previously had 19 children.

18.—After several months' duration, a strike at Hebburn Colliery, in which between 600 and 700 men were involved, was brought to an end, the dispute having been ultimately settled by arbitration.

19.—Mrs. Pocock, wife of Captain Pocock, R.N., a previous commander of the Wellesley Training Ship at Shields, was accidentally killed by being thrown from a conveyance in Canada.

—The new mission church of St. Mary's, Throckley, was consecrated by the Bishop of Newcastle.

20.—It was announced, to-day, that the owners of Carville Estate having laid out a street along the line of the Roman Wall, and having called the street "Roman Wall," Messrs. Emley and Sons had supplied a granite slab with the inscription:—

Condidit hic murum, Segeduni Cæsaris agmen:
Hæc est a muro quæ via nomen habet.

The translation is:—"Here at Segedunum (Wallsend), the army of Cæsar built the wall: this is the thoroughfare which derives its name from the wall."

—Rates, amounting to 2s. 9d. in the pound, and representing an increase of 4d. in the pound as compared with the previous year, were levied at a meeting of the Newcastle City Council.

21.—A definite stage in the adjustment of the long-pending strike of Northumberland miners was reached to-day. To the question submitted by the officials to the ballot, "Are you willing that the Wages Committee shall meet the coalowners with full powers to effect a settlement of the dispute?" there answered in the affirmative 5,602, while in favour of a continuance of the strike there voted 1,876 men. Armed with this majority of 3,726, the Wages Committee waited on the representatives of the employers; and, after negotiations extending over a couple of days, a basis of agreement was arrived at on the 24th. The terms of settlement were a reduction of 12½ per cent. at the steam coal collieries on hewers' and piece men's wages; and a reduction of 6¼ per cent. at soft coal collieries—not 7½ as originally demanded. The basis of a new sliding scale was also agreed to; but, as to house-rent, it was decided that that question should be left to individual owners to deal with

as they thought fit. Work was almost immediately afterwards resumed in the pits.

—At the annual meeting of the Northumberland Miners' Union, motions with regard to the payment of miners' money for political purposes were voted off the board; while a motion for reducing Mr. Burt's salary from £500 to £300 per annum was also rejected by a large majority. Mr. Burt, Mr. John Nixon, and Mr. Ralph Young were re-elected agents of the association by large majorities.

—Early this morning, an attempt was made to damage, by explosion, the house of Mr. George Hardy, in Glen Street, Hebburn New Town, the explosive employed being powder, but the damage done was not of a serious character.

23.—The report of the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the system under which patterns of warlike stores are adopted and the stores obtained and passed for her Majesty's service, was issued to-day. The Commission expressed its opinion that not only were the charges of conspiracy against Sir William Armstrong and Captain Noble, as preferred by Colonel Hope, wholly unfounded, but that there never was any evidence whatever to justify their being made.

24.—A serious attempt, the third of the kind in the same neighbourhood within as many weeks, was made to destroy the police buildings which serve as a depot for the Durham County Constabulary and also as police court for Hebburn, the explosive used being again supposed to have been gunpowder. A good deal of damage was done to the property.

—Robert Carr, a blind man, who had undertaken to walk from Newcastle to London and back within 70 days (exclusive of Sundays) for a wager of £20 to £5, reported the accomplishment of the feat.

25.—Damage, estimated at £1,000, was done by fire to the drapery establishment of Mr. J. G. Pickering, Washington Village.

27.—At a town's meeting held at Gateshead, a resolution condemning the action of the Town Council in seeking to adopt the open grave system was carried by a very large majority. Several open-air meetings were subsequently held, at which similar resolutions were adopted.

—Captain W. Kirby was elected member for All Saints' West Ward in the Newcastle City Council, in the room of Mr. John Dobson, promoted to the position of alderman.

28.—At a committee meeting held in Newcastle it was reported that the total subscriptions obtained in that city and district towards the proposed Imperial Institute amounted to £2,500.

30.—A new theatre, erected on the site of one burnt down four years previously, was opened to-night at Darlington, the lessee being Mr. Fred. J. Nestor, of London.

31.—A youth named George Brown, 15 years of age, son of John Brown, joiner and cabinetmaker, Hedley Place, Westgate Hill, Newcastle, was playing with a pistol, when the firearm went off, the charge striking his sister Margaret, 12 years of age, on the head, and instantly killing the poor girl. The coroner's jury returned a verdict that the deceased had been accidentally shot.

—A fire, destroying property to the value of between £1,200 and £1,500, broke out on the premises of Mr. C. F. Hinz, clothier and outfitter, Clive Street, North Shields.

JUNE.

1.—A new Recreation Ground, enclosed upon the Nuns' Moor, and embracing an area of 25 acres, was formally opened to the public of Newcastle. The weather was fine, and, in addition to the Town Moor Management Committee, under whose auspices the work had been carried out, there was a good attendance of spectators.

—At a large meeting of ratepayers held in the Gloucester Lecture Hall, Newcastle, it was resolved to ask the Mayor to call a town's meeting to consider the question of the municipal expenditure. A similar meeting was held on the 7th in the Arthur's Hill district.

—By poll the ratepayers of Benwell decided against the formation of a School Board for that district.

—A new channel in Blyth Harbour was formally opened by the steamship Edward Eccles, and the barque Wansbeck, being towed out at neap tide, without a hitch.

—The Bishop of Newcastle consecrated a new chancel which had been added to St. John's Church at Lowick.

2.—The Hon. and Rev. F. R. Grey, rector of Morpeth, was presented with a chalice, silver-gilt and richly jewelled, in commemoration of his Jubilee as a clergyman of the Church of England.

4.—A new chapel and school-room, situated in Strickland Street and Wylam Road, Newcastle, were opened by the Primitive Methodists.

—A proposal to celebrate her Majesty's Jubilee at Alnwick by the establishment of a public library was rejected by a large majority.

5.—A Chinese sailor, named Linchin Yun, 21 years of age, and forming one of the crew of a Chinese transport lying in the Tyne, died in the Infirmary at Newcastle. Chin Shou-fu, aged 30, another member of the crew, died in the same institution a day or two afterwards. On the 10th, a third member of the same crew died, his name being Chen Kin Qui, and his age 36 years. The whole of the men were buried, with Chinese rites, in Elswick Cemetery.

6.—The general body of the stewards of the Newcastle Freemen surveyed the boundaries of the Town Moor and Castle Leazes.

7.—Mr. Henry Nelson, of the firm of Messrs. Nelson, Donkin, and Co., merchants and shipowners, Quayside, Newcastle, was presented by the Standing Committee of the Protection and Indemnity Association, with a handsome briar pipe, and an illuminated address expressive of appreciation of his commercial qualities, and containing congratulations on his having attained his fiftieth year in business.

—Mr. George B. Bruce, a native of Newcastle, and brother of Dr. Bruce, the well-known antiquary, was elected president of the Institute of Civil Engineers, London.

8.—The Cleveland miners held their sixteenth annual gala and demonstration at Marske-by-the-Sea, the chair being occupied by Mr. Joseph Toyn.

9.—At a sitting of the Newcastle County Court, Judge Holl gave judgment in an action brought by Mr. J. O. Scott, as owner of Delaval Colliery, Benwell, against George Campbell, a workman in his employment, to recover £2 12s. for use and occupation of a house at Benwell, from the 3rd February to the 5th May, during which time the miners were out on strike in Northumberland. His Honour gave judgment for the plaintiff for the full amount claimed.

—A new Wesleyan Chapel was opened at Halton Shields, near Corbridge.

10.—Steps were initiated with a view to the erection of a Town Hall for Wooler.

11.—A young man named John Wilson, 21 years of age, was drowned while bathing in the Team at Low Fell.

—The foundation stone of a Workmen's Institute, estimated to cost £1,400, was laid at Ouston, by the Rev. Canon Blunt, of Chester-le-Street.

12.—Some excitement was caused during the evening service in Lanchester Parish Church by the entrance of a large-sized dog belonging to the vicar, the Rev. F. W. Glyn. Mr. W. Brotherhood, sidesman, removed the animal, which, however, was so irritated at being summarily dismissed, that it refused to allow Mr. Brotherhood to return to the church by the door, and he had to re-enter by the vestry.

13.—Dr. Beatley was elected honorary physician to Newcastle Infirmary, in the room of Dr. Ralph Young, resigned.

—A mason named William Welsh, 60 years of age, committed suicide by leaping down the shaft of the Foxy Pit at Lumley.

—A new railway station was opened by the North-Eastern Railway Company at the Manors, Newcastle.

14.—Mr. Joseph Potts, dentist, Tatham Street, Sunderland, committed suicide by taking poison.

15.—The foundation stone of new buildings for the Durham College of Science, in Lax's Gardens, Barras Bridge, Newcastle, was laid by Sir William Armstrong, in the presence of a large assembly of ladies and gentlemen. The section of the buildings at present in course of erection will be of the Later Tudor style of architecture. The amount required for this portion of the work will be nearly £20,000, but the erection of the whole college will cost a very much greater sum. The architect is Mr. Robert Johnson, Newcastle.

General Occurrences.

MAY.

15.—Her Majesty formally opened the People's Palace, Mile End, London, a place of recreation for working-men and women.

17.—The French Ministry suffered defeat in the Chamber of Deputies, and M. Goblet's Government resigned office.

18.—Mr. William O'Brien, editor of *United Ireland*, who undertook a mission to Canada for the purpose of denouncing the Governor-General, the Marquis of Lansdowne, met with great opposition. Mr. O'Brien was mobbed at Toronto, and received rather serious injuries. At Kingston, Ontario, he was again mobbed; while at Hamilton, in the same province, he was pelted with rotten eggs, and a revolver was fired at him. Mr. O'Brien left Canada on the 27th. Lord Lansdowne was entertained at a banquet at the National Club, Toronto, on the 24th, and received a most sympathetic ovation.

18.—Eighty Liberal Unionists, members of the Eighty Club, resigned their membership.

22.—The members of the House of Commons attended St. Margaret's Church, London, in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee.

25.—The Opera Comique Theatre, Paris, was burned down. The fire broke out about 9 p.m., during a performance of "Mignon." A terrible panic ensued, and some hundreds of persons were either burnt or crushed to death. About 70 bodies were recovered from the ruins. A week after the sad event, it was said that about 484 people were missing.

28.—A terrible catastrophe occurred at Udston Colliery, High Blantyre, Lanarkshire. Soon after the usual complement of men had descended the pit, a tremendous explosion occurred, and three of the four shafts were found to be blocked up. Seventy-four persons lost their lives.

30.—A sculling match on Lake Calumet, Pullman, Illinois, U.S., was decided between Edward Hanlan, of Toronto (ex-champion of the world), and Jacob Gaudaur, of St. Louis, U.S., over a three-mile course. After a hard race, Gaudaur proved the victor by four lengths, the time being the fastest ever known in a single scull contest—19 mins. 30 secs.

—The nineteenth annual congress of the co-operative societies of the United Kingdom (which extended over three days) commenced at Carlisle. About 500 delegates attended. Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, president, delivered an inaugural address.

JUNE.

1.—A conference of Liberal Unionists took place at Birmingham, when Mr. Jos. Chamberlain, M.P., delivered an important speech. Letters were read from Lord Hartington and Mr. John Bright. The tone of the meeting indicated that there was no hope of re-union with the Gladstonian Liberals.

2.—Mr. Gladstone journeyed from Hawarden to Swansea for the purpose of filling engagements he had made in South Wales. The ex-Premier delivered speeches to large crowds which had assembled to greet him at various railway stations.

4.—A Liberal demonstration took place at Swansea, when Mr. Gladstone delivered speeches on Wales and Welsh grievances. It was calculated that about 100,000 persons took part in a march past before the ex-Premier. In the evening, Mr. Gladstone was present at a banquet, and delivered a speech in which he indicated his willingness to confer with Lord Hartington on points of difference which existed between the two sections of the Liberal party. The following day Mr. Gladstone formally opened the Free Library at Swansea.

6.—A dispute about the payment of rent having arisen between Colonel Callaghan and his tenants at Bodyke, Ireland, proceedings were taken to evict the latter. Much resistance was shown by the tenants and inhabitants. The painful proceedings lasted several days.

9—Several shocks of earthquake were experienced at Vernoe and Tsharkent, in Turkestan, both places being laid in ruins and many persons killed.

13.—A shocking murder by Moonlighters was perpetrated in Kerry. A man named Jeremiah Hurley was dragged out of bed, and, after a desperate struggle, riddled with bullets. The victim died almost immediately,

Printed by WALTER SCOTT, Felling-on-Tyne.

The Monthly Chronicle

OF

NORTH-COUNTRY LORE AND LEGEND

VOL. I.—NO. 6. AUGUST, 1887. PRICE 6D.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford,

AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF NEWCASTLE AND GATESHEAD," &c.

Bertram Anderson,

MAYOR OF NEWCASTLE AND MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

SO many persons named Anderson have been men of mark between the Tyne and the Tweed that it is hardly possible to classify them with due regard to consanguinity and chronological order. Their relationships and intermarriages puzzled Surtees, and defied the genealogical skill of Sir Cuthbert Sharp. Generally they belonged to one or other of the two great divisions of the family—the Haswell line, or that of Newcastle, Jesmond, and Bradley. In these two main branches the names of Bertram, Henry, and Francis are recurrent. But there was a contemporaneous family of Andersons in Newcastle, in which the name of Robert is most frequent. They married into the Jesmond line, and it is difficult at times to distinguish the one from the other.

The first Anderson that appears in the public life of Northumberland is Henry, who was alderman, Sheriff, and several times Mayor of Newcastle in the reign of Henry VIII. Bertram Anderson, whose name heads this sketch, was his son, and was born somewhere in the teens of the 16th century. Of his birth there is no existing record, nor of his education, his boyhood, or his youth. He married Alice, daughter of Ralph Carr, of Newcastle and Cocken, by Isabel ——, a lady who, after Ralph Carr's death, became successively the wife of John Hilton and John Franklin, and was locally a notable personage. The name of Bertram Anderson (and there is little doubt of his identity with Bertram, son of Henry) is found in a muster roll of the inhabitants of Newcastle, dated the 27th March, 1539, as that of a responsible householder, capable of providing for the King's service himself and a servant armed with "two jacks, two salletts, a bow, and a halbert." At that time he was residing in the third ward of Alderman Gilbert Middleton, which there is reason to believe was Carliol Tower ward, and included the east side of Pilgrim Street within the Gate from Austin Chare, and without the Gate up what is now Northumberland Street as far as the Magdalene Hospital.

Henry Anderson had been Mayor of Newcastle three times, and M.P. once, when Bertram, in 1543, was elected to the Shrievalty. His year of office was an important one. The King gave the Corporation the Monastery of the Dominicans, or Black Friars, near the Westgate; and he sent them a great army to feed as it marched north to another invasion of Scotland. They appreciated the one, and were at their wit's end how to deal with the other; for it was a time of scarcity, and the ships they had sent to the South for grain had been restrained and kept back to meet the royal needs, which were quite as great in that part of the country as in the North. The Sheriff, being the King's officer and representative, had, we may be sure, an unpleasant hour with Lord Hertford and Ralph Sadler when they found the town, as they expressed it, "utterly disfurnished and unprovided."

From the Shrievalty of Newcastle to the Mayor's chair

was usually but a step when the occupant belonged to one of the great ruling families. Bertram Anderson waited seven years, and then, in 1551, with Edward VI. on the throne, and John Knox thundering from Tyneside pulpits, he was elected head of the municipality, and Governor of the Merchants' Company. Two years later he was sent to represent Newcastle in Parliament—the Parliament that annexed Gateshead to Newcastle. It was dissolved in the same month (March) that it assembled, and, in May, Bertram Anderson obtained a grant from the King of all the coal mines within the fields of Elswick for twenty-one years. He had only a few months before purchased the wardship of Thomas Swinburne, aged six, son and heir of William Swinburne, of Capheaton, who had property all over the county of Northumberland.

Queen Mary came to the throne in July, and to the Parliament which sat from the 5th October to the 5th December Bertram Anderson was not sent. The elections were greatly influenced by the Court, and probably the late member was considered too much attached to the policy which Mary's advisers intended to subvert. By the next year, however, this distrust, if it ever existed, had passed away. There were, as usual, two Parliaments —one in the spring and the other in the autumn—and Bertram Anderson was elected to both. The first of them repealed the legislation of the previous year, dissolved the tie which bound Gateshead to Newcastle, and restored to the Bishopric of Durham its ancient possessions. The second did nothing of special interest to Newcastle, and after it was dissolved Bertram Anderson stayed at home, looked after his property, and no doubt assisted in preparing that scheme for the better government of the town which was sanctioned by the Privy Council in June, 1557. The new plan came into operation at Michaelmas, and he was the first Mayor elected under its provisions. Within a few weeks after he entered upon this, his second Mayoralty, he was elected for the fourth time member of Parliament, and went up to Westminster to attend to his duties with the crowning disaster of the loss of Calais ringing in his ears. Soon afterwards he lost his venerable father, and before the year ran out the unhappy reign of Queen Mary was terminated by death, and an entirely new era began to dawn.

One of the first acts of Elizabeth's reign was the sending of the Duke of Norfolk to reside in Newcastle as the Queen's Lieutenant. His Grace took up his abode in the Queen's Manor—the ancient house of the Augustines or Austin Friars—and began to set things in order. There is a letter of his to Cecil, dated Feb. 20, 1559-60, in which he reports that he has conferred with Bertram Anderson, who engaged that by a given time six ships of the port—four of 110 tons and two of 120 tons—could be placed at their disposal in the Frith of Forth. In May following, Anderson was himself writing to Cecil, as one of the aldermen, complaining of an infringement of the town's customs and privileges by the inhabitants of Hartlepool. He had not been returned to Elizabeth's first Parliament, but was sent to her second, which met in January, 1562-63, and was not dissolved until the beginning of the year 1566-67. At Michaelmas in the former year (1563), the electors re-appointed him to the Mayoralty, and he then occupied the proud position of being for the third time Mayor of, and for the fifth time M.P. for, his native town.

A curious incident occurred about this time in connection with Bertram Anderson's household. Isabel Richardson had been a servant in the Anderson establishment, and Christabel Braidfurth had slandered her. Whereupon Isabel brought Christabel before the Ecclesiastical Court at Durham. From the evidence adduced, it appeared that Braidfurth told a neighbour that Isabel "did steal wood forth of Mr. Bertram Anderson's, and also beef and bread, that her hands were bound behind her back in Mr. Anderson's parlour and the keys taken from her, and her coffer searched by Mr. Anderson's servants and her own husband; there was one pair of 'croks' of Mrs. Anderson found, and beef, bread, and wool in the loft; and ever, when a miller came to the town, followed him up and down while she were drunken, and had no delight upon her husband; and that she left her left-foot shoe upon Mr. Anderson's back yard when she climbed over the wall for such intents," and so on and so on.

In 1566, Bertram Anderson sold Milburn Grange, near Ponteland, to John Horsley, and the same year he lost his brother-in-law, Oswald Chapman (Mayor of Newcastle, 1558), and was assigned a place of trust in his will. He also entertained the Duke of Chatelherault (James Hamilton), passing through the realm with fourteen horses and a passport from the Duke of Bedford, and enabled the fugitive Earl of Morton to escape into Flanders in one of his ships.

Members of Parliament were paid for their services in the old times, and the accounts of the Corporation contain various entries of the sums paid to Bertram Anderson. There is one dated October, 1568—"Paid to Mr. Bartram Anderson for the rest of his parlament moneye which he was behynd of the last year, as appears by the ful of the accompt the last yeare, 8*l.*"

Two years later the Bishop of Durham granted him a lease for twenty-one years, at an annual rent of £30, of the coal mines on Cross Moor, in the parish of Whickham. By this time he had acquired large possessions. He owned Haswell and Ouston, was lessee of the coal mines of Elswick and Cross Moor, held jointly with Sir Robert Brandling the fee simple of all the lands belonging to the dissolved nunnery of Newcastle, had shares in ships, a "great house in the Close," other house property

in both town and country, and large stores of merchandise belonging to his business as a merchant adventurer, in various warehouses, cellars, &c., in different parts of the town. His brothers and sisters were married into the wealthy local families of Mitford, Chapman, Thomlinson, Fenwick, and Dent, while his father had been Mayor, and one of his brothers Sheriff. He himself had been Sheriff, three times Mayor, and five times M.P. for Newcastle, and was possibly the person named in "Nicholson's Border Laws" as Bertram Anderson of Burroden, one of the Overseers of the Watch from the Tyne to Hartford Bridge, and a Commissioner of Enclosures upon the Middle Marches. All the honours that his fellow-townsmen could bestow upon him, all the riches that successful trading wins, were his; he had become one of the most popular and one of the most opulent citizens of his time. In the midst of it all—in the prime of life—he was smitten down by death. Before the year 1570 had run its course he was making his will, and shortly afterwards, probably in February, 1570-71, he was laid beside his wife and his father in St. Nicholas's Church.

Francis Anderson.

THE STORY OF THE FISH AND THE RING.

Francis Anderson was the second son of Henry Anderson, before named, and a brother of Bertram Anderson. He appears in the muster-roll of 1539, in the fourth ward of Alderman Gilbert Middleton. This fourth ward was assigned to Pilgrim Street Gate, and began — "the great waste barn," opposite the Magdalene Hospital (the Haymarket), and came down the west side of Pilgrim Street to All Hallows' Pant, near the south stile of All Hallows' Church. It included the Painter Heugh, the Nether Dean Bridge, the north end of the Upper Dean Bridge from Lort Burn to Pilgrim Street, and went along Grey Friar Lane to Ficket Tower (west of the Grey Monument). He is entered as capable of providing for his Majesty's service himself and a servant armed with two sallets, a bow, and a halbert. It was intended that, like his father and brother, he should take a prominent part in public life, and in 1560 he was appointed Sheriff of Newcastle. His father died the year before, and left him "the house at the Bridge-end, which he now dwelleth in," and (to pay the out-rent thereof) "the house that Henry Gray dwelleth in at the White Cross," together with £100 in money, a nest of white goblets, a dozen silver spoons with forks, and "my best gilt salts." He married Elizabeth Lomley, and was evidently on the high road to further honours when he died. The date of his death cannot be ascertained, but it appears that he was living in 1568, for in July that year William Wealand, of Gateshead, quarryman, made his will, and in an inventory of his debtors is a sum of £4 11s. 2d. due from "Francis Anderson, for grindstones." That he died before 1571 is evident from the will of his brother Bertram, of that date, in which occurs a legacy of £10 to Elizabeth, "widow of my brother Francis."

Within these few lines would lie all that is known of Francis Anderson, but for the circumstance that he may have been the hero of the Newcastle version of the remarkable tale known as "The Fish and the Ring," which is thus told by historians :—

"A citizen of Newcastle (whose name I take to be Mr. Anderson), talking with a friend of his upon Newcastle Bridge, and fingering his ring, before he was aware, let it fall into the river, and was much troubled at the loss of it, till by a fish caught in the river that loss was repaired, and his ring restored to him." From "Vox Piscis." London, 1627.

"There was a strange accident upon the bridge happened to an alderman of Newcastle, looking over the bridge into the river, with his hands over; his gould ring fell off his finger into the water; which was given for lost. It chanced that one of his servants bought a salmon in the market, opening the belly of the fish, found his master's ring in the guts." — Gray's "Chorographia." Newcastle, 1649.

"We have a story goes in this town of Newcastle, said to be of great antiquity, concerning one of our aldermen, whose ring dropt off his finger into the Tyne, as he was looking over the bridge. A maid bought a fish the day after, and opening the guts of it, there found her master's ring, which the fish had swallowed, and sundry families pretend to this day to show us this ring, out of an emulation of antiquity."—"Life of Ambrose Barnes." About 1716.

"After you come from the gateway of the magazine there is an open on the bridge on either side. Over the one of these it was that surprising accident happened to Mr. Anderson, a merchant and alderman of this town. . . . . This gentleman was Mayor of Newcastle, and was ancestor of the present Mr. Abraham Anderson, merchant on the Sandhill. The said Francis Anderson made his estate to his son Henry Anderson, who was the father of the said Abraham's grandfather."—Bourne's "History of Newcastle," 1736.

The ring, lent by the Rev. W. P. Anderson, of Winsford Rectory, Dulverton, a descendant of the family, was exhibited at a meeting of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries in August, 1884. It is a cornelian signet, bearing figures of Hope and Abundance, and seems to be a Roman antique, dating from the close of the second century of our era. Inside the ring, which is of plain gold, are the letters "F.A.," with a fish between. Our engraving is taken, by permission, from the Proceedings of the Newcastle Antiquaries. A similar engraving appears in Brand's "History of Newcastle," vol. ii., p. 47.

These are the different accounts of the Newcastle incident, for the story itself is very old, dating back to the time of King Solomon. It will be seen that the "accident" happened at the Newcastle end of the bridge to an alderman named Francis Anderson. Bourne states that he was Mayor; but Brand, in telling the story, quotes a parchment account of it, dated 1559, which seems to fix it upon the Francis Anderson whose bio-

graphy we have recorded, and who, as we know from his father's will, was living at the Bridge-end at that time.

Sir Francis Anderson,

THE ARDENT ROYALIST.

Roger, son of Francis Anderson, married on the 14th April, 1612, and lost a few months afterwards, Anne, daughter of William Jackson. For his second wife he took, January 20, 1613-14, Jane, daughter of William Bower, of Oxen-le-Field. By this second marriage he had a son and heir, who, in the week preceding Christmas, 1614, received in baptism, at St Nicholas's Church, Newcastle, his grandfather's name of Francis. The child was peculiarly unfortunate. Before he was ten years of age he had lost successively his mother, father, and grandfather, and was left, with three or four sisters younger than himself, to be brought up by his relatives. All the Andersons were well-to-do people, and the estates of the father and grandfather left the orphans well furnished for their entrance into the cares and responsibilities of life. When Francis arrived at man's estate, he came into possession of his father's coal mines and the manor of Jesmond, while Robert Anderson, whose relationship is not very clearly made out, settled upon him the estate of Bradley, in the parish of Ryton. It would appear that the fine mansion built upon the site of the Grey Friars' Monastery in Newcastle by another Anderson in 1580 was his also. Whether this last-named property came to him at the same time, and through the same donor, as Bradley, or whether it was a later acquisition, is not in evidence. It is, however, abundantly clear that the attainment of his majority placed him in a position of affluence, and, being a man of property, he went, like Tennyson's Northern Farmer, "where money is" for a wife. On the 19th May, 1636, he was united to Jane, daughter and heiress of John Dent, of Barnard Castle.

It the times had been favourable, the early career of Francis Anderson might have been prosperous to himself and beneficial to the community. Unfortunately, he entered public life in his native town at a most unhappy period. Civil war was impending, and Newcastle, being on the borderland, so to speak, between the two kingdoms, was divided more sharply than many other towns into factions—sympathisers with English prelacy struggling for supremacy with the adherents of Scottish Presbyterianism. Three years after his marriage, the two parties fought their battle at the Michaelmas election, and the Puritans won. It was a Puritan Mayor who received Leslie and his Covenanters the following August, when, flushed by the victory of Newburn, they marched without hindrance into Newcastle. We do not meet with the name of Francis Anderson in connection with this disaster or the humiliation which followed. He was only a young burgess of five-and-twenty, and the tedious dealings, for nearly twelve months, with the Scots in Newcastle, would be conducted by older and perhaps wiser heads than his. It is known from his after life that he was an ardent Royalist, and, therefore, he could have been no idle spectator of the misfortune which had overtaken his party. He would, without doubt, assist in reversing the municipal defeat of the previous year, and participate in the victory, for on Michaelmas Monday, 1640, although the Scots were in possession of the town, the Royalist electors carried their nominee, Sir Nicholas Cole, into the mayoralty, and gave him a Sheriff of like opinions, in the person of Francis Liddell. The following year they re-elected Cole, and bestowed the shrievalty upon the lord of Jesmond and Bradley. King Charles, returning in November from an abortive mission of peace to Scotland, received his loyal friends at Newcastle, and no doubt approved their choice of Sheriff, for not long afterwards he made the holder of that office one of his too numerous knights—Sir Francis Anderson.

The rest of the kingdom was not so devoted to the Royal cause as Newcastle. Victory after victory came to the arms of Parliament, and in August, 1644, Newcastle was besieged and taken. Sir Francis Anderson's stately house became the headquarters of the Scottish commander. There the committees of both kingdoms met, and there in his own home they confiscated his collieries and those of other leading Royalists for the benefit of Parliament and the pay of the army. There, too, when all the fighting was over, Charles I. was kept for nine months a prisoner, holding conferences on Episcopacy with that grim presbyter Alexander Henderson, making unsuccessful efforts to escape, and conducting fruitless negotiations with his conquerors. Meanwhile, the unfortunate owner of the mansion, deprived of his knighthood, was endeavouring to compound for his "delinquencies," and to preserve some portion of his sequestrated estate. In the "Journals of the House of Commons," under date July 13, 1647, appears this resolution:—

That this House doth accept the sum of £1,200 of Francis Anderson, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Esquire, for a fine for his delinquency. His offence is that he was in arms against the Parliament. He rendered in November, 1645. His estate in fee per annum is £480; £46 per annum for fourteen years; £60 per annum for three lives; £400 per annum for eight years; £170 per annum in reversion; a personal estate to the value of £130, out of which allowance is to be made for £60 per annum issuing for one life; £60 per annum for ever; for £400 charged on the lands in fee; and £3,600 debt, which is charged upon the collieries. An ordinance for granting a pardon unto Francis Anderson, of, &c., for his delinquency and for discharge of the sequestration of his estate, was this day read, and, upon the question, passed; and ordered to be sent into the Lords for their concurrence.

Nothing more is heard of Francis Anderson until the Restoration. On the 11th April, 1660, there was an election in Newcastle, and Robert Ellison and William Calverley were sent to represent the town in the Healing or Convention Parliament, which on May Day in that

year voted for the return of Charles II. At the end of June, Mr. Calverley obtained leave of absence from the House, came to Newcastle, and died, and on the 25th July was buried in St. Nicholas's. In the following month (29th), Sir Francis Anderson, restored to his former dignity, was elected as Calverley's successor. The books of the Corporation of Newcastle contain an entry of the payment made for his services:—"1661. May.—Paid Sir Francis Anderson's sallarie for being Parliament man, for the towne off Newcastle, 128 dayes the last Parliament, at 13s. 4d. per day, is £85 6s. 8d." Just before that sum was handed over, there had been an election to Charles II.'s first regularly convoked Parliament, and Sir Francis was again returned, with Sir John Marley as his colleague. The Merchants' Company, anxious to do him honour, admitted him as a brother, although his right to that privilege had lapsed by the neglect of his father. In the books of the company appears the following special entry recording his admission, and the reason for it:—

1661. Sept. 25.—Whereas Francis Anderson, Knight, one of the Burgesses for this present Parliament who (though he is the grandchild of Francis Anderson, Esquire, Alderman of the Town, a free brother of this Society), through his father's omission, neglected to take his freedom of this fellowship, he was rendered incapable thereof, and the Company, taking into consideration that the said Sir Francis Anderson had descended from such worthy progenitors (some of whom had been Governors of this Society), and having experienced the endeavours and readiness of the said Sir Francis to maintain the privileges of the said Company, that in testimony of the greatest respects they were able to express to him, did admit him and his son, Mr. Robert Anderson (not there personally) to their absolute freedom of the said fellowship. Admitted accordingly.

At Michaelmas, 1662, Sir Francis was re-appointed Mayor, on which occasion there seems to have been a contest between him and Sir John Marley. In a letter from Edward Arden, steward of the bishopric, to Myles Stapleton, Bishop Cosin's secretary, it is stated that "Sir Francis Anderson is elected Mayor of Newcastle, which Sir John Marley was unwilling to; they sat up all night, and Sir Francis carried it." Before he went out of office as Mayor, he received his "sallarie" as M.P. again:—"Paid the right worshippful Mr. Maior for his servis in Parliament, 156 daies, £104." It does not appear that he distinguished himself in the House of Commons. A glance at the journals of the House does not reveal his name very often. He was, apparently, detained in the North a good deal, looking after his extensive collieries, and engaged in framing the complicated regulations by which the Hostmen of Newcastle (he was governor of the company in 1676) sought to make the coal trade profitable. He was also entering into speculations, for on the 9th September, 1665, he obtained a lease for 1,000 years from the Mayor and Burgesses of Newcastle of "all that parcel of ground within the territories of Winlington (Winlaton), between high and low water mark, in length from east to west 1,274 yards, and in breadth from low water mark 120 yards, with liberty to build keys and cast ballast, upon paying 2d. per ton for all ballast cast thereon." Laxity of attendance in Parliament was not a special fault of his. It had become so common that, in 1668, an effort was made to put a stop to it. A call of the House was taken, and 54 members, absent without leave, were fined £40 each, of which number 25, including Sir Francis, were able to give a satisfactory excuse and obtain remission.

For some reason or other, Sir Francis Anderson found it convenient about this time to dispose of a part of his landed estate. His lands in Jesmond were sold in 1669 to William Coulson. In 1675-76, when he was Mayor for the second time, and entertained Sir F. North in a memorable trip down the river, he sold his spacious house and grounds, in the heart of Newcastle, to Sir William Blackett, and became thenceforward identified with the estate of Bradley. Local history, recording his loyalty and his sufferings, invariably styles him "Sir Francis Anderson, of Bradley, Knight."

The Parliament to which Sir Francis was elected in 1661, known as the "Pensionary Parliament," lasted till January, 1678-79. At the General Election in February that year he was again returned, with Sir William Blackett (who, in 1673, had succeeded Sir John Marley) as his colleague. This was a very short Parliament. It met on the 6th March, and, not being sufficiently pliable to the royal will, was dissolved on the 12th July. Within a week of its dissolution, Sir Francis Anderson was overtaken by death. On the 19th July, 1679, he was buried in his parish church at Ryton, near his wife, who had been taken from him six years earlier. His estate came to his son Henry, whose daughter Jane carried it by marriage into the Newcastle family of Simpson, and they in turn to the Liddells of Ravensworth.

"The memory of the loyal Francis," writes Surtees, fresh from the perusal of Bourne, "seems to have been held in high veneration by his descendants, and when John Simpson and Jane, his wife, commemorate the virtuous endowments of their eldest son, Anderson, they add that he was 'so called as being a descendant of the worthy and loyal family of the Andersons of Braidley, who suffered so much in the time of the civil wars in defence of their king and country.'"

Van Amburgh.

SUCH of our readers as can look back through the comparatively long vista of fifty years can scarcely fail to remember the visit to the North of England of the great lion-tamer, Van Amburgh. His appearance in any town or village along the great North Road called forth the inhabitants in mass to behold the splendid show, the hero

of the day driving a superb team of ten beautiful cream-coloured and piebald horses, harnessed two abreast, restraining and guiding the motions of these fiery steeds as easily as though he had only been driving a pair of ladies' ponies, and followed by some twenty light caravans, picked out splendidly with green and gold, and drawn likewise by handsome horses, harnessed in furniture ornamented with silver. They will recollect the crowds that flocked to the marquee, as soon as it was pitched and thrown open, to see this wonderful man go into the den of lions, there to brave the fury of the king of beasts. There they would see in the centre a huge cage containing a majestic-looking lion and lioness, a royal Bengal tiger, a black tiger, and a couple of panthers, all moving about restlessly, as is their wont in captivity, when not asleep, until Van Amburgh, dressed in a suit of silk fleshings, with a scarf and shirt of pale blue satin, would bound into the cage. Here is how we find the scene described in Sheldon's "History of Berwick":—

Holding his whip four feet from the ground, Van Amburgh advances, keeping his face to the brutes, and beckons the savage tiger to advance. The beast obeys, and leaps over the slight barrier, followed in succession by all the others, except the old lion, who lies looking at his keeper. Van Amburgh calls loudly to him, but he still does not move; then the intrepid tamer cuts at him smartly with his whip, and with a roar like a peal of cannon, and a bound that shakes the cage and freezes the blood of the lookers-on, the huge monster flies over the whip. A hoop is produced, and one after another the beasts leap through it. The lion charmer now throws them on the ground, and lies down with them in a variety of attitudes. Now is he beneath the pile of beasts; now is he *tête-à-tête* with the savage Bengal tiger; now he pillows his head on the mane of the lioness, the pards and lion crouching by him; and now he leaps on his feet, and stands on the prostrate beasts triumphantly, asserting the sovereignty and dominion of imperious man over the animals of the earth, while a thunder of applause showers around him. Now with a word he compels the savage black tiger to rise upon his hind feet, and wrestle with him—no mock encounter. The horrid fangs of the beast are gleaming hideously above the light and delicate form of its human antagonist! And now, amid a shudder from all around, he places his head in the monstrous mouth of the beast. One cranch, and—but no—though the tiger rolls his eyes like coals of fire, he makes no motion; the majesty of man has completely cowed him, and he suffers his daring antagonist to withdraw his head in safety, when, with one snap of his terrible jaws, he could have shivered his skull like a crystal goblet. Gradually retreating to the wicket, still keeping his eye upon and facing them, after a few more orders, he suddenly throws open the gate and leaps out backward, fastening the wicket with the rapidity of lightning. Well that he does so; now that they are relieved from the fascination of the human eye, they regain fierceness; and with a heavy roar, and bound on the wicket bars, which makes the stout iron rods bend like willow wands, they open their cavernous jaws and hoarsely roar. The monstrous tiger glares on the assemblage, and leaps round the cage in vindictive rage; whilst the others growl, and move savagely about in all the fury of native wildness.

Van Amburgh's visit to the North took place in the months of June and July, 1843, and the throng of country people into Newcastle, Sunderland, South Shields, North Shields, Blyth, Morpeth, Alnwick, Berwick, and other towns, to see the marvellous show, exceeded all precedent.

The best account we have seen of Van Amburgh's life and acts was published in the year 1839, by Ephraim Watts, a merchant in New York, who derived his information partly from the lion-tamer himself, and partly from his family. From it we learn that Isaac Van Amburgh was born in July, 1811, in a little village in Duchess County, in the State of Kentucky. Vorboys Van Amburgh, our hero's grandfather, was a Tuscarora Indian; his proper name was Tangborgon d'Oom, which, in his native language, signifies "Great King of the Woods." He took the other name from a settler in Kentucky, so called, whose life he had saved in the bush, where he had been attacked by two jaguars. The grateful Dutchman invited him to Kentucky, where he eventually settled, was baptized, and married.

Young Van Amburgh despised all the ordinary amusements of boys of his age, and only insects, wasps, flies, maybugs, and other such creatures seemed to take his fancy. When he grew bigger, he turned his attention to tiny four-footed beasts, making the mice and rats in the storerooms of the neighbours his friends and subjects. He ere long became the most fearless rider in the whole country round, and the wildest horses in Kentucky were brought to him to break in. By the time that he was twelve years old, he could make an independent living in this way; but he was not by any means satisfied with it. In his leisure hours he wandered about the woods in Kentucky, and tried his hand at taming wolves, foxes, ferrets, hyænas, wild swine, buffaloes, and wild bulls. Not only did he tame a good number, but he gained a perfect mastery over them, and established what might be termed a true forest police. If the beasts in the neighbouring woods had carried off a lamb or a fowl, the person who had lost it would apply to Van Amburgh, and beg that he would either punish or capture the evil-doer. The unanimous testimony of the people in the vicinity set this fact beyond all doubt. They declared that Van Amburgh very often found the beast that had committed the robbery, and brought the stolen goose, turkey, or lamb back to the owner entire. He was really the comptroller-general of the wild beasts.

Ere long Van Amburgh took service under a man named Titus, who owned the largest and finest menagerie that was then to be found, not only in America, but in the whole world. Titus's journeys, particularly at night by torchlight, furnished a remarkable sight. His menagerie filled sixty waggons, and the singular hooting, screaming, howling, and growling of the beasts formed altogether a concert that filled the hearts of those who met it with fear. Van Amburgh soon distinguished himself with Titus. The head keeper had just lately died of wounds inflicted by a lioness whom he had been trying to drive out of one cage into another. Two other keepers, who had been helping him, were likewise hurt.

Van Amburgh engaged to tame the savage creature, and went alone into the cage, armed only with an iron bar. Three days later, the public saw a thing done that had never been done before, when the marvellous man actually ventured his head into the mouth of the lioness, which he had in that short time been able to tame, though she was one of the fiercest of her kind.

At the close of the year 1838, Titus sent Van Amburgh to England with a part of his menagerie. Shortly after his arrival he was engaged by the proprietors of Astley's Circus for £300 sterling per week, and there he now showed himself, surrounded by his lions and tigers, which humbly lay at his feet and obeyed his slightest nod. The crowds that went to see him were immense. He was introduced into aristocratic companies, and treated with the greatest honour. The most distinguished men in London sent him invitations, and conversed with him on the art of taming wild beasts; and he gained considerable sums through giving young men of the highest rank instructions in that art. All the English and French journals of the day mentioned a proposal which he made to the proprietors of Vauxhall, to go up in the great Nassau balloon with his favourite tiger, and to come down from it by means of a parachute. But the London magistrates forbade this comedy, on the ground of the immense concourse of spectators it would have brought together, and the danger in which Mr. Green, who was to be the travelling companion of Van Amburgh and his tiger, would have run in that voyage through the air.

Sir Edwin Landseer was commissioned by the Duke of Wellington, the victor in many a well-fought field, to paint a large picture of "Van Amburgh and the Lions," which was afterwards engraved, and met with a wide sale. When in Paris some twenty years before his death, which took place, we believe, in 1865, Van Amburgh supplied Eugène Sue with details about lion-taming which the novelist worked up in his "Wandering Jew."

Van Amburgh stood five feet ten and a half inches high. He was not at all robust, neither were his muscles uncommonly developed. His power lay in his iron will, the strength of his nerves, and the magic of his eye, by which he fascinated, humbled, subdued, and rendered obedient the most ferocious of wild beasts.

Hell's Hole, Cheviot Hills.

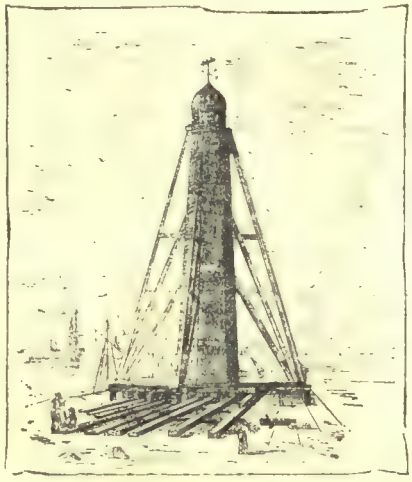
THE slopes of the Cheviots are covered for some distance from their base, wherever there is the least shelter, by straggling patches of natural wood, which give place, as you ascend higher, to brushwood, bracken, and thin turf. In many a secluded spot among the wild glens there are still to be met with remains of the primeval forest. In some of the wilder ravines the reddish porphyritic cliffs are exposed, indicating the leading geological character of this beautiful range of hills, among which the tourist is in a region fully as sequestered and solitary as any within the compass of the four seas, although only an hour or two's distance from towns and villages thickly dotted over a rich country. Looked at from the plain below, the hills present, as a whole, a smooth surface, clothed as they are to their summits with a succulent green sward, affording excellent pasture to many thousands of sheep; but they show to the pedestrian a number of rugged glens, of which the wildest is Hell's Hole, more commonly called Henhole, situated on the northern side of the Great Cheviot. On the top of this hog-backed mountain, which is 2,676 feet above the level of the sea, and from which, on a clear day, Roseberry Topping in Cleveland on one side, and the Soutra Hills in Midlothian, within sight of Edinburgh, on the other, can be plainly seen, there is a waste table-land of some five or six square miles, from the mossy surface of which a pretty large stream of water flows into Hell's Hole, forming the Colledge Water, which finds its way first into the Bowbent or Bowmont, thence into the Glen, a tributary of the Till, which joins the Tweed at Till-mouth, and so finally reaches the sea. The stream marks the division here between the two countries, and in the view given in our sketch the rocks to the right are in Scotland, and those to the left in England. The sides of this "hole" are formed by rugged rocks to within a mile or so of the highest point of the mountain. Within a space of about three-quarters of a mile, the water—in a succession of cascades of from six or eight to thirty feet in height—falls three hundred feet. From the bottom of the ravine to the platform at the top the distance somewhat exceeds a mile, and it may be compared to a great stone staircase, both for length and height of steps. The chasm is deepest about half-way up, where the rugged and precipitous cliffs on each side stand up like walls to the height of two hundred and fifty feet or thereabouts. At one place, rolled in behind an elevated and projecting pillar, there lay some time ago, and perhaps still lies, poised with its ends jutting out on each side in a most threatening position, a huge boulder, which a slight push might send down to the bottom. In places where the angle permits of an accumulation of crumbled rock to form what is locally termed a "sclidder," the least agitation sets it in motion. On ledges and crevices about the summit of the rocks the hunting falcon *(Falco gyrfalco)* and the raven *(Corvus corax)* breed. This is the only place among the eastern division of the hills on the Borders in which the latter bird, so far as we know, still resides. There is a small cavern in the face of the highest cliff on the right bank of the ravine, still accessible, we believe, to the venturesome, though dangerously so; and into this it is said that one of the early hunting Percies, along with some of his hounds, went and never returned. He and

HELLS HOLE, CHEVIOT HILLS

the hounds, if we may credit the legend, still lie in the cavern, bound by a magic spell—not dead, but fast asleep, and only to be released by a blast of a hunting horn, blown by some one as brave as ever Hotspur was, and more fortunate. This legend, it will be seen, is the counterpart of a dozen others, relating to such mythical personages as Arthur of Britain, Thomas the Rhymer, the Emperor Barbarossa, the Seven Sleepers, Rip Van Winkle, &c. The origin of such tales may possibly have been the circumstance of too venturesome individuals in the olden time having lost themseves in the bowels of the earth, and been suffocated by the mephitic gases engendered therein. But this is a question which it is easier to put than to answer.

Sunderland Lighthouse.

A TRIUMPH of engineering skill was accomplished in Sunderland when the lighthouse at that port was bodily removed from one end of the pier to the other. The former site, which was on the old pier, had become much impaired, and the new pier having been extended considerably to the east, it was deemed desirable that the lighthouse should stand as near the new pier end as possible. It was at first intended to take down the lighthouse and rebuild it; but Mr. John Murray, the engineer under whose direction this extraordinary effort was performed, proposad to remove it entire. As a proof of the feasibility of the plan, it was stated that houses in New York had been removed from their original situation to a considerable distance without sustaining any injury whatever; that the immense block of granite forming the pedestal of the statue of Peter the Great, at St. Petersburg, was conveyed four miles by land and thirteen by water; and that obelisks had also been transmitted from Egypt to Europe. The removal of Sunderland Lighthouse, however, was considered a more dangerous undertaking, from the circumstance of its being composed of stones of comparatively small dimensions, as well as from its great height and small base. The arrangements suggested by Mr. Murray were:—"That the stone work at the base, which is 15 feet in breadth, should be cut in detached parts, and timbers introduced so as to form an artificial base, and which should also act as a mooring carriage to consist of eight Memel baulks, beneath which other baulks should be laid with iron rails forming a railway. Each baulk of the carriage rested on 14 iron wheels, and from the extremities of the carriage on all sides large timber stays were erected, so as to support the body and top of the building." The building had to be drawn about 30 feet to the north, and 420 feet to the east, by powerful screws, along a railway, on the principle of Morton's patent slip for the repairing of vessels. The necessary preparations having been effected, the work of removal was commenced on the 3rd of June, 1841. The lighthouse was first taken several yards in a north-easterly direction. Rails were laid to convey it forward to the easterly extremity of the pier. During the week commencing with Monday, the 14th of September, 1841, the lighthouse was moved daily more than 30 feet in about as many minutes, including stoppages; but whilst actually moving it went at the rate of about two feet in a minute. Whilst the work was proceeding the screws were abandoned, and the building was drawn forward on the railway by ropes affixed to three windlasses, thirty men being engaged in this part of the work. The line of way was laid on a curve in order to bring the reflector round to a due east position. Much of the time occupied in the process was engaged in shifting the ways, which could not be laid the whole extent at one time. The movement process was



completed on Monday, the 4th of October, by the building being brought up to the site on which it was to be fixed. "The event," says a writer in the *Weekly Chronicle* of that date, "was witnessed by a number of ladies and gentlemen who had assembled on the occasion, and who united with the workmen in loud and enthusiastic cheers of congratulation to Mr. Murray." It is remarkable that not a single accident occurred to anyone during the progress of the work, and that the building did not sustain the slightest injury by its removal. The light was exhibited every night by gas, as usual, so that not the least inconvenience resulted from the removal, which undoubtedly would have been the case had the entire building been pulled down for the purpose of re-erection. Our illustration shows the lighthouse as it appeared during the process of removal.

The Long Pack.

ALTHOUGH the tale of the Long Pack has been widely popular for a long series of years, yet there are many readers belonging to the present younger generation who are not familiar with the exploits of Edward and his old gun "Copenhagen." The scene of the story is not exactly known. Lee Hall is mentioned as the "country seat" where the strange circumstances took place, and Swinburne Castle is likewise pointed out as the famous spot. The accuracy of the date (1723) is questioned, many people considering that it must have been before that period when the supposed outrage took place. However that may be, James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, tells the tale as printed below.

It was in the year 1723, when Colonel Ridley returned from India, with what, in those days, was accounted an immense fortune, and retired to a country seat on the banks of North Tyne, in Northumberland. The house was rebuilt, and furnished with everything elegant and costly; and, amongst others, a service of plate, supposed to be worth £1,000. He went annually to London with his family during the winter months of the year, and at these times there were but few domestics left in his house. At the time treated of, the only domestics remaining were a servant maid, of the name of Alice, who kept the house, and two men, who thrashed the corn and took care of the cattle and out-buildings; there were also two ploughmen, but they were boarded in houses of their own.

One afternoon, as Alice was sitting spinning some yarn for a pair of stockings for herself, a pedlar entered the hall with a comical pack on his back. Alice had seen as long a pack and as broad a pack; but a pack equally as long, broad, and thick she declared she never saw. It was about the middle of winter, when the days were short, and the nights cold, long, and wearisome. The pedlar was a handsome, well-dressed man, and very likely to be an agreeable companion for such a maid as Alice on such a night as that; yet Alice declared that, from the very beginning, she did not like him greatly; and, though he introduced himself with a little ribaldry, and a great deal of flattery interlarded, yet, when he came to ask a night's lodging, he met with a peremptory refusal. He jested on the subject, said he believed she was in the right, for he could scarcely trust himself under the same roof with such a sweet and beautiful creature. He then took her on his knee, and ravished a kiss. But all would not do. No, she would not consent to his staying there. "But are you really going to put me away to-night!" "Yes." "Indeed, my dear girl, you must not be so unreasonable; I have come straight from Newcastle, where I have been purchasing a fresh stock of goods, which are so heavy that I cannot travel far with them; and, as the people around are all of the poorer sort, I will rather make you a present of the grandest shawl in my pack before I go further." At the mentioning of the shawl the picture of deliberation was portrayed in lively colours in Alice's face for a little, but her prudence overcame. "No, she was but a servant, and had orders to harbour no person about the house but such as came on business; nor they, either, unless well acquainted with them." "What the worse can either your master, or you, or any other person be for suffering me to tarry until the morning?" "I entreat you not to insist, for here you cannot be." "But, indeed, I am not able to carry my goods further to-night." "Then you must leave them, or get a horse to carry them away." "Of all the inflexible beings I ever saw, thou art the first! But I cannot blame you; your resolution is just and right. Well, well, since no better may be, I must leave them, and go search for lodgings myself somewhere else; for, fatigued as I am, it is as much as my life is worth to endeavour carrying them further." Alice was rather taken at her word; she wanted nothing to do with his goods; the man was displeased at her, and might accuse her of stealing some of them; but it was an alternative she had proposed, and against which she could start no plausible objection, so she rather reluctantly consented. "But the pack will be better out of your way," said he, "and safer, if you be so kind as lock it by in some room or closet." She then led him into a low parlour, where he placed it carefully on two chairs, and went his way, wishing Alice a good night.

When Alice and the pack were left in the large house by themselves, she could not, for her life, quit thinking of the pack one moment. What was in it which made it so heavy that its owner could not carry it? She would go and see what was in it. It was a very curious pack. At least she would go and handle it, and see what she thought was in it. She went into the parlour—opened a wall press: she wanted nothing in the press; she never as much as looked into it; her eyes were fixed on the pack. "It was a very queer pack—it was square the one way, but not square the other way—it was a monstrous queer pack." It was now wearing late. She returned from the room in a sort of trepidation—sat down to her wheel, but could not spin one thread. "It is a droll pack yon! What made the man so very earnest with me to tarry all night? Never was man so importunate. What in the world has he got in it? It's a confounded queer pack after all! it's so long and so thick! It's a terrible queer pack!"

What surmises will fear not give rise to in the mind of a woman? She lighted a candle, and went again into the parlour, closed the window-shutters, and barred them; but before she came out she set herself upright,

held in her breath, and took another steady and scrutinising look at the pack. God of mercy! She saw it moving as visibly as ever she saw anything in her life. Every hair on her head stood upright. Every inch of flesh on her body crept like a nest of pismires. She hastened into the kitchen as fast as she could, for her knees bent under the load of terror that overwhelmed the heart of poor Alice. She puffed out the candle, lighted it again, and, not being able to find a candlestick, though a dozen stood on the shelf in the fore kitchen, she set it in a water jug, and ran out to the barn for old Richard. "Oh, Richard! oh, for mercy, Richard, make haste, and come into the house! Come away, Richard." "Why, what is the matter, Alice; what is wrong?" "Oh, Richard, a pedlar came into the hall entreating for lodging. Well, I would not let him stay on any account, and, behold, he has gone off and left his pack." "And what is the great matter in that?" said Richard. "I will wager a penny he will look after it before it will look after him." "But, oh, Richard, I tremble to tell you! We are all gone, for it is a living pack." "A living pack!" said Richard, staring at Alice, and letting his chops fall down. Richard had just lifted the flail over his head to begin thrashing a sheaf; but, when he heard of a living pack, he dropped one end of the handstaff to the floor, and, leaning on the other, took such a look at Alice. He knew long before that Alice was beautiful, he knew that ten years before, but he never took such a look at her in his life. "A living pack!" said Richard. "Why, the woman is mad, without all doubts." "Oh, Richard! come away. Heaven knows what is in it! But I saw it moving, as plainly as I see you at present. Make haste and come away, Richard." Richard did not stand to expostulate any longer, nor even to put on his coat, but followed Alice into the house, assuring her by the way that it was nothing but a whim, and of a piece with many of her phantasies. "But," added he, "of all the foolish ideas that ever possessed thy brain, this is the most unfeasible, and unnatural, and impossible. How can a pack, made up of napkins, and muslins, and corduroy breeches, perhaps, ever become alive? It is even worse than to suppose a horse's hair will turn to an eel." So saying, he lifted the candle out of the jug, and, turning about, never stopped till he had his hand upon the pack. He felt the bales that surrounded its edges to prevent the goods being rumpled and spoiled, by carrying the cords that bound it, and the canvas in which it was wrapped. ——"The pack was well enough. He found nought about it that other packs wanted. It was just like other packs made up of the same stuff. He saw nought that ailed it. And a good large pack it was. It would cost the honest man £200, if not more; it would cost him more; but he would make it all up again by cheating fools like Alice with his gewgaws." Alice testified some little disappointment at seeing Richard unconvinced, even by ocular proof. She wished she had neither seen him nor it, howsoever, for she was convinced there was something mysterious about it; that they were stolen goods, or something that way; and she was terrified to stay in the house with it. But Richard assured her the pack was right enough.

During this conversation, in came Edward, a lad about sixteen years of age, who herded the cattle. He was son to a coal-driver on the Border, and possessed a good deal of humour and ingenuity, but somewhat roguish, forward, and commonly very ragged in his apparel. He was at this time wholly intent on shooting the crows and birds that alighted in whole flocks where he foddered the cattle. He had bought a huge old military gun, which he denominated Copenhagen, and was continually thundering away at them. He seldom killed any, if ever; but he once or twice knocked off a few feathers, and, after much narrow inspection, discovered some drops of blood on the snow. He had at this very moment come in great haste for Copenhagen, having seen a glorious chance of sparrows, and a robin red-breast among them, feeding on the site of a corn-rick; but hearing them talk of something mysterious, and a living pack, he pricked up his ears and became all attention. "Faith, Alice," he said, "if you will let me, I'll shoot it." "Hold your peace, fool," said Richard. Edward took the candle from Richard, who still held it in his hand, and, gliding down the passsage, edged open the parlour door, and watched the pack attentively for about two minutes. He came back with a spring, and with looks very different from those which regulated his features as he went down. As sure as he had death to meet with, he saw it stirring. "Hold your peace, you fool," said Richard. Edward swore again that he saw it stirring; but whether he really thought so, or he only said so, is hard to determine. "Faith, Alice," said he again, "if you will let me, I'll shoot it." "I tell you to hold your peace, you fool," said Richard. "No," said Edward, "in the multitude of counsellors there is safety and I will maintain this to be our safest plan. Our master's house is confided to our care, and the wealth that it contains may tempt some people to use strategems. Now, if we open up the man's pack he may pursue us for damages to any amount; but, if I shoot at it, what amends can he get of me? If there is anything that should not be there, Lord, how I will pepper it! And if it is lawful goods he can only make me pay for the few that are damaged, which I will get at a valuation; so, if none of you will acquiesce, I will take all the blame on myself, and wear a shot on it." Richard said whatever was the consequence he would be blameless. A half-delirious smile rather distorted than beautified Alice's pretty face; but Edward took it for an assent to what he had been advancing; so, snatching up Copenhagen with one hand, and the candle in the other, he hastened down the passage, and, without hesitating a

moment, fired at the pack. Gracious God! the blood gushed out upon the floor like a torrent, and a hideous roar, followed by the groans of death, issued from the pack. Edward dropped Copenhagen upon the ground, and ran into the kitchen like one distracted. The kitchen was darkish, for he had left the candle in the parlour; so, taking to the door, without being able to utter a word, he ran to the hills like a wild roe, looking over each shoulder, as fast as he could turn his head from one to the other. Alice followed as fast as she could, but lost half the way of Edward. She was all the way sighing and crying most pitifully. Old Richard stood for a short space rather in a state of stupefaction; but at length, after some hasty ejaculations, he went into the parlour. The floor was covered with blood, and the pack thrown down upon the ground; but the groans and cries had ceased, and only a kind of guttural noise was heard from it. Knowing, then, that something must be done, he ran after his companions, and called on them to come back. Though Edward had escaped a good way, and was still persevering on, yet, as he never took a long time to consider the utility of anything, but acted from immediate impulse, he turned and came as fast back as he had gone away. Alice also came homeward, but more slowly, and crying even more bitterly than before. Edward overtook her, and was holding on his course; but as he passed she turned away her face and called him a murderer. At the sound of this epithet, Edward made a dead pause, and looked at Alice with a face much longer than it used to be. He drew in his breath twice, as if going to speak, but he only swallowed his spittle, and held his peace.

They were soon all three in the parlour, and, in no little terror or agitation of mind, loosened the pack, the principal commodity of which was a stout young man, whom Edward had shot through the heart, and thus bereaved of existence in a few minutes. To paint the feelings, or even the appearance of young Edward, during this scene, is impossible: he acted little, spoke less, and appeared in a hopeless stupor; the most of his employment consisted in swallowing his spittle and staring at his two companions.

It is most generally believed that when Edward fired at the pack he had not the most distant idea of shooting a man; but, seeing Alice so jealous of it, he thought the colonel would approve of his intrepidity, and protect him from being wronged by the pedlar. Besides, he had never got a chance of a shot at such a large thing in his life, and was curious to see how many folds of the pedlar's fine haberdashery ware Copenhagen would drive the drops through; so that when the stream of blood burst from the pack, accompanied with the dying groans of a human being, Edward was certainly taken by surprise, and quite confounded. He, indeed, asserted, as long as he lived, that he saw something stirring in the pack; but his eagerness to shoot, and his terror on seeing what was done, which was no more than what he might have expected, had he been certain he saw the pack moving, make his asseveration rather doubtful. They made all possible expedition in extricating the man, intending to call in medical assistance, but it was too late; the vital spark was gone for ever. "Alas!" said old Richard, heaving a deep sigh, "poor man, 'tis all over with him! I wish he had lived a little longer, to have repented of this, for he has surely died in a bad cause. Poor man! he was somebody's son, and, no doubt, dear to them; and nobody can tell how small a crime this hath, by a regular gradation, become the fruits of." Richard came twice across his eyes with the sleeve of his shirt, for he still wanted the coat. A thought of a tender nature shot through his heart. "Alas!" said he, "if his parents are alive, how will their hearts bear this, poor things?", said Richard, weeping outright. "Poor things, God pity them!"

The way that the man was packed up was artful and curious. His knees were brought up towards his breast, and his feet and legs stuffed in a hat-box; another hat-box, a size larger, and wanting the bottom, made the vacancy between his face and knees; and there being only one fold of canvas around this, he breathed with the greatest freedom; but it had undoubtedly been the heaving of his breast which caused the movement noticed by the servants. His right arm was within the box, and to his hand was tied a cutlass, with which he could rip himself from his confinement at once. There were also four loaded pistols secreted with him, and a silver wind-call. On coming to the pistols and cutlass, "Villain," said old Richard, "see what he has here. But I should not call him villain," said he, again softening his tone, "for he is now gone to answer at that bar where no false witness, nor loquacious orator, can bias the justice of the sentence pronounced on him. He is now in the true world, and I am in the false one. We can judge only from appearances, but thanks to our kind Maker and Preserver that he was discovered, else it is probable that none of us would have seen the light of a new day.' These dismal reflections from the mouth of old Richard by degrees raised the spirits of Edward. He was bewildered in uncertainty, and had undoubtedly given himself up for lost; but he now began to discover that he had done a meritorious and manful action, and, for the first time since he had fired the fatal shot, ventured to speak. "Faith, it was lucky that I shot,' said Edward; but none of his companions answered either good or bad. Alice, though grown rather desperate, behaved and assisted better at this bloody affair than might have been expected. Edward surveyed the pistols all round, two of which were of curious workmanship. "But what do you think he was going to do with all these?" said Edward. "I think you need not ask that," Richard answered. "Faith, it was a mercy

that I shot, after all," said Edward; "for if we had loosened him out, we would have been all dead in a minute. I have given him a devil of a broadside, though. But look ye, Richard, Providence has directed me to the right spot; for I might as readily have lodged the contents of Copenhagen in one of these empty boxes." "It has been a deep laid scheme," said Richard, "to murder us and rob our master's house: there must certainly be more concerned in it than these two."

Ideas beget ideas often quite different, and then others again, in unspeakable gradation, which run through and shift in the mind with as much ease and velocity as the streamers around the pole on a frosty night. On Richard's mentioning more concerned, Edward instantly thought of a gang of thieves by night. What devastation he might work amongst them with Copenhagen: how he would make some to lie with their guts in their arms, blow the nether jaw from one, and scatter the brains of another; how Alice would scream, and Richard would pray, and everything would go on like the work of a windmill. Oh, if he had nothing to do but to shoot! But the plaguey long time he always lost in loading would subject him to a triple disadvantage in the battle. This immediately suggested the necessity of having assistance, two or three others, to shoot and keep them at bay while he was loading. The impulse of the moment was Edward's monitor. Off he ran like fire, and warned a few of the colonel's retainers, who he knew kept guns about them; these again warned others, and at eight o'clock they had twenty-five men in the house and sixteen loaded pieces, including Copenhagen, and the four pistols found on the deceased. These were distributed among the front windows in the upper stories; and the rest, armed with pitchforks, old swords, and cudgels, kept watch below. Edward had taken care to place himself, with a comrade, at a window immediately facing the approach to the house; and now, backed as he was by such a strong party, he grew quite impatient for another chance. All, however, remained quiet until about an hour past midnight, when it entered into his teeming brain to blow the thief's silver wind call; so, without warning any of the rest, he set himself out at the window and blew until all the hills and woods around yelled their echoes. This alarmed the guards, as not knowing the meaning of it; but how were they astonished at hearing it answered by another at no great distance!

The state of anxiety into which the sudden and unforeseen circumstance threw our armed peasants is more easily conceived than described. The fate of their master's great wealth, and even their own fate, was soon to be decided, and none but He that surveys and overrules futurity could tell what was to be the issue. Every breast heaved quicker, every breath was cut and fluttered by the palpitations of an adjoining heart; every gun was cocked and pointed towards the court-gate; every orb of vision was strained to discover the approaching foe by the dim light of the starry canopy; and every ear expanded to catch the distant sounds as they floated on the slow frosty breeze.

The suspense was not of long continuance. In less than five minutes the trampling of horses was heard, which increased as they approached to the noise of thunder, and in due course a body of men on horseback, according to the defenders' account, exceeding their number, came up at a brisk trot and began to enter the court-gates. Edward, unable to restrain himself any longer, fired Copenhagen in their faces; one of the foremost dropped, and his horse made a spring towards the hall door. This discharge was rather premature, as the wall still shielded a part of the gang from the bulk of the windows; it was, however, the catch-word to all the rest, and in the course of two seconds the whole sixteen guns were discharged at them. Before the smoke dispersed they were all fled like fire, no doubt greatly amazed at the reception they got. Edward and his comrades ran downstairs to see how matters stood; for it was their opinion that they had shot them every one, and that their horses had taken fright at the noise and galloped off without them; but those below warmly protested against opening any of the doors until day, so they were obliged to betake themselves again to their places upstairs.

Though our peasants had gathered up a little courage and confidence in themselves, their situation was curious, and to them a dreadful one; they saw and heard a part of their fellow-creatures moaning and expiring in agonies in the open air, which was intensely cold, yet dare not go to administer the least relief for fear of a surprise. An hour or two after the great brush, Edward and his messmates descended again, and begged hard for leave to go and reconnoitre for a few minutes, which, after some disputes, was granted. They found only four men fallen, who appeared to them to be all quite dead. One of them was lying within the porch. "Faith," said Edward, "here's the gentleman I shot." The other three were without, at a considerable distance from each other. They durst not follow the track further, as the road entered betwixt groves of trees, but retreated into their posts without touching anything.

About an hour before day, some of them were alarmed at hearing the sound of horses' feet a second time, which, however, was only indistinct, and heard at considerable intervals, and nothing of them ever appeared. Not long after this, Edward and his friends were almost frightened out of their wits at seeing, as they thought, the dead man within the gate endeavouring to get up and escape. They had seen him dead, lying surrounded by a deluge of congealed blood, and nothing but the ideas of ghosts and hobgoblins entered their brains; they were so indiscreet as never to think of firing, but ran and told the tale of horror to some of their neighbours. The sky was by this time grown so dark that nothing could be seen with

precision, and they all remained in anxious incertitude until the opening day discovered to them, by degrees, that the corpses were all removed, and nothing left but large sheets of frozen blood; and that the morning's alarms, by the ghost and the noise of horses, had been occasioned by some of the friends of the men that had fallen conveying them away for fear of a discovery.

Next morning the news flew like fire, and the three servants were much incommoded by crowds of idle and officious people that gathered about the house, some inquiring after the smallest particulars, some begging to see the body that lay in the parlour, while others pleased themselves with poring over the sheets of crimson ice, and tracing the drops of blood on the road down the wood. The colonel had no country factor, nor any particular friend in the neighbourhood; so the affair was not pursued with that speed which was requisite to the discovery of the accomplices; which, if it had, would have been productive of some very unpleasant circumstances, by involving sundry respectable families, as it afterwards appeared but too evident. Dr. Herbert, the physician who attended the family occasionally, wrote to the colonel, by post, concerning the affair; but, though he lost no time, it was some days before he arrived. Then, indeed, advertisements were issued and posted up in public places, offering rewards for a discovery of any person killed or wounded of late. All the dead and sick within twenty miles were inspected by medical men, and the most extensive search made, but all to no purpose. It was too late; all was secured. Some, indeed, were missing, but, plausible pretences being made for their absence, nothing could be done; but certain it was, sundry of these were never more seen or heard of in the country, though many of the neighbourhood declared they were such people as nobody could suspect.

The body of the unfortunate man who was shot in the pack lay open for inspection a fortnight; but none would ever acknowledge so much as having seen him. The colonel then caused him to be buried at Bellingham; but it was confidently reported that his grave was opened and his corpse taken away. In short, no one concerned in this base and bold attempt was ever discovered. A constant watch was kept by night for some time. The colonel rewarded the defenders of his house liberally. Old Richard remained in the family during the rest of his life, and had a good salary for only saying prayers amongst the servants every night. Alice was married to a tobacconist at Hexham; and Edward was made the colonel's gamekeeper, and had a present of a fine gold-mounted gun given him. He afterwards procured him a commission in a regiment of foot, where he suffered many misfortunes and disappointments. He was shot through the shoulder at the battle of Fontenoy, but recovered, and on retiring on half-pay took a small farm on the Scottish side. His character was that of a brave but rash officer—kind, generous, and open-hearted in all situations. I have often stood at his knee, and listened with wonder and amazement to his stories of battles and sieges, but none of them ever pleased me better than that of the Long Pack.

Alas! alas! his fate is fast approaching to us all! He hath, many years ago, submitted to the conqueror of all mankind; his brave heart is now a clod of the valley, and his grey hairs lie mixed with the cold earth beneath the green turf.

The Legend of the Monk's Stone.

THE Monk's Stone, as it is called, is situated in a field to the north-west of Tynemouth, near a farm-house called the Monk House. It seems to have been the pedestal and part of the shaft of an ancient rood or cross. On one side of the pedestal was formerly inscribed in rude letters :—

"O horror to kill a man for a pigges hede."

The monument, which is of whinstone, is, as may be seen from our artist's sketch, on page 256, much defaced by the weather and the action of time, and through its having been allowed to be used by cattle as a rubbing post.

The celebrated antiquary, Grose, in his account of Northumberland, was the first to give publicity in print to a curious legend connected with this stone, which may possibly be founded on fact, though Sidney Gibson calls it "idle and absurd." Grose tells the tale as follows :—"A monk of this [Tynemouth] monastery, strolling abroad, came to the house of Mr. Delaval, an ancestor of the ancient family of that name. That gentleman was then absent with a hunting party, but was expected back to dinner. Among the many dishes preparing in the kitchen was a pig, ordered purposely for Mr. Delaval's own eating. This alone suiting the liquorish palate of the monk, and though admonished and informed for whom it was intended, he cut off the head, reckoned by epicures the most delicious part of the animal, and, putting it into a bag, made the best of his way to the monastery. Delaval, at his return, being informed of the transaction, which he looked upon as a personal insult, and being young and fiery, remounted his horse and set out in search of the offender; when, overtaking him about a mile east of Preston, he so belaboured him with his staff, called a hunting gad, that he was hardly able to crawl to his cell. This monk dying within a year and a day, although, as the story goes, the beating was not the cause of his death, the brethren made it a handle to charge Delaval with his murder; who, before he could get absolved,

was obliged to make over to the monastery, as an expiation of this deed, the manor of Elsig [Elswick], in the neighbourhood of Newcastle, with several other valuable estates, and, by way of *amende honourable*, to set up an obelisk on the spot where he so properly corrected the monk. Elsig was made the summer retreat of the Priors of Tynemouth."

Captain Grose adds that this story, like many others of the same kind, "is very defective in several parts; no date is affixed; and, though the monument is shown in support of it, it seems difficult to account for this monk being so far from his monastery, as going abroad, especially alone, was strictly prohibited by their rules; and, this [the Black Friars or Dominicans] not being a mendicant order, he could not be going on the quest; the only way of reconciling it is to suppose that the worthy personage was a lay brother and servant to the house—perhaps the steward." He sums up by saying the story shows how dangerous it was to injure the meanest retainer of a religious house in pre-Reformation days—a peril very ludicrously, though justly, expressed in the following adage, which he had somewhere met with:—"If perchaunce one offends a freere's dogge, straight clameth the whole brotherhood, an heresy, an heresy."

The cross had been thrown down, it seems, in 1743, and broken into three pieces; and the upper piece tapering to the summit was lying on the grass when Burns's portly correspondent visited the spot. The part standing was ten feet high, a foot and a half broad, and ten and a half inches thick. Two human figures were cut on one of the faces, on each side of a foliated staff, and above their heads were engraved two nondescript animals; but the stone had been punched so full of holes by the country people that it was difficult to tell what ornaments the other sides had borne, if any.

The late Mr. George Rippon, of Waterville, North Shields, an enthusiastic antiquary, wrote in 1851:—"This curious relic has undergone frequent changes and removals. The original site was a field to the east of where it now stands, towards Tynemouth, on the ancient road leading to the Priory. It was afterwards altered to thirty yards west of its present situation. The potato crops suffered so severely by the trespasses of visitors to view the relic, that the farmer attached horses to the shaft and pulled it out of its socket, and split away the side of the pedestal, as it now remains. Part was dragged away by eight horses, and buried. Mr. Blacklock, in building his farm house, again removed what was still unbroken to the position where it now is, to serve as a rubbing stone for cattle. The remaining parts were built into one of the arches of the threshing machine."

In all instances where the monument is mentioned in legal documents, it is called a "rood" or "cross." There occurs a grant from Nicholas the son of Ralph to William Hindley of half an acre of ground in a field at Tynemouth, which lay between the ground of the said William and that of one William Cockerel, and on the north side of the "Cross of Seaton." This, says Mr. Rippon, who seems to have examined it, "is a bold and fine handwriting of the 13th century." Again, in 1320, the place occurs as "Le Croes flat," and also as "Rodestane More." In the same deed, mention is made of "the gallows of Rodestane," to which the Prior of Tynemouth, as lord of the manor, doubtless had the privilege of attaching criminals. The deed also records the fact that Henry Fawkes, of West Backworth, in all probability an ancestor of the Fawcuses of North Shields, had granted to the prior and his tenants wayleave through all his grounds, for leading slate from their quarries in West Backworth to cover their houses with, and had released to them all right he had to a certain part of the moor called Rodestane Moor, on the west side of Priestown, containing sixty acres, and extending from the way to Billing [Billy] Mill, thence to Moortown [Murton], and the "culture," called the Blake Chesters, in the field of East Chirton, and thence to the north street, which led from Tynemouth to the Rodestane gallows.

Hodgson, in his History of Northumberland, remarks, "I have no doubt the cross was set up, like the *cippi* or shafts of the Romans, as a boundary between the lands of Monkseaton and Tynemouth, or else as an index or guide to travellers." Other authorities have thought it possible that the monument may have been a boundary cross of the "girth," peace, or sanctuary of Saint Oswin of Tynemouth. Perhaps it has served the double purpose of index and boundary, and it may have originally stood on the very spot whence the abbey could be first descried by pilgrims or refugees coming from the Earsdon, Hartley, or Seaton Delaval quarter. It was usual to set up crosses in such places, on the roads leading to the great monasteries, which served in the middle ages the same purpose as the Levitical Cities of Refuge did among the Israelities.

In 1757, a plan of the Manor of Tynemouth was taken by Isaac Thompson, and upon it is laid down a field called "Cross Close Pasture," containing 9 acres 3 roods 10 perches, by measurement, probably the piece of land in the midst of which the stone then stood.

Another authority, consulted by Mr. Rippon, who, however, does not give the name, says:—"After the most careful investigation, I have been able to trace its [the stone's] former station and use. Within three hundred yards of its present site, adjoining to the ancient road which led from the priory to the north, is a field now enclosed with a stone wall, containing about 8 acres; and directly opposite to where the cross originally stood is the only freehold land in the manor, and it has been in the possession of the present family

for three hundred years. It was the ancient place where the prior granted the fairs to be held, and the Monk Stone, formerly the Rood Stone or Cross, was placed on its west side, adjoining the road, to direct those attending the fair to the place set apart for it."

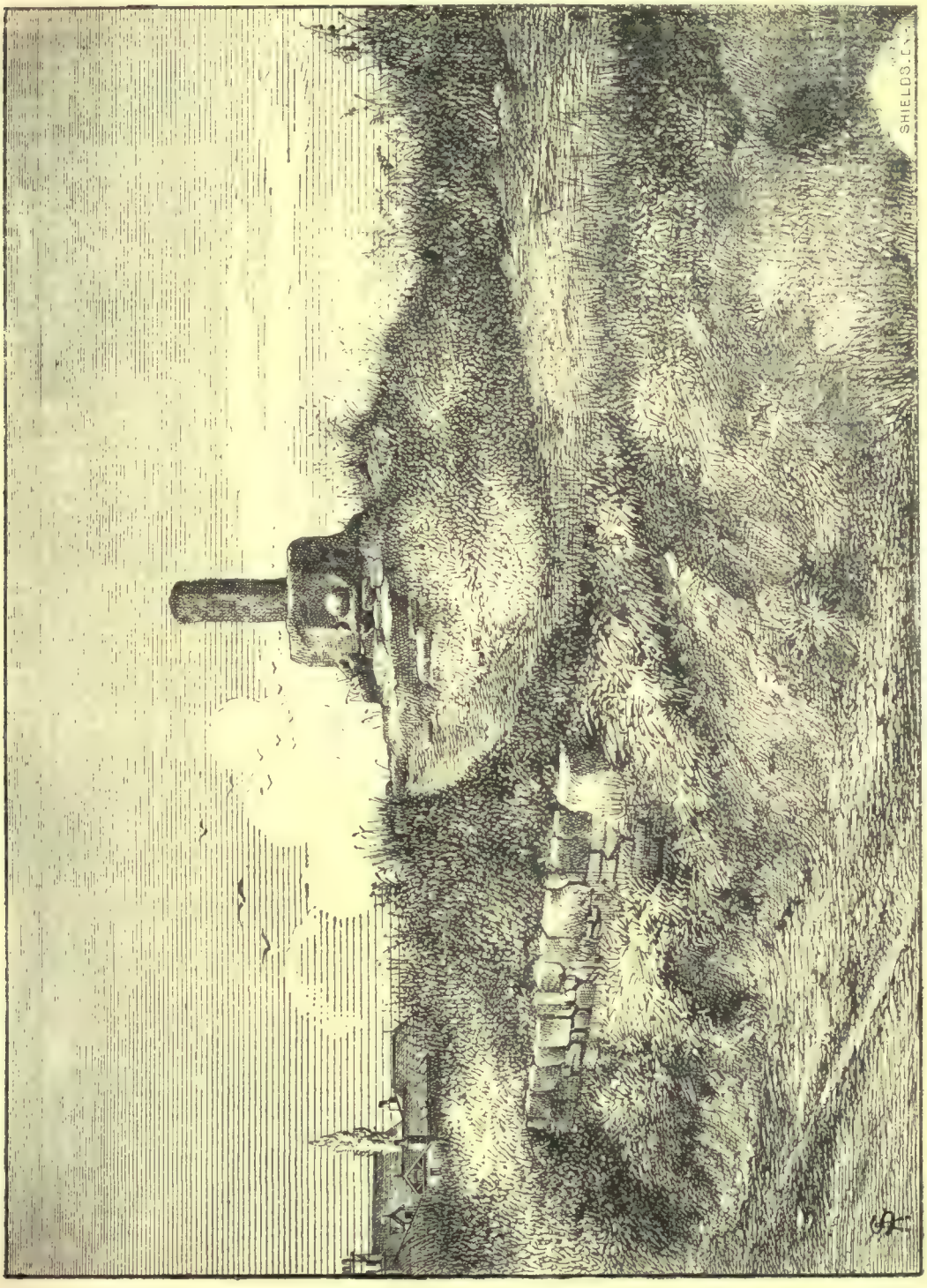
It is morally certain, then, that if ever such an event took place as that commemorated in the legend and in the comparatively modern inscription graven on the stone, the stone itself had been there long before, serving a quite different purpose. According to the

tradition, indeed, when the monk died from the ill-usage he had received from the Lord Delaval, his brethren had the legend engraved on the base of the pedestal, as the most conspicuous place, where all strangers resorting to the fair might read it. And thus was handed down to posterity the memory of the cruel usage to which a holy man had been subjected; and from that time forward the sacred monument, which ceased at the Reformation to serve its original purpose, became popularly known as the Monk's Stone.

The Battle of Neville's Cross.

THE dreadful battle of October 17th, 1346, which has invested the Red Hills of Durham with undying interest for every lover of history, was the closing act in a series of tragic occurrences which began with the death of the Fair Maid of Norway fifty-six years previously. Margaret, the daughter of King Eric of Norway, was the grand-daughter and heiress of Alexander III. of Scotland. She was the destined bride of the first Prince of Wales, and, had her life been spared, there can be little doubt that the rose and the thistle would have been blended a couple of centuries earlier than actually was the case, or at all events the complexion of history would have been considerably altered. When she died, there arose three claimants for the Scottish crown—Baliol, Bruce, and Hastings. Leaving the last-named out of consideration, the rivalries of the other two houses not only embittered the internal life of Scotland for three generations, but opened the way for the cruel ambition of the Plantagenets. During this gloomy passage of Scottish history, there arose some of the noblest champions and purest patriots the cause of oppressed nationalities ever rallied to its rescue. Robert Bruce and the great and brave Sir William Wallace, Knight of Ellerslie, have left names which, were they alone in Scottish military annals, would secure a perpetual fame for their native land. Notwithstanding all their gigantic efforts and heroic deeds, they were unable by sheer force of arms to overthrow the oppressor. Passing advantages, indeed, they gained, but only to provoke an exasperated vengeance. After many ups and downs, now with a Bruce and now with a Baliol for leader, Scotland had in the year 1346 a Bruce upon the throne. This was David the Second. On the English throne was the redoubtable Edward III. In that year Edward was away in France, prosecuting his absurd and offensive claim to the French crown. Now, in previous years, Scotland had derived no inconsiderable help from the King of France, and it was but one good turn for another that David should engage to create a diversion in favour of his sworn allies by invading the dominions of Edward. And, besides, there was a heavy score of wrongs and cruelties to be revenged on his own account. The opportunity was too legitimate and too tempting to be lost. While Edward was crushing his proud suzerain, Philip, by sea and by land, at Sluys and on the slopes of Creci, David was gathering his clans and nobles for an advance into the very heart of England. Creci had been won in August, and Calais had commenced the valorous resistance to the victorious English, which, though it failed after twelve months of almost unparalleled perseverance, was one of the most notable events in military history; but, somewhat of a laggard as compared with the impetuous and dashing Edward, the King of Scotland did not find his way into England till the autumn had set in.

It may be noticed that this gathering and subsequent raid into the Northern Counties is the subject of definite allusion in one of Shakspeare's historical dramas; as indeed also is the general behaviour of Scotland in those times on occasions of England's perplexity and



NEVILLE'S CROSS, 1885.

trouble. In "Henry V." Lord Westmoreland is made to say—

> But there's a saying very old and true,
> If that you will France win,
> Then with Scotland first begin.
> For once the eagle England being in prey,
> To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
> Comes sneaking; and so sucks her princely eggs;
> Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
> To spoil and havoc more than she can eat.

In the same act and scene the King is represented as saying—

> For you shall read that my great-grandfather
> Never went with his forces into France
> But that the Scot, on his unfurnished kingdom,
> Came pouring like the tide unto a breach
> With ample and brimfulness of his force,
> Galling the gleaned land with hot essays,
> Girding with grievous siege castles and towns.

And, just before, the King had reminded his nobles of this back-door danger, saying:—

> We must not only arm to invade the French,
> But lay down our proportions to defend
> Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
> With all advantages.

In pursuance of the policy here described, David II. had collected an army of 30,000, more formidable in numbers as well as in personal bravery than remarkable for equipment. But he did wild work by the way, and some portions of this work necessarily detained him. Selecting the Western Marches, the invading host made the first point of attack the little border hold of Liddell. This place made a stout resistance, and when at length it was taken by storm the impatient King David, ill brooking the delay its obstinacy had occasioned, commanded Walter Selby, the valiant and faithful governor, to be beheaded with short shrift. The Abbey of Lanercost next fell a prey to the desolating fury of the semi-barbarous Scots. Hexham Priory was sacked; but, as in the case of Corbridge, and perhaps also Ebchester, where there was a small priory, orders were given to spare the town as a storing place for the great booty expected as one fruit of the expedition into the very treasure-house of St. Cuthbert. But the story goes that the illustrious saint appeared in a vision of the night to the ruthless King of Scotland, while he was resting at Ryton, the outpost of the palatinate, and, with solemn warnings, conjured him to spare the sacred treasures of the see of Durham. Whether the King laid the vision to heart or not it is not easy to tell. From what shortly occurred it would seem that the good saint had scant faith in the fearsome Bruce, and as far as opportunity was given his Majesty acted in a way to justify both saints and sinners in gloomy apprehensions as to what he would do if he could. A sort of tradition is floating about that the picturesque ruined chapel at Low Friarside, near Lintz Green, is, in its beautiful desolation, a monument of King David's obduracy to St. Cuthbert's admonitions and entreaties. It is not known, however, that the route of the army lay very near this low ground, and, indeed, it does not seem that any trustworthy account is extant either as to the origin of the chapel or the occasion of its dismantlement. It is certain that the Scot crossed the Derwent at Ebchester Bridge, and probable that he made his way behind what is now known as Consett to Lanchester, and thence along the left bank of the Browney to Beaurepaire, the beautiful retreat, for prayer or pastime, of the Prior of Durham, now—and, indeed, since David's ill-starred visit—a ruin. The very name has been ruined with the lapse of time; first passing by careless pronunciation into Bere-par, and then by forced interpretation into Bear Park, the explanation of which name the good folks of Durham give when they tell you that there were kept by the old palatinate prince bishops the bears with which they ministered to the delectation, if not edification, of their monks and vassals. Once snugly housed in this princely abode, the King abandoned himself to luxurious repose and his scouts to indiscriminate plunder and mischief. The mere sustentation of thirty thousand men in a hostile country was no trifling task. Far and wide went the foraging parties, laying hands on all things eatable, drinkable, or wearable, and chopping to bits or burning to ashes whatever was not thus useful, by way of amusement, or for practice to keep their hands in against the sack of Durham, now, as they thought, so near and sure. Naturally the King felt a kingly pride in his martial host, for it was larger than any previously raised for similar purposes. He had also with him a fair contingent of troops lent by his ally the French King; and, willing to make a favourable impression on his foreign friends, as well as to gratify his own love of martial spectacle and to over-awe the neighbouring city, he drew out his army in line of battle, and manœuvred and paraded to his own great content. And yet the men-at-arms were few, and the cavalry was made up in a large degree of sequestrated farm horses collected as he came along. The specially holy Black Rood of the House of Bruce was there, studded with flaring gems, and probably it served as the standard; at all events it formed part of the spoil when the great battle was over.

Meanwhile, Queen Phillippa and her Council of Regency had not been idle. Under the Archbishop of York, the Bishops of Lincoln and Carlisle, the Neville, Lord of Raby and Earl of Westmorland, the Percy, from his stronghold in Northumberland, Sir Thomas Rokeby, of Rokeby, and others, about sixteen thousand men of all arms were assembled in South Durham. On the 16th this compact body bivouacked in Auckland Park. Before dawn on the 17th they moved to the high ground on which Merrington stands, and when daylight was sufficiently advanced they could make out the motions of the Scotch, who were forming in battle array on the western slopes of the Red Hills above Durham. Pro-

bably with the idea of saving the city, the English began to move towards their foes. Soon after reaching Fery-on-the-Hill, or Ferryhill, their van fell in with a foraging party under Sir William Douglas, and pursued them as far as Sunderland Bridge. Douglas made all haste to Beaurepaire, and, exaggerating the formidableness of the advancing host, urged his king to keep to the hills and avoid battle. But King David had a more chivalrous humour upon him than to discharge his line of battle. He resolved to await, or rather to meet, the enemy along the ridge of the hills on which his standard had been unfurled. The English on their part came on with decision, as men who saw that the shock of battle was inevitable, if Durham city was to be saved, and Douglas's foraging to be checked. They had the two rivers of Dearness and Browney on their left flank and Durham on their right. Issue was joined not far from the spot where the remains of Neville's Cross now stands. On that spot was planted the standard of the English host. In compliance with the nocturnal suggestions of their patron saint, who seems to have had an uneasy time of it whenever his beloved city was threatened, the monks of Durham extemporised a standard by fastening to a spear handle the holy cloth (the corporal or corporax) wherewith St. Cuthbert, in the days of his fleshly ministry, was wont to protect the chalice in the eucharistic service. Some of these holy brethren were stout-hearted warriors in their way, and possibly a picked band of them may have shouldered a lance or a battle axe under the command of their noble diocesan; but the bulk of them betook themselves to those spiritual weapons which better beseemed their sacred calling. They ascended the central tower of their magnificent shrine, from the summit of which they could command an excellent view of the greater portion of both armies; and from their sublime watch-tower they chanted their misereres and their songs of triumphal praise according as the tide of victory ebbed or flowed.

But the sound of their psalmody was lost in the din of battle. The two armies met in orderly array. The English advanced in three bodies, one under Lord Percy, a second commanded by Lord Neville, and the third by Sir Thomas Rokeby, while on the extreme right, and in one of the hollows on the Red Hills, a strong body of cavalry took up its post as reserve. The Scots were also in three divisions, one under the King, one under the High Steward, and a third under the Earl of Moray. On the side of the English, a strong line of archers was thrown out, and their fire galled the approaching Scots to such an extent that Graham begged permission to take a hundred lances and scatter the bowmen. This request was refused, the King being unwilling to break his own line of battle. But the impetuous Graham made a dash with a chosen band of followers, and all but perished for his hardihood. His danger brought up the High Steward's division, and immediately the engagement became general. The bowmen were forced back through Lord Percy's ranks, which consequently were thrown into confusion. "Reserve to the rescue!" and the reserve cavalry, making a rush at the High Steward's front, drove it back, and the Percy forces, rallying, preserved their advantage until the flank of the royal troops was exposed. Meanwhile, Lord Neville was being sore pressed by these same royal troops; and Lord de Ros, relinquishing pursuit of the now routed High Steward, made a tremendous onset, taking the King's division in flank, which, being thereby wedged in, with Neville in the front, broke away beyond the power of rallying. The English forces then moved in one body against the Earl of Moray's division, which, being hampered by walls, ditches, and the like, were taken as it were in a net, and absolutely cut to pieces. The ensuing slaughter was frightful, and if the epithet Red was applied to the hills west of Durham as a memento of this famous and important battle, it is not often that such names have been so well deserved. King David was defended gallantly and desperately by eighty faithful followers; but either on the battlefield, or shortly after, by the bank of the Browney, or, as one account says, under the bridge which crosses the little river just below the battlefield, he was captured by Sir John Coupland, a Northumbrian squire, who lost his front teeth from a blow of the royal mailed fist, and gained both honour and riches as a reward for his prowess and luck in effecting the capture, he being knighted and presently made Governor of Berwick. Several great noblemen shared the King's fate of captivity. Among them, the Earls of Fife and Menteith; while a far greater number bit the dust in the agonies of death on that fatal day. The actual battle lasted only from nine a.m. till noon.

When it was all over, the conquerors repaired in triumph to the Cathedral to pay their vows for the succour of the mighty saint beneath whose holy banner they had fought. They had lost comparatively few of the rank and file, and Lord Hastings was the only noble who perished on the field. Lord Neville, at a later period, received a grateful tribute from the exclusive guardians of the Cathedral, for he was the first layman whose bones were permitted to rest within the holy pile. The tradition is that his lordship at his own cost erected a magnificent cross on the spot where the corporax or chalice cover affixed to a spear had served as the standard for the English forces. There is, however, reason to suppose that it was a cross station at the time of its selection as the place for the holy standard, though probably it was not known as Neville's Cross till the victorious lord had put up a memorial of the great fight with King David on Crossgate Moor. The King, it may be mentioned, was released the following year on a ransom of 100,000 marks,

and it may be further remarked that this ransom is owing to the English Exchequer even unto this day.

The cross which Lord Neville set up on the site of the battle was an elaborately carved structure. It was, however, one night in 1589, broken down and defaced by "some lewd, contemptuous, and wicked persons," probably Puritans of the period. All that remains of it now is an octagonal stone, the pillar affixed to which, as shown in our view, is no part of the original cross, but appears to have been placed there in more modern times, most likely in the early part of last century.

William Hutton's Visit to the Roman Wall.

WILLIAM HUTTON, of Birmingham, was one of the most wonderful men that England ever produced—a man of marvellous sagacity, industry, and perseverance, exercised from his earliest years under enormous difficulties. He combined, in a remarkable manner, prudence with enterprise, hard labour with amusement, and the love of reading with devotion to business, and all, says Leigh Hunt, "because he was a thorough human being of his class, probably from causes anterior to his birth."

Hutton's father, a poor journeyman wool-comber in Derby, was a good specimen of a type of men unfortunately too common amongst English operatives. Clever at his business, acute in his reasoning powers, possessed of a good memory, eloquent in speech, polished in address, and with not a little acquired miscellaneous knowledge—all these advantages were rendered practically useless to himself or family in consequence of a pernicious taste, which he had got and could never conquer, for the low indulgence of the beer and gin shop. His son gives the following amusing account of him:—"Though my father was neither young, being forty-two, nor handsome, having lost an eye, nor sober, for he spent all he could get in liquor, nor clean, for his trade was oily, nor without shackles, for he had five children, yet women of various descriptions courted his smiles, and were much inclined to pull caps for him." This squalid Lothario probably supplied William Hutton with wit and address, while his mother—a notable woman, deserving of a much better husband—furnished him with a good constitution and well-balanced brain. Half-starved in infancy, he was brought up miserably as a stockinger in Nottingham, had not a penny in the world to bless himself with till he was out of his apprenticeship, became a self-taught bookbinder under the meanest auspices, rose to be a well-to-do wholesale stationer, became one of the Commissioners of the Court of Requests in Birmingham and a leading man in that brisk manufacturing town, found, as he himself tells us in his autobiography (which, by-the-bye, is one of the pleasantest and most instructive books in the English or any tongue), "a delight in study and a profit" in the purchase of land with his painfully accumulated savings, and ended with being a rich man, living in wealth and honour to the age of ninety-two. We may add that he was a skilful tennis player, and no mean musician. All his life he was prudently riding one cheap hobby-horse after another, without in the least neglecting the main chance. His motto was "Duty first," yet he did not despise or neglect, but all the more enjoyed, "pleasure afterwards." A voluminous, facile, and unaffectedly didactic writer, we might style him a second Franklin. He was seventeen years the junior of the Sage of Philadelphia, and overlived him twenty-five years, having been born in the year 1723, and dying in 1815.

In his seventy-ninth year, William Hutton, who had always been a great pedestrian, made a journey to the North of England to see the famous Roman Wall, "the greatest of all the curiosities left us by the Romans, the wonderful and united works of Agricola, Hadrian, and Severus," of and concerning which we now know about all that is ever likely to be known, through the laborious researches of that ablest of the successors of Horsley, Dr. Bruce. In Hutton's time, however, the topography of the Wall was comparatively unknown. Many had written upon the subject, but Hutton found, on consulting their works, "they were only echoes of each other." "Very few had even seen it, and not a soul had penetrated from one end to the other." Besides, most of those who had paid a transient visit to it had chosen to ride, so they could not be very minute observers. "Poor Camden travelled it till he was frightened," and no wonder, if the inhabitants of the neighbouring country were then such barbarians, or rather savages, as Macaulay in his "History" represents them as being. "Horsley was weary, and retreated; but he wrote more correct," and what he did was a perfect marvel, considering that he was only a poor Presbyterian minister at Morpeth, with a not much larger stipend than Goldsmith's village clergyman or the reverend author of "Tullochgorum" had—forty pounds a year. The judicious Warburton, whom Hutton praises for his veracity, rode on, desisted, and then remarked, "he believed he had trod upon ground which no foot had ever trodden since the Romans." He also transcribed Horsley, whom Mr. Gough likewise professed to follow. Hutton "envied the people in the neighbourhood of the Wall," though he knew they valued it no more than the soil on which it stood. He wished to converse with an intelligent resident, but never saw one; so he determined to spend a month, and fifty guineas, in minutely examining the relics of this "first of wonders." The results of his examination he published

in a small volume, printed in 1802, by and for John Nicols and Son, Red Lion Passage, Fleet Street, London, and sold by W. Charnley, Newcastle, and R. Dickenson, Hexham, besides other provincial booksellers.

Hutton made the journey entirely on foot; and, judging from his own account, his appearance must have been amusing. "I was dressed," says he, "in black, a kind of religious warrant, but divested of assuming airs; and had a budget of the same colour of materials, much like a dragoon's cartridge box or postman's letter pouch, in which were deposited the maps of Cumberland, Northumberland, and the Wall, with their appendages, all three taken out of Gough's edition of the Britannia; also Warburton's map of the Wall, with my own remarks, &c. To this little packet I fastened with a strap an umbrella in a green case, for I was not likely to have a six weeks' tour without wet, and slung it over that shoulder which was the least tired. A person of my appearance and style of travelling is so seldom seen upon the high road, that the crowds I met in my whole journey viewed me with an eye of wonder and inquiry, as if ready to cry out, 'In the name of the Father, &c., what ar't?' and I have reason to believe not a soul met me without a turn of the head, to survey the rear as well as the front."

Of this pedestrian tour of Mr. Hutton's at so advanced an age, his daughter, Miss Catherine Hutton, a jewel of a woman, gave a truly affectionate account in a letter to a friend, from which we shall quote a few passages to help to make our readers familiar with the character of the man. "Our summer excursion in 1801," she says, "was ardently wished for by both. My father's object was to see the Roman Wall; mine, the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland. We talked it over by our fireside every evening the preceding winter. He always insisted upon setting out on foot, and performing as much of the journey as he should be able in the same manner. I made little objection to his plan, reserving myself for a grand attack at last. When the time drew near, I represented to my father that it was impossible he should walk the whole way, though I agreed with him that he could walk a considerable part: the only difference between us was, whether he should ride to prevent mischief, or after mischief was done. I besought him with tears to go as far as Liverpool in a carriage, and walk afterwards, as he might find it expedient; but he was inflexible. All I could obtain was a promise that he would take care of himself. I rode on a pillion behind the servant, and our mode of travelling was this: My father informed himself at night how he could get out of the house the next morning before the servants were stirring. He rose at four o'clock, walked to the end of the next stage, breakfasted, and waited for me. I set out at seven, and, when I arrived at the same inn, breakfasted also. When my father had rested two hours, he set off again. When my horse had fed properly, I followed, passed my father on the road, arrived before him at the next inn, and bespoke dinner and beds. My father was so careful not to be put out of his regular pace that he would not allow me to walk by his side, either on foot or on horseback, not even through a town. He chose that pace which was the least exertion to him, and never varied it. It looked like a saunter, but it was steady, and he got over the ground at the rate of full two miles and a half in an hour. When the horse which I rode saw my father before him, he neighed, though at the distance of a quarter of a mile, and the servant had some trouble to hold him in. He once laid the reins upon his neck, and he trotted directly up to my father, then stopped, and laid his head on his shoulder. My father was such an enthusiast with regard to the Wall, that he turned neither to the right nor to the left, except to gratify me with a sight of Liverpool. Winander Mere he saw, and Ulleswater he saw, because they lay under his feet; but nothing could detain him from his grand object. When we had reached Penrith, we took a melancholy breakfast, and parted, with a tear half suppressed on my father's side, and tears not to be suppressed on mine. He continued his way to Carlisle; I turned west for Keswick."

Amongst the first observations which Mr. Hutton makes, in his History of the Wall, is that it needs no other proof than such a structure that man is born a savage. "It characterises," he says, "two nations as robbers and murderers," and he adds:—"Nineteen in twenty of our race sustain half this character through life. Only some individuals correct the crude passions, adhere to justice, and avoid whatever is worthy of blame." "This place," he goes on to say, "has been the scene of more plunder and murder than any other part of the island of equal extent. During four hundred years, while the Wall continued a barrier, this was the grand theatre of war, as well as during ages after its destruction." "It is impossible to conceive a human being in a more dreadful situation than that of a Borderer; keeping, in the daytime, a continual look-out, and, in the dark and solitary night, attention to every minute sound, which excited terrible ideas, and augmented those ideas into the approach of an enemy. His property was open to plunder; his house, the only thing immovable, exposed to the flames; his mind perpetually tortured by the rack, surrounded by enemies, all bred up in savage principles, wishing to take his life, and he who could take it might with impunity; his only guard was his strength, which, put into the balance against a multitude, was a dram to a pound. His wife and children, the dearest treasures upon earth, daily liable to be murdered before his eyes, and himself doomed to share their fate or starve. Bread, water, and peace is preferable to such a life, even with an entail of ten thousand acres."

Our traveller traversed the line of the Wall twice over, first eastward and then back; but in his description he

begins at Wallsend, below Newcastle, as all his predecessors had done, and proceeds to Bowness, or, as he writes it, Boulness.

At Byker Hill he noticed that a hedge ran in Agricola's ditch, a part of which, that year for the first time, was levelled and converted into a bed of potatoes, which the proprietors would allow gratis, during three years, to anyone who would level and improve the ground. "This," observes he, "is the taste of the neighbourhood for the grandest piece of antiquity in the whole island." Passing through Newcastle, he remarks with truth that "busy life ruins antiquity." In the inn where he dined he was "treated with a distant respect, and a small degree of awe," by the company, who, dinner over, requested him to return thanks. Which done—"You seem, gentlemen," said he, "to take me for a clergyman: but, I assure you, I am in a far preferable state. For I am a *freeman*, which a great part of the clergy are not. I have nothing to expect from any man but common civility, which I wish to return with interest; but he who is under promises, expectations, or even wishes, his sentiments may perhaps not be his own, and he cannot be deemed free." Their countenances brightened. "I have," said one of the gentlemen, "seven relations in the Church." "Then, sir," replied Hutton, "if you are an independent man, are you not the happiest of the eight?" It seemed their apprehensions of his black dress, from which they were glad to be freed, had nearly deprived him of a dinner, as mine host had actually hesitated a good while to introduce him amongst his free and easy guests.

At Vindobala (Rutchester), where the farmer showed him, "at the back of his buildings," a small piece of Roman work, which was said to be part of a wall turret, our traveller breaks into rhyme, thus :—

> I saw old sir at dinner sit,
> Who ne'er said "Stranger, take a bit,"
> Yet might, although a poet said it,
> Have saved his beef, and rais'd his credit.

This farmer had evidently never learned the text: "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." It is dangerous to give a cold reception to walking gentlemen with note-books and ink-horns. All the world knows how William Howitt lampooned the Daggs at Kielder, and Robert Burns the big folks at Inverary and Carron.

Soliciting a bed at Harlow Hill, he again experienced some trifling difficulties: for not only was he at first taken for a spy employed by Government, as Samuel Lover occasionally was when collecting his Irish Legends, but, though his gloves were deposited where they ought to have been safe, yet he found that some person had made free with them, thus demonstrating that "dishonesty was not yet totally expunged from the Wall."

At Hunnum (Halton Chesters), the sight of "the united works of Agricola and Adrian, almost perfect," filled him with surprise and delight. He was fascinated, and unable to proceed. He forgot he was upon a wild common, a stranger, and the evening approaching. "Even hunger and fatigue," says he, "were lost in the grandeur before me. If a man writes a book upon a turnpike road, he cannot be expected to move quick; but, lost in astonishment, I was not able to move at all."

At St. Oswald's, he goes on to say, had he been some months sooner, he would have been favoured with a noble treat, but now that treat was miserably soured. He would have seen a piece of Severus's Wall, seven feet and a half high, and two hundred and twenty-four yards long. But the proprietor, Henry Tulip, Esq., was then taking it down to erect a farm-house with the materials. Most of it was already destroyed, and the stones fit for building removed. Mr. Hutton sent his compliments to the modern Goth, requesting him to desist, or he would wound the whole body of antiquaries. But such men are not to be diverted from their selfish purposes by any regard for the opinions of men of taste. They are always prepared to stand up for the rights of property, like the descendants of the Moabites in the case of the Moabite stone, or the Bedouin Arabs mutilating the ruins of Palmyra. And the owner of the hall at St. Oswald's was not the only iconoclast Hutton met with between Wallsend and Bowness. Indeed, this colossal work of the Romans would have stood for ever, or at least have been as durable as the Egyptian Pyramids, had not the people in its neighbourhood made it a common quarry for building materials, for fold-dykes, march-dykes, road-metal, &c., &c.

Thirty miles from Newcastle, at a public-house known by the name of Twice Brewed, he staid overnight with a club of fifteen carriers, who devoured a pudding about as big as a peck measure, and a piece of beef perhaps equal to half a calf. Every piece went down as if there was no barricade in the throat. One of the pieces was more than Hutton had seen eaten at a meal by a moderate person. These gourmands convinced him that eating was "the chief end of man." The tankard too, like a bowl ladling water out of a well, was often emptied, often filled. Carriers have sharp appetites, we believe, all the world over.

Hutton waxes enthusiastic at Borcovicus (Housesteads), the grandest station in the whole line, though he tells us it was a severe task he had to perform thereabouts, that of creeping up rocks, and climbing stone walls, not well adapted to a man who had lost the activity of youth.

Arriving at Burdoswald (Amboglana), he was received by the proprietor of the once imperial premises, Mr. Bowman, with a coldness which indicated an unwelcome guest, having been taken, it seems, "for a person employed by Government to examine private property for the advancement of taxation." But when he assured the proprietor that his journey arose from

the idle whim of an antiquary, that he had employed himself, and that his right hand must pay for his left, they became exceedingly friendly; so that the family were not only unwilling to let the traveller go, but obliged him to promise to visit them on his return. They gave him their best; they wished it better. A little beyond this place, the Wall had recently been taken down, and lay in heaps, as if the country could not produce one soul to protect antiquity. At Bankhead, a few miles further west, Hutton was taken for a surveyor of land, preparatory to enclosing the common; and, as a matter of course, the people gave him the cold shoulder.

Applying, at sundown, very tired, at the sign of the Cow and Boot at High Walton for a bed, he was at first told the people could not take him in; but on his touchingly representing the urgency of the case, there being no other place of shelter near, they agreed to let him stay. Although a public-house, they had no ale, cider, porter, beer, or liquor of any kind, nor food, except milk, which was excellent; "but they treated me," says Hutton, "with something preferable, civility." When he rose the next morning, and asked his worthy landlady what he had to pay, he found she would be satisfied with only a few pence. Ignorant of the polite art of cribbing, she knew but little of the world. He laid down two shillings. In response, she returned one and offered to give change for the other. He insisted upon her taking both. She being still unwilling, he promised to make her a harder bargain on his return. At Wall-head, a single house, a few miles north-east of Carlisle, the people, as usual, viewed him with a suspicious eye when he entered the house, and, he had reason to think, rather wished him out. What could he be but a surveyor of land, employed by the landlord, preparatory to a rise of rent? But when he could dispel this gloom, and raise a smile, he became a most welcome guest.

At Stanwix, opposite Carlisle, where he had great difficulty in procuring lodgings, but got them at last, he fell a prey in bed to "the dancing gentry of the night," and he next morning turned and shook his shirt, being unwilling to carry off anything but his own. Here he observed a stone in the street, converted into a horse-block, three steps high, with the figure of a man, in a recess, eighteen inches in height, in a Roman dress, and in good preservation. He wondered, as well he might, that the boys had not pelted it out of the world. He inquired its history of some elderly people, but all he could learn was, "It stood there before my time." The fact is, reverence for the antique is an acquired taste which can only be cultivated on some basis of knowledge. We ourselves recollect once introducing to a decent elderly woman the subject of Melrose Abbey, when she drily remarked: "'Deed, it's a wretched like place." And another person of our acquaintance (a captain's wife), speaking of the ruins of Cardiff Castle, which she had seen before the building was modernised by the Marquis of Bute, said it was "a place only fit for hobgoblins and such like."

While at Burgh, Mr. Hutton was mistaken for a quack doctor. At Drumbrough, further down the Solway Frith, he found there was no public-house within his reach, and so had to be beholden to the Christian charity of a kind inhabitant. "Money itself is of no use," he remarked, "when the thing we want cannot be purchased." A cruel farmer he here met gloried "that his sacrilegious fingers had destroyed such and such a part of the wall." Hutton hoped, in reply, that the next stone he disturbed might break his mattock, and begged that not one of them might be touched till his return. "He made a promise to my wish," our traveller tells us, "perhaps as binding as that of a lover."

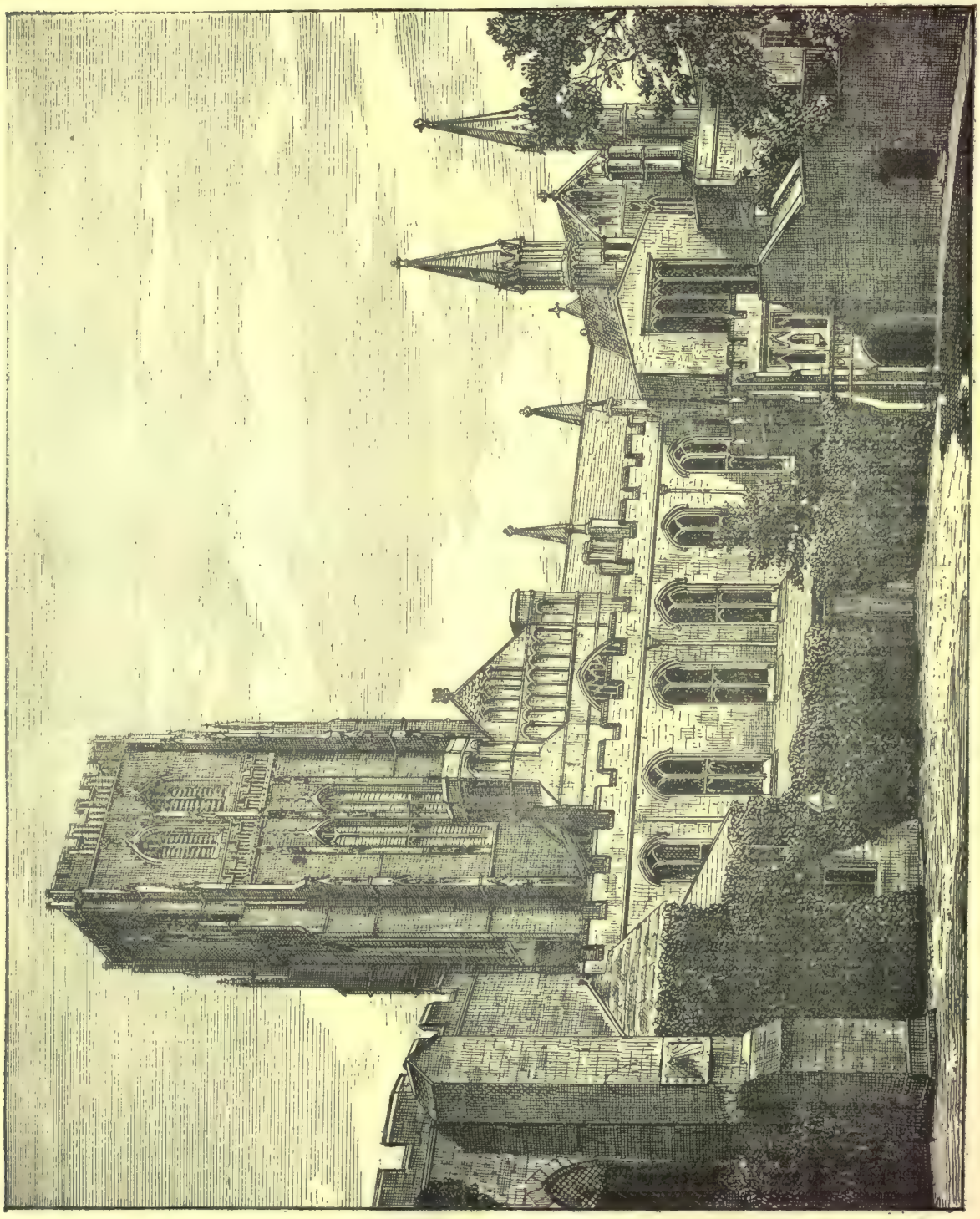
Near the close of the book, the author says:—"From the destruction of so large a part of these magnificent works, I fear I shall be the last author who shall describe them. Plunder is the order of the day. I wished to see Severus's works in a superior style, but am an age too late. They have suffered more during the last century than in the fifteen before it." Hutton could not possibly foresee the advent of a Bruce, but, in other respects, he speaks like one of the prophets.

Mr. Hutton rejoined his daughter at West Bank, a small sea-bathing place near Lancaster, where he had appointed to meet her. He rested at this place four days, and then by easy marches returned to Birmingham, which he reached on the 7th of August, 1801, after a loss, by perspiration, of a stone of animal weight, an expenditure of forty guineas, a lapse of thirty-five days, and a walk of six hundred and one miles. The stalwart old traveller walked the whole six hundred miles in one pair of shoes, and scarcely made a hole in his stockings.

Durham Cathedral.

FOR picturesqueness of situation and for massive grandeur of effect there are few Cathedrals, if any, which can compare with that of Durham. An old writer* says of it: "This reverend aged Abby, advanced upon the shoulders of a mountainous Atlas, is so envyroned again with hilles, that he that hath seen the situation of this city hath seen the map of Sion, and may save a journey to the Holy Land." A later writer (Billings, 1843) says: "It is no easy matter to give a term conveying an adequate idea of the proportions or apparent size of the Cathedral; for, though less in height and width than others, its nave in particular has a grandeur of effect, derived from the

* Hegge: "Legend of St. Cuthbert." Reprint of 1816, p. 43.



DURHAM CATHEDRAL: FROM COLLEGE GREEN.

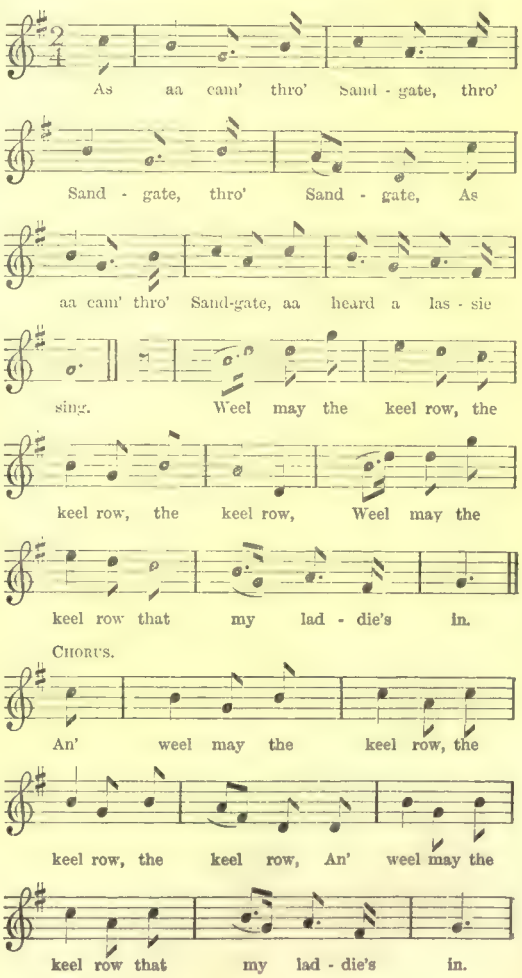
DURHAM CATHEDRAL: FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

simplicity and size of its various members, not surpassed, if equalled, by any; and King James was not far from giving a proper description when he offered to wrestle it against any other in the kingdom. If we except the addition of the Galilee and Chapel of the Nine Altars, its plan differs in nothing from the Norman design; and of that style of architecture it presents the most perfect and gigantic specimen in existence."

There are few who are unacquainted with the story of the wanderings of the monks of Lindisfarne with the body of St. Cuthbert, and of how at length they found a final resting-place for it on the lofty wooded peninsula of Dunholme, almost encircled by the waters of the winding Wear. The first shelter for the saintly remains was "an arbour rather than a church," made by the monks, "with extemporarie devotion," of boughs and branches of trees. It has been conjectured that the site of this erection was that now occupied by the church of St. Mary-le-Bow, in the Bailey, at the east end of the Cathedral; but Hegge rejects this as fabulous. The Church of Boughs was soon after replaced by one of timber, which lasted for three years, when, in 990, Aldwinus, the last Bishop of Chester-le-Street and the first of Durham, "raised up no small building of stone work for his Cathedrall, when all the people between Coqued and Teese were at work three yeares; and were paid for their pains with expectation of treasure in heaven: a very cheap way to pay workmen for their wages." (Hegge, p. 27.) For a hundred years this building stood. Then (1093) Bishop Carilef, "who thought that the church that Aldwin built was too little for so great a saint," having plucked it down, laid the foundation of a more ample building. Malcolm, King of Scotland, the Bishop, and Prior Turgot laid the three first stones, August 11th, 1093. The work thus commenced was carried on by the Bishop and his successors. By the year 1128, Bishop Flambard (the builder of Framwellgate Bridge) had finished the nave to the vaulting, also the walls to the aisles. About 1154 Bishop Pudsey built the Galilee Chapel. It was built especially for the use of women, who, owing to St. Cuthbert's well-known aversion to the sex, were debarred from entering the Cathedral itself. Bishop Pudsey it was who built Elvet Bridge, and who, by clearing away the buildings between the Cathedral and the Castle, formed the beautiful open space now called Castle Green. The Chapel of the Nine Altars, at the east end of the Cathedral, was built about 1275. In our illustration, which shows the south side of the Cathedral as seen from College Green, the south gable of this chapel, with its two great pinnacles, appears on the right hand side. The pinnacles of the north gable, the tops of which can be seen in our drawing, are much plainer and heavier than the southern two, and have a top-heavy and crushing effect on the delicate work they cap, being examples of injudicious modern restoration.

Here we must take our leave of this masterpiece of architecture, which is equally beautiful, whether examined in detail or seen from a distance as one grand harmonious mass. It is said that Robert de Rhodes, the worthy lawyer who gave to us the world-famous steeple of St. Nicholas in Newcastle, contemplated, and even commenced, a similar crown for the great centre tower of Durham, but died almost in its conception. It is hard to say whether it would have been an improvement, or the reverse, upon the massive four-square majesty it now presents. R. J. C.

History of the Keel Row.

By John Stokoe.

As aa cam' thro' Sand - gate, thro'
Sand - gate, thro' Sand - gate, As
aa cam' thro' Sand-gate, aa heard a las - sie
sing. Weel may the keel row, the
keel row, the keel row, Weel may the
keel row that my lad - die's in.
CHORUS.
An' weel may the keel row, the
keel row, the keel row, An' weel may the
keel row that my lad - die's in.

As aa cam thro' Sandgate,
Thro' Sandgate, thro' Sandgate,
As aa cam thro' Sandgate,
Aa heard a lassie sing—
Weel may the keel row,
The keel row, the keel row,
Weel may the keel row
That my laddie's in.
An' weel may the keel row, &c.

He wears a blue bonnet,
Blue bonnet, blue bonnet,
He wears a blue bonnet,
A dimple in his chin.
An' weel may the keel row, &c.

THERE are comparatively few melodies in existence at the present time, in England or Scotland, so thoroughly identified with a district as our simple and beautiful melody of "The Keel Row" is associated with Northumbria and Tyneside. Both melody and words have been claimed as Scottish; but, so far as we have been able to trace the history of this well-known and celebrated lyric, the claims of Northumberland for the parentage of "The Keel Row" are better founded than those of our friends across the Border. Knowing the interest attaching to the histories both of the song and of the melody, we submit the following evidence to the judgment of all who have either shared or witnessed the enthusiasm and delight with which Northumbrians, in all quarters of the globe and under all conditions of life, have listened to the song which before all others brings the banks of coaly Tyne and its once numerous fleet of keels so vividly to recollection.

For the tune itself, Mr. William Chappell, in his "Music of the Olden Time," vol. ii., page 721, says the earliest form in which he has observed it in print is as a country dance, entitled "Smiling Polly," under which name it appears in several of the collections of the last century, notably Thompson's "200 Country Dances," vol. ii., page 63 (1765). In the Antiquarian Society's collection of old melodies at the Castle in Newcastle, there is a manuscript book of tunes, dated 1774, belonging formerly to a noted musician of his time, John Baty, of Wark, where the melody appears under its present well-known title, and exactly as it is now sung and played. These dates are certainly anterior to the appearance of the tune in any Scottish collection. In Johnson's "Scots Musical Museum," 1797, volume v., page 438, the old song of "The Boatie Row" is set to four different tunes. One of these (to which "Nae Luck Aboot the Hoose" is now sung) resembles the first part of "The Keel Row" in the first few bars only. The "Boatie Row" has always possessed its own particular tune, and had Johnson known of the existence of the song of "The Keel Row" he would certainly, without any scruple, have appropriated and inserted it in his work, as he did many others upon which the Scottish nation had no claim whatever. There is in the British Museum a book entitled "A Collection of Favourite Scots Tunes," by Charles MacLean, and published at Edinburgh. The book has no date, but is marked in the Museum Catalogue "1770?" Dr. Laing, an authority on Scottish song, gives the date as 1778. There are only twenty-six tunes in the book, eight of which are not Scotch, and include the well-known Irish air "Aileen Aroon," and our Northumbrian pipe tune, "Jackey Layton," besides others. The title of our melody is "Well may the Keel Row," and there are three variations of it. The appropriation of airs known to belong to other countries makes the title of MacLean's book a misnomer, and it may be more truly described as a collection of tunes that were favourites or popular in Scotland, irrespective of nationality. The value of the book as an authority is thus doubtful.

William Shield, the composer of "The Wolf," "The Thorn," "Old Towler," and many of our sweetest and most popular songs, published a work on the "Rudiments of Thorough Bass" about 1815, and made use of a few Northumbrian airs to illustrate his subject, the first and principal one being "The Keel Row" (page 35). Introducing these airs he says—"During my *infancy* I was taught to play and sing the following Airs, which were then called Border Tunes, and as many of my Subscribers Honour their native Counties, Durham, Westmorland, and Northumberland, for *their* gratification, and to augment the Collector's stock of printed rarities, these hitherto neglected Flights of Fancy may prove conspicuous in the group of National Melodies." Then follows "The Keel Row," set in different ways for piano, harp, voice, &c., and he adds in a foot-note, "This natural, simple Air is a universal favourite," &c. Now, Shield was born in 1749, began to learn the violin when six years of age, and appeared as a public performer on that instrument when nine years old. We may then fairly presume he was at that early period accustomed to play the tune. This granted, it would make "The Keel Row" a popular Tyneside melody before 1760. In Sykes's Local Records, volume ii., page 11, under date 3rd September, 1801, in recording the first shipment of coals from Percy Main Colliery at Whitehill Point Staiths, on the Tyne, it is stated that "a salute of artillery was fired and the band played 'The Keel Row.'" We read in the same volume, under date of 26th September, 1803, that at the opening of Jarrow Colliery a part of the festivities consisted of "a general discharge of artillery, the band playing 'Weel may the Keel Row,' and other appropriate tunes." The popularity of the tune on Tyneside at the dates named is thus placed on indisputable record; and if the files of old Newcastle newspapers could be searched, no doubt mention would be found of the tune being used at similar public festivities, balls, &c., long anterior to these dates.

The evidence available as to the primary appearance or publication of the *words* of the song show still more clearly the probability of its Northumbrian origin.

Joseph Ritson, the celebrated authority on old ballads, and perhaps the most rigidly honest and reliable of all antiquarian collectors and publishers, found the song so popular in Northumberland before the close of last century that he included it in his collection of *Old Ballads* entitled "The Northumberland Garland," published in 1793. This was, so far as we have been able to ascertain, the first appearance of the song in print. John Bell followed suit in his "Rhymes of the Northern Bards," published in 1812, and included not only the original street rhyme, as printed by Ritson, but also the then popular local song written to the air by Thomas Thompson, a local poet of some distinction, who died in 1816. We give Thompson's song at the close of this article, as it is now almost as much identified with the tune as the original short rhyme.

The first publication of any of the Scottish versions of the ballad was in Cromek's "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," published 1810, and the next in "Jacobite Relics," two volumes, published in 1819-21, and edited by James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. In each of these works it is stated to be the *remnant* of a Jacobite ballad, and was given by Allan Cunningham to Cromek and to Hogg as such. Allan Cunningham himself, in 1825, published "The Songs of Scotland, Ancient and Modern," in four volumes, and in volume iii., page 159, gives what he asserts to be the *complete* ballad. As it is essential to our purpose that both the *relic* and the *complete* Scottish or Jacobite ballad should be known, we therefore give them.

Cromek's version is—

MERRY MAY THE KEEL ROW.

As I cam' down the Canno'gate,
The Canno'gate, the Canno'gate,
As I cam' down the Canno'gate,
I heard a lassie sing, O!
Merry may the keel rowe,
The keel rowe, the keel rowe,
Merry may the keel rowe,
The ship that my love's in, O!

My love has breath o' roses,
O' roses, o' roses,
Wi' arms o' lily posies,
To fauld a lassie in, O!
Merry may the keel rowe, &c.

My love he wears a bonnet,
A bonnet, a bonnet,
A snawy rose upon it,
A dimple on his chin, O!
Merry may the keel rowe, &c.

Allan Cunningham's so-called complete version of the song follows :—

MERRY MAY THE KEEL ROWE.

As I came down through Cannobie,
Through Cannobie, through Cannobie,
The summer sun had shut his e'e,
And loud a lass did sing—O:
Ye westlin' winds all gently blow,
Ye seas soft as my wishes flow;
And merry may the *shallop* rowe
That my true love sails in—O.

My love has breath like roses sweet,
Like roses sweet, like roses sweet,
And arms like lilies dipt in weet,
To fold a maiden in—O.
There's not a wave that swells the sea
But bears a prayer or wish frae me,
O! soon may I my true love see,
Wi' his bauld bands again—O.

My lover wears a bonnet blue,
A bonnet blue, a bonnet blue,
A rose so white, a heart so true,
A dimple in his chin—O.
He bears a blade his foes have felt,
And nobles at his nod have knelt.
My heart will break as well as melt,
Should he ne'er come again—O.

Cunningham remarks upon the above—"An *imperfect* copy of this song found its way into Cromek's 'Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song.' . . . . The picture of her love which the heroine draws seems to be that of the Pretender; at all events the white rose of the Stuarts marks it for a Jacobite song."

After noticing the dates of these several publications, we have now to deal with the compilers. Cromek was well known to be utterly unreliable as an authority for the authenticity of any of the old songs in his book; in fact, when Chambers published his "Scottish Ballads," a few years later (1829), he writes of Cromek as "the victim of the singular impostures of Allan Cunningham," and again, in another place, he states that "Allan Cunningham and James Hogg are but fallacious authorities to rest upon." Cunningham was well known as an able and successful imitator of old ballads, and we think there is fair presumptive evidence that, having somewhere heard or seen our Tyneside song, he first gave it to Cromek as a fragment for publication, and then founded upon it the elaborate paraphrase which appears in his own collection as a professedly complete ballad, the process of building the latter up from our Tyneside street rhyme being, we think, distinctly traceable. It will also be seen that in the so-called perfect ballad the word "keel" is retained only in the title, and has disappeared altogether from the song itself, where it is replaced by the word "shallop." That the song has obtained great popularity in Scotland may be true enough; but we have no evidence of such popularity until comparatively late in the present century, and Chambers, in his "Songs of Scotland Prior to Burns," published about thirty years ago, does not include it in his collection, which no doubt he would have done had he not been suspicious of Cunningham's authorship, or if he had believed it to be a *genuine* Jacobite relic. A further significant and important reason for claiming "The Keel Row" as Northumbrian is the fact that nowhere else, except upon the Tyne and its sister river the Wear, are the peculiar and particular class of vessels called "keels" to be found.

Many of our local poets have from time to time essayed to mate our lively melody with appropriate words, with but comparatively small success. "The New Keel Row," written by Thomas Thompson, and published in

Bell's "Rhymes of the Northern Bards," 1812, is perhaps the best. In many instances, in both Scotch and English versions of the ballad, two verses of Thompson's song, which the reader can easily recognise, are incorporated in the original street rhyme. Mr. Thompson was the author of several celebrated local songs, the best of them being "Canny Newcastle," "Jemmy Johnson's Wherry," &c. We give his "Keel Row" *verbatim* from the original copy, printed 1812 :—

THE NEW KEEL ROW.
By T. T.
TO THE OLD TUNE.

Whe's like my Johnny,
Sae leish, sae blithe, sae bonny?
He's foremost 'mang the monny
Keel lads o' coaly Tyne.
He'll set or row so tightly,
Or in the dance so sprightly
He'll cut and shuffle sightly ;
'Tis true—were he not mine.

Weel may the keel row,
The keel row, the keel row,
Weel may the keel row
That my laddie's in :
He wears a blue bonnet,
A bonnet, a bonnet,
He wears a blue bonnet,
A dimple in his chin.

He's ne mair learnin
Than tells his weekly earnin',
Yet reet frae wrang discernin',
Though brave, ne bruiser he ;
Tho' he no worth a plack is,
His awn coat on his back is,
And nane can say that black is
The white o' Johnny's e'e.

Each pay-day, nearly,
He takes his quairt right dearly,
Then talks O, latin O,—cheerly,
Or mevies jaws away.
How, caring not a feather,
Nelson and he together,
The springy French did lether,
And gar'd them shab away.

Were a' kings comparely,
In each I'd spy a fairly,
An' ay wad Johnny barly,
He gets sic bonny bairns.
Go bon, the queen, or misses,
But wad, for Johnny's kisses,
Luik upon as blisses
Scrimp meals, caff-beds, and dairns.

Wor lads, like their deddy,
To fight the French are ready,
But gie's a peace that's steady,
An' breed cheap as lang syne.
May a' the press-gangs perish,
Each lass her laddie cherish !
Lang may the Coal Trade flourish
Upon the dingy Tyne !

Breet Star o' Heaton,*
Your ay wour darling sweet'en,
May heaven's blessings leet on
Your lady, bairns, and ye.
God bless the King and Nation,
Each bravely fill his station ;
Our canny *Corporation*,
Lang may they sing wi' me,
Weel may the keel row, &c.

* The "Bright Star of Heaton" was Sir Matthew White Ridley, of Heaton and Blagdon, who died in London in 1813, aged 67. He was great-grandfather of the present baronet, and was eight times elected Member of Parliament for Newcastle.

Cutty Soams.

PROBABLY the most dismal place in the universal world is the *goaf*—the sooty, cavernous void left in a coal mine after the removal of the coal. The actual terrors of this gloomy cavity, with its sinking roof, its upheaving or "creeping" floor, huge fragments of shale or "following stone" overhead, quivering, ready to fall, and its "blind passages that lead to nothing" and nowhere, save death to the hapless being who chances to stray into them in the dark and lose his way, as in the Catacombs. These terrors formerly had superadded to them others of a yet more appalling nature—grim goblins that haunted the wastes, and either lured the unwary wanderer into them to certain destruction or issued from them to play mischievous pranks in the workings, tampering with the brattices so as to divert or stop the air currents, hiding the men's gear, blunting the hewers' picks, frightening the ponies and putters with dismal groans and growls, exhibiting deceptive blue lights, and every now and then choking scores of men and boys with after-damp in places where no one ever suspected the deadly presence of gas to be.

One of these spectres of the mine, now, like all his brethren, only a traditionary as well as a shadowy being, used to be known by the name of Cutty Soams. Belonging, of course, to the genus Boggle, he partook of the special nature of the Brownie. His disposition was purely mischievous, yet he condescended sometimes to do good in an indirect way. Thus he would occasionally bounce upon and thrash soundly some unpopular overman or deputy-viewer, and would often gratify his petty malignity at the expense of shabby owners, causing them vexatious outlay for which there would otherwise have been no need ; but his special business and delight was to cut the traces, or "soams," by which the poor little assistant putters (sometimes girls) used then to be yoked to the wooden trams underground.

It was no uncommon thing in the morning when the men went down to work for them to find that Cutty Soams had been busy during the night, and that every pair of rope traces in the colliery had been cut to pieces. But no one ever, by any chance, saw the foul fiend. By many he was supposed to be the ghost of one of the poor fellows who had been killed in the pit at some time or other, and who came to warn his old marrows of some misfortune that was going to happen. Pits were laid idle many a day in the olden time through this cause alone. Cool-headed, rationalistic sceptics maintained that the cutting of the soams, instead of being the work of a disembodied evil spirit whom nobody had ever seen or could see, was that of some designing scoundrel.

As these mysterious soam cuttings, at a particular pit in Northumberland, in the neighbourhood of Callington, never occurred when the men were on the day shift, suspicion fell on one of the deputies, named Nelson, whose

turn to be on the night shift it always happened to be when there was any prank of the kind played. It was his duty to visit the cranes before the lads went down, and see that all things were in proper order; and it was he who usually made the discovery that the ropes had been cut. Having been openly accused of the deed by another man, his rival for the hand of a beautiful girl, daughter of the overman of the pit, Nelson, it would appear, resolved to compass his outspoken competitor's death by secretly cutting (all but a strand) the rope by which his intended victim was about to descend to the bottom. Owing to some cause or other, the person whose destruction was thus aimed at was not the first to go down the pit that morning; but other two men, the under-viewer and the overman, went first. The consequence was that they were precipitated down the shaft and dashed to pieces.

As a climax to this horrible catastrophe, the pit fired a few days afterwards, and tradition has it that Nelson was killed by the after-damp. Cutty Soams Colliery, as it had come to be nicknamed, never worked another day. To be sure, it was well-nigh exhausted of workable coal. So the owners, to make the best of a bad job, engaged some hardy fellows to bring the rails, trams, rolleys, and other valuable plant out of the doomed pit, a task which occupied them for several weeks, and then its mouth was filled up. The men removed to other collieries, and the deserted pit-row fell into ruins. Even the bare walls have long since disappeared. There is nothing left now to mark the site of the village, if we may believe our authority, Mr. W. P. Shield, "but a huge heap of rubbish, overgrown with rank weeds and furze bushes."

As for old Cutty Soams, he now finds no one to believe in his ever having existed, far less in his still existing or haunting any pit from Scremerston to West Auckland.

He's "vanished like the baseless fabric of a vision,"
His occupation gone—completed his last mission.
The light of science he disdained to brook,
And fled—when other phantoms "took their hook."

William Wealands Robson.

EARLY on the morning of Sunday, the 31st December, 1882, the people of Sunderland were very much shocked to learn that one of the most widely known gentlemen of the town, Mr. William Wealands Robson, solicitor, had been found drowned in the river Wear, shortly before midnight, on the previous evening. On Monday, New Year's Day, 1883, an inquest was held on the body, when the jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death." It appeared that Mr. Robson, who had left a house in High Street East between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, had fallen into the water at the Black Bull Quay, in the Low Street. Mr. Robson's remains were interred on the following Wednesday in the Mere Knolls Cemetery, between Roker and Whitburn; and the funeral was attended by a large number of relatives and friends, including, besides almost all the members of the legal profession in Sunderland, a good many members of the Sunderland Town Council, the Gateshead and South Shields Highway Board, and the Monkwearmouth Burial Board, to which last two bodies he was clerk at the time of his death.

Mr. Robson (of whom we give a portrait from a sketch that appeared in a local publication some time ago) was born in Monkwearmouth, on the 22nd November, 1824. His father, who carried on business as a merchant in North Bridge Street, having his office at the corner of Bonner's Field, bore the same name and surnames as himself, and belonged to a family settled in that town for two and a half centuries. His progenitors came originally from Falstone, Fauston, or Faesten, in North Tynedale, which got its name, as is supposed, from its having been a "fastness" or fortalice of the Clan Robson in that wild district previous to the Union of the English and Scotch Crowns. The consequence of the latter event was to break up the clans on both sides of the Border; and tradition has it that a cadet of the family of the Lairds of Faesten found his way to the banks of the Wear, settled in Monkwearmouth, and founded a family there. The Clan Robson, it may be well to state, claim to have derived their surname from Hroethbert, whose curiously carved tombstone, belonging to the seventh century, was dug up at Falstone about 1750, and is now to be seen in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries.

William Wealands stood in the seventh degree of descent from the first of the name that came to Monkwearmouth; and his mother was a member of the old Northumbrian family of Shields of Allendale. He received the elements of school education in his native town, partly, we believe, at Mr. Rea's Academy, where the notorious Lola Montez was for some time a pupil. He was sent to complete it at Newcastle, under the tuition of Dr. Bruce. Destined to be a "limb of the law," he was articled to the late Mr. Joseph John Wright, a solicitor of much local influence at that time, whose offices were in rooms over a shop at 19, High Street, Sunderland. When he had completed his articles, he commenced practice on his own account at 134, High Street, Bishopwearmouth, where he soon had a good business. His attainments as a lawyer were ere long admitted and recognised all over the North; and his genial warm-heartedness as a man made him a universal favourite wherever he was known. In 1848, he was an unsuccessful candidate for the town clerkship of Sunderland; but he did not take his defeat in the least degree to heart, and continued ever afterwards to be one of the warmest friends of Mr. William Snowball, the gentleman who defeated him. At the same time he was an excep-

tionally good hater, and no one could more strongly, tersely, and emphatically express his contempt for all cant, humbug, and upstart pride and presumption. In 1851, Mr. Robson was elected a representative of Monkwearmouth Ward, but at the end of his first term of office he retired in disgust from the Council, for which, as a deliberative and executive body, he had scarcely a grain of respect, whatever he might think of some of its members individually. One of his peculiarities was that he could not bend his mind to make a personal canvass in order to obtain any office. His professional pride was exceptionally strong, and it must be allowed that he was justified in entertaining it. The writer of an obituary notice of him in a local paper says:—"Naturally cool-headed, logical, and deliberate, he was an advocate whose pleading before the judge of a county court or the justices of a borough or county bench was of the most successful kind. For many years his practice of this description was very large in the neighbourhood of Sunderland, and his characteristic *pose* when bending over the solicitors' table addressing the court was familiar to everyone hereabouts concerned in the administration of the law. He had a keen appreciation of character, and it was not the least interesting part of his advocacy to see how judiciously he suited his conduct of a case to the composition of the Bench before him. How learnedly he would discourse and cite cases in addressing qualified magistrates, and how humorously and lightly he would gloss over offences when addressing magistrates who relished a smart witticism more than a nice legal argument! He was an indefatigable and methodical reader, and a memory of marvellous clearness and exactitude enabled him to store in the chambers of his brain and keep ready for use an immense body of knowledge in all branches of the law." But the memory of the ablest and most successful pleader in any of our local courts is, and ever in the nature of things must be, very short-lived; and though Mr. Robson's reputation as a lawyer was exceptionally high in the circle wherein he moved, it will, we believe, be on his extra-professional work, as a writer of fugitive papers, in which his style rivals Cobbett's in masculine pith and raciness, and on his amiable, not to say whimsical, eccentricities, that his lasting reputation will be founded. His contributions to the columns of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, under his favourite pseudonym of Jonathan Oldbuck, were certainly among the most readable things of the kind. Over his own name he was for several years a regular contributor to the *Weekly Chronicle*. In politics, Mr. Robson was a Whig of the old school, verging on Conservatism; but he took much less interest in the party squabbles of public men than many who were not nearly so well qualified, by nature, education, and surroundings, to sit in judgment upon them. In his latter years, he saw fit to join the Roman Catholic Church, but he had nothing of the bigot in his disposition, and never thought of obtruding his private opinion upon others.

Mr. Robson took a deep interest in horse racing and the breeding of horses, but was no bettor or speculator on the turf, though familiarly acquainted with most of the sporting men of the last generation, including the famous Earl of Eglintoun, who got up the great tournament. One of his first visits to the Newcastle races was made in his seventeenth year, when he saw Mr. Orde's wonderful mare Beeswing win the Gold Cup—the eighteenth which she had won, and her forty-first prize—beating the almost equally famous horse Lanercost. He knew Mr. Thomas Dawson, who, as well as his son after him, achieved such a wide reputation as a trainer of race-horses at Middleham, near Richmond. He knew likewise that celebrated jockey, Tommy Lye, of whose exploits so many wonderful stories used to be told; and he wrote a biography of the clever little man, which appeared in *Bell's Life in London*, and attracted much attention.

Another of Mr. Robson's extra-professional fancies was the breeding of greyhounds and bulldogs. Indeed, he was, perhaps, the greatest greyhound fancier of the day. He was joint owner with Mr. Dixon, of Coxgreen, of two celebrated dogs, Admiral and Sylph, which won the Grand National Prize about the year 1850; and another dog which he owned and bred, named Deacon, ran second one year for the Waterloo Cup at Liverpool. He was first led to take an interest in bulldogs from a wish to originate a breed between them and the greyhound, partaking of the special qualities of both, that is to say, combining fleetness and elegance of form with keen scent and high courage; and this object he managed to accomplish to a great extent. One of the commonest sights in Sunderland was to see him setting out upon or returning from a long country ramble, accompanied by his favourite dogs. When a young man, he was a great pedestrian, and thought nothing of walking in a day to Morpeth and back, varying the route occasionally by going round by Blyth, and home in the evening by North and South Shields. A favourite walk of his in later years was over the Black Fell to Birtley, and home either by Chester-le-Street, on the one hand, or by Gateshead Fell, Usworth, and Hilton Castle, on the other. Indeed, there was scarcely a footpath, bridle road, or road of any kind, between the Wear and the Tyne, and as far west as Beamish and Ravensworth, that was not familiarly known to him; and when, as was once or twice the case, he found his progress stopped by a gate unwarrantably padlocked, or otherwise fastened or blocked, he never had the least hesitation in removing the obstruction and walking onwards, confident, if challenged, of being able to vindicate the public right. In the course of his walks he took in with a quick observant eye not only the state of the crops as he passed along, but everything else that was worth noticing, and it was a great treat to get

from him a lively account and description of what he had seen or met with in any one of his peregrinations. There is a cast metal figure of him and one of his favourite bulldogs, which is said to be a striking likeness of the quadruped as well as the biped. His love extended beyond horses and dogs to wild animals of every description. He utterly detested all pigeon and starling shooters, and idle fellows who recklessly destroyed sea-fowl In a word, he was an ardent lover of Nature in all her phases.

One of his most unaccountable whims was that, while he regarded Newcastle as something approaching a model town, and its people as the pick of the English nation, he never lost an opportunity of scoffing at Bishopwearmouth, and likewise at Seaham Harbour, which he looked upon as places quite of a mushroom character. It was at one time his custom to pay Newcastle a visit every Saturday afternoon. When there on one of his weekly visits, a friend asked him if he had read Tennyson's new poem, then just out. "No," said he, "I never read new books—nothing under fifty years old."

WILLIAM WEALANDS ROBSON.

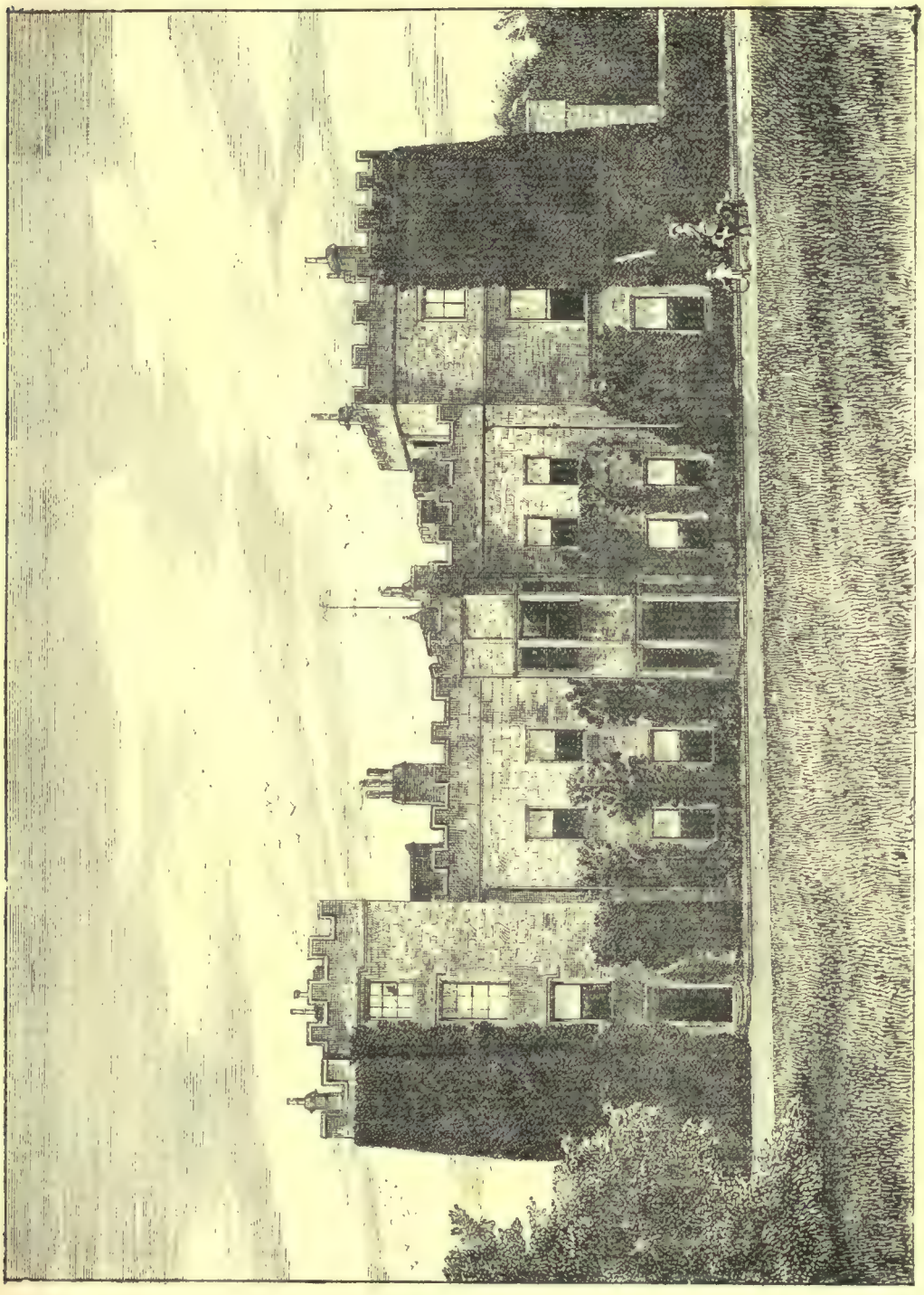
He had a good knowledge of general history, and was particularly well acquainted with that of the Roya Stuarts, and the Jacobite Rebellions of 1715 and 1745, many traditions regarding which he had managed to gather up, and treasured in his memory, but, unfortunately, did not commit to writing. He had the Army List almost off by heart, or, at least, knew the numbers and achievements of all the crack regiments of the line, so that he might have matched Uncle Toby himself in apportioning to each its due meed of praise. Nothing ever delighted him more than to get into conversation with an intelligent old Peninsular officer, and listen to his reminiscences of Talavera, Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria, or the Pyrenees. Under other auspices, he might have been an able strategist. WILLIAM BROCKIE.

Chillingham Castle and Cattle.

CHILLINGHAM CASTLE was once the seat and manor of the heroic race of the Greys of Wark, and is now the possession and chief residence of the Bennets, Earls of Tankerville, the first of whom, Charles Lord Ossulston, married, in 1695, Lady Mary Grey, only daughter of Forde, Lord Grey of Wark, Viscount Grey of Glendale, and Earl of Tankerville, on whose demise he succeeded to the estates and afterwards to the earldom. It stands on a fine eminence, surrounded by trees, on the right bank of the river Till, which is about half a mile distant, and is sheltered towards the south-east by a rocky, mountainous ridge, the most elevated point of which is a crag called Rawes, Ras, or Ros Castle, on which, in former times, there used to be a beacon kindled to warn the country southward of an inroad of the Scots. The style of the building sufficiently indicates that Chillingham Castle, as it now exists, was erected after the union of the two Crowns, and at a period when the owner had no longer reason to dread any hostile incursion from the north side of the Tweed.

Strangers visit Chillingham chiefly for the sake of seeing the wild cattle which are kept in the park, and which are perhaps the only uncontaminated progeny now existing of the aboriginal British ox, formerly an inhabitant of many forest districts in Albion and Caledonia. Too fierce and pugnacious to be made subservient to man's will, they were hunted down and extirpated, except where preserved as curiosities. These Chillingham oxen are of a creamy white colour, much smaller than any of the domestic breeds except the Highland kyloe, of a graceful form, with sharp horns, which are not very long and not very much curved, but admirable for defence or attack. There is a vague tradition that they were originally enclosed here in the reign of King John or Henry III., when the park was first fenced round; but whether or not this tale be true, they seem to be of the genuine breed of the bovine family described by the Scottish historians, and similar in most characteristics, except size, to the urus which anciently inhabited the forests of Central Europe. They are shy, swift, and savage, and dangerous when exasperated, and many thrilling stories are told of marvellous escapes from their fury.

There is a remarkable chimney-piece in one of the rooms of the castle. When the men were sawing the stone for it, they are said to have found a cavity containing a living toad, as testified by the *nidus* still to be seen, and by a rude painting of a toad upon



CHILLINGHAM CASTLE.

a wooden tablet, which the late Dr. Raine was inclined to believe must have been painted by John Warburton, Somerset Herald in the College of Arms, who had an active hand in forming the military road along the line of the Roman Wall between Newcastle and Carlisle, who published a map of Northumberland it 1716, and who was notoriously addicted to that wretched habit of mystification which disgraced many of the antiquaries of last century. An elaborate Latin inscription, equally apocryphal, the same competent authority was inclined to attribute, not to Bishop Cosin, as had long been supposed, but to Robert Thorp, vicar of Chillingham, and afterwards Archdeacon of Northumberland, extensively known in the learned world as the author of an elaborate commentary on Newton's "Principia." We read that the other part of the slab from which the chimney-piece is formed was long preserved in Horton Castle, another seat of the Greys, a few miles from Wooler; but of that once strong fortalice scarcely any remains now exist.

Camilla of the White House.

A popular periodical published the tradition we print below about half a century ago. The "White House" therein referred to is not far from Springwell Colliery, and is thus mentioned in Surtees's History of Durham:—"White House stands on the edge of Gateshead Fell, to the south of High Heworth. This is a leasehold estate under the church of Durham, and was successively the seat of the Jennisons and the Colvilles. It afterwards passed by purchase to John Stafford, and was alienated by his grandson, John Stafford, Esq., to Richard Scruton, of Durham, Esq. The house occupying the high ground betwixt the vales of the Wear and Tyne commands a very varied and extensive prospect over the estuary of both rivers, with the castles of Tynemouth and Hylton in the distance." In Mackenzie and Ross's History (1834) it is stated to have been the residence of Mr. John Dobson, of Gateshead, solicitor. In 1856, Mr. R. C. Forster, land agent, was in possession of it, and it is now occupied by his son. Debrett's "Peerage" records that Charles, second Earl of Tankerville, married Camilla, daughter of Edward Colville, Esq., of White House, county of Durham. The countess died in 1775, at the age, it is said, of 105, which in all probability is incorrect, as it would place her birth five years antecedent to that of her husband's father, who was born in 1675, and died in 1722.

In the early part of the last century, Edward Colville, who had realised a competency as a butcher and grazier, resided in a mansion called the White House, which may still be seen in the vicinity of Gateshead. The respectability of his character, and the style in which he lived, were such as to admit of his daughter Camilla attending the assize balls in Newcastle, though these were then fully as exclusive as they are at present. Gifted by nature with an elegant person, and with some advantages of education, Camilla was a young lady eminently qualified to grace those assemblages. It is not, therefore, surprising, that at one of them she had the good fortune to attract the attention of a young nobleman, Lord Ossulston, the eldest son of the Earl of Tankerville. It occasioned no small flutter in the room when this gentleman, after the proper formalities, requested of Miss Colville the honour of being allowed to walk a minuet with her. She blushingly consented, and rarely had the ball-room of Newcastle exhibited a more striking display of graceful movement than what was displayed while this stately dance was in the course of being performed. Lord Ossulston was charmed beyond all measure by the beauty of his partner, and, as he handed her to her carriage, or whatever other conveyance her father's fortune allowed of, he inly vowed that the first should not be the last night of their acquaintance.

The next day beheld the heir of the house of Tankerville, at an hour which now would be considered preposterously early, calling at the White House to pay his respects to its fair tenant. Next day, and the next again, he renewed his visits; and, in short, his attention became so conspicuous, that the young lady's father, from being simply flattered by the notice of a person of rank, began to fear that feelings might arise between the parties which would only lead to disappointment. Perhaps he had even graver fears, which any one acquainted with the maxim of the gentlemen of that age will not deem to have been at all unreasonable. It was only in the immediately ensuing age that Richardson drew the character of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. He therefore made some efforts to keep Lord Ossulston out of the company of his daughter, but with no great success. Denied admittance to the house, the young noble could still beset her when she went abroad, seat himself near her at church, and get insinuated into any little social party where she was expected. Mr. Colville at length saw it to be necessary to take very decided measures, and he resolved to place the young lady for some time in a new and distant home. A relation of his had been long settled as a merchant in Holland. In the hands of that gentleman he thought she would be quite safe from Lord Ossulston's addresses. He had also very opportunely a friend who conducted a vessel of his own regularly between South Shields and the ports of Holland and the North of France. By means of this friend it was comparatively an easy matter to get the young lady conveyed to her new home. It may here be remarked, that the shipowners, who in those days navigated their own vessels from South Shields, were a highly respectable class of men, generally possessing good education and manners, and living, when at home, in a style of considerable

dignity. Amongst the descendants of more than one of them might be found members of both Houses of Parliament. They took the name of captain, and had, we believe, some solid grounds for doing so; as trading beyond certain latitudes and longitudes specified by Queen Elizabeth gave masters of merchant vessels a modified permission to assume that title. Captain Aubane readily entered into the views of his friend Colville, and undertook to convey the young lady in safety to her relative in Rotterdam. She was, accordingly, conducted in the most private manner to South Shields, and put on board his vessel.

The voyage passed in safety: Camilla was consigned to her father's Dutch friend; and Captain Aubane returned with the pleasing intelligence that all was safe. If Mr. Colville, however, believed that Lord Ossulston had been "thrown out" he was mistaken; for, before many weeks had elapsed, his lordship made his appearance in Rotterdam, and became as troublesome to the family who had charge of his mistress as he had formerly been to her father. The Linden Walks lent their shade to certain meetings of the lovers, and, when such meetings were denied, his lordship made signals of affection from the street, which Camilla could furtively read in the friendly mirror projecting from the parlour window. The Dutch friend now became more distressingly alarmed than ever the father had been, in so far as a responsibility for interests of another is more harassing than responsibility for interests of one's own. He therefore resolved to get quit as soon as possible of his fair but perilous charge. Captain Aubane, ere long, returned to Rotterdam for another cargo, and, when he was about to sail, Camilla was once more put on board his vessel.

Behold the Belle of Newcastle again at sea. But now it was with very different feelings that she crossed the German Ocean; and for this change there was no doubt good cause. The Dutch coast had for a day been lost in the blue distance; sea and sky were the boundaries of the sailors' sight; and honest Aubane was congratulating himself on the prospect of soon committing Miss Colville in safety to her father's keeping, when, descending into the cabin, how was he astonished to behold, kneeling at her feet, that very Lord Ossulston who was the cause of all his apprehensions, and whom he supposed to have been left lamenting on the quay at Rotterdam! He soon learned that the lover had contrived, by the connivance of a sailor, and, doubtless, with the concurrence of his mistress, to secrete himself on board the vessel a little while before it sailed. It was too late to think of returning to the Dutch harbour to put Lord Ossulston ashore; but, in allowing him to proceed on the voyage, Aubane resolved to make him as little the better of his contrivance as possible. Exerting the authority which his position gave him, he commanded the young lord to withdraw from the cabin, and not to appear there again unless in his company, and by his express permission. He also stipulated that, whilst he was himself on deck upon duty, Lord Ossulston, to make sure of obedience to the rules, should remain beside him, at whatever time of day or night, and under whatever circumstances of weather. The lover found himself compelled to submit to all these restrictions; but the privilege of seeing his mistress once a day, even in the presence of a third party, served in no small degree to reconcile him to their strictness.

In the course of the voyage, which was not a short one, the heir of Tankerville made a more favourable impression on the mind of Aubane than he had done on the less enlightened and more jealous nature of the young lady's father. Aubane became convinced that, however frivolous or otherwise objectionable might have been the feelings with which he at first regarded Camilla, he was now inspired by an honourable affection. He was also induced to believe the young man when he protested, in the most earnest manner, that the future happiness of his life depended on his obtaining the hand of Miss Colville. The South Shields shipowner did not, indeed, like the idea of encouraging a young nobleman in an object which must be regarded with dislike by his father and other relations; but on this point also his scruples were at length overcome, doubtless by persuasives strictly honourable. The consequence was that, on arriving at South Shields, he allowed Lord Ossulston to become an inmate of his house in company with Camilla, until the consent of her father was obtained, and the necessary preparations were made for their marriage. With respect to the feelings of the lover's family, tradition is silent: we may well believe that they were not favourable, for the union of the pair is known to have taken place at Jarrow Church, the ancient seat of the Venerable Bede.

After the ceremony the pair took up their residence with the lady's father at Gateshead, where they resided for some years. At length the death of his father made Lord Ossulston Earl of Tankerville, the second of the title; and Camilla Colville, as Countess, became entitled to the chief seat in the splendid halls of Chillingham Castle. Our heroine was afterwards one of the ladies of the bedchamber to Queen Caroline, the consort of George II. She played her part as peeress with due dignity and spirit, and continued, long after being the mother of three children, to be one of the most beautiful women at the English Court.

A Remarkable Accident.

NOT fewer than 1,300 workmen were at one time employed in the construction of the High Level Bridge across the Tyne. Amongst them was a man named John Smith, a ship carpenter, who, finding work slack at his own vocation, accepted an

engagement at the High Level. To him a remarkable accident occurred on July 28, 1849. While at work he stepped upon a loose plank, which canted over, and he was thrown headlong from the bridge. In his descent, the leg of his trousers caught a large nail which had been driven into the timber just upon the level of the lower roadway, 90 feet above the river, where he hung suspended for a considerable time until rescued by his fellow-workmen. Doubtless Smith owed his marvellous escape to the toughness and strength of the fustian trousers he wore at the time; and a well-known firm of Newcastle clothiers, long since retired from business, asserted in one of their advertisements that the wonderful "fustians" had been made and purchased at their establishment. Smith, however, contradicted this assertion through the local papers, giving the name and address of the tradesman who had supplied him with the "lucky bags" in question. We are sorry to have to add that poor Smith was killed by an accident after all. Falling down a ship's hold in the Tyne early in 1878, he died soon after from the injuries he then received. Shortly after his providential escape on the High Level, Mr. Smith was induced to join the Wesleyans, and it was not long ere he became one of the most valued local preachers in that body. Mr. Smith had been asked by a minister to occupy his pulpit on the Sunday, but he declined, on the ground that he had been working hard and needed rest. On that very day he died from the result of the accident we have mentioned

A Gateshead Anchoret.

IN 1846, a discovery was made by the Rev. James Raine, of Durham (amongst the MS. Registers of the See), of a license granted by Bishop Bury, in the year 1340, for "the selecting and assigning of a fit space in the cemetery of the Church of the Blessed Mary, at Gateshead, contiguous to the church itself, to build on the same for the residence and habitation of a certain female anchoret, to be shut up therein, provided the goodwill and consent of the rector and parishioners should be given to the same." A copy of the above-named document was read at the anniversary meeting of the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle-upon-Tyne by the Rev. John Collinson, formerly rector of Gateshead.

Anchorages were formerly no uncommon appendages to parish churches; and it has been stated that the female anchorets were in the habit of turning their cells into schools for girls—the teacher sitting at the anchorage window, and the scholars in the porch. Sometimes the anchorets were walled up (they were always shut up), the seal of the bishop being placed on the anchorage, not to be removed unless the recluse had need of medical aid or assistance. It has been suggested that Dames' Schools may have been indebted to this ancient custom. We read of one old lady in Newcastle living very like a hermit in the old tower on the Croft Stairs, who kept a Dame School all her life, and up to the day of her death in her 103rd year!

Anchorages (besides serving other uses) seem to have been a sort of "gossiping shops" for our ancestors—in fact, as has been humorously remarked, "banks of deposit and issue, where reports and rumours were received, and whence they were retailed with interest." Some four centuries ago, the date of one Joan Dolphanby's baptism being in question, a witness deposed that he remembered well that on the vigil of the day (which was St. Michael's) he returned from foreign parts, and went to Gateshead Church, where he stood "announcing and revealing the rumours of beyond seas to his neighbours."

The Gateshead Anchorage appears to have been a school previous to the year 1693, and prior to Rector Theophilus Pickering's will of 1701, bequeathing £300 for the maintenance of the Free School, and directing that "the master should teach or be ready to teach all the children of the parish of Gateshead the Latin and Greek tongues, as also to write and cast up accounts, and also the art of navigation and plain sailing." The Rev. John Baillie, in his "Impartial History of Newcastle," 1801, p. 547 (following Brand's supposition), in referring to the charity school "founded" by Mr. Pickering in 1701, states—"Its site is in Gateshead Churchyard, on a spot of ground called the Anchorage. This term is likely corrupted from *Anchoritage* or *Hermitage*, the residence, probably, of a hermit or anchorage there. We are assured there was a hermitage upon Tyne Bridge."

S. F. LONGSTAFFE, Norton.

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All references to a "recluse," "anchoret," "hermitage," "chapel," &c., upon Tyne Bridge are, I think, referable to the chapel of St. Thomas à Becket, which is frequently described in ancient documents as standing "upon" the bridge, though in reality forming the north end of it.

1. The Recluse or Anchoret. Brand, in his "History of Newcastle," i., 43, writes:—"In the year 1429 a recluse appears to have lived in a hermitage upon Tyne Bridge, and was appointed by Roger Thornton in his will one of the thirty priests he had ordered to sing for his soul, &c." Brand does not state his authority for placing the recluse in "a hermitage upon Tyne Bridge," and there is nothing at all about the abode of that solitary personage in Roger Thornton's will. Dr. Rock, an eminent Catholic authority on the subject, states that an anchoret was generally under a life vow never to go beyond the precincts of the church to which he was attached. It may well be that the Newcastle anchoret was attached to the chapel of St. Thomas à Becket, and that is the nearest approach to the Bridge we can obtain for him.

2. Hermitage. Brand is again the authority for the use of the word hermitage in connexion with Tyne Bridge. In a foot note to the page quoted above he states: "That there was a hermitage on this bridge anciently appears from a deed remaining in the archives of the Corporation of Newcastle, dated November 20th, 1643," which may mean that in that year, a century after the Reformation, the crypt of St. Thomas's was let for cellarage under the name of the Hermitage. As it stands, the quotation proves nothing.

3. Chapel. The "Chapel on Tyne Bridge," it cannot be doubted, was the chantry of the Virgin at St. Thomas's. Frequent reference to it as the Chapel of our Lady "in the chapel of St. Thomas à Becket" occurs in ocal history.

Without any pressing desire to advertise my own work, I may perhaps be permitted to add that, in the first volume of my "History of Newcastle and Gateshead" Roger Thornton's will is printed verbatim, and that in the second volume, between pages 142 and 239, are long descriptions of the churches and religious establishments existing in Newcastle at the time of the suppression—with lists of their incumbents, occupants, possessions, value, &c. Neither there nor anywhere else that I was able to discover is any mention made of a separate religious abode (or another chapel) upon Tyne Bridge, beyond the chapel of St. Thomas à Becket.

RICHARD WELFORD, Newcastle.

John Cunningham.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM, the pastoral poet whose name and fame will for ever be identified with Newcastle, was born in Dublin in 1729, of parents who originally belonged to Scotland, but removed in early life to Ireland. His father, who was a wine-cooper, was so unfortunate as to win a prize in a lottery, which made him forsake his trade and turn wine merchant. The speculation turned out ill, for he soon became a bankrupt, and one consequence of this was that his son John, whom he had sent to receive his education at the Grammar School of Drogheda, had to be recalled home. Only half educated, and having no regular employment, the lad naturally contracted idle habits. He began to frequent the theatre, associated with the players, and at the age of seventeen came out as a dramatic writer, having produced a play called "Love in a Mist, or the Lass of Spirit," which was acted on the Dublin (and afterwards the Newcastle) boards. He had now free access to the theatre, and spent a deal of his time in the green-room. He was fired with a boyish ambition to "tread the stage," though he brought to the trial scarcely a single qualification but willingness. He lacked the assurance necessary to a good actor; his voice was so unmusical as to be offensive to the ear; and his ungainly figure proved an insurmountable obstacle to his success. Yet, notwithstanding these disadvantages, he made an engagement with an itinerant manager, and came over with him to England. After following his strolling profession for some time, he became convinced that he had taken an imprudent step; but the stirrings of pride and the dread of a state of dependence prevented him, in the first place, from returning home; and afterwards, receiving intelligence of his father's death, he had no alternative but to stick to the poor vocation he had chosen, which he accordingly did to the end of his life.

The company of which Cunningham was a member played mostly in the North of England—at York, Newcastle, Sunderland, Shields, Alnwick, and other places. His range of parts was very limited, his strength (such as he had) consisting in the representation of eccentric Frenchmen. In 1761, he got an engagement in Edinburgh, at one of the minor theatres there, situate in the Canongate, and managed by a Mr. Love. Here he began to give evidence of his poetical ability, having published several fugitive or "occasional" pieces of considerable merit. These brought him under the notice of men of letters, and led to his receiving an invitation from a London bookseller, who offered to employ him in some literary work. He left Scotland with that design; but on reaching the great metropolis found he had made another serious mistake, for the bookseller who had engaged him almost immediately became a bankrupt. Poor Cunningham found his way back to the North as quickly as he could, and again joined the company he had left.

About this period the manager of the Edinburgh Theatre Royal was a man named Digges, who was fortunately able to appreciate the genius of our unlucky son of Thespis. Cunningham now wrote, as occasion served, prologues and epilogues, which were spoken by Mr. Digges, and his favourite actress, Miss Bellaney, to celebrate whose beauty he also exerted himself, making her the heroine of several pretty little poems. At length, however, for some reason or other unexplained, he left the Scottish capital, and took up his residence at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, a place to which he seems to have been greatly attached, and which he usually called his home. By his theatrical labours here and in the neighbouring towns, and the support he received from the wealthier classes, who admired his poetical gifts, he managed to procure a very modest yet sufficient livelihood. He eked out his other earnings and emoluments by writing short notices and trifles in verse for the *Newcastle Chronicle*, whose editor and publisher, Mr. Thomas Slack, repaid him in the most kindly way, his door being ever open to him in his difficulties.

In 1766, Cunningham collected his scattered poems into an octavo volume, which was published by subscription. He was strongly advised by his best friends to dedicate

it to the celebrated Mrs. Montagu, of Denton Hall. But the poet preferred to lay it at the feet of David Garrick, then in the meridian of his fame, in the hope, doubtless, that the British Roscius would take his humbler brother of the sock and buskin kindly by the hand. But this hope, if really entertained, was miserably disappointed. Cunningham walked up to London to present the great man with a copy of his poems elegantly bound. According to Cromek, he saw the object of his idolatry, who accorded him an audience with the air of an Eastern Sultan, and treated him "in the most humiliating and scurvy manner imaginable," behaving to him as to a common beggar, and dismissing him with an eleemosynary gift of a couple of guineas, accompanied by this remark, "Players, sir, as well as poets, are always poor!" The blow, as Mr. White tells us in his memoir of Cunningham, contributed to Richardson's "Local Historian's Table Book," was too severe for the poet; "he was so confused at the time that he had not the use of his faculties; and, indeed, he never recollected that he ought to have spurned the offer till his best friend, Mrs. Slack, of Newcastle, reminded him of it by giving him a sound box on the ear, when he returned once more beneath her hospitable roof and related his pitiful story." It is said he never altogether recovered from the shock of this woeful disappointment, which dashed rudely to the ground all his brilliant castles in the air. He began at the same time to lose his self-respect, and became too conspicuously a haunter of low taverns. He was never what could be called a confirmed drunkard, or even a habitual tippler; but he gave way too often to the temptation to "drown dull care," grew quite careless of his personal appearance, put on prematurely the aspect of great age, and could not be roused out of lethargic despondence by any friendly remonstrance or encouragement.

Down to within three months of his death, however, he continued to perform at the several theatres in what used to be called the northern circuit. He took his last benefit at Darlington, on the 20th of June, 1773. He was then, as he wrote to Mr. Slack, "very poorly," and he soon afterwards returned to Newcastle, there to end his days. He had for some time been subject to a painful nervous disorder, superadded to consumption, which ultimately carried him off. From some cause, which cannot now be ascertained, he quitted Mr. Slack's house, which had become a sort of home to him, a short while before he died. Still, that gentleman's liberality, to his honour be it said, was never withheld from the hapless bard, who, in some verses written about three weeks previous to his death, and quoted below, alluded very touchingly to his own forlorn condition, and also to the bounty bestowed on him by his benefactor. He died in the lodgings to which he had removed, in Union Street (now replaced by the Town Hall), where his landlady, a Mrs. Douglass, occupied the third shop and house from the Bigg Market.

He had always been averse to having his portrait taken; but a few days before he died, as he was dragging his frail frame about the vicinity of his residence, Bewick, the famous engraver, "walked after him, stopped, loitered behind, repassed him, and in this manner obtained a sketch of the dying bard." The poet

is represented carrying in his hand a handkerchief, or rather the remains of one, containing a herring and some other small matter of food.

His corpse was laid in St. John's Churchyard, in presence of a large concourse of friends and acquaintances, and shortly afterwards a broad horizontal stone was placed over his grave, at the expense of Mr. Slack. It bore this inscription :—

HERE LIE THE REMAINS OF
JOHN CUNNINGHAM.
OF HIS EXCELLENCE AS A PASTORAL POET
HIS WORKS WILL REMAIN A MONUMENT FOR
AGES AFTER THIS TEMPORARY TRIBUTE OF
ESTEEM IS IN DUST FORGOTTEN. HE DIED IN
NEWCASTLE, SEPTEMBER 18, 1773, AGED 44.
"HE GATHERED HIS ESSENCE OF SIMPLICITY,
AND 'RANG'D IT IN PASTORAL VERSE."

It will be seen from the following quotation from the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* of July 1, 1865, that the memorial erected by Mr. Slack was, twenty-two years ago, supplemented by a stained glass window :— "The monument is not yet dust, but it is in decay; and the attention of the present proprietor of the

Newcastle Chronicle having been called to its condition, with a suggestion that the insertion of a memorial window in the church might be preferable to a restoration of the stone, he acceded to the proposal, and a commission was given to Mr. H. M. Barnett, of the Stained Glass Works, Albert Terrace, Newcastle. The commission is now executed. The window occupies the place assigned to it on the east side of the south transept, its three lights being filled with figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and at the foot there is the following inscription:—'In memory of John Cunningham, the pastoral poet, a native of Dublin, who died in Newcastle, September 18, 1773, aged 44 years, and was interred in the adjoining burial-ground. A frequent contributor, from its commencement in 1764, to the *Newcastle Chronicle*, in which most of his poems originally appeared, its grateful founder, Thomas Slack, placed a monumental stone over his grave, now falling into decay; and this memorial is erected by the present proprietor of the *Chronicle*, Joseph Cowen the Younger, of Blaydon-on-Tyne.'"

Cunningham's song in praise of Newcastle beer is one of the most spirited pieces of the kind in the language. Here it is:—

When Fame brought the news of Great Britain's success,
And told at Olympus each Gallic defeat,
Glad Mars sent by Mercury orders express
To summon the Deities all to a treat.
Blithe Comus was placed
To guide the gay feast,
And freely declared there was choice of good cheer,
Yet vowed, to his thinking,
For exquisite drinking,
Their Nectar was nothing to Newcastle Beer.

The great god of war, to encourage the fun,
And humour the taste of his whimsical guest.
Sent a message that moment to Moor's* for a tun
Of stingo, the stoutest, the brightest, and best.
No gods—they all swore—
Regaled so before
With liquor so lively, so potent, and clear
And each deified fellow
Got jovially mellow
In honour, brave boys, of our Newcastle Beer.

Apollo, perceiving his talents refine,
Repents he drank Helicon water so long;
He bowed, being asked by the musical Nine,
And gave the gay board an extempore song.
But ere he began,
He toss'd off his can—
There's nought like good liquor the fancy to clear—
Then sang with great merit
The flavour and spirit
His godship had found in our Newcastle Beer.

'Twas stingo like this made Alcides so bold;
It braced up his nerves, and enliven'd his powers,
And his mystical club that did wonders of old
Was nothing, my lads, but such liquor as ours.
The horrible crew
That Hercules slew
Were Poverty, Calumny, Trouble, and Fear;
Such a club would you borrow
To drive away sorrow,
Apply for a jorum of Newcastle Beer.

Ye youngsters so diffident, languid, and pale,
Whom love, like the colic, so rudely infests,
Take a cordial of this, 'twill *probatum* prevail,
And drive the cur Cupid away from your breasts.
Dull whining despise,
Grow rosy and wise,
Nor longer the jest of good fellows appear,
Bid adieu to your folly,
Get drunk and be jolly,
And smoke o'er a tankard of Newcastle Beer.

Ye fanciful folk, for whom *physic* prescribes,
Whom bolus and potion have harassed to death,
Ye wretches whom *law* and her ill-looking tribes
Have hunted about till you're quite out of breath,
Here's shelter and ease,
No craving for fees,
No danger—no doctor—no bailiff is near;
Your spirits this raises,
It cures your diseases;
There's freedom and health in our Newcastle Beer.

But the best known of all his productions is the following exquisite lyric, entitled "May Eve, or Kate of Aberdeen":—

The silver moon's enamoured beam
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light.
To beds of state go balmy sleep
('Tis where you've seldom been),
May's vigil whilst the shepherds keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
In rosy chaplets gay,
Till morn unbar her golden gate,
And give the promis'd May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare
The promis'd May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
We'll rouse the nodding grove;
The nested birds shall raise their throats
And hail the maid I love.
And see! the matin lark mistakes,
He quits the tufted green;
Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight fairies rove,
Like them the jocund dance we'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love.
For see! the rosy May draws nigh,
She claims a virgin queen;
And, hark! the happy shepherds cry,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

The last stanzas Cunningham penned—"The Withered Rose"—are quoted, not for their intrinsic merit, but to show the bent of his mind in his dark days:—

Sweet object of the zephyr's kiss,
Come, Rose, come courted to my bower!
Queen of the banks, the garden's bliss,
Come and abash yon tawdry flower.

"Why call us to revoltless doom?"
With grief the opening buds reply;
"Not suffer'd to extend our bloom—
Scarce born, alas! before we die.

"Man having pass'd appointed years,
Ours are but days—the scene must close;
And when Fate's messenger appears,
What is he but a withering rose?"

In a note to the song of May Eve, or Kate of Aberdeen," in Johnson's "Musical Museum," Burns tells

* Moor's, at the sign of the Sun, Newcastle.

the following anecdote of the poor player:—A fat dignitary of the Church coming past Cunningham one Sunday as he was busy plying a fishing rod in some stream near Durham, reprimanded him very severely for such an occupation on such a day. The poet, with that inoffensive gentleness of manner which was his peculiar characteristic, replied that he hoped God and his reverence would forgive his seeming profanation of that sacred day, as he had no dinner to eat but what lay at the bottom of that pool! Mr. Woods, the actor, who knew Cunningham well and esteemed him much, assured Burns that this story was true.

When Cunningham had money, he gave it away to people in distress, leaving himself penniless. His kind protectress, Mrs. Slack, used to empty his pockets before he went out of the little that was in them, as we take halfpence from a schoolboy to prevent him from buying unwholesome trash.

Unobtrusive, inoffensive, of a shy, retiring turn of mind, deficient in energy, and with little enthusiasm, but a faithful friend; gifted with an active fancy, a fine ear, and a happy flow of language; strange to say, no lover of children, nor a favourite with the young; indifferent to fame, yet proud of his profession; a sweet poet, an indifferent player; not one of the servile herd of imitators, yet no great creative genius; a close observer of nature, but rather a poor judge of men—such was John Cunningham.

The poet's gravestone has fallen more and more into decay: so that a movement has lately been commenced to restore it by public subscription. Our sketch shows its present condition.

A POET'S TOMBSTONE.

Paradise and the Flood.

ACCORDING to Dr. Bruce's "Hand-Book of Newcastle," a man named Adam Thompson was put into the witness-box at the Assizes. The counsel, on asking his name, received for answer, "Adam, sor; Adam Thompson." The next question was, "Where do you live?" "At Paradise, sor." (Paradise is a village about a mile and a half west of Newcastle.) The barrister, surprised at the answer, asked in a quizzical tone, "And how long have you dwelt in Paradise, Mr. Thompson?" "Ever since the Flood, sor," was the answer—an answer which, though perfectly intelligible to most of the bystanders, astounded the questioner. The flood the witness had in his mind was, of course, the great flood of 1771, which destroyed the old Tyne Bridge.

WALTER WORTHY, Newcastle.

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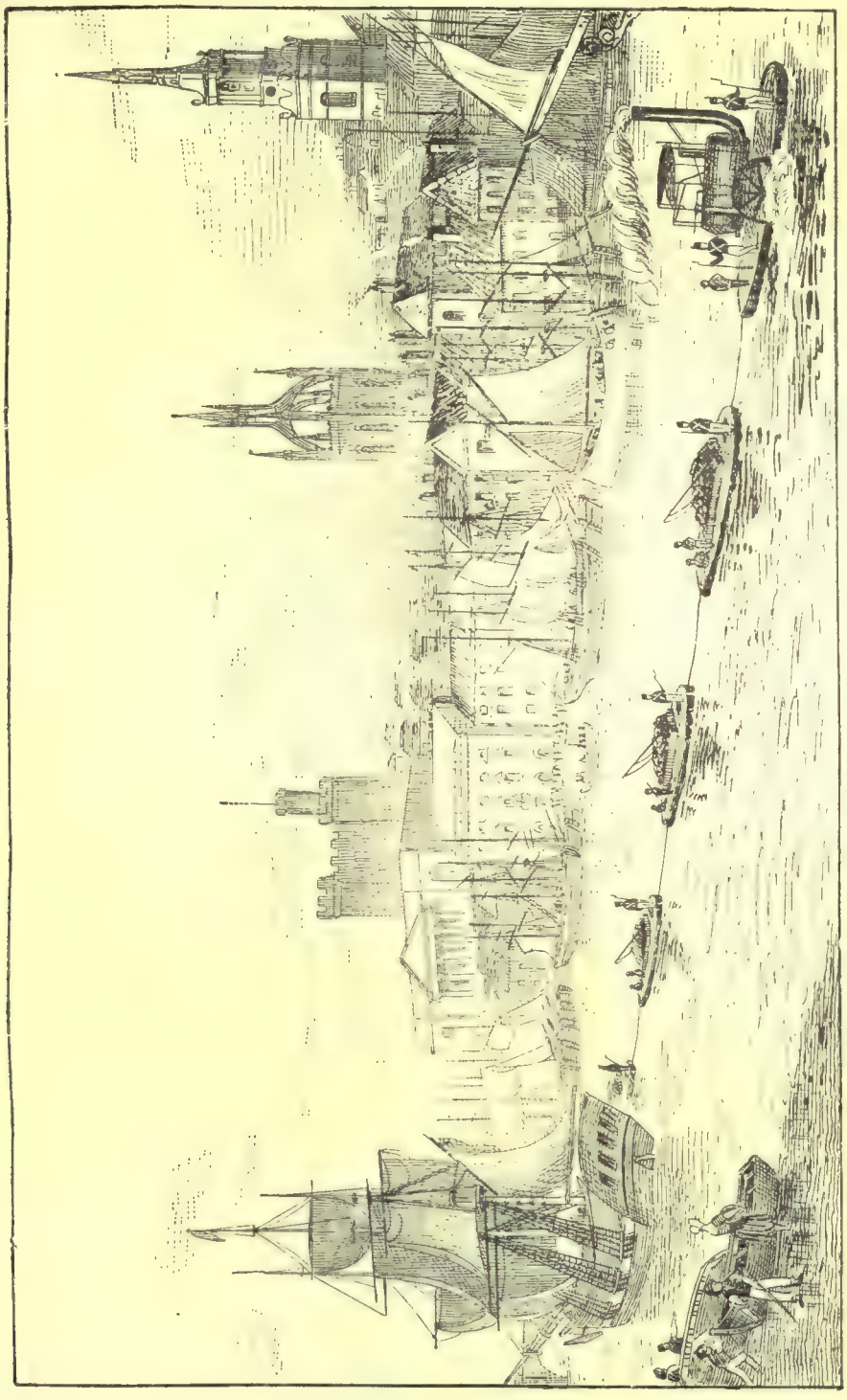
This old story, which has been current on Tyneside for two or three generations, does not appear to have any absolute foundation in fact. It was probably, like the story of the chare feet (see page 181), set afloat by some young barrister when attending the Northern Circuit. So far as we are aware, there is no authority for it apart from popular tradition. EDITOR.

The Keelmen's Strike, 1822.

THERE was a great strike of keelmen on the Tyne in 1822. During the rupture it was with difficulty that coals could be conveyed down the river, owing to the opposition of the strikers. Matters came to such a pass that the military were called to the aid of the civil authorities, and at times the affair had a very serious aspect.

As may be seen from the drawing given on page 281, extraordinary measures were necessary in order to protect the property of the coalowners. A locomotive, invented and built by William Hedley, at Wylam, in 1812 and 1813, was, after running constantly on the Wylam Colliery line, temporarily converted by him into a sort of steam-tug, and employed to take keels down the river. On the steamboat, as shown in the picture, were stationed a couple of soldiers, musket in hand, ready for any emergency, while other soldiers guarded the keels. A unique procession for Father Tyne to witness! One or two persons in the left corner of the drawing, evidently keelmen, are not, to judge by their actions, at all favourably disposed towards the military. The background of the picture is familiar to all Tynesiders. To the right is the spire of All Saints' Church; towards the centre may be seen the lantern tower of St. Nicholas's; and the Moot



THE KEELMEN'S STRIKE, 1822.

Hall and Norman Keep are conspicuous objects to the left.

After a suspension of work for about ten weeks, the keelmen resumed their labours in the month of December, 1822. At periods they were very refractory; but by the vigilance of the authorities their turbulence was repressed, so that no great mischief occurred through the strike.

We are indebted to Mr. James Bacon, photographer, Northumberland Street, Newcastle, for permission to reproduce the drawing from a photograph of a painting belonging to the late Mr. William Hedley, of Beech Grove, Chester-le-Street.

Stote's Hall.

STOTE'S HALL, commonly called Stott's Hall, is a well-known mansion overlooking Jesmond Dene, Newcastle. In Richardson's "Local Historian's Table Book," there is an account of the death of Dorothy Windsor, widow, in January, 1757. This lady is stated to have been the only surviving daughter of Sir Richard Stote, of Jesmond, Knight, and relict of the Hon. Dixie Windsor. She died intestate in the 85th year of her age, when her valuable estates in Northumberland and Newcastle were claimed by Sir Robert Bewick, Knight, and John Craster, Esq., who entered into possession thereof as next of kin. Their right thereto was, however, contested by Stote Manby, who claimed the property as cousin and heir of the deceased. After considerable litigation, Manby obtained at the assizes held in Newcastle in 1781 a verdict in his favour in reference to the Newcastle property, while in regard to the Northumberland estates a compromise was effected. Bewick and Craster were allowed to retain the latter property after paying Manby £1,500 for law expenses, and granting a yearly rent charge of £300 out of the estate. Stote's Hall was afterwards purchased by Mr. John Shield, wholesale grocer, the author of "My Lord 'Size," and is now, I believe, the property of a descendant of that gentleman. There is a small woodcut in the Bewick style in existence, dated 1801, which represents Stote's Hall very slightly different from what it is at present.

JAS. H., Newcastle.

Alderman Cookson's Cross-Examination.

A LOCAL antiquary whom Newcastle holds in high esteem tells a story connected with an old trial in Newcastle which is not without interest. When Messrs. Doubleday and Easterby had their soap works in the Close, and Mr. Ald. Cookson had his town house in Hanover Square, the latter complained much of the smoke and effluvia from the soapery. As his house was just at the top of Tuthill Stairs, overlooking the Close, the alderman must have been much annoyed at times. So he brought an action against the firm for permitting a nuisance, and the case was tried at the Assizes. After Mr. Cookson had given his evidence, he waited to be cross-examined. Counsel for the soap boilers, a smart young fellow belonging to one of the first families in the county, was on very friendly terms with the plaintiff, whom he cross-examined in the following free and easy fashion:—"Oh! Mr. Cookson, how d'ye do, sir?" "Quite well, sir, thank you." "And Mrs. Cookson?" "In good health, I'm happy to say." "And all the children, Mr. Cookson?" "Charming, thank you much." "That will do; you can go down, Mr. Cookson." And Mr. Cookson went down amid the merriment of the court. This singular cross-examination, as may be supposed, caused much comment at the time.

W., Newcastle.

Notes and Commentaries.

"JACKY-LEGS."

A word of frequent use, viz., "jacky-legs," simply means in the Weardale dialect the common clasp or shut-up knife which we carry day by day in our pockets. In the "Slang Dictionary" we meet with the following:—"Jocteleg: a shut-up knife. Corruption of Jacques de Liége, a famous cutler." The word jacky-legs appears to be another corrupted form of the name of this noted personage. "Swappin' jacky-legs unseen" was once, if not at present, a common speculative diversion among boys. The only condition required in this kind of barter or exchange was that each boy had to affirm that his knife would both open and shut. Knives kept for this purpose were not always Sheffield make, but were in many cases made of wood, paper, cardboard, &c. Wright's "Provincial Dictionary" has:—"Jack-a-legs: a name for a clasp knife. *North.*" We say, "A jacky-legs," "Twee jacky-legs," &c.

NATHAN M. EGGLESTONE, Weardale.

CAPTAIN COOK.

In the notice of Captain Cook given in the *Monthly Chronicle* for July, a mistake occurs regarding the place where Cook was apprenticed to a shopkeeper. There is not such a place as Smeaton, near Whitby; but there is a village called Sneaton three miles inland. "Cook was placed at the age of sixteen or seventeen with Mr. William Sanderson, shopkeeper in Staithes, a considerable fishing town some ten or twelve miles north-west of Whitby. Young Cook had been about a year and a half with Mr. Sanderson, when a circumstance occurred which caused him to leave his employer. One day a young woman gave

him a new shilling in payment for goods purchased. Struck with the beauty of the coin, he resolved to keep it as a pocket-piece, replacing it with one of his own. But his master had noticed the coin at the time, and, missing it from the till, hastily charged him with purloining it. This charge the lad indignantly repelled, explaining to his master the true reason of its disappearance. It is worthy of remark that the coin which so forcibly attracted his notice was what is called a South Sea shilling, of the coinage of George I., marked on the reverse S.S.C., for South Sea Company, as if the name of the piece had been intended to indicate the principal field of his future discoveries. The house and shop of Mr. Sanderson have long ago been swept away by the sea; but the counter behind which Cook served, with its till, may still be seen in the shop of Mr. Richard Hutton, in Staithes." I have seen and been behind the said counter fifty years ago.

JOHN VENTRESS, Newcastle.

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My father, Captain William Carter, was a grand-nephew of the late Captain James Cook. Being connected with the sea, he was a great favourite with Mrs. Cook, who gave him several relics of the captain—viz., a coat and waistcoat which he had worn in his official capacity; two silver tablespoons, with his initials engraved on them, which had been twice round the world with him; his original coat of arms; a chart of the Gulf and River of St. Lawrence, which he had surveyed for the English Government; an old-fashioned tobacco box; an old engraving of himself; and some of the leaves out of his log-book.

ROBERT Y. CARTER, South Shields.

BYKER FOLLY.

Byker Church is built on the site of "Byker Folly." When Heaton Hall was erected, Sir Matthew White Ridley objected to the rather bare, bleak aspect, as seen from the windows of his mansion. The architect suggested these ruins, called "mock ruins" in Richardson's "Table Book," and they were dubbed "Byker Folly" ever after. I have often heard the expression "He leeves doon at the Folly"—*i.e.*, just about where the church of St. Michael now stands.

W. W., Newcastle.

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This old curiosity of the suburb of Byker has now disappeared. It was an ugly mass of stones piled up in the form of a ruined castle, on the hill-top beside the church of St. Michael, where the wind-mill used to stand. It was built to form an interesting object in the landscape as seen from Heaton Hall, and the builder may perhaps be praised for his humane intentions if he must be condemned for his want of taste, for it would not have been erected had it not been to give employment to starving people during some of the hard times of the last century.

S. B. N., Newcastle.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

THE MINER AND THE ORATORIO.

Two pitmen belonging to the same colliery, whom we will call Geordie and Bob, met one day in the Bigg Market, Newcastle. "Hello, there, Bob," shouts Geordie: "are ye gan te the Orytory?" "Wey, whaat's that, Geordie?" "Aa divvent knaa reetly, Bob, but a greet man they caall Messiah 's gan te sing." "Wey, aa think aa'll not gan," says Bob. They met again a few days after. "What was the Orytory like, then, Geordie?" "Wey, when we gat in, Bob, an settin' doon a bit, some folks come oot up a heet, and one shoots 'Aa's the King o' Glory!' then up shoots another, an' says, 'Aa's the King o' Glory!' then, wiv that, oot shoots another yen, 'Aa's the King o' Glory!' Aa thowt thor was gan to be a row, se aa cam oot!"

A VALUABLE DOG.

A few years ago the owners of a certain colliery, not a hundred miles from Blyth, sent forth a decree that all employed under them must either cease to keep dogs or leave the pit. A few of the more independent spirits among the miners, however, treated the decree with silent contempt. The "gaffer," meeting one of the independents about a week afterwards, accosted him thus:—"Hello, Geordie, aa heor thoo hessent dyun away wi' thy dog yit." "Noa," said Geordie laconically. "Wey, thoo'll hetta." "Aa'll not, noo." "Wey, if thoo dissent, aa'll gi'e thoo notis." "Aa divvent care," responded Geordie, and then added, "Wey, man, aa've got a dog at hyem thit aa waddent tyek yor whole colliery for!"

THE HOT WEATHER.

"Noo, Tommy," said a Newcastle man to his friend one blazing hot Sunday in July, "hoo d'ye like the weathor?" "Weathor, be beggored!" was the reply: "aa wad just like te gan te sleep oworheed in wettor!"

LETTING THE LIGHT OUT.

A young man employed as engineer in Manchester came to Tyneside a short time ago on a visit to his friends, and went to see his old master, the village millwright. He was shown into the best parlour, which he found rather dark, having only one small window. Noticing a window in the room blocked up, he asked why they did not have that window opened out, to which his old master replied: "Wey, Dick, lad, thoo elwis wes a fond beggor. Does thoo not knaa that that waall's due north? A windor thor wad let the leet oot!"

OUR CELESTIAL VISITORS.

The other day a number of Chinese sailors were strolling along Grainger Street, and as they passed a couple of pitmen one of the latter remarked: "Ye beggor, Jack, thor's ne difference in 'em—ivvory yen on 'em's alike—they're aall twins!"

ON TRAMP.

During the recent strike in the coal trade in Northumberland, many miners had to take to the road for bread. On one occasion a well known miner, hailing from the district of Blyth, was passing through a village on the road from Newcastle. Being in want of something to eat, he sauntered up to a door and gave a gentle knock, which was soon answered by the servant of the house. "Wey, hinny," said he, "can ye giv us a drink o' wettor? Aa's that hungry aa divvent knaa whor aa'll lie the neet!"

PETITION AND PARTITION.

Not long ago, in a certain house at Sheriff Hill, a party of women were enjoying a gossip, when a thunderstorm came on. It was so terrific that they became alarmed, and one said to another, "Aye! aa say, Betty, let's send a petition up tiv the Lord." The person addressed looked vacantly at the speaker, and then replied, "Get oot, thoo fyul, the thunner wad knock it doon!"

SCENE ON THE LEAZES.

On the Leazes the other day the following conversation took place between two little boys, while watching an artist sketching some cattle. 1st boy: "Aa say, Jack, luik! He's drawing a coo; isn't it chyvor?" 2nd boy: "So he is; it is good." 1st boy (thoughtfully): "Noo, luik heor, Jack, aa'll bet he's larnin' to be an engineer!"

THE GOOSE KEEP.

A coal miner was going along New Bridge Street towards the Blyth and Tyne Station the other day, leading a goose by a string fastened round its neck. The poor bird was not waddling fast enough to suit its owner, who said to it: "Get on, ye berrger, be sharp, or we'll loss the train!"

A PIT SHAFT.

In a Tynesdale factory, two men were talking about a drowned pit-shaft, when one of them said to the other: "It is a wonder that nebody hes myed a shot tower ovvit!"

DUPLICATE.

At a place not far distant from Prudhoe a pitman was buying some plants, and remarked that he wanted two of each kind. "I see," remarked the seller, "you want them in duplicate." "No," said the buyer, "aa wants em t' wet moss."

THE THREE TAYLORS.

An old gentleman lately removed to a terrace where he had for immediate neighbours a minister, a doctor, and a funeral contractor all named Taylor. Meeting a friend shortly after the flitting, he was greeted with: "Well, Mr. Matthews, how do you like your new place?" "Aa like it weel enough. It oney hes yen fault." "What is that, then?" "Thor's ower mony Taylors aboot." "Nonsense. There isn't a tailor within a mile." "Thor ye're mistyeken. Aa hev three Taylors for neighbours. Yen wants to get us off to heaven, another's keeping us back frae gannen thor and the tother plyace as weel, an' the thord yen is ready in a jiffey to tyek us tiv either plyace, an' he dissent mind which!"

North-Country Obituaries.

On the 16th of June, Mr. George Stappard, well known throughout Northumberland as a cattle dealer and farmer, died at High House, Stagshaw Bank, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

Mr. William Aubone Potter, manager, for many years, of the Cramlington Collieries, a justice of the peace for Northumberland, and a member of the River Tyne Commission, as representative of the coalowners, died on the 20th of June, at the age of 54 years.

On the 23rd of June were interred in Norham churchyard the remains of Mr. Andrew Mitchell, farmer, of Letham Shank, near Berwick, who had died at the age of 80 years. The deceased was originally a toll-keeper at Ford, but, by dint of industry, he raised himself to a position of considerable affluence.

At the age of 62, Mr. George Cummings, boot and shoemaker, Blyth, died at his residence, Waterloo, in that town, on the 23rd of June. He had been an overseer and a member of the Cowpen Local Board, and had also been connected with several educational and social movements in Blyth, of which he was a native.

Mr. Henry Suggitt, who for forty years had occupied a prominent position in public affairs at Hartlepool, died on the 25th of June, aged 65.

Mr. Ralph Hopper, for sixty-one years a freeman of the city of Durham, and for nine years Bishop's beadsman at the Cathedral, died on the 30th of June, in the eighty-second year of his age.

On the same day, at Middleton Hall, near Morpeth, died at the age of fifty-one, Mr. Robert Dixon Coull, who had taken a prominent part in the parochial work of the district, and was active and zealous in the management of Hartburn Schools.

Mrs. Stowell, widow of Mr. William Stowell, B.A., formerly minister of Ryton Congregational Church, and a member of the literary staff of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, died on the 30th of June, at the residence of her son, the Rev. A. K. Stowell, at Leeds, the deceased lady being in the sixtieth year of her age.

Early on the morning of the 2nd of July, Robert Watson Boyd, ex-champion sculler of England, died at his residence, the Shakspeare Hotel, Middlesbrough. Deceased, who was in his thirty-third year, was born in Westgate Road, Newcastle, and was the son of a wherry-boat owner. At the age of sixteen years he commenced his career as a sculler. After barely attaining his majority, he beat Higgins for the championship of England. On the 17th and 19th of March, 1877, he won, for the first time, the *Newcastle Chronicle* championship challenge cup, on the Tyne, beating in two heats William Lumsden, of Blyth, and William Nicholson, of Stockton. In 1882, however, he was beaten by Hanlan on the Tyne, and by Laycock, the Australian rower, on the Tees; and from that time he had not taken any active part in aquatics. The remains of the deceased were interred at Middlesbrough.

The Rev. Henry Wildey Wright, who from 1835 to 1875 was Vicar of St. John's, Newcastle, died on the 6th of July, at Trinity, near Edinburgh, in the 84th year of his age.

Dr. Andrew Bolton, who for many years was house surgeon at the Newcastle Infirmary, but who for the last fourteen or fifteen years had been in private practice, died at his residence, Heaton, Newcastle, on the 8th of July, at the age of 57.

Alderman John Williamson, of South Shields, died at his Italian residence, on the shores of Lake Como, on the 9th of July. The deceased gentleman, who was 62 years of age, was the son of Mr. J. C. Williamson, of Hull, and came to South Shields about the year 1841. During his residence in that town he warmly supported all institutions of a religious and benevolent character, and was thrice Mayor of the borough, viz., in 1858, 1859, and 1868. Mr. Williamson was one of the principal partners in the Jarrow Chemical Company and the Friars' Goose Chemical Works.

On the same day, at the age of eighty-five, Mr. Henry Stapylton, who was Judge of the Durham Circuit of County Courts from 1846 to 1873, died at his residence, Sniperley Hall, near Durham. The deceased gentleman came of an old Yorkshire family, whose seat was at Myton, near Thirsk. The Stapyltons derived their surname from a village of the same name on the south side of the Tees.

Mr. Jabez Cowburn, who for thirty-five years had been employed on the North-Eastern Railway at Ferryhill, and was nearly the oldest employée at that station, died, at the age of 66, on the 13th July.

Mr. Henry Wilson, who for upwards fifty years had been connected with the Primitive Methodist body at Hetton-le-Hole, died on the 13th of July, in the eighty-third year of his age.

Mr. James Wallace, a well-known and highly respected builder in Newcastle, died on the 14th of July, at the age of eighty-three.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

JUNE.

16.—Mr. Charles Wood, aged 21, scenic artist at the Tyne Theatre, was drowned at Elswick while bathing from a boat in the river Tyne with a companion.

—The foundation stone of Jesmond Presbyterian Church, Newcastle, was laid by Mr. George Duncan, of London.

17.—A motion by Mr. J. Barker Ellis, in the Newcastle City Council, to rescind a previous motion increasing the taxation by 4d. in the £, and to make the additional assessment 2d., was lost by a majority of seven.

—Excessively hot weather was experienced to-day, the thermometer at Hexham having reached 88 degrees in the shade and 102 in the sun.

—The magistrates of Newcastle refused to grant an extension of licensing hours for the 21st inst., the day set apart for the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee.

—Mr. C. C. Hodges, architect, and Mr. J. P. Gibson, photographer, had, to-day, conveyed to Hexham Abbey a Roman altar which had been found in the Tyne about a mile from that town, and along with it they also sent a coping stone of an ancient Roman wall.

18.—About half-past ten o'clock to-night, a fire broke out at the Clavering Place printing works, Newcastle, belonging to Messrs. R. Robinson and Co., the printers of the official publications connected with the Exhibition in that city. Despite the efforts of the City and North-Eastern Railway Fire-Brigades, the building was entirely gutted. The damage, estimated at £25,000, was covered by insurance.

—Mr. W. Mawer, F.G.S., explained, to a meeting in Newcastle, the principles of a new miners' safety lamp invented by Mr. Morgan, Pontypridd, and for which it was claimed that it could not be exploded under any conditions that had ever been known to occur in the mines of Great Britain.

—A new Town Hall, designed by Mr. Frank Emley, erected by a company with a capital of £2,000, and capable of accommodating 500 persons, was opened at Corbridge.

—The seventh annual demonstration of the Weardale Quarrymen's Association, which is affiliated to the Cleveland Miners' Association, was held in the open air, near the Schools, Stanhope, the chair being occupied by Mr. Joseph Toyn.

19.—The Rev. David Robb, Congregational minister, Gateshead, and a member of the School Board in that town, announced his acceptance of a call to the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Leith.

—A new mission church, dedicated to St. Stephen, was opened at Seaton Delaval.

20.—It was announced that the Queen, among other honours bestowed on the occasion of her Jubilee, had conferred the dignity of a peerage upon Sir William George Armstrong, the celebrated engineer and inventor. On the same occasion her Majesty conferred the honour of knighthood upon Mr. Benjamin Chapman Browne, Mayor of Newcastle; while Sir Henry Havelock-Allan, M.P., was made a Knight Commander of the Military Division of the Bath.

—George Ellison, on a charge of embezzling certain moneys belonging to the Mayor, aldermen, and burgesses of Gateshead, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

21.—As in the metropolis and generally throughout the kingdom, the Jubilee of the reign of her Majesty Queen Victoria was observed in the North of England. The principal feature of the celebration in Newcastle was a thanksgiving service in St. Nicholas's Cathedral. It was attended by the Deputy-Mayor (Alderman Wilson) and the Deputy-Sheriff (Mr. T. Bell); the Mayor and Sheriff being present at the ceremony in London. The service was similar to that carried out at Westminster, and the sermon was preached by the vicar, the Rev. Canon Lloyd. Treats to children and the aged poor were given in several districts of the city; and, in compliance with a proclamation issued by the Mayor, the day was observed as a general holiday. At a late hour in the evening, beacon fires were kindled on all the principal eminences in the surrounding district; among the points thus lighted up being Sheriff Hill, Boldon, Penshaw, Cleadon, Hebburn, Prospect Hill at Corbridge, Earsdon, Winlaton, Ryton, Simonside at Rothbury, Brislee Hill at Alnwick, and Crossfell at Alston. At North Shields the aged poor and children were entertained, there was a procession of school children, and the foundation stone of the Tynemouth Jubilee Infirmary was laid by the ex-Mayor (Mr. Tate), after which there was a dinner. At Sunderland, nearly 22,000 school children were served with tea and

presented with commemorative medals, given by the Mayor, Mr. Edwin Richardson. One thousand poor people were presented with tickets for supplies of groceries, and the inmates of the Workhouse and Infirmary had a special entertainment. The joyful occasion was characterised by similar festivities in other neighbouring towns and villages. The weather everywhere was delightful. While assisting in the rejoicings at Redcar, a gunner in the local volunteer corps, named John Thomas Smith, was, unfortunately, killed by the explosion of a gun; and a workman, named Richard Wake, had one of his hands blown off at Bamborough Castle.

—The degree of D.D. was conferred on the Rev. Canon Lloyd, vicar of Newcastle, and that of D.C.L. upon, among others, Sir B. C. Browne, Mayor of Newcastle, by Durham University.

22.—A ratepayers' association was formed for the Elswick District of Newcastle. Mr. James M'Kendrick being elected president.

23.—It was announced that her Majesty had been pleased to sanction the adoption of the prefix "Royal" in the case of the Infirmary at Newcastle.

—Mr. J. R. Roberts, solicitor, Halifax, was appointed clerk to the Newcastle magistrates, at a salary of £700 per annum.

25.—Volunteer camps were formed at Gibside Park Whitburn, Whitley, and Newbiggin Moor.

—An appearance, closely allied in character to the mirage, was observed from the Hartlepool Heugh.

27.—It was reported that Mr. Patterson, Victoria House, Low Fell, had perfected a new safety lamp for miners' use.

—The Mayor of Newcastle (Sir B. C. Browne), accompanied by the Town Clerk (Mr. Hill Motum), attended at Windsor Castle, with the representatives of other municipal bodies, and in person presented an address of congratulation on the attainment of her Jubilee to the Queen from the Corporation of Newcastle.

—Patrick Quin (46), a publican in the Side, died in the Newcastle Infirmary from injuries inflicted by himself upon his throat.

29.—The Northumberland Plate at Newcastle Races, run at Gosforth, was won by Mr. W. Blake's Exmoor.

—A live adder, 18 inches long, was caught in Back Fawcett Street, Sunderland.

—On this and the following day, the sixth annual Temperance Festival was held on the Town Moor, Newcastle, and the proceedings were in every way successful.

—A white marble bust of William Wouldhave, the reputed inventor of the lifeboat, was placed in the museum connected with the South Shields Public Library. The bust was recovered in London through a notice published by Robin Goodfellow in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*.

—The putter boys at Ashington Colliery, to the number of 110, came out on strike for an advance of wages. They returned to work on the 4th of July, on terms previously offered by the masters.

30.—The sliding scale between the Cleveland miners and their masters terminated to-day.

—An enjoyable two days' visitation to ancient edifices in Northumberland (including Alnwick Castle and Hulne Abbey) was brought to a close by the members of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries and their friends.

—The Queen's Jubilee was celebrated at Gateshead by a series of festivities in Saltwell Park.

JULY.

1.—The new railway station at Darlington was fully brought into use, and the new branch of railway from Darlington to Fighting Cocks was utilised for passenger traffic.

2.—Much damage was done by a fire which broke out in the premises occupied by Mr. John Mullen, mattress and cabinet maker, Fox and Lamb Yard, Pilgrim Street, Newcastle.

—Mr. Gladstone was entertained at dinner by Sir Joseph Pease, M.P., in London, to meet the Liberal members of the House of Commons for Northumberland and Durham.

—An order was made by the Judge of the Sunderland County Court for the winding up of the ten Universal Building Societies established by the late Alderman Wayman, of that town.

3.—A boy, seven years of age, was very severely injured by two bull-dogs at Jarrow; and the animals which were with difficulty driven off, were subsequently drowned.

—After a drought extending over about a month, rain fell in Newcastle and other parts of the North of England.

4.—The new chapel of the Good Shepherd, in Park Road, Jarrow, was dedicated by the Bishop of Durham.

—A man named Alexander Emery committed suicide by hanging himself on a tree in Preston Cemetery, North Shields.

—A new recreation ground, situated near the Portrack district, and a little over eight acres in extent, was opened by the Mayor of Stockton.

5.—The elevation of Sir William Armstrong to the peerage, under the title of Baron Armstrong of Cragside, in the county of Northumberland, was officially notified

LORD ARMSTRONG'S BIRTHPLACE.

in the *London Gazette*. The birthplace of the new peer is shown in the accompanying sketch. It is one of the old

red brick houses of Pleasant Row, Shieldfield, Newcastle—No. 9, formerly No. 6. At one time these dwellings had considerable pretensions, but some are now converted into tenements. It was in this plain, old-fashioned house that the inventive genius of the founder of Elswick was born, and it is amidst the pleasures of Cragside that his lordship now wears his well-won honours.

6.—The Gateshead Town Council rescinded the resolution, which had been previously adopted, providing for the adoption of the open grave system.

7.—A meeting of the ratepayers of Newcastle, called by the Mayor in response to a requisition, was held in the Town Hall. The meeting was held to consider the recent increase in the rates.

8.—The annual show of the Royal Agricultural Society was opened on a large space of ground set apart for the purpose on the Town Moor, Newcastle. For the first time since the commencement of the society, two days were devoted to the inspection of implements, of which there were 283 stands, containing 3,616 articles. The exhibition of live-stock commenced on the 11th, the

BLAGDON HALL, NORTHUMBERLAND.

total number of animals entered being 1,833. The attendance on Thursday, the 14th, the first shilling day, was 77,889, exclusive of holders of season tickets—the largest number that ever visited the grounds on a single day in the whole history of the society. The show remained open till the 15th, the total number of visitors having been 126,133.

—The annual conference of the Northern Counties Liberal Unionists' Association was held at Newcastle, Lord Northbrook, among others, taking part in the proceedings. There was a banquet in the evening, at which Earl Cowper and Lord Armstrong were among the speakers.

9.—A recreation ground was opened at Ashington, the field, 12½ acres in extent, being the gift of the owners of Ashington Colliery.

10.—It was announced in the *Court Circular* that the Queen had been pleased to confer the dignity of a peerage on Earl Percy.

11.—Accompanied by his two sons, Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, the Prince of Wales arrived at the Central Station, Newcastle, at six o'clock to-night. He was presented with an address from the Corporation, and afterwards proceeded to Plessey, thence driving to Blagdon Hall, the seat of Sir Matthew White Ridley, M.P., whose guests during their stay in the North the royal party were. On his way by carriage, on the following morning, to the show of the Royal Agricultural Society on the Town Moor, the Prince of Wales made a short stoppage at Gosforth, and was presented by the Local Board of that place with a loyal address. The visit to the show-ground completed, the party returned to Blagdon, and next day (13th) a minute inspection was made of the Royal Jubilee Exhibition, with which much satisfaction was expressed. Proceeding thence, the Prince and his sons drove through gaily decorated and crowded streets to the Assembly Rooms, in Westgate Road, where a luncheon was given by the Mayor and Corporation. The only toast proposed was that of "Her Majesty the Queen," which was given by the Mayor (Sir B. C. Browne), and was heartily honoured. The Royal visitors shortly afterwards left for the works of Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., at Elswick, a complete survey of which was also made, under the personal attendance of Lord Armstrong. The party returned by the same route to Blagdon in the evening. On the morning of the 14th, the Princes paid a second visit to the Royal Show. They drove direct from the ground to the Central Station, and shortly after two o'clock left Newcastle, amid enthusiastic farewell cheers, for the South. The

Royal visitors planted each a memorial tree at Blagdon during their stay at that mansion.

12.—One of the most interesting and successful dog shows ever held in the district was opened to-day in the Haymarket, Newcastle, and continued open the two following days.

—A sailor, named Alexander Adams, 29 years of age, passed through Newcastle on stilts from Dundee, *en route* for London.

General Occurrences.

16.—During the performance of a sensational drama in the Queen's Theatre, Manchester, a man was so carried away by the piece that he jumped from the gallery to the stage. He was seriously injured, one of his legs being broken.

18.—The committee stage of the Coercion Bill in the House of Commons was concluded by the application of the closure. The Irish members signalised the event by walking out of the House. After the Gladstonian Liberals had voted in the division lobby, they also left the House.

21.—The Jubilee of the Queen was celebrated by a state pageant in London of unusual magnificence. For months preparations had been proceeding in Westminster Abbey for the thanksgiving ceremony. About eleven a.m. the first of two processions left Buckingham Palace for the Abbey, including, amongst others, the Kings of Denmark, Greece, Belgium, and Saxony; the Crown Princes of Austria, Portugal, Sweden, and Greece; the Queen of the Belgians and the Duke d'Aosta (brother of the King of Italy and former King of Spain). The second procession followed half an hour later. It was a pageant of rare grace and beauty. First came the generals, decked with their medals and honours, followed by the carriages conveying the princesses, daughters and granddaughters of the Queen. Then came her Majesty in a state carriage, drawn by six horses with imperial trappings. Opposite to the Queen, on the left, sat the Princess of Wales, while the Crown Princess of Germany sat next to the Queen on the right. Amongst those in the Queen's cortege were her Majesty's sons, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh; her sons-in-law, the Crown Prince of Germany, the Grand Duke of Hesse, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and the Marquis of Lorne; and nine of the Queen's grandsons and grandsons-in-law, as well as the Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess Christian, Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice, the Duchess of Connaught, the Duchess of Albany, and ten of her Majesty's granddaughters and granddaughters-in-law. The procession, headed by an escort of Indian cavalry, proceeded to Westminster Abbey, through the principal streets of London, which were profusely decorated. Her Majesty's reception was most enthusiastic. A special thanksgiving service was performed at the Abbey, which presented a most brilliant appearance. The procession returned to Buckingham Palace by another route. At night the West End of London was ablaze with illuminations. A feature of the Jubilee celebrations was the beacon fires, which, commencing from the Malvern Hills, were repeated on all the principal mountains and heights in Great Britain.

22.—A Jubilee *fête* was held in Hyde Park, when 30,000 children from the London Board and other elementary schools attended. The proceedings were under the control of a committee, headed by the Prince of Wales as chairman, and Mr. Edward Lawson, proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*, and originator of the *fête*, as secretary. The hearts of the little ones were gladdened by a sight of the Queen, who passed through Hyde Park on her way to Paddington Station, *en route* for Windsor.

23.—A review and sham fight was held at Aldershot, when the Prince of Wales and nearly all the Royal personages who attended the Jubilee celebration of the Queen were present. The troops under arms numbered 11,828.

30.—The captain and four men of the ship Lady Douglas were sentenced to death at the Old Bailey, London, for the murder of a Malay seaman at sea. The unfortunate man had refused to work, and, having assumed a threatening attitude with a knife, he was shot by the captain, who alleged that the deed was necessary for the safety of the crew. The prisoners were afterwards reprieved, and the sentence commuted to certain terms of imprisonment.

JULY.

2.—The Queen reviewed 28,000 volunteers at Buckingham Palace.

4.—Her Majesty laid the foundation stone of the Imperial Institute, in South Kensington, London. The edifice is intended to be a permanent memorial of her reign and the symbol of the extent of her sovereignty. The object of the building is to promote the commercial and industrial prosperity of all parts of the empire, to provide scientific and technical education which the requirements of modern industry render necessary, and to conduce towards the welding of the Colonies, India, and the mother country into one harmonious and united community.

4.—An imposing ceremony was witnessed at the Albert Hall, London, in connection with the prizes given by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for essays by children on man's duty in relation to animals. The number of prize-winners numbered 800 juveniles, and her Majesty attended and formally presented the prizes to the happy recipients.

5.—A remarkable incident took place in the House of Commons. Mr. Atherley Jones called the attention of the Home Secretary to the case of Elizabeth Cass, originally belonging to Stockton, who had been arrested in Regent Street, London, under the supposition that she was a woman of ill-fame. Mr. Jones requested that an inquiry might be made into the circumstances. This was refused, and, on a motion for adjournment of the House, the Government was defeated by a majority of 5 votes. An inquiry was subsequently agreed to.

7.—The Bulgarian Sobranje elected Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg as Prince of Bulgaria.

10.—The Queen reviewed 60,000 troops, consisting of regulars and volunteers, at Aldershot.

Printed by WALTER SCOTT, Felling-on-Tyne.

The Monthly Chronicle

OF

NORTH-COUNTRY LORE AND LEGEND

VOL. I.—No. 7. SEPTEMBER, 1887. PRICE 6D.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford,

AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF NEWCASTLE AND GATESHEAD," &c.

Henry Anderson,

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT AND "GRAND LESSEE."

HENRY ANDERSON was the son of Bertram Anderson, whose history is sketched on page 241 of the *Monthly Chronicle*. He was born in 1545, succeeded to the estates of his father in 1571, and at Michaelmas in the latter year entered official life in the municipality of Newcastle as Sheriff. The next step in his promotion came early; in the autumn of 1575 he was elected Mayor and became Governor of the Merchants' Company. An alderman's gown had fallen to him just before, for when, the previous August, Norroy king-of-arms granted the addition of a helmet, crest, and supporters to the arms of the town, and enumerated those "venerable men" the mayor and ten aldermen, the name of Henry Anderson the younger appears at the end of the list, indicating that he was the latest alderman on the roll.

Queen Elizabeth had been over a dozen years upon the throne when Henry Anderson entered public life. The year that he was mayor, the see of Durham being vacant by the death of Bishop Pilkington, a second attempt was made to annex Gateshead to Newcastle, and it might have succeeded but for private influence. Sir William Fleetwood, Recorder of London, who had been escheator of Durham under the deceased bishop, wrote to Lord-Treasurer Burghley pointing out that the Gateshead people were good Protestants, while those of Newcastle were "all Papistes save Anderson, and yet he is so knit in suche sort with the Papistes that *aiunt, aiit; negant negat.*" The attempt at annexation was frustrated, and then the burgesses became suitors to the Queen for the continuance of a grant of £40 a year which Richard III. had made out of the Customs towards repairing the town walls and Tyne Bridge. In January, 1576-77, they despatched Alderman Anderson and Alderman Jenison to London to plead their cause. Secretary Walsingham saw the delegates, and, promising to favour their suit at a more convenient season, dismissed them. At the close of April, Mr. Anderson was sent up to London again with a letter from the Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriff, reminding Walsingham of his promise, and begging his help in obtainining the annuity, "considering it tends to such a public commodity as the maintenance of the bridge and walls of this her Grace's town, standing towards the frontiers of Scotland." There is no evidence that the Queen responded favourably to the application, but she found means soon afterwards to give her loyal subjects in Newcastle a much more valuable consideration. In 1583, when Henry Anderson was mayor for the second time, she granted to him and to William Selby for the residue of two terms, in trust for the burgesses, a lease of the manors of Gateshead and Whickham. These manors she had obtained from the Bishop Durham, and given to her favourite Leicester, who sold them to Thomas Sutton, Master of the Ordnance, who in turn parted with them for a very moderate sum to the burgesses.

Alderman Anderson's wealth and abilities had by this time brought him to the forefront of all public move-

ments relating to his native town, and the year following the receipt of the "Grand Lease" as it was called, he was sent to represent his fellow burgesses in Parliament. While there he applied for a grant of arms, and by patent dated 10th December, 1585, he was empowered to set aside the old coat of the family, and (instead of displaying three oak trees acorned in gold on a red field), to wear on a field of gold a chevron gules, charged with three acorns slipped argent, between three griffins' heads erased sable. Parliament was dissolved in the autumn of 1585, and the next year he was re-elected member of a new one—the Parliament which demanded the execution of Mary Queen of Scots. There were fresh elections in October, 1588, and again he was elected; his lodgings in London, at this time, being, as we learn from the State papers, at "The Rose in Holborn."

And now the "Grand Lease" of Gateshead and Whickham began to be a source of trouble in Newcastle, and Henry Anderson was naturally deeply involved in it. In 1590, the Lord Mayor of London complained to Lord Treasurer Burleigh that the hostmen of Newcastle had raised the price of coal from 6s. (at which figure it stood during Sutton's tenure) to 9s. a chaldron; and he alleged further that the fraternity had made over the lease to about eighteen or twenty persons, by whom all other collieries were engrossed, namely, Stella, the Bishop's Colliery, Ravensworth, Newburn, and Mr. Gascoigne's mines. Two years later the Crown was a complainant, and a Special Commission was appointed to inquire whether the burgesses were not depriving the royal purse of an ancient duty of a penny a chaldron upon all coal exported. At Michaelmas, 1593—(Mr. Anderson having in the meantime been re-elected M.P.)—a serious dispute, arising out of the grand lease, occurred at the Mayor-choosing, and an appeal was made to the Lord President of the North upon the matter. We do not know how it was disposed of; somehow or other it was patched up, for during the following year, when Mr. Anderson accepted the Mayoralty for the third time, there was comparative peace and quietness. But in 1597, local dissatisfaction culminated in an outburst of ill-feeling. On the 31st May, Robert Dudley and fourteen other aldermen and burgesses wrote to the Lord Treasurer, in support of some communications which Henry Sanderson, the Queen's Customer in Newcastle, had addressed to him. "Mr. Anderson," they stated, "seeming to bewail the waste of the town treasure . . . by persons, some of whom have been imprisoned for disaffection to religion and the State, and the great wrong done to the town by the grand leases . . . persuaded many of us, and other free burgesses, to join him to seek reformation of these abuses. Ralph Jenison and Mr. Anderson fell from the cause, and both have since been made Mayors. All the rest, with many other substantial burgesses, continue to seek the intended reformation. . . . They say that we contribute little or nothing to the maintenance of the town, but the least contributor amongst us paid more than Mr. Anderson and some other aldermen towards setting forth three ships and a pinnace the year of the Spanish invasion, or the ship for Cadiz last year." In another document they allege that "in sundry guilds the commons have urged for the grand lease to be made over absolutely to the town." Further—"when Mr. Anderson was Mayor, even his own audit would not allow his accounts; a second audit, appointed by the Council at York, noted hundreds misspent in his Mayoralty." They speak of Chamberlains that "neglect their occupations to live on their shares in the town's stock," and Common Councilmen that "work at the wheelbarrow," and they wind up by comparing the dominant party to "Ahab and his father's house that troubled all Israel."

Then follows a most serious indictment of Henry Anderson and his friends. It is a long document of twenty-two clauses, the burden of which is as follows:—

That Anderson and Selby have not set over the lease of Gateshead and Whickham to the Mayor and burgesses, but to private men, some of whom are recusants and others suspected to be popishly and evil affected. They have let the coal mines in these manors to themselves and other private persons on lease for more years than the guild authorised. They encroach, and work the town's mines to the value of £2,000, without paying any rent to the town. They refuse renewals of leases to old tenants, although free burgesses, who have spent their substance in winning their mines. Whereas the town paid £5,500 for the grand lease, the grand lessees for £2,000 paid to the town have mines worth £1,600 a year leased to them for sixty years. They strive to prefer themselves and their favourers; base fellows that drive the wheelbarrow for day wages, and work at the bridge for 4d. a tide, are made of the Common Council, and such as have been Sheriffs and other substantial burgesses left out. The eighth day after Mr. Anderson entered the Mayoralty it was moved in the guild that £400 or £500, left in the hutch by his predecessor, Lionel Maddison, might be bestowed in corn to provide against an expected dearth; but two days before, by private direction of Mr. Anderson, one William Jackson had taken £300 of it out of the town's chamber, and the motion could not be put. Lionel Maddison at the end of his Mayoralty left the fee farm rent of the town in the hands of two Chamberlains, and Mr. Anderson had it delivered to Jackson. Mr. Anderson moved that £100 should be taken to London to pay the rent to the king, and the other £100 was taken accordingly, and yet the fee farm was unpaid. Besides this he neither paid, nor left money to pay, the fee farm rent of his own year. When the auditors asked how £200 entered as spent in a suit about coals was made up, Mr. Anderson refused to give particulars. Mr. Anderson charged £100 paid for a Statute Merchant, and no such statute was procured. The Lord President and Council ordered that no grand lessee should be chosen Mayor or Sheriff till all disputes were settled, yet Mr. Anderson was chosen Mayor, and George Selby, another grand lessee, Sheriff; and, being called to York about it, he spent £60 of the town's money in going there. Mr. Anderson and Mr. Riddell, his brother-in-law, who succeeded him, left the town £1,500 in debt, in their Mayoralties, yet they had the spending of £7,300, and nothing to show for it, save mending a pillar of the bridge, which was offered to be done for £800, and sending one ship for coals, £300. Henry Anderson, being wilfully bent to displace the master of the Grammar School (Mr. Burrowes), spent a hundred and odd pounds of the town's money in the effort, and upon other sinister accounts

wasted in his Mayoralty about £360. The auditor in Mr. Anderson's year would not pass his accounts. The river daily decays by casting ballast for the private gain of coalowners; but the grand lessees are magistrates, and the offence is not punished. The courts of justice are partial and disorderly. There is no good lawyer to give advice there; only Wm. Jackson, lately Sergeant-at-mace, and of small education, who bought the office of Town Clerk by means of Mr. Anderson and the grand lessees, and is their "broker." Anderson and other grand lessees have bought up corn, and raised the price to the poor burgesses.

The reply of Henry Anderson and his colleagues to this long catalogue of grievances has not been preserved. Queen Elizabeth's "Great Charter" in 1600 seems to have ended the matter. In that voluminous document Henry Anderson is named as a member of the fraternity of hostmen and one of the aldermen, but he did not take higher office again. He had been appointed a Commissioner for the suppression of Schism, and in February, 1602-3, he concurred in a regulation for the output of coal. That is the last public act in which he appears. In August, 1605, he died, and was buried in the choir of Pittington Church. He had been married twice. His first wife was Isabella (died August 12, 1580), co-heir of Christopher Morland, of Pittington, by whom he had Isabella, wife of Sir Thomas Liddell, of Ravensworth; Elizabeth, wife of Isaac Anderson, of Newcastle; Alice, married to John Gower; and Barbara, wife of Sir William Gascoigne. His second wife was Fortune, daughter of Sir Cuthbert Collingwood, of Eslington, from whom came Sir Henry Anderson, seven other sons, and a daughter.

Sir Henry Anderson,

"DISABLED" M.P. FOR NEWCASTLE,

Was the eldest son of the second marriage of Henry Anderson, the "Grand Lessee." He was born in 1583, and at the date of his father's death had attained his majority. Two years previously he was entered a student at Gray's Inn; a year afterwards he was admitted into the fraternity of Hostmen in Newcastle. "1606—May 20: Sir Henry Anderson, knight, son of Mr. Henry Anderson, merchant and alderman, deceased, admitted," is the entry which marks his reception of the freedom of the coal trade. The title must have been an after insertion, for it was in August, 1608, that, "at Sir Thomas Haslerigg's, at Alderton," he received the honour of knighthood. His father had left him extensive estates on the eastern side of the county of Durham. But all his family connections were bound together in and about Newcastle, and for some time after his father's death he lived among them, and took his part in the public life of the town. His abilities marked him for early promotion. At Michaelmas, 1613, escaping the preliminary office of sheriff, he was elected Mayor of Newcastle. Six months later, when King James I. summoned his second Parliament, he was returned to represent the town at Westminster. Thus, at a little over thirty years of age, this wealthy scion of the house of Anderson had received a title from his sovereign, and the highest honours that Newcastle could bestow. He was Sir Henry Anderson, knight, mayor, and M.P.

The Parliament to which Sir Henry Anderson was sent obtained the nick-name of the Addled Parliament, because, falling to a discussion of grievances, it was dissolved in a couple of months without adding a single Act to the statutes. Among the "addled" measures was one enabling the county palatine to be represented in the Commons' House at Westminster, instead of in the Chapter House at Durham. On the fourth day of the session, Sir Henry made his maiden speech in Parliament. It was upon this question of Durham representation that he spoke. In the Commons Journals of the 9th April, 1614, he is laconically reported thus:—"Sir Henry Anderson moveth, as Sir Edward [Sands] that they of Durham may have knights and burgesses; they now bound to pay subsidies, and yet have no benefit of the general pardon." More than once afterwards, in the short course of the session, he made himself heard. His remarks were chiefly directed against the spread of popery, the greed of the clergy, and the mal-administration of the Church. A resident in the palatinate, he knew the grievances of Bishop James's subjects, and he gave forcible expression to them. Bishop Cosin, writing on this subject long after, states that Sir Henry "hated Bishop James."

The House was dissolved early in June, and Sir Henry came back to Newcastle and resumed his duties as Mayor. At the end of September those duties ceased, and another high office awaited him. Martinmas, 1615, brought him the honour of the Shrievalty of Northumberland. In that position the earnest Protestantism to which he had given utterance in Parliament obtained more active development. Writing to Secretary Winwood, in April, 1616, he says:—"I think your honour was a means of making me Sheriff of this county this year; but I assure you it should not have grieved me so much if I had gone to the Fleet [prison] rather than to be put to a place impossible to be discharged either with any credit or a good conscience. We have sent up about our Newcastle business Sir George Selby, and one Mr. Riddell, two aldermen of the town, who for themselves do as much hurt by these means against religion as any in this town. The one [Thomas Riddell, of Gateshead], his wife is a professed recusant, and the other of the religion the K. is of, whatsoever that be." In an enclosed report Sir Henry tells Winwood that whereas at King James's accession there were 306 recusants and 67 non-communicants in the county, the numbers have increased to 507 of the one and 432 of the other. There have been, he adds, more thefts, besides sundry murders, committed in the county in each of the two last years than were in all the ten years next before. He names persons in authority who tolerate, if they do

not connive at, the laxity which he deplores, and asserts that in the places under their jurisdiction, being well nigh half the county, "the greater part of the people are become professed Papists, thieves, or atheists, and so live without fear of God or regard of any wholesome laws."

King James did not call another Parliament together until the end of the year 1620. Sir Henry Anderson was again returned for Newcastle, and upon the first day of actual business in the House (February 5, 1620-21) he was appointed one of the committee for "Returns, Elections, and Privileges." Another bill to secure the representation of the county palatine was introduced, and Sir Henry was one of thirteen members to whom the measure was referred. It passed the Commons, was adopted by the Lords, and needed only the royal assent to become law. That assent was withheld. Parliament was dissolved in February, 1621-22, and Sir Henry came back to his Durham estates with one, at least, of the objects of his parliamentary career unaccomplished.

In the summer of 1623 there was a vacancy in the headmastership of the Grammar School of Newcastle, by the death of Robt. Fowberry. The Crown interfered in the election, and was beaten. The royal nominee was a Mr. Conyers, but the Corporation preferred Edward Wigham, one of the under masters. The courtly Mayor, Sir Geo. Selby, proposed Conyers, and was supported by six other members of the corporate body—three of them knights. Eighteen untitled members voted against him. Sir Henry Anderson declined to vote either way. He yielded all obedience, he said, to his Majesty's request, yet forbore to give his vote, and would give satisfaction for his reasons. This was on the 10th June, and in the following January (1623-24) another Parliament, the last of King James's reign, was elected. Sir Henry filled his accustomed place, serving upon committees, and contributing his quota to the debates. Forster, in his life of Sir John Eliot, names him as one of those "Northern men" who "for the most part acted together, and constituted a section formidable by their talents and influence, whether marshalled against the Court for public motives, or banded together against the opposition for purposes of their own." In a debate upon supply—the king's demands being large—Sir Henry deprecated delay. "Let them," he said, "shut the back door, throw up at once their wooden walls, and give succour to their best friends"; in other words, secure Ireland, raise speedily a fleet, and help the Protestants of Bohemia.

Before this Parliament had run its course King James died, and Charles I. came to the throne. In the elections which followed, Sir Henry retained his seat for Newcastle. He did not hold it long. King Charles, like his father, had no love for Parliaments, and when he found the Commons resuming the attitude of their predecessors, discussing grievances and postponing supply, he dismissed them after only a few weeks sitting. They were called together again in February 1625-26, and for the fifth time Sir Henry was sent up to represent Newcastle. His name appears in the lists of various committees, and upon deputations of the Commons appointed to hold conferences with the Lords. The session was abortive. Parliament was dissolved without passing a single Act.

To King Charles's 3rd and 4th Parliaments Sir Henry did not go, whether by his own will or that of the electorate is not traceable. In the meantime he had disposed of his Durham estates, and settled at Long Cowton, in Yorkshire. But when the Long Parliament assembled in November, 1640, Sir Henry resumed his seat for Newcastle. The returns are missing, but we know from the Journals of the House, in which he is found serving on committees during November and December, that he was elected. Into the thickening troubles between Crown and Commons we need not enter. Civil war was coming, and although as yet no English blood had been shed by Englishmen, both parties were preparing for it. In May, 1641, the Commons signed a solemn declaration to defend the Protestant religion, and the power and privilege of Parliament, against the enemies of the Crown and the nation, and among the foremost of the signatories, sixth after the Speaker, was Sir Henry Anderson. Three months later, he was one of three members appointed by the House at a morning sitting to go into the North about the disbanding of the king's army, and in the afternoon of the same day he obtained leave to go into the country "upon his own occasions." It is January, 1642, before we meet with his name again in the Journals, and after that it occurs but seldom. So seldom, indeed, that in April, 1643, he is named as one of the members absent "ever since Christmas" who had given satisfactory explanations to the House, and had been re-admitted. It is evident from this circumstance that he was not in sympathy with the rising power of Parliament, and an event occurred soon after his re-admission which widened the divergence and brought him to ruin.

Sir John Hotham, the gallant defender of Hull against the king, had married, for his third wife, Isabel, one of Sir Henry Anderson's two daughters. He and his son, Captain Hotham, were staunch and true to the popular cause during the early scenes of the dismal tragedy that was now rapidly unfolding. Various efforts were made by the Royalists to win over the Hothams, and eventually they succeeded. But the plot was discovered; father and son were seized, carried to London, committed to the Tower, and after due trial were executed. Sir Henry was involved in their disgrace. On the 3rd August, immediately after prayers, a letter from Hull, of the 26th July, "and likewise a letter from my lady Anderson to her husband, Sir H. Anderson," were read to the House of Commons. It was ordered "That a letter be written to the committee at Hull, to require them what monies, plate, horse, or other goods, they have there in their custody that do truly and really belong to Sir Henry Anderson, his lady, or

his own sons, or any of them; and that all such goods and horse as do belong to any of them may be delivered unto them; and that Sir H. Anderson shall have Mr. Speaker's warrant to go down to Hull, to bring up his wife and daughter; that Sir H. Anderson shall have leave to speak with his son-in-law, Mr. Hotham, in the presence and hearing of his keeper, and that his son, a prisoner at Newark, be particularly recommended to the committee at Hull and Lincoln for an exchange." Sir Henry left the House and did not return. That day month (August 26) the order for delivery of his property at Hull was rescinded, and on the 4th September it was resolved "That Sir H. Anderson be forthwith disabled for being any longer a member of this House during this Parliament for deserting the service of the House and repairing to the army against the Parliament."

From this date he disappears into private life, and we hear of him no more. The Journals of the Commons record the apprehension of "Sir Henry Anderson," at Leicester in November, his committal to the Tower, the sequestration of his estate, his liberation on bail, and his compounding for delinquency by a fine of £2,810. But it is pretty clear from the entries that the person so treated was Sir Henry Anderson, of Pendley, near Tring, Herts (grandson of Sir Henry Anderson, knight, alderman and sheriff of London), created a baronet 3rd July, 1643, and not the ex-member for Newcastle.

Sir Henry married Mary, daughter of Richard Romington, of Lockington, by whom he had five sons and two daughters. His eldest son, Henry, married to Eleanor, second daughter of Sir William Lambton, of Lambton, succeeded him at Long Cowton, and thenceforward the history of the family belongs to Yorkshire.

The Souters of Selkirk.

SOUTERS is Scotch for cobblers, shoemakers (lit. "sewers," A.S. *sutere*, Lat. *sutor*), according to Jamieson, who also gives "souter-clod," a kind of coarse, brown, wheaten bread, a word used in Selkirk and parts of Fife. "Souter's brandy" is a cant term for buttermilk. Selkirk was anciently celebrated for the making of brogues.

According to Sir Walter Scott, in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," eighty men of Selkirk, called "souters" (*par excellence*), joined the army of James IV., and were cut to pieces at Flodden, Sept. 9th, 1513, after a gallant stand. Their conduct on this occasion, as contrasted with that of the Earl of (then Lord) Home, was, as Sir Walter's informant (1793) told him, still commemorated on great days in the subjoined song. "At election dinners, &c.," writes Mr. Plummer, "when the Selkirk folks begin to get fou' [merry], they always call for music, and for that song in particular." Some say the lines were composed upon a match at football between the Philiphaugh and Home families; but "at such times," says Mr. Plummer, "I never heard a Souter hint at the football, but many times speak of the battle of Flodden." The "yellow and green" are the liveries of Home.

Up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk,
And doun wi' the Earl of Home;
And up wi' a' the braw lads
That sew the single-soled shoon.

Fye upon yellow and yellow,
And fye upon yellow and green;
But up wi' the true blue and scarlet,
And up wi' the single-soled shoon.

Up wi' the Souters o' Selkirk,
For they are baith trusty and leal;
And up wi' the men o' the Forest,
And doun wi' the Merse to the de'il.

The Forest means Selkirkshire, or Ettrick Forest; and the Merse refers to Berwickshire.

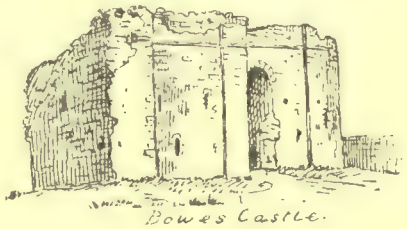
"A singular custom," says Sir Walter Scott in his "Minstrelsy," "is observed at conferring the freedom of the burgh. Four or five bristles, such as are used by shoemakers, are attached to the seal of the burgess ticket. These the new-made burgess must dip in his wine, and pass through his mouth in token of respect for the Souters of Selkirk. This ceremony is on no account dispensed with." H. F. M. SIMPSON, Edinburgh.

Bowes Castle.

BOWES, the Lavatræ of the Romans, has become celebrated in modern times as representing "the delightful village of Dotheboys," near Greta Bridge, Yorkshire. The castle was built by the Earls of Richmond, as a defence, it is said, against the men of Westmoreland and Cumberland, who, during the Norman period, sometimes sided with the Scots. It was built at an uncertain date within the Roman station.

When Julius Cæsar was a king,
Bowes Castle was a famous thing.

The edifice so early became ruinous that it was pronounced untenable as far back as the 15th year of



Edward III. All that remains of it is the great square tower of the keep, for a sketch of which we are

indebted to Mr. Robert Blair, secretary of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries.

The Story of Dotheboys Hall.

Some years ago, Dr. Charles Rogers, editor of "The Modern Scottish Minstrel," related, in a letter to the *Daily News*, how, in 1864, in the course of a tour, he arrived at the town of Barnard Castle, in the county of Durham, late on a winter morning, and put up at the principal hotel—an old-fashioned structure fronting the Market Place. At breakfast next morning, he chanced to notice, on the opposite side of the street, a large clock-face, with the name Humphreys surrounding it, most conspicuously exhibited in front of a clock and watchmaker's shop.* "How odd," he exclaimed to a gentleman seated beside him, "here is Master Humphrey's Clock!" "Of course," said the gentleman, "and don't you know that Dickens resided here some weeks when he was collecting materials for his 'Nicholas Nickleby,' and that he chose his title for his next work by observing that big clock face from this window?"

Dr. Rogers stepped across to the watchmaker, and asked him whether he had been correctly informed. "The worthy horologist," he continued, "entered into particulars. 'My clock,' said he, 'suggested to Mr. Dickens the title of his book of that name. I have a letter from him stating this, and a copy of the work, inscribed with his own hand. For some years we corresponded. I got acquainted with him just by his coming across from the hotel as you have done this morning, and his asking me to inform him about the state of the neighbouring boarding schools.' Mr. Humphreys then entered into many particulars respecting the condition of these schools. Incidentally, he said, he had directed Mr. Dickens and his friend 'Phiz' to the school which the two travellers afterwards rendered infamous by their pen and pencil; but it was, he said, by no means the worst of those institutions. The schoolmaster had been very successful in obtaining pupils, and had become very tyrannical, and even insolent to strangers. He received Mr. Dickens and his companion with extreme hauteur, and did not so much as withdraw his eyes from the operation of pen-making during their interview. But 'Phiz' sketched him on his nail, and reproduced him so exactly, that soon after the appearance of the novel the school fell off, and was ultimately deserted. Since that period the Dotheboys description of school had altogether ceased in the district."

So far from having been the worst of the Yorkshire schools, that to which Dickens was directed is believed by many persons in the neighbourhood to have been one of the best of the kind. At any rate they say the master was by no means the heartless monster the illustrious author described the proprietor of Dotheboys Hall to have been. Dickens's main object was to expose, in detail, the cruelties which were practised upon orphans and other neglected children at cheap proprietary schools, where the sum charged for the board of hungry and growing lads, with everything included, ranged from sixteen to twenty pounds a year. He tells us in the preface to "Nicholas Nickleby," as it stands in the collected edition of his works, that it was the result of a personal visit paid by himself to some nameless seminary of the Dotheboys type in the wolds of Yorkshire; and there can be no doubt that the portraits of Squeers, Smike, and others, which figure prominently in the disgusting tableau, are only broad exaggerations of real characters, not to be found grouped and associated as they are in the novel, in any particular place, but seen and studied by Dickens somewhere or other in the course of his wide and varied experience. But what the novelist moulded into a fancy picture, embracing all the bad elements of the lowest class of boarding schools, the public accepted as the actual condition of one particular establishment. That the public did the alleged prototype of Squeers great injustice in this respect was warmly asserted by some old residents in Barnard Castle, who averred that the now notorious pedagogue was, in private life at least, an excellent and amiable man, however objectionable his school system, avowedly founded on the most parsimonious principles. might have been considered. How far this may have been true we cannot say; but one thing is admitted, that the person concerned took the imputation as levelled specially against himself, instead of taking it to be, as it doubtless was, a caricature personification of a bad system which had long prevailed in that part of the country, and was by no means confined to it. And the fact of this somewhat morbid sensitiveness getting to be generally known, the poor man became an object of ridicule to his neighbours, which, together with the ruin that overtook him soon after through the loss of pupils, utterly broke his spirit and hastened his death.

That Dickens's cheap boarding school picture, though to some extent a fancy one, was not very wide of the sober naked truth, is apparent, however, from the recorded report of two remarkable trials which took place in October, 1823, in the Court of Common Pleas, before Mr. Justice Park and a special jury—the cases of Jones *versus* Shaw and Ockerly *versus* Shaw. The *Durham Chronicle* of November 8th, in the same year, reported these trials at much greater length than it would be worth while to give them now. We shall, therefore, abridge the newspaper report, omitting all that is non-essential to the illustration of the point we have in hand.

The declaration in the first case stated that the plain-

* See note of the death of Master Humphreys, *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., page 237.

tiff, a person of the name of Jones, living at the Twelve Bells, St. Saviour's Churchyard, London, had agreed to place his sons, Richard and William, with the defendant, who was a schoolmaster, residing at Bowes, near Greta Bridge, Yorkshire, and who advertised to teach young gentlemen Latin, English, Arithmetic, Geography, and Geometry, and to board, lodge, and clothe them, at twenty pounds per annum; and that the defendant had so improperly and negligently conducted himself with respect to the two lads that they were greatly injured in health.

Edward Jones, the eldest son of the plaintiff, having been called for the prosecution, said his two brothers were sent down by themselves to Shaw's school in October, 1819. Richard was then about twelve years old, and William about nine. In January, 1821, the witness and his mother went to the George and Blue Boar Inn, where the defendant put up when in town on professional business, and had an interview with him. One of the lads had written the Christmas before, complaining of having sore eyes. Mrs. Jones asked the defendant what was the matter with them. Defendant said he did not know. On being pressed to say whether it was anything serious, he replied, "Oh, dear no!"—but he added that he had received a letter from Mrs. Shaw, and he was fearful from what she wrote that there was an abscess forming. He was then going home, and Mrs. Jones begged of him to write as quickly as possible. He promised to do so. But the Joneses never heard from him for more than a month, and even then not direct. It seems a Mr. Seaton called upon the Joneses in February, and undertook to write on their behalf, asking that the boys should be sent home, if necessary, because better advice could be obtained in London than in the country. In the course of a few days he received the following letter:—"The doctor, yesterday evening, advised me to write to Mr. Jones that his son might stop a fortnight longer, and he says he flatters himself with being of great service in recovering the right eye much more than has been done, and as he has lost the left eye, you will judge my anxiety to have one left as perfect as possible, and as I shall not charge anything for time or doctor's expenses, you will see my only wish is to benefit the boy." This letter was dated 15th March, 1821, and was signed by the defendant. On the 28th of the same month the two brothers came home. William was then totally blind; nothing had been wrong with his eyes when he went to school. Richard could see in the daylight, or with a strong candle, but his eyes were very bad.

The evidence of the younger of the lads, William, who had been the greatest sufferer, was as follows:—"I remember going to Mr. Shaw's school with my brother Richard; we went down by the stage; I could then see as well as anybody; I had had the small-pox about a year before; it had not injured my sight at all. The first week they treated me well, and gave me toast for breakfast; the next week they turned me among the other boys, and gave me hasty pudding. There were nearly three hundred boys in the school. We had meat three times a week, and on the other days potatoes and bread and cheese. When any gentleman came to see his children, Mr. Shaw used to order the boys who were without trousers or jackets to get under the desks; we were sometimes without our trousers for four or five days while they were being mended. The boys washed in a long trough similar to what the horses drink from; the boys had but two towels, and the great boys used to take advantage of the little boys, and get to the towels first; we had no supper; we had warm water and milk for tea, and dry bread; we had hay and straw beds, and one sheet to each bed, in which four or five boys slept: there were about thirty beds in one room, and a large tub in the middle; there were only three or four boys in some of the beds; we had fleas every other morning (a laugh); I mean, we had quills furnished us to flea the beds every other morning, and we caught a good beating if we did not fill the quills with fleas; we had the skimmings of the pot every Sunday afternoon; the usher offered a penny for every maggot, and the boys found more than a quart full, but he did not give them the money; we had soap every Saturday afternoon, but that was always used by the great boys, and we had no soap but what we bought; on one occasion (in October) I felt a weakness in my eyes, and could not write my copy; the defendant said he would beat me; on the next day I could not see at all, and I told Mr. Shaw, who sent me, with three others, to the wash-house; he always sent those boys who were ill to the wash-house, as he had no doctor; those who were totally blind were sent into a room; I staid in the wash-house about a month, and the number of boys there when I left was eighteen; they were all affected in their sight; I was then put into a room; there were nine boys in this room totally blind; a Mr. Benning, a doctor, was sent for; while I remained in the wash-house no doctor attended us; I was in the room two months, and the doctor then discharged me, saying I had lost one eye; in fact, I was blind with both; I went to the wash-house a second time, but no doctor attended me then. I remember a person about 19 or 20; he was there for instruction, but he often assisted the boys who were wounded or ill; this gentleman sometimes blew powders in our eyes; Mr. Benning is a doctor at Barnard Castle: he is a man of much practice; he used just to look over our eyes, and then turn us away; he never did anything else but look at our eyes; we had no physic, nor eye-water, nor anything else."

Richard Jones generally corroborated his brother's statement. His treatment had been the same in every respect, except that he had never been shut up in the wash-house. He stated that he had the itch, and that about twenty other boys were afflicted with it likewise. But his head was combed every Saturday night, and he

was kept clean from all vermin, except fleas. His brother and he, with three other boys, all slept in the same bed, and they all had the itch at the same time. They had only two towels for all the boys in the school, and the water they had to wash in was not a running stream, but a quantity of water put into a trough.

A lad named James Saunders, 16 years of age, who said he went to the defendant's about the 25th of July, 1820, stated that after he had been there about six weeks his eyes were affected, and, as they got much worse in a fortnight's time, he was put into the wash-house along with some fifteen other boys, all of whom had the itch. They were not separated at night from the other boys There were from fifteen to thirty beds in each room. Some beds held five, some only three boys. He had totally lost the use of one eye. Mr. Benning never attended the boys until they had nearly lost their sight. He did nothing even then but look at their eyes. A powder was sent from London, the witness did not know by whom; and Mr. Evans (the gentleman mentioned by William Jones) blew this powder into their eyes. That was before Mr. Benning was called.

Benjamin Clarke and James Holmwood, the latter of whom was totally blind, were then examined, and described in similar terms as the other boys the method of treatment they had experienced.

Mr. F. Tyrell, oculist to the London Eye Infirmary, gave it as his opinion that the cause of the disorder was cold and exposure in damp places. The numbers who slept in one room would aggravate it very much. Putting the boys into the place they described as the wash-house he considered also very likely to increase the disorder. Want of cleanliness would produce the same effect; while the early application of remedies, in young subjects especially, ought to have suggested itself as imperatively necessary. A man who had acted properly would not have permitted those who were affected with chronic disease to wash with the same towel as others; nor would he have left them in a stone wash-house.

For the defendant, Mr. Henry Benning, surgeon and apothecary, residing at Barnard Castle, was called as a witness. He described at length his treatment of the boys affected with ophthalmia in Mr. Shaw's school, his visits to which, he said, were continued for almost twelve months almost every day. He directed that those boys who were attacked should be separated from the healthy boys. He ordered them to be put into a comfortable room, and that was done when he saw them. The room assigned them was the parlour. The first stage of the complaint had passed over, however, before he was called in. He ordered an astringent collyrium as an external application, and he gave the boys mild purgatives. Some months after his first visit, he communicated with Sir William Adams, whom he believed to be the highest authority this country could produce on such a subject. The disease was then in its chronic state. He ordered the school to be fumigated. It was whitewashed and ventilated a few weeks after his first visit. The windows were altered so as to admit of free air. Mrs. Shaw always expressed the greatest tenderness for the children. His (Mr. Benning's) charge was upwards of £100 for attendance for the year. He did not recollect seeing any boys affected with the itch. The disorder was not raging anywhere but at Bowes and in the school.

Sir William Adams, who had been taken down at an expense of three hundred guineas, said that, having heard Mr. Benning's evidence, he thought his treatment upon the whole judicious.

Mr. Serjeant Pell (for the defence) and Mr. Serjeant Vaughan (for the prosecution) having severally addressed the court, Mr. Justice Park, in his charge, left it to the jury to say whether they thought the defendant had been or had not been guilty of gross negligence.

The jury retired for nearly an hour, and then returned a verdict for the plaintiff—damages, £300.

Next day (Oct. 31st) the second action (Ockerly *v.* Shaw) was brought on; but after the examination of the first witness had been begun, the counsel on both sides had a long consultation with their respective clients, at the suggestion of the learned judge. The result was that the defendant submitted to have a verdict taken against him for the same sum - £300 damages—and thus save his lordship and the jury any further trouble in the matter.

"Nicholas Nickleby" was published in 1839, or sixteen years after these trials took place. The effect which it produced was, as all the world knows, electrical. None of the pictures in Dante's Hell surpass Dotheboys Hall in colouring, at once vivid, grotesque, and horrible. It may be truly said to have been the picture of Smike, the poor lad who was starved and beaten into partial idiocy, that gave the first great impulse to that indignant feeling relative to the treatment of the helpless in public or private institutions which has since led to many sensible reforms.

At the sale of Dickens's relics in July, 1870, at the rooms of Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, in King Street, St. James's, London, T. Webster's oil painting of "Brimstone and Treacle Morning at Dotheboys Hall," put up at four hundred guineas, was knocked down for five hundred and ten.

Thomas Spence.

IN the month of November, 1775, when the North American Colonies had entered upon the War of Independence, a Philosophical Society, established for purposes of debate, was holding one of its fortnightly meetings in Newcastle, then a country town of about twenty thousand inhabitants. It was in the first year of its existence.

Established in the month of March, its founders, says Sykes, were "many of them eminent in the literary world"; but the number of the members, adds Richardson, "never exceeded twenty." Its years were few; and, some time after they had come to an end, an attempt was made to form one of those proprietary institutions known as "Permanent Libraries." On the 21st of April, 1787, the *Newcastle Chronicle* announced that a plan had lately been proposed for instituting in the town a general library, which had already been agreed to by a great number of gentlemen, who were to advance two guineas annually for the purchase of books in the different sciences and languages, the use of which was to be entirely confined to the proprietors. The proposal did

not prosper: the Proprietary Library was not founded. Newcastle had to wait half-a-dozen years longer. Then, in 1793, the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Society had its origin; and the foundation was laid of the present magnificent collection of books, brought together without respect to individual ownership—a broad and liberal principle, novel at the moment, but now of common adoption.

The Philosophical Society of 1775, with which we have at present chiefly to do, held its meetings (as appears by a copy of the rules, "printed by T. Angus, Trinity Corner, St. Nicholas's Church Yard," in 1777) somewhere in Westgate Street. The members tackled all sorts of questions which can never be solved, and are therefore the better fitted for interminable debate. The inquiry which, on the 15th of March, 1775, led the way, ran thus:—"Which of two persons, equally qualified, is most likely to attain first to a distinct knowledge of any intricate subject—he who searches into it by contemplation and the help of books only, or he who attends a well-regulated society, where the subject is freely debated as a question on both sides, or demonstrated by the joint endeavours of the members?" Two hours were consumed over this knotty problem, *pro* and *con;* and on a show of hands it was found, as was to have been expected from a Debating Society, that the majority were in favour, not of solitary pursuit, but of controversial effort. So ended the opening discussion of the club. At its next meeting, the enterprising club went in quest of an answer to the question:—"Whether does an exquisite sensibility of mind make for or against the happiness of the possessor?" "What is virtue?" was afterwards the inquiry to be determined; and thus, every alternate week, these searching spirits went on their adventurous way; till, in due course, came the turn of Thomas Spence, one of the schoolmasters of Newcastle. He it was who was to propose and introduce, on the 8th of November, 1775, a subject for debate. Let us, however, before stating what it was and what became of it, give some account of the proposer himself. We have, fortunately, a local historian who will assist us. Mackenzie makes the warm enthusiast the subject of one of his valuable biographical sketches. We have also the further advantage of the interesting "Memoir of Thomas Bewick, written by himself" (published in 1862), in which instructive autobiography of the great restorer of the art of wood-engraving ("an artist," as Leslie has justly observed, "of the highest order in his day") there is mention more than once of the remarkable native of Newcastle whose name stands at the head of this article.

Thomas Spence, one of a family of nineteen, was born (as Mackenzie tell us in his History of Newcastle) on the Quayside, on the 21st of June, 1750. His father, who was a religious man, and assiduous in his son's education, had come to Newcastle from Aberdeen ten or eleven years before. His mother, a second wife, was a native of the Orkneys. A commercial clerk in his youth, he subsequently took to the instruction of children, and had his attention early drawn, as a schoolmaster, to the imperfections of the alphabet. The rounds of the ladder of learning were neither all of them to his mind, nor were they sufficiently numerous. So, being a reformer by nature, he set himself to the work of amendment. He devised additional characters, and new-moulded some of the old; his labours ended in the construction of a phonetic alphabet of forty letters, each representing a separate sound. "The Grand Repository of the English Language" was the result of his patient researches; and

in the course of his canvass for subscribers, he waited, among others, on the Rev. Hugh Moises, then morning lecturer of All Saints'. The Quaysider's tongue was racy of the soil; and the famous head-master of the Royal Grammar School asked him what opportunities he had enjoyed of acquiring a correct knowledge of the pronunciation of the English language. It was an awkward question for the young author, but he was equal to the occasion. "Pardon me," was his happy reply, "I attend All Saints' Church every Sunday morning." His amended method of orthography was illustrated in his "Repository of Common Sense and Innocent Amusement," published in penny numbers "at his school on the Keyside." "I cut the steel punches for Spence's types," says Thomas Bewick, "and my master struck them on the matrices for casting his newly-invented letters of the alphabet for his Spelling and Pronouncing Dictionary. He published in London many curious books in his peculiar way of speech: most of them, I believe, on his favourite subject of property in land being every one's right. However mistaken he might be in his notions on this subject, I am clearly of opinion that his intentions were both sincere and honest."

Bewick had first fallen in with Spence at the workshop of Gilbert Gray, the bookbinder (father of the celebrated fruit painter), a well-educated and most estimable man. "He (Spence) was one of the warmest philanthropists of the day," is the testimony of the great engraver. "The happiness of mankind seemed with him to absorb every other consideration. He was of a cheerful disposition, warm in his attachment to his friends and in his patriotism to his country; but he was violent against people whom he considered of an opposite character. With such he kept no bounds. For the purpose chiefly of making converts to his opinion 'that property in land is every one's right,' he got a number of young men gathered together, and formed into a debating society, which was held in the evenings in his school-room in the Broad Garth, Newcastle. One night, when his favourite question was to be debated, he reckoned upon me as one of his 'backers.' In this, however, he was mistaken; for, notwithstanding my tacitly assenting, in a certain degree, to his plan—viz., as to the probability of its succeeding in some uninhabited country or island—I could not at all agree with him in thinking it right to upset the present state of society by taking from people what is their own, and then launching out upon his speculations. I considered that property ought to be held sacred; and, besides, that the honestly obtaining of it was the great stimulant to industry, which kept all things in order, and society in full health and vigour. The question having been given against him without my having said a word in his defence, he became swollen with indignation, which, after the company was gone, he vented upon me. To reason with him was useless. He began by calling me—from my silence—'a Sir Walter Blackett,'" (who, "as an orator, made no figure in the House, and, having changed his politics in his later years, became rather unpopular"); "adding, 'If I had been as stout as you are, I would have thrashed you; but there is another way in which I can do the business, and have at you. He then produced a pair of cudgels, and to work we fell. He did not know that I was a proficient in cudgel playing; and I soon found that he was very defective. After I had blackened the insides of his thighs and arms, he became quite outrageous, and acted very unfairly, which obliged me to give him a severe beating."

Such (in the graphic words of Bewick) was Thomas Spence, the author of "The Spencean System," and one of the founders of the short-lived Philosophical Society of 1775. His pet theory was brought under the consideration of his fellow-members in November. It was his turn to lecture on the 8th; and he was so wrapped up in the Land Question, and his mode of settling it, that he had no choice within himself but Hobson's. What course the discussion took we cannot say; no record of the proceedings has come down to us; but the paper itself, "price one penny," is extant, and consists of eight pages, with no printer's name. "Property in Land Every One's Right, proved in a Lecture read at the Philosophical Society in Newcastle on the 8th of November, 1775," is the title of Spence's tract; and it bears an apt motto from "Paradise Lost":—

Th' invention all admired; and each, how he
To be the inventor missed; so easy it seemed
Once found, which yet unfound, most would have thought
Impossible.

"Impossible" enough, even when found, the members must have thought it, as the rapt visionary unfolded his sweeping scheme. "That property in land, and liberty among men in a state of nature, ought to be equal, few, one would fain hope," he said, "would be foolish enough to deny." He took it for granted that "the country of any people, in a native state, was properly their common, in which each of them had an equal property, with free liberty to sustain himself and connexions with the animals, fruits, and other products thereof." Yet, when Captain Cook was voyaging round the world two years before this meeting of the Philosophical Society, he was led to the conclusion "that all the land in Tongatabu (Friendly Islands) was private property, and that there were there, as at Otaheite, a set of people who were servants or slaves, and had no property in land. It is unreasonable (remarks the great circumnavigator) to suppose everything in common in a country so highly cultivated as this. Interest being the greatest spring which animates the hand of industry, few would toil in cultivating and planting the land if they did not expect to reap the fruit of their labour. Were it otherwise, the industrious man would be in a worse state

than the idle sluggard." Spence's panacea, however, for the ills of society, was land in common; and he proposed to show how this natural right might be practically restored, consistently with the general good. The whole people of a country having adopted the principle, the inhabitants would meet together in their respective parishes to form themselves into corporations, having charge of the land therein comprised, with everything pertaining thereto. There would then be no more nor other landowners in the whole country than the parishes, and each of these would be sovereign lord of its own territories. "There you may behold the rent which the people have paid into the parish boxes, employed by each parish in paying the Government its share of the sums which Parliament at any time grants; in maintaining and relieving its own poor, and people out of work; in paying its clergymen, schoolmasters, and officers their salaries; in building, repairing, and adorning its houses, bridges, and other structures; in making and maintaining convenient and delightful streets, highways, and passages both for foot and carriages; in making and maintaining canals and other conveniences for trade and navigation; in planting and taking in waste ground; in providing and keeping up a magazine of ammunition and all sorts of arms sufficient for all its inhabitants in case of danger from enemies; in premiums for the encouragement of agriculture, or anything else thought worthy of encouragement; and, in a word, in doing whatever the people think proper, and not, as formerly, to support and spread luxury, pride, and all manner of vice and corruption." All voting, in parish or parliament, to be by ballot, thus avoiding animosities; "all that can be done, in order to gain a majority of votes for anything, being to make it appear in the best light possible by speaking or writing." Each parish allowed to put the laws in force, "even to the inflicting of death." Groups of parishes to elect members of the House of Commons. "Buildings, clergymen, &c., for the Established Religion of the country, maintained by each parish out of its treasury; but Dissenters, if they set up any other religion, must bear the expense of it themselves." The men in every parish to be trained to arms for defence from attack. "And woe be to them who occasion them to do this! They would use them worse than highwaymen or pirates if they got them in their power." No standing army in time of peace. All alike having property to defend, they would be "alike ready to run to arms when their country was in danger." Taxes and duties would be unknown. Rent would be paid alone to the parish, according to the value of the land, houses, &c., occupied. "As the final consequence of all this, all things that are allowed to be imported from abroad or that are the growth or manufacture of the country, are as cheap as possible; and living is so very easy that he must be a rogue in his heart that cannot live honestly there. But what makes this prospect yet more glorious is that, after this empire is thus established, it will stand for ever. Force and corruption attempting its downfall shall equally be baffled, and all other nations, struck with wonder and admiration at its happiness and stability, shall follow its example; and thus the whole earth shall at last be happy, and live like brethren."

With these glowing words the sanguine dreamer closed the address in which he had unfolded his new Utopia; and then, although the rules of the Philosophical Society prohibited the publication of its lectures, he hastened his composition into print, and was excluded from membership. "The society," according to his own way of putting it, "did the author the honour to expel him." But, says Mackenzie, it was alleged that "the expulsion was not for printing it only, but for printing it in the manner of a half-penny ballad, and having it hawked about the streets." The members, it would appear, were not unanimous. The Rev. James Murray, who was one of them, made the exclusion of Spence the subject of an indignant remonstrance.

Spence's paper, as we have seen, was read on the 8th of November, 1775. It was on the 22nd that the Philosophical Society dealt so summarily with the writer. On the 25th, the *Newcastle Chronicle* had a note of the fact that the members had "expelled Mr. Thomas Spence, for publishing, without and against the approbation of the society, a lecture with the title of 'Property in Land Every Man's Right,' which he had delivered at a former meeting, of which (continued the editor) they disclaim all patronage, being informed that he had, previous to the lecture, read it in different public-houses, and became a member, apparently, for the purpose of obtruding upon the world the ERRONEOUS *and dangerous levelling principles* with which the lecture is replete, under the sanction of the society."

From the emphasis of the protest—its capital letters and italics—we may gather the sensation kindled among our forefathers by the publication of a paper which, if "dangerous" a hundred years ago, is but a harmless literary curiosity now. Some twenty years afterwards, when the American War had achieved the independence of the United States, and the French Revolution had brought Napoleon Bonaparte to the front, the Philosophical Society of 1775 was gone, and the Literary and Philosophical Society of 1793 was concerned about the proceedings of its departed predecessor. Towards the close of 1798, there was inserted in the Recommendation Book a note for the consideration of the committee at its December meeting, viz.:—"An extract from a paper having appeared in the *Annual Register* by Dodsley for '92, which, from an inaccuracy in the expression, may be thought to come from this society, it is recommended to the committee to disavow, through the medium of the same publication, and also the *Monthly* and *Gentleman's Magazines*, any connection with the

society of which Mr. Spence, the author of that paper, was a member." A marginal correction substitutes "Rivington" for "Dodsley" (there being at that time more than one *Annual Register* in course of publication). The matter was taken up by the society and the committee on the 11th and 18th of December, 1798. Resolutions were adopted and an advertisement framed; and the official announcement is now reprinted from the file of the *Newcastle Chronicle* (December 22):—

At a meeting of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle, held December 11, 1798 (Sir John Edward Swinburne, Bart., President), it having been suggested to this Society that invidious reflections had been thrown out against this Society, in consequence of a passage in the *Annual Register* for 1792 (Appendix, page 152), purporting to be an extract from a lecture read to a Philosophical Society in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, resolved:—

That the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle having had no existence till February, 1793, could not possibly have any concern in a transaction not later than the year 1792.

That it has been a fundamental rule of this society from its first institution, "that religion, British politics, and all politics of the day, shall be deemed prohibited subjects of discussion"; and that this rule has in no instance been departed from.

That these resolutions be inserted in the Newcastle papers, and sent to the *Gentleman's* and *Monthly Magazines*, and to the editor of the *Annual Register*.

WILLIAM TURNER, JOHN BRUMELL } Secretaries.

The proposal of the Recommendation Book was thus adopted. The disavowal was made. The old society had expelled Thomas Spence, and was itself disclaimed by the new.

The Quayside schoolmaster, who had also been a teacher at St. Ann's, left Newcastle shortly after the publication of his lecture, and in 1776 had an appointment in the school at Haydon Bridge. "There," says Bewick (giving an account of one of his pedestrian excursions), "I visited an old acquaintance, Thomas Spence, then a teacher at Haydon Bridge School, with whom I was a welcome guest, and stopped two days. Leave of absence from school having been given to him, I rambled with him over the neighbourhood, and visited everything worth notice. When I departed he accompanied me on the road nearly to Haltwhistle." The young artist and naturalist whose autobiography we quote, and who subsequently rose to the world-wide fame which he still retains, was then in his 23rd year; and the companion of his walk, now almost unknown, was 26.

While Spence continued to reside in the pleasant valley of the Tyne, a "sylvan joke" (as he describes it) occurred, very characteristic of his peculiar vein. Being alone in a wood, gathering nuts, "the forester popped through the bushes upon him, and asked what he did there." "Gathering nuts," was his reply. And "Dare you say so?" was the rejoinder. "Yes; why not? Would you question a monkey, or a squirrel, about such a business? And am I to be treated as inferior to one of these creatures? Or have I a less right? But who are you that thus take upon you to interrupt me?" The schoolmaster's questioner said he would let him know that, when he laid him fast for trespassing. "Indeed!" ejaculated Spence; "but how can I trespass here, where no man ever planted or cultivated; for these nuts are the spontaneous gifts of nature, ordained alike for the sustenance of man or beast that chooses to gather them; and therefore they are common." This was doctrine which the wondering woodman could not understand. The wood, he said, was *not* common: it was the Duke of Portland's. "Oh! my service to the Duke of Portland: Nature knows no more of him than of me. Therefore, as in nature's storehouse the rule is 'First come, first served,' so the Duke of Portland must look sharp if he wants any nuts." The perplexity of the poor keeper may be imagined; he was unequal to playing a part in such philosophical dialogues; and he was told in conclusion that if he (Spence) were called upon to defend a country in which he durst not pluck a nut, he would throw down his musket, saying, "Let such as the Duke of Portland, who claim the country, fight for it."

In the form of a pamphlet, the lecturer of 1775 entered more at length upon the methods by which in his philanthropy he would have the world made better than he found it. Its title was "The Constitution of Spensonia, a Country in Fairy Land, situated between Utopia and Oceana, brought from thence by Captain Swallow." But, after the flight of a century, we have still to go for "Fairy Land" to Fiction; and returning from the excursion, we are face to face, as before, with the hard realities of life.

Removing to London, Spence led a chequered life. He was not a man to get through a wood or the world without difficulties. But, of an easy temperament, careless of wealth, and happy in a hobby, he was not troubled in mind because his course ran unsmooth. He wrote and printed; published weekly, and sold in great numbers, "Pigs' Meat" (the eccentric title of one of his publications); "or, Lessons for the People, *alias* (according to Burke) the Swinish Multitude"; kept a stall in the open air on which he sold saloop at one end and advertised his publications at the other; dating many of his literary wares from "The Hive of Liberty, No. 8, Little Turnstile, High Holburn." Fine and imprisonment fell upon him. He and the law were not friends, and he found it more difficult to deal with than the forester. His fate had been foreshadowed in the blows that befell him in quarterstaff. But, so far from being cast down, he often boasted of his incarceration and fine as imparting immortality to his doctrines. "One of the singular plans he adopted of attracting public attention" (we copy Mackenzie) "was the striking of a variety of copper coins, some of which were extremely curious. One of them was the figure of a cat, which he used to designate his coat of arms, because, he said, he resembled it in this, that he could be stroked

down, but he would not suffer himself to be rubbed against the grain." "Spence's glorious plan," another of his medals proclaimed, "is parochial partnership in land, without private landlordism. This just plan will produce everlasting peace and happiness; or, in fact, the millennium." Standing at his window, he would jerk his metallic advertisements into the street among the passengers, and thus make known the method by which the world was to be renewed.

His death occurred on the 8th of September, 1814, at the age of 64. His admirers gave him a public funeral, a pair of scales preceding the hearse to indicate the spirit of equality by which he had been animated; an oration was pronounced over his grave; and although his followers were never considerable in numbers, and his name is now comparatively little known, bibliographical dictionaries preserve his memory. His publications and portrait are in request among collectors. What passage it was of his paper of 1775 that was revived in 1792 we have not been able to discover; but the excitement and disavowal to which it gave rise in 1798 mark the difference between those historic times and the days in which we live.

JAMES CLEPHAN.

A few further particulars of Spence's career, extracted from an article that appeared, under the title of "Northern Worthies," in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* for November 4, 1882, may here be added.

When at Haydon Bridge, Mr. Spence married a Miss Elliott, of Hexham, by whom he had one son. But he was not very happy in the choice of a wife, which, combined with a desire of propagating his system more extensively, induced him to leave Newcastle and to settle in London. In passing along one of the streets of London, with a parcel of numbers, he saw a very pretty girl cleaning the steps of a gentleman's house. He stopped and looked at her, and then inquired if she felt disposed to marry. On the maid answering in the affirmative, he offered himself, was accepted, and married the same day. But neither was this marriage a happy one. The girl, who had married him merely to be revenged on her sweetheart, with whom she had quarrelled, soon repented, and lavished her attentions on her first lover. She afterwards went to the West Indies with a sea captain; yet, on her return, Spence pardoned her transgressions, and restored her to favour. But the safety of his health and property compelled him at length to dismiss her from his house, though he allowed her 8s. per week during his life. His first wife, who kept a shop in King Street, off the Quayside, died in the North, previous to his second marriage.

"Pigs' Meat" was published weekly in penny numbers. It was illustrated with curious plates, and forms four volumes in a collective shape. This publication naturally brought him into trouble. In a letter, bearing date 3rd January, 1795, which appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, he states that he has been confined more than seven months, that he has been a sufferer in the cause of liberty, that he has been four times dragged from his business by runners and messengers, thrice indicted by grand juries, and twice had true bills found against him, thrice lodged in prison for different periods, and once been put to the bar, but never once convicted. "Neither," he says, "did my son escape a prison, for selling in the streets 'The Rights of Man,' in verse (price only one halfpenny); the poems which he had were confiscated, and I paid a fine, and so the mighty affair ended."

At length, after he had publicly maintained his principles for twenty-six years, Sir Edward Law, the King's Attorney-General (afterwards Lord Ellenborough), filed an information against him, in 1801, for composing and publishing a seditious libel, intituled, "The Restorer of Society to its Natural State." He was tried in the Court of King's Bench before Lord Kenyon and a special jury; and, being found guilty, was fined £20, and imprisoned in Shrewsbury Gaol twelve months. Being too poor to retain either attorney or counsel, he conducted his own defence, as William Hone did seventeen years later, with great ingenuity, temper, and firmness. He stood alone, he said, unconnected with any party, and was considered as a lunatic, except by a thinking few. Even the professed friends of liberty kept aloof from him, and would rather, if they could consistently, join in the suppression than the support of his opinions. He called himself "The Unpaid Advocate of the Disinherited Seed of Adam." "I solemnly avow," he continued, "that what I have written and published has been done with as good a conscience, and as much philanthropy, as ever possessed the breast of any prophet, apostle, or philosopher that ever existed. And indeed I could neither have lived nor died in peace having such important truths in my bosom unpublished." When he was brought up to judgment he made another speech. "Perhaps, my lords," he said, "I have entertained too high an opinion of human nature, for I do not find mankind very grateful clients. I have very small encouragement indeed to rush into a prison, on various accounts. For, in the first place, the people without treat me with the contempt due to a lunatic; and the people within treat me as bad, or worse, than the most notorious felon among them. And what with redeeming and ransoming my toes from being pulled off with a string when in bed, and paying heavy and manifold fees, there is no getting through the various impositions." But he excused the keeper of Newgate, saying these things were unknown to him, because it was dangerous to complain; "for nobody could conceive what dreadful work went on among such ruffians but those who have had the misfortune to be locked up with them."

Spence published, in 1803, a report of the trial, containing the whole of the work for which he

had been prosecuted. It went through several editions, and is now very scarce. He often boasted of his incarceration and fine, as imparting immortality to his doctrines. After his liberation he became an itinerant vendor of books and pamphlets.

The propagation of Spence's theory was urged as one of the alarming social symptoms which rendered necessary the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in 1817; but his disciples, who styled themselves Spenceans, and who were for a while about as indefatigable as he had been himself in issuing pamphlets embodying their views, do not appear ever to have been numerous. Their Confession of Faith may be given here as a curiosity:—

SPENCE'S PLAN.

For Parochial Partnerships in the Land
Is the only effectual Remedy
For the Distresses and Oppressions of the People.
The Landlords are not Proprietors in Chief;
They are but the *Stewards* of the Public;
For the LAND is the PEOPLE'S FARM.
The Expenses of the Government do not cause the Misery
that surrounds us, but the enormous exactions of
these "*Unjust Stewards.*"
Landed Monopoly is indeed contrary
To the benign Spirit of Christianity,
And destructive of
The Independence and Morality of Mankind.
"The Profit of the Earth's for All";
Yet how deplorably destitute are the Great Mass of the
People!
Nor is it possible for their situations to be radically
amended
But by the establishment of a system
Founded on the immediate basis of Nature and Justice.
Experience demonstrates its Necessity; and the Rights
of Mankind Require it for their preservation.

To obtain this important object, by extending the Knowledge of the above system, the Society of Spencean Philanthropists has been instituted. Further information of its principles may be obtained by attending any of the sectional meetings, where subjects are discussed calculated to enlighten the human understanding; and where also the regulations of the Society may be procured, containing a complete development of the Spencean system. Every individual is admitted, free of expense, who will conduct himself with decorum.

The meetings of the Society begin at a quarter after eight in the evening, as under:—First Section, every Wednesday, at the Cock, Grafton Street, Soho. Second, Thursday, Mulberry Tree, Mulberry Court, Wilson Street, Moorfield. Third, Monday, Nag's Head, Carnaby Market. Fourth, Tuesday, No. 8, Lumber Street, Mint, Borough.

Another curiosity may also be quoted—a specimen of Spence's reformed system of spelling:—

It may hile perpleks a karlls redir ov nu kariktirs too disifir thi troo sens thereov: tho it shud be eze inuf too no it bi a litil aplikashin and praktis.

The Spital Tongues Tunnel.

LEAZES MAIN COLLIERY, at Spital Tongues, was situated about a quarter of a mile north-by-west of the Barracks, on Newcastle Town Moor. As the colliery, which has long been disused, had no direct access to the Tyne for shipping its produce, owing to the town intervening, the spirited owners, Messrs. Porter and Latimer, conceived the bold idea of constructing a tunnel from it to the river, so as to be able to send off their coals most expeditiously. Accordingly, having made the necessary arrangements with the Corporation and other parties concerned, they commenced the work on the 27th June, 1839, and it was finished and opened, amid much rejoicing, in the presence of the Mayor and several members of the Town Council, on the 7th April, 1842. The tunnel, which was about two miles in length, was named the Victoria Tunnel. It was arched with brick and masonry at the top and bottom, on the same principle as the Thames Tunnel. Its dimensions were seven feet five inches in height, by six feet three inches in width. It commenced at the surface, and its greatest depth was 85 feet. The course of the tunnel was south-east, running under the Moor, and continuing to St. Thomas's Church, Barras Bridge, and so on until it reached the river, near the Glasshouse Bridge, at the bottom of Tyne Street, where coal-spouts were erected for the loading of vessels. Fortunately for the projectors, the whole of the strata worked was composed of nothing but solid clay, neither rock nor any other impediment presenting itself during the excavations. From the high level of the Moor, the line was an easy incline, with a gradual descent of 222 feet, down which the laden waggons ran, while the empty ones were drawn up by a stationary engine at bank. This extensive undertaking, one of the most novel as well as adventurous that had ever been attempted up to that time in the neighbourhood of Newcastle, was carried out under the direction of Mr. Gilhespie, engineer; while the operative department was under the charge of Mr. John Cherry, a lead miner from Yorkshire, who had worked as a pitman in the colliery. Mr. Cherry, in conjunction with Mr. David Nixon, builder, of Prudhoe Street, Newcastle, executed the work with the greatest success. Mr. Latimer, before removing to Newcastle, was for some years the agent of the London Lead Company at Stella, and one of his sons, William Latimer, is now the landlord of the Highlander Inn at Winlaton. Robert Nunn, the local poet, composed the following song on the subject, which was sung to the tune of "Cappy's the Dog":—

As aa sat i' the hoose, havin' nothing to do,
Aa heer'd the bells ringin'. Thinks aa—"What's up noo?"
Aa went to inquire, an' heer'd the folks say:—
"The Spital Tongues Tunnel's been open'd to-day."

CHORUS.

Success to the tunnel! the Spital Tongues Tunnel!
The best undertakin' that's been i' the North!

This tunnel's two miles, an' it's strange for to tell
That twenty full waggons will travel on't well;
With men for to brake them, they run doon se clivvor,
An' in less than six minutes they're doon to the river.

When first Mr. Porter began wi' this plan,
Some called him a thick-headed, mad, foolish man;
But now since it's finished each wiseacre says,
"Indeed, Mr. Porter is worthy of praise."

To Latimer also great honour is due,
In backin' the project until it was through;
An' now since it's dyeun wi' the Spital Tongues Pit,
Aa hope they will syeun make a fortune by it.

'Twas Mr. Gilhespie, that famed engineer,
With Cherry an' Nixon, the tunnel did rear;
Their nyems should be thowt on as men of renoon,
An' placed on the records of wor "Canny Toon."

Then here's to the owners, an' lang may they live
To enjoy what the tunnel is likely to give;
An' to each one's lady, may they aye be glad
To cheer up an' cuddle their Bonny Pit Lad.

Holy Island Castle and the Erringtons.

ONE of the most curious episodes in the history of the Northern Counties is the surprise of the garrison of Holy Island, during the Rebellion of 1715, by Launcelot and Mark Errington.

Grose, in his "Antiquities of England and Wales" (1773-76), gives an account of the affair, which has been copied verbatim by Hutchinson, Sykes, Mackenzie, Sheldon, and others. That writer says he had the following particulars from a gentleman whose father was an eye-witness of the facts, and well knew both the parties:—

One Launcelot Errington, a man of an ancient and respectable family in Northumberland, and of a bold and enterprising spirit, entered into a conspiracy for seizing this castle for the Pretender, in which, it is said, he was promised assistance, not only by Mr. Foster, the rebel general then in arms, but also by the masters of several French privateers. At the time the garrison consisted of a sergeant, a corporal, and ten or twelve men only. In order to put his scheme in execution, being well known in that country, he went to the castle, and, after some discourse with the sergeant, invited him and the rest of the men who were not immediately on duty, to partake of a treat on board the ship of which he was master, then lying in the harbour. This being unsuspectedly accepted of, he so well plied his guests with brandy that they were soon incapable of any opposition.

These men being thus secured, he made some pretence for going on shore: and with Mark Errington, his nephew, returning again to the castle, they knocked down the sentinel, surprised and turned out an old gunner (the corporal and two other soldiers being the remainder of the garrison), and, shutting the gates, hoisted the Pretender's colours as a signal of their success, anxiously expecting the promised succour. No reinforcement coming, but, on the contrary, a party of the King's troops arriving from Berwick, they were obliged to retreat over the walls of the castle, among the rocks, hoping to conceal themselves under the sea weeds till it was dark, and then, by swimming to the mainland, to make their escape. But, the tide rising, they were obliged to swim, when the soldiers, firing at Launcelot as he was climbing up a rock, wounded him in the thigh. Thus disabled, he and his nephew were taken and conveyed to Berwick Gaol, where they were confined till his wound was cured. During this time he had digged a burrow quite under the foundations of the prison, depositing the earth taken out in an old oven. Through this burrow he and his nephew, with divers other persons, escaped; but most of the latter were soon after re-taken.

The two Erringtons, however, had the good fortune to make their way to the Tweed-side, where, finding the Custom House boat, they rowed themselves over, and afterwards turned it adrift. From thence they pursued their journey to Bamburgh Castle, near which they were concealed nine days in a pea-stack; a relation who resided in the castle supplying them with provisions. At length, travelling in the night by secret paths, they reached Gateshead House, near Newcastle, where they were secreted till they procured a passage from Sunderland to France.

A reward of £500 was now offered to any one who would apprehend them; notwithstanding which, Launcelot was so daring as soon after to come into England, and even to visit some of his friends in Newgate. After the suppression of the rebellion, when everything was quiet, he and his nephew took the benefit of the general pardon, and he returned to Newcastle, where he died about the year 1746, as it is said, of grief at the victory of Culloden.

This is a very pretty story, and it seems almost a pity to strip it of its somewhat romantic, if not chivalrous, incidents. But it must be done. The Rev. James Raine, in his exhaustive "History of North Durham," sets forth what must henceforth be accepted as the true version of the affair, founded on documentary evidence, about which there can be little or no mistake. He says: "There is in reality very little truth, and still less bravery, in the tale." From depositions made before the Mayor of Berwick, immediately after the surprise of Holy Island Castle took place, by Samuel Phillipson, master gunner; William Hope gunner; Francis Amos, corporal in the Hon. Colonel Percy Kirk's regiment of foot; and John Farggison a soldier in the said regiment, it is proved that the whole garrison, instead of consisting of twelve or fourteen men, consisted in reality of only seven, and that, of the seven, two only were in the castle when it was seized; of the other five, two were, at the time, off duty and in the town, and the other three were absent; but there is no proof that they were in a state of intoxication on board of the trader belonging to the Erringtons. The depositions which Mr. Raine prints at length, and which occupy fully one and a half of his ample folio pages, at once divest the story of all pretence to the marvellous, and prove it to have been at best but a paltry exploit.

The fort, it appears, was in charge of Phillipson, the master gunner, on the eventful day, the 10th of October, 1715, when Launcelot Errington, who was "of his acquaintance," and whose brigantine, laden with salt, brandy, and other merchandizes, was then at anchor in the harbour, came up in the morning and desired entrance, "that he might have his beard taken off," it being Phillipson's wont, he tells us, to vary his military practice by exercising occasionally the more peaceful profession of a barber. Not having the least suspicion of any danger, the commandant *pro tem.* admitted the Newcastle skipper into the castle, where he stayed till he was shaved, and a little after went out again. But when Phillipson was sitting at dinner, between the hours of twelve and two in the afternoon, Errington returned again to the castle, and desired admittance once more, pretending he had lost

the key of his watch. Whereupon, being admitted, he walked on the floor till his unsuspecting host had dined, and then he immediately drew out a pistol, and, pointing it towards Phillipson, swore "d——n him, the castle was his own." "G—— d—— you make no resistance," he repeated fiercely, and immediately his nephew Mark, who had come in through the gate along with his uncle, rushed into the apartment, also pistol in hand, and swearing like a trooper. He then went towards the high battery, but before it had been reached Phillipson caught hold of the elder rebel, and, struggling with him, they fell to the ground together. The gunner's wife, who had been in the room with her husband, cried aloud for assistance. But Launcelot, getting clear of his opponent, immediately "shott" the doors. Then Phillipson "shott the door of the room on himself, got three grenadoes, and, having lighted a match, took one of the grenadoes in his hand, and Errington bursting open the door with violence, he fired the said grenadoe, and threw it betwixt Errington's legs, which breaking (the grenadoe, not the legs), only scratched his hand and shinbone." Thereupon, Errington, with a savage oath, pulled Phillipson out of the castle.

The soldier "Farggison," who had been sentinel in the castle, deposed that "some time after he had admitted the Erringtons by Phillipson's directions, he heard a great noise in the house, made by the master gunner's wife, who called out murder. He ran to the house door, but found it shut, and his musket inside. In a little while the Erringtons came out, the uncle armed with a pistol and the nephew with a blunderbuss, which they had secretly brought into the castle under their coats, and they compelled him and Phillipson to leave the place. The two soldiers, thus ousted, made their way to the town of Holy Island as fast as possible, and told Marius Amos, the corporal, what had passed. They then, together with three soldiers more, went back near the castle, and Gunner Hope asked Errington "what he meant by that which he had done." Errington answered that what he had done he would stand by while there was breath in his body, adding that, if a gun was fired against the castle, he would knock the town of Holy Island, ere ten o'clock at night, about their ears. He likewise told the dispossessed garrison that they might walk about on the island where they pleased, for that within a few hours such a party would come as would make all their hearts ache. Then the two Erringtons hoisted the flag about halfway up, and fired three of the cannons towards the land side of the castle, as a signal, it was supposed, for some of their own party to join them. And on the master gunner and two others again coming forward, with a view to holding an amicable parley, one of the Erringtons fired a musket at them, and upon their near approach threatened that if they would not go away "it would be worse for them all."

HOLY ISLAND CASTLE.

But the valiant Tyne skipper's triumph was destined to be very short-lived. For Corporal Amos hurried off to the town of Berwick, and acquainted Colonel Laton, who commanded the garrison there, with what had taken place. Next day in the afternoon (things were done leisurely in those days), the colonel sent a party from Berwick, whereof the corporal was one, to retake the castle. This proved to be no difficult task; for, upon the soldiers appearing upon the sands, and riding towards the castle, the Erringtons, thinking "timely running no mean part of conduct in the martial art," quitted the castle and ran towards the seaside, upon which they were pursued and taken prisoners. Launcelot was wounded in the scuffle.

The remainder of the story told by Grose is in all probability "to a certain extent true." That the two Erringtons escaped from the gaol at Berwick is certain; but there are three depositions, Mr. Raine tells us, in the same depository, which prove that they were materially assisted by Thomas Hunter, a joiner, by Thomas Peach, a mason, by Young, a butcher, and by others, all resident in Berwick.

Raine adds the following note by Ralph Spearman, of Eachwick:—"Errington, who surprised Holy Island in 1715, kept for many years the Salutation Inn, at the head of the Flesh Market, Newcastle. His wife was a Selby of ——, and his house was frequented by Jacobite gentlemen and others, on account of the principles and family of the owners. It was also much used by a set of men usually then styled London Riders. One of them, noticing the Selby's arms over the dining-room chimney, observed to Mrs. Errington that some property in one of the Southern Counties which had belonged to a person of that name lay unclaimed for want of an heir, which put Mr. and Mrs. Errington on making inquiry, and they actually recovered something considerable, with which they purchased an annuity, and retired to Benwell, where they lived for many years very much respected."

The Invention of the Lifeboat.

LESS than a century ago the lifeboat was unknown. It was in the year 1789—the date of the outbreak of the first French Revolution—that this invention was made. And South Shields has the honour of being the birth-place. In the month of September, in that eventful year, the ship Adventure, of Newcastle, was wrecked at the mouth of the Tyne. The men dropped from the rigging one by one, exhausted by cold and fatigue, as the vessel lay stranded on the Herd Sand, near the entrance to the harbour, in the midst of tremendous breakers. There were thousands of spectators, but not one could be prevailed upon by any reward to venture out to her assistance. The wreck of the Adventure had followed several dreadful casualties of the kind; and it roused public feeling to such a pitch that a determination was formed to try to lessen the risk incurred by every vessel, British or foreign, that attempted to enter the Tyne in rough weather.

Old Nicholas Fairles, Justice of the Peace, who was afterwards murdered near Jarrow Slake, seems to have been the first to move in the matter. A number of other South Shields gentlemen, entering into and adopting his views, got a public meeting of the inhabitants convened, at which a committee was appointed to take the whole matter into consideration. A subscription was raised in the town, and premiums were offered for the plan of a boat which should be calculated to brave the dangers of the sea, particularly in broken water. Several models and drawings of boats to accomplish the desired object were sent in for the consideration of the committee, which consisted of the following gentlemen:—Nicholas Fairles (chairman), Michael Rockwood, Cuthbert Marshall, Henry Heath, William Masterman, and Joseph Roxby. None of the models, however, fully met the ideas of the committee. One was presented by Henry Greathead, a boatbuilder, and another by William Wouldhave, a journeyman painter, or rather a jack-of-all-trades. The former was not taken into consideration, being, as Mr. Fairles wrote in a letter dated Feb. 4, 1806, "considered an improper one for the purpose

wanted." The latter was of tin (copper was recommended for the boat), rendered buoyant by the use of cork, and from its shape incapable of being upset. But neither was it approved by the committee. Its inventor —Willy, as he was familiarly called—was told he should have a guinea (some say two guineas) for his ingenious model, as "the second best" that had been sent in; and, instead of voting any money compensation to Mr. Greathead for his trouble, the committee resolved, as he was the only professional man who had exhibited a model, to employ him to build such a boat as they should thereafter determine upon. "Pray, gentlemen," said Willy Wouldhave, when informed of this decision by the chairman, "may I presume to inquire whose is the first best model?" A profound silence, we have been told, ensued, and Willy, after waiting some time, left the room in disgust. What followed in the committee is thus narrated by Mr. Fairles :—"Mr. Michael Rockwood, an intelligent member, described a boat by which he was saved at Memel in a most tremendous sea. She resembled a Norway yawl. But the committee were of opinion that a boat entirely of that description would not answer for the local purposes of this harbour, as she would draw too much water. The committee then endeavoured to combine with their own knowledge on the subject the various information they had received, and out of the whole to produce a something which might answer the purpose. In one idea they all agreed—that the boat should be formed at each end alike, as described by Mr. Rockwood; that the boat should be something in form between the coble and yawl, with a proper breadth for two persons to row abreast, and a proportional length, with great elevation at the ends. Here rested the idea of the committee for some time, until by accident Mr. Rockwood and myself met, when the conversation turned upon what should be done in forwarding the intended boat. I proposed that we should enter an adjoining tile manufactory, and there endeavour to explain to each other our idea of the boat by making a model in clay. In this we succeeded to our entire satisfaction; and the boat was ordered to be built by Mr. Greathead, under the direction of the committee. At the commencement of building the boat, Mr. Greathead proposed that the keel should be curved; and this part is the whole that Mr. Greathead has any claim to as the inventor." The principle of the curved keel is said to have been suggested to him by the following simple feat :—Take a prolate spheroid body and divide it into quarters; each quarter is elliptical, and nearly resembles the half of a wooden bowl, having a curvature with projecting ends; this, thrown into the sea or broken water, may be upset, but cannot remain bottom up. Mr. Greathead's model was a long flat boat, and was to row double, that is, two persons on each thwart. The ends were not alike; it had no buoyancy by cork; nor did it resemble the lifeboat afterwards built, except in a quite general way.

Mr. William Anthony Hails, a Shields shipwright and a mathematical genius practically acquainted with marine architecture, published a pamphlet in 1806 in vindication of the claim of Mr. Wouldhave to priority of invention. He affirmed that Greathead's model, when subjected to the ordeal of water, floated bottom up. Willy Wouldhave contemptuously compared it to "a butcher's tray, or a tailor's lapboard." Willy's model, on the other hand, embraced the two essential properties of the lifeboat, viz., buoyancy and "the capacity of always floating with the convex surface below." The addition of a

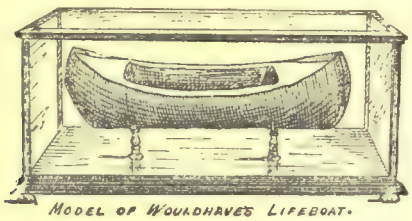
HENRY GREATHEAD.

curved keel, which Mr. Fairles approved of, was, says Mr. Hails, an error in the construction; and this was the only deviation which Mr. Greathead ventured to make from Willy's design. Wouldhave himself made some efforts to enforce his claims to the merit of the invention; but, in consequence of his poverty, his flightiness, and, above all, the unmeasured violence of his language towards his "betters," when he saw they wanted to get rid of him, he met with no success. His model, however, was for years suspended to the chain of the chandelier in St. Hilda's Church, in which he officiated as clerk. It is now among the curiosities in the South Shields Free Library.

"A Native," writing to the *Shields Gazette* in January, 1850, said :—

I knew Willy Wouldhave very well; he has been often and often in our house. He was a tall, lathy, limber, enthusiastic man; when he heard anything that pleased or touched him—anything very ingenious or new in mechanics, or tender in feeling, he was wont to spring straight up a yard high, like a piece of lead-eater (indiarubber), such a mercurial, impressible being was he. Two guineas were offered for the best model of a lifeboat by some gentlemen—shipowners, I believe, belonging the Lawe

News Room. I met Willy, just a bit before the day the plans were to be given in, going for a piece of tin to make his model. He wanted his lifeboat made of copper, so that it would not give or tear at the seams in a heavy sea, and thought iron would do very well; but people laughed at the idea of iron ships, and said Willy was mad. The day of exhibition arrived, and Willy appeared among the more civilised candidates, an uncouth man, with a sneer upon his features at the models of his rivals. The other models having been shown—one by a member of the News Room (one of the two gentlemen who afterwards employed Greathead to make the lifeboat), and another by Greathead himself, Wouldhave was introduced. "Well," said one of the judges, holding up Willy's tin model, uncouth enough, in his hand, "so you pretend to make a lifeboat; what advantages do you say this thing possesses?" "Why," replied Willy, brusquely, "I say it will neither sink nor go to pieces, nor lie bottom up: will any of yours do as much?' Mr. Greathead, as is well known, was employed to make the boat, under the direction of Messrs. Fairles and Rockwood, one of whom had presented a model. Instead of copper and air cells, wood and cork were used, but the shape and principle of Wouldhave's boat were adopted. Willy, however, got neither reward nor gratitude, except the applause of his poorer compeers. I believe he refused contemptuously the two guineas, not that he did not want it, poor soul! but he could not bear his genius slighted by either Greatheads or Thickheads. On looking at ———'s model, Willy said "Do you mean to salt meat in it? What is it for?" Greathead was an excellent boatbuilder, and as he made the first lifeboat under the direction of the gentlemen named, and as Wouldhave's



MODEL OF WOULDHAVE'S LIFEBOAT.

materials were not adopted (though his principle and shape, that of the "split bowl," were), the boat very naturally was called Greathead's boat, and no great blame to Greathead either, as human creatures go, for taking the whole credit of it. So when Willy Wouldhave swore that Greathead had stolen his boat, and when Greathead took it and made his own of it, they both did very like other people. After making the first lifeboat, as stated, Greathead was requested to prepare a carriage with wheels, to run the boat quickly from the boathouse to the water. He constructed a thing with wheels only a foot deep, which sunk in the sand and was useless: whereupon Willy, who was present, cried, "There, there's fine boatbuilder's skill!" and, on the spot, suggested the large "coach" wheels, by means of which the lifeboat was for a time conveyed to the river.

The late James Mather, in a pamphlet on "The Lifeboat," says the principle adopted in the construction of the successful boat had been previously laid down and explained by Wouldhave. His words are:—"He (Wouldhave) had planned a boat of copper, with air cells. Greathead, he asserted, borrowed, or, in his more marked language, stole his plan and principle, and merely transmuted the copper (easily effected, as he was by profession a boatbuilder) into wood, and the light and buoyant air into light and buoyant cork. Wouldhave insisted that his boat was still the more perfect of the two, because the copper would not rend or stave, but would yield to a blow when thrown into sudden or violent contact with a vessel, or rock, or any other unyielding substance; that a wood boat would not possess these qualities, and consequently would frequently run much hazard of being rendered, not only useless, but absolutely dangerous, at the very moment of operation. Besides, her air vessels (simple square boxes of copper) would not, like cork, absorb and become saturated with water, until its buoyant property was much weakened or entirely destroyed, when, from its position above the centre of motion, it would act prejudicially to the boat's equilibrium."

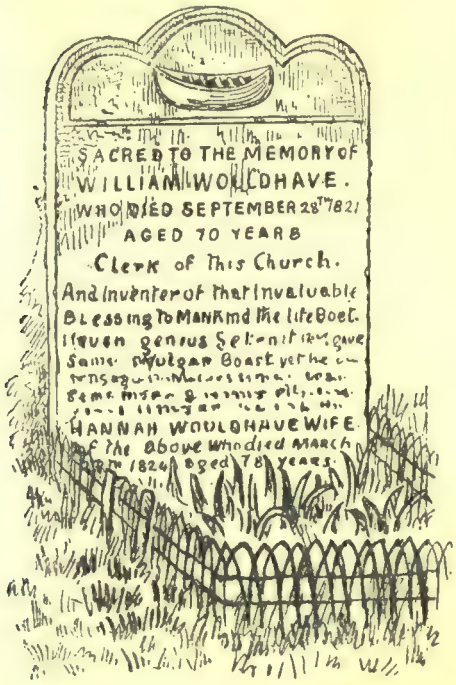
The late Mr. Rippon, of Waterville, used to tell that, when Willy was working at his models of boats, he was in the habit of going to the brewery of Messrs. Rippon, Wood, and Watson, where he tried them in a large tub of water. One day he came in with the half of a wooden dish. This, however, not pleasing him, he went into an adjoining workshop, and cut it in two, making two quarters. With these he returned, and, finding that each quarter turned itself with the hollow side upwards, whichever way it was thrown into the water, he ran into the office in an ecstacy of delight, shouting that he had found out the boat that would swim in any sea. This, said Mr. Rippon, must have been the original idea of the lifeboat. This circumstance was told to the gentlemen at the Lawe, and no doubt gave Mr. Greathead the idea of his curved keel, his first model having been, to use Willy Wouldhave's phrase, "as flat as a tailor's lap-board."

The first idea of the lifeboat, however, was suggested to Willy, as he once told a friend, "by the circumstance of a woman at the Field House Well asking him to assist her to put a skeel of water on her head. She had a piece of a broken wooden dish floating in the water, which, he observed, floated with the points upwards. He turned it over several times, and ascertained that it always righted itself. And so he conceived the idea which he afterwards worked out in his modest boat."

Summed up in the most careful and impartial way, the facts seem to be these:—The model exhibited by Willy recalled to Mr. Rockwood's mind that he had been saved by a somewhat similar boat at Memel in a stormy sea. This he communicated to the committee, who, after having considered and re-considered, and debated and re-debated the matter, formed a model amongst themselves, which, with all its alterations and improvements, still contained the germ, whole and entire, of Wouldhave's original idea: so that, to all intents and purposes, Willy was the first inventor.

William Wouldhave was a native of North Shields. He was born in an old house in Liddell Street, below the new dock, and long afterwards occupied as a blacksmith's shop. He served his apprenticeship to a painter in his native town. He was distinguished for his fertility of invention and eccentricity of manners; but his instability of purpose prevented him from rising in the world. Heedless and gay, he cared not for the morrow. Mr. Hails says of him that he was "always changing his

employment—sometimes arguing on music with the organist, and philosophising at other times with a keelman." His mechanical genius was often usefully employed. Thus he suggested an important improvement in the building of docks, and he weighed up a ship that had been sunk at the mouth of the harbour by means of empty casks. He amused himself by constructing various curious instruments, amongst which were an organ, a clock, and an electrical machine. For many years clerk of St. Hilda's, South Shields, he died, poor and neglected, on September 28th, 1821, in the 70th year of his age. His remains rest in St. Hilda's grimy churchyard, where the figure of his proposed lifeboat is cut upon his tombstone. Willy's only daughter lived in Shields to an advanced age, and in penury. Thirty or forty years ago, an annuity of four or five pounds a year was procured for her, by the Secretary of the Lifeboat Fund, from one of the benevolent societies in London. This, with some fifteenpence a week from the parish, was all she had to live on, after she ceased to be able to use her needle, about the age of 70.


SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
WILLIAM WOULDHAVE.
WHO DIED SEPTEMBER 28TH 1821
AGED 70 YEARS
Clerk of This Church.
And Inventer of that Invaluable
Blessing To Mankind the Lifeboat.
HANNAH WOULDHAVE WIFE

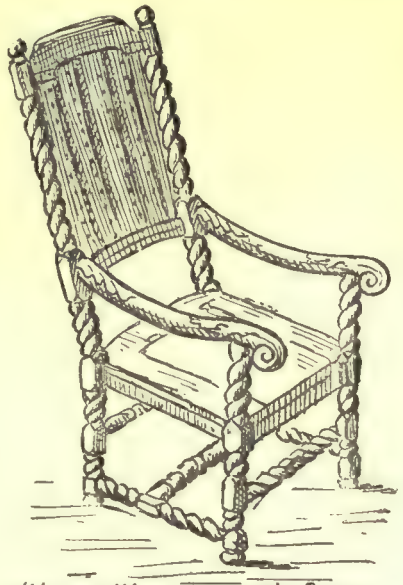
The Shields lifeboat having been submitted to a test of twelve years' experience, Mr. Greathead, on the 25th of February, 1802, presented a petition to the House of Commons, the prayer of which was as follows:—"Your petitioner, having been instrumental in saving the lives of so many persons, the utility of the boat being now established, and your petitioner, having derived little or no pecuniary advantage whatever from the invention, his models having been made public, humbly hopes that this honourable House will take his case into consideration, and grant your petitioner such reward as to this honourable House shall seem meet," &c. The petition, having been recommended to his Majesty, was referred to the consideration of a committee, which examined a number of witnesses, some of whom had been out in the lifeboat five or six times to the relief of different ships. From one ship they had saved twenty-four men, from another fifteen, from another four, and so on. At least 300 persons, it was believed, had been brought ashore from ships in distress and wrecks off Shields since the establishment of the lifeboat, the greater part of whom must otherwise have perished. The remuneration that Mr. Greathead had received, over and above the profit upon building a few boats, was stated to be:—From the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle, five guineas; Royal Humane Society, a medallion; Corporation of the Trinity House, a hundred guineas; and Society of Arts, a gold medallion and fifty guineas. The vote of Parliament, on the 3rd of June, in consequence of the committee's report, was "that a sum not exceeding £1,200 be granted by his Majesty, to be paid to Henry Greathead, of South Shields, in the county of Durham, boat-builder, as a reward for his invention of the lifeboat, whereby many lives have already been saved, and great security is afforded to seamen and property in cases of shipwreck." The subscribers at Lloyd's, on the 20th of May, voted to Mr. Greathead the sum of a hundred guineas, "as an acknowledgment of his talents and exertions in inventing and building a lifeboat"; and at the beginning of 1804 he received a very valuable diamond ring from the Emperor Alexander I. of Russia. Notwithstanding these grants, Mr. Greathead became a bankrupt.

A writer in *Temple Bar*, some years ago, stated in an article on the subject that, four years prior to Greathead's alleged invention, Lionel Lukin, a London coachbuilder, took out a patent for a lifeboat, concerning which all records have been lost, saving that she had projecting gunwales, and derived her buoyancy from air-cases built in and around the sides, and under the thwarts. Lukin died at Hythe in 1834, and on his tombstone is inscribed:—"This Lionel Lukin was the first who built a lifeboat, and was the original inventor of that principle of safety by which many lives and much property have been saved from shipwreck; and he obtained the king's patent in 1785."

The Duke of Northumberland, president of the National Lifeboat Institution, offered, in 1850, a prize of a hundred guineas for the best model of a lifeboat, as a means whereby the horrors of increasing shipwrecks, especially on our northern and eastern coasts, might be materially lessened. Not fewer than 280 plans and models were sent in to the committee of practical men appointed by his Grace to consider their merits. The examiners took as their standard the various qualities of a perfect lifeboat, and

noted how nearly the merits of the respective plans approximated to them. A summary of these partial results gave an aggregate result for each boat, and determined its relative excellence. After the six models standing best had been placed side by side, and their points carefully considered for the third time, the prize was awarded to Mr. James Beeching, of Great Yarmouth, as constructor of the boat which combined the greatest number of good qualities. Curiously enough, although Mr. Beeching received the duke's premium, the examiners did not consider his boat, with all her merits, up to the mark. Accordingly, a member of the committee, James Peake, Assistant Master Shipwright in her Majesty's dockyard at Woolwich, actively assisted by another member, Captain Washington, R.N., Hydrographer of the Admiralty, was requested by his colleagues to furnish a design for a lifeboat which should combine as many as possible of the advantages, and have as few as possible of the defects, of the best of the models examined by them. Mr. Peake, therefore, designed a boat, which, by the authority of the Lords of the Admiralty, was built in Woolwich Dockyard at the Government expense; and this, with even yet a few improvements, is the model of the present day.

Our portrait of Henry Greathead is copied from a steel engraving that appeared many years ago in the *European Magazine*. We cannot, unfortunately, present our readers with a portrait of William Wouldhave, for the simple reason that no portrait was ever taken. A few years after his death Mr. Rowe, a South Shields sculptor, assisted by hints from people who knew Willy, made a bust which was considered a fair likeness. This bust, of which we give an engraving, was recently recovered in a remarkable way. What had become of it was unknown when a movement to do honour to Wouldhave's memory was commenced in South Shields a month or two ago. The bust and the sculptor had both disappeared from the town. At this juncture a paragraph was printed in Robin Goodfellow's Gossip in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, asking for information from any correspondent who could throw light on the subject. A few days after this paragraph appeared Robin Goodfellow received a communication from Mr. R. Lawson, of Shepherd's Bush, London, informing him that the bust had been put up to auction two months previously in a sale-room there. Mr. Lawson pursued his inquiries further, found the purchaser of the bust, and placed the information in the hands of the South Shields Committee. The result is that a work of great local interest has been recovered. Mr. J. T. Eltringham, the Mayor of South Shields, has purchased the bust and presented it to the town, where it will now have a permanent and honoured home. If the inquiry inserted in the *Weekly Chronicle* had not attracted the attention of Mr. Lawson, the chances are that the only likeness extant of the inventor of the lifeboat would have been lost for ever. There are three other relics of the old clerk of St. Hilda's in South Shields—the model



WILLY WOULDHAVE'S CHAIR.

of his lifeboat, now in the Free Library Museum; the chair he used, also in the same institution; and the tombstone to his memory in St. Hilda's Churchyard.

The Chesapeake and Shannon.

NOT the least exciting of the incidents connected with the war between England and America in 1812 was the combat between the Chesapeake and the Shannon. Fenimore Cooper, in his history of the United States Navy, gives the number of guns on each side as 38. The Chesapeake had been blockaded in Boston Harbour by two English frigates, the Tenedos (38) and the Shannon, the latter commanded by the brave and energetic Captain and Commodore Broke, who, wishing to bring on a fair fight, despatched a challenge to Captain Lawrence, of the Chesapeake, to meet him ship to ship, offering to send away the Tenedos, his consort. The gallant young American (he was but 32) accepted this arrangement, and the Tenedos departed. Lawrence had not long joined his ship, and his crew and officers were a scratch lot, including many mercenaries—Portuguese and others. The first lieutenant was ill on shore. Nevertheless, about noon on June 1st, 1813, out came the American frigate, with a pleasant breeze from the south and west, and, as usual among the Americans, she made a liberal display of "the flaunting flag of liberty" from her three mast heads.

"Mayn't we have three ensigns, sir, as well as her?" said the men of the Shannon to their commander. "No," answered Broke, "we've always been an unassuming ship!"

The two vessels stood off the land manœuvring for an advantage, and about half-past four the first gun was fired by the American. Both then shortened sail, and the Chesapeake was laid alongside the Englishman, who delivered a rolling fire as his guns in turn bore on the enemy. Lawrence reserved his fire until his whole broadside bore, and then discharged his thunderbolts. For six or eight minutes the cannonading was continuous, with about equal destruction on either side. The Chesapeake's tackling, however, suffered in such a way as to "throw her aback," and her stern "fell aboard of the enemy, with her mizen rigging foul of the Shannon's fore-chains." In this position she was exposed to what is called a raking fire that nearly swept her upper deck. Captain Lawrence was calling for his men to board when he fell mortally wounded with a ball through the body. His cry, as he was carried below, of "Don't give up the ship," has become a motto in the U.S. Navy. Every other officer above the rank of midshipman on the Chesapeake's upper deck had also been struck down. The Shannon's boarders, headed by Broke, now leaped over the side. Broke was very early disabled by a sabre-cut on the head; but his people by a fierce charge drove their opponents below, and, pouring a destructive fire down the hatchways, forced the Americans to surrender.

The action lasted not more than fifteen minutes, but in that short space terrible work was done; the Chesapeake lost 48 killed and 98 wounded, the Shannon 23 killed and 56 wounded. The author of "Sam Slick," Judge Haliburton, saw both the ships at Halifax, Nova Scotia, where they were taken after the battle: the decks of the Chesapeake had not been cleaned, and he thus describes the sight they presented:—"The coils and folds of rope were steeped in gore as if in a slaughter house. Pieces of skin with pendant hair were adhering to the sides of the ship; and in one place I noticed portions of fingers protruding, as if thrust through the outer wall of the frigate; while several of the sailors, to whom liquor had evidently been handed through the port-holes by visitors in boats, were lying asleep on the bloody floor as if they had fallen in action, and had expired where they lay."

The brave Lawrence died of his wounds on the 6th of June following the action, and was buried at Halifax with military honours. Commodore Broke, who died on January 2, 1841, never fought again.

W. J. Clark, London.

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General Cust's "Wars of the Nineteenth Century," the accuracy of which has never been questioned, contains a different account of this famous encounter.

The Shannon and the Chesapeake were not exactly equal in weight of metal, the English ship carrying 38 guns, and the American only 36. It is true that Captain Broke addressed a challenge to Captain Lawrence, but the American captain did not receive it. "It was not in answer to the challenge, but entirely from his own ardour, and at the instigation of his fellow-citizens, that Lawrence went forth to measure his sword with Broke." No mention is made in the work I quote of the Tenedos being present, and it was not mentioned in the challenge, of which the following is a copy:—"As the Chesapeake appears now ready for sea, I request you will do me the favour to meet the Shannon with her, ship to ship, to try the fortune of our respective ships. I entreat you, sir, not to imagine that I am urged by personal vanity in this wish, or that I depend only on your personal ambition for your acceding to this invitation. We have both noble motives. You will feel it as a compliment if I say that the result of our meeting may be the most graceful service we can render to our respective countries. Favour me with a speedy reply, for we are short of provisions and cannot stay here long."

Authorities also differ as to the manner of Captain Broke's wound. Mine says his skull was laid bare by a blow with a clubbed musket from one of three American sailors who attacked Captain Broke after they had once submitted. They differ again in the number of killed and wounded, Cust giving the British loss at 87 killed and wounded, including six officers, and the American loss as 70 killed and about 100 wounded.

Captain Lawrence's body was not allowed to remain at Halifax. It was disinterred on the 10th August following, and conveyed to Boston, where it was re-interred with great ceremony. Captain Broke was treated as a hero on his return to England, was made a baronet, and received the Order of the Bath.

There are two incidents in this fight which in my opinion ought to find a place in every account of it.

The first is an act of heroic gallantry on the part of the Shannon's boatswain, Mr. Stevens, who, in carrying out his commander's orders to lash the ships together, had his left arm literally hacked off by repeated sabre cuts; but, in spite of this, he fastened the ships together with his right hand only until he was mortally wounded by a musket ball.

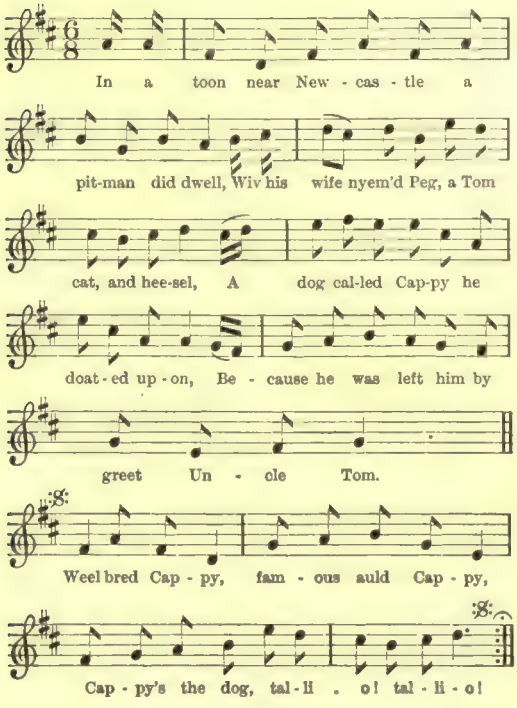
The second incident resulted in the death of the first lieutenant of the Shannon (Watt) and three men from the guns of their own ship. They formed part of the boarding party, and when the ships were separated in the course of the engagement, they with others were left on board the Chesapeake. After the American colours were hauled down, a small blue ensign was hoisted at the gaff. Lieutenant Watt wished to exchange this for a large white ensign that might be visible from the shore; but as the blue ensign was being hauled down, the Shannon's

people, thinking that the American colours were going to be re-hoisted, directed a heavy fire into the Chesapeake's quarter-deck, with the result above mentioned.

FRED. HOTINE, York.

"Cappy's the Dog."

WILLIAM MITFORD, the author of this humorous local song, was a worthy brother of St. Crispin's gentle craft, resident in Oyster Shell Lane, Newcastle, where he died on the 3rd March, 1851, aged 63. He occupied a foremost place amongst the old school of local poets, and his "Pitman's Courtship," for its liveliness and fidelity to nature, may be considered one of the best of Newcastle songs. He also wrote "X Y Z," "The Bewildered Skipper," &c. The tune has been used for other comic ballads, and our copy is from the late John Bell's manuscript collection of airs, made when Mr. Bell had in preparation his "Rhymes of the Northern Bards," which was published in 1812.

JOHN STOKOE.

In a toon near New - cas - tle a
pit-man did dwell, Wiv his wife nyem'd Peg, a Tom
cat, and hee-sel, A dog cal-led Cap-py he
doat - ed up - on, Be - cause he was left him by
greet Un - cle Tom.
Weel bred Cap - py, fam - ous auld Cap - py,
Cap - py's the dog, tal - li . o! tal - li - o!

In a toon near Newcastle a pitman did dwell,
Wiv his wife, nyem'd Peg, a Tom cat, and heesel;
A dog called Cappy he doated upon,
Because he was left him by great Uncle Tom.
Weel-bred Cappy, famous aud Cappy,
Cappy's the dog, tallio! tallio!

His tail pitcher handled, his cullor jet black,
Just a foot and a half was the length of his back,
His legs seven inches frev shoulders to paws,
And his lugs like twe dockins hung ower his jaws;
Weel-bred Cappy, &c.

For huntin' of vermin reet clever was he,
And the hoose frev a' robbers his bark wad keep free—
Cud byeth fetch and carry—cud sit on a stuil,
Or, when frisky, wad hunt wettor rats in a puil.
Weel-bred Cappy, &c.

As Ralphy to market one morn did repair,
In his hat-band a pipe and weel-kyem'd was his hair,
Ower his airm hung a basket—thus onward he speels,
And enter'd Newcastle wi' Cap at his heels.
Weel-bred Cappy, &c.

He hadden got farther than foot o' the Side
Before he fell in wi' the dog-killing tribe;
When a highwayman fellow slipp'd round in a crack,
And a thump on the skull laid him flat on his back.
Doon went Cappy, &c.

Noo, Ralphy extonished, Cap's fate did repine,
While its eyes like twe little pyerl buttons did shine;
He then spat on his hands, in a fury he grew,
Cries, "Gad smash! but aa's hev satisfaction o' thou
For knockin' doon Cappy," &c.

Then this grim-luikin' fellow his bludgeon he rais'd,
When Ralphy eyed Cappy, and then stood amazed;
But fearin' beside him he might be laid doon,
Threw him into the basket and bang'd oot o' toon.
Away went Cappy, &c.

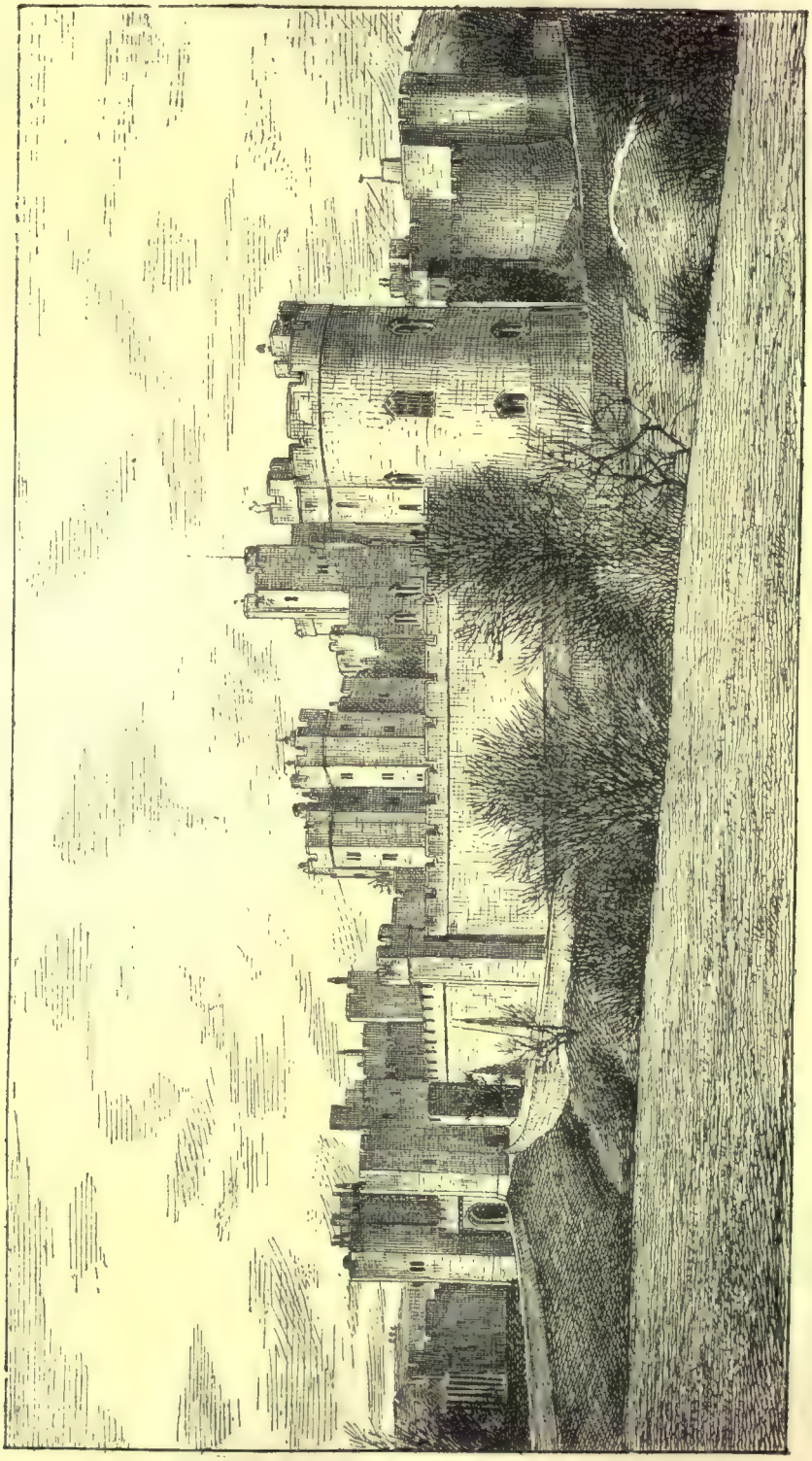
He breethless gat hyem, and when lifting the sneck,
His wife exclaim'd, "Ralphy, thou's suin gettin' back!"
"Gettin back!" replies Ralphy; "I wish I'd ne'er gyen,
In Newcassel thor fellin' dogs, lasses, and men.
They've knocked doon Cappy," &c.

If aw gan te Newcassel when comes wor pay week,
Aw'll ken him agyen by the patch on his cheek,
Or if iver he enters wor toon wiv his stick,
We'll thump him aboot till he's black as aud Nick.
For killin' aud Cappy, &c.

Wiv tears in her een Peggy heard his sad tale,
And Ralph wiv confusion and terror grew pale,
While Cappy's transactions with grief they talk'd o'er,
He crap oot o' the basket quite brisk on the floor.
Weel deun, Cappy, &c.

Alnwick Castle.

WE have no certain information as to who was the builder of the original Norman Castle of Alnwick; but the probability is that it was begun by Yvo de Vescy, a member of one of the families which came over from Normandy with the Conqueror. Yvo became the Baron of Alnwick, probably a little after the year 1096, and was succeeded by his son-in-law, Eustace Fitz-John, one of the nobles who disputed the title of King Stephen to the English crown, and joined the unsuccessful rising, under David, King of Scots, in favour of the Empress Maud. Alnwick Castle is described at this period (1138) as "most strongly fortified." It had now, says Tate, the historian of Alnwick, "attained its greatest massiveness and strength, and covered as large an area of ground as the present castle. Formed according to the plan generally adopted by the Normans, it was one of the proudest and most important



ALNWICK CASTLE: VIEW FROM BARNEYSIDE.

ALNWICK CASTLE: THE OCTAGON TOWER.

strongholds of the period—the dwelling, the fortress, the prison of a great baron."

We have not space here to follow the historian in his detailed account of this great fortress; nor may we enter upon the story of its fortunes during the next hundred and seventy years, through twelve of which it was unlawfully held by the unscrupulous and grasping Bishop of Durham, Anthony Bek; but, coming down to the year 1309, we find it in possession of the Percy family. Time, neglect, and the assaults of enemies had now reduced it to a state of dilapidation, and Henry, the first Baron Percy, commenced its restoration "in a style more magnificent than that of the old stronghold." The work, after his death, was continued by his son, the second Baron Percy. The latter was the chief builder, and most of the restoration of this period was his work. The best portions of the Norman Keep and several other parts of the building were retained; but by far the greater part of the castle was entirely renewed. The two octagon towers forming the entrance into the keep, and shown in one of our illustrations, are doubtless the work of the second Baron Percy, "for one of the twelve shields of armorial bearings which ornament the upper parts of these towers is charged with the arms of Clifford, to which family his wife, Imania, belonged, she being the daughter of Robert, Lord Clifford." He also placed the well-known stone figures of warriors in armour of the period on the towers, in attitudes suggestive of defence, for the confusion of assailants.

A later Percy, the son of Shakspeare's Hotspur, also made some considerable alterations and repairs in the castle; but the first material transformation which it underwent after its rebuilding by the first Baron of Alnwick, was that effected by the first Duke of Northumberland, in 1764. Again had the castle become ruinous through neglect, and again in its restoration great alterations were made. "It was thoroughly repaired and renovated in the pseudo-Gothic style: and the interior stucco decorations were the work of Italian artists. Much of the mediæval character which gave a stern grandeur to this Border castle, and which harmonised with old associations, was destroyed. Still, however, it was a magnificent residence for a nobleman."

In October, 1854, Algernon, fourth Duke of Northumberland, commenced the important alterations which have given the castle its present aspect. "The leading idea was the restoration of the mediæval character of the pile, combined with the erection of a central mass (the Prudhoe Tower) which was to give additional height, size, and dignity to it. This involved the removal of the work effected in the last century, which, being of no great interest, was to be supplanted by an arrangement embracing, in the interior, the artistic elegance of a cinque-cento Roman Palezzo, with the various luxuries and contrivances demanded by nineteenth century civilization." We must refer those who would wish to follow the history of the transformation to Tate's "Alnwick," where, in a chapter on the castle, it is ably described in detail by Mr. F. R. Wilson, the well-known architect and archæologist, and the author of the "Churches of Lindisfarne," and other works.

Our view from Barneyside shows the eastern side of the castle, with its curtain wall and wall towers surrounding the space in the centre of which stands the group of towers forming the keep. Highest of this group appears the Prudhoe Tower, surmounted by its flagstaff. On the extreme right of the view is the Constable's Tower, with a gable turret on its parapet. This was left untouched by the first duke, as a specimen of mediæval arrangement. The nearest and most prominent tower is the Record Tower, which was built by the first duke. To the left is the new Lion Gate-house, with its two polygonal towers, and its gateway, through which lies the way to the Castle Gardens or Barneyside. R. J. C.

Early Printers on the Tyne.

By James Clephan.

ALTHOUGH we know to a nicety when the Press was first set up in Newcastle, the exact date of the invention of Printing in Europe, or of its introduction into England, is not so clear. It was, however, some four hundred years ago that it crossed the English Channel for Westminster; and the "Dictes and Sayinges," a translation from the French, having been printed in 1477, the fourth centenary of Caxton's press was celebrated in 1877. The "Carre Manuscript" of our own town of Newcastle assigns the beginning of printing in Europe to the year in which "John Richeson" was "Maiore," and "Henry Fwiler, Sherife." These burgesses were elected to their offices in 1459; and "this yere," says the old annalist, "was the nobel syance of printing of bookes founded at Magnuce in Germany by John Guttimburg, and first brought into England by on[e] William Caxton, a mercer of London, and theyre put in vse."

The quaint chronicler, more precise, perchance, than accurate in his date, is careful to speak of the printing of "bookes." The art had been otherwise practised by the ancients long centuries before. They had "printed" in various materials—in clay, in wax, in metal, on parchment. They stamped, and sealed, and coined, and branded. At last a time came when suitable paper was acquired, and the art was applied to literature. The name of John Guttenburg of Mayence is commonly associated with the infancy of printing of books in Europe. Caxton's title to the introduction of the art into England is without controversy; nor is there any question as to the circumstances of its establishment in

Newcastle, the first town in the provinces where the press was set up. Printing came to the Tyne in the train of war. It had its beginning, here, in the month of May, 1639.

The printing-press followed in the wake of King Charles in 1639, when he had placed himself at the head of an army for an ill-judged march to the Borders. He had reached the city of York, and the advantage of a press had forced itself on the minds of the king and his advisers. The need of one was greatly felt; and the Lord General of the Army in the North, the Earl of Arundel and Surrey (Thomas Howard), was instructed to write at once to Sir Francis Windebank, Secretary of State, with a view to a remedy of the deficiency. This was done. The letter was written on the 20th of April. "His Majesty would have you," wrote the Lord General, "to send down a printer with a press, to set out His Majesty's daily commands for his Court or Army, and that to be done by more than ordinary diligence, the want being daily found so great. I conceive a waggon by land the surer way, to change horses as often as they will, by express warrant to take up teams daily."

It must come by waggon-express. No time was to be lost. Horses were to be had by royal warrant. The printer and his press were to advance stage by stage with all possible speed; and early in the month of May the waggon came rumbling along Tyne Bridge, and the press was set in motion in Newcastle. His Majesty, on Sunday, the 5th of May, had tarried in Durham, and attended divine service in the Cathedral. Bishop Morton preached before him what the late Mr. Hodgson Hinde has described as "a good orthodox High Prerogative discourse." "Published by His Majesty's special command," it was "imprinted at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, by Robert Barker, Printer to the King's Most Excellent Majestie, and by the Assignees of John Bill, 1639." "With the exception of certain news-sheets," said Mr. Hinde (who had a copy of the discourse), "I am not aware of any other production of Barker's press in Newcastle, where his stay, doubtless, did not exceed that of his royal master." Since, however, the departed historian read his valuable paper "On Early Printing in Newcastle" before the Society of Antiquaries, one of the volumes of the Calendar of State Papers, comprising six months of 1639, has supplied materials which he would gladly have welcomed, and of which we now avail ourselves.

The letter of Lord Arundel and Surrey, written on the 20th, was answered by Secretary Windebank on the 30th of April. On the 9th of May, Edward Norgate, in attendance on the king, was writing from Newcastle to his cousin, Robert Reade, nephew and secretary of Sir Francis, informing him that his Majesty's proclamation to the Covenanters, offering them pardon on submission, had been read in church at Newcastle on the previous Sunday, "in the presence of the Lord General, the Earls of Essex and Holland, and other Lords and Commanders." Copies of it had also been sent into Scotland. The Marquis of Hamilton, "now riding at anchor near Leith," had six copies. "We have brought hither," says Norgate, "a printer, with all his trinkets, ready to make more, as occasion may require." The two cousins were in constant correspondence; and on Sunday, the 12th of May, the press is again mentioned. "We have a printer here," Norgate repeats, "and this day I made ready for the king's hand a proclamation for the importation of butter." A restraint had been granted concerning the exportation of butter out of England and Wales; but "his Majesty, now understanding that it much concerns the service that good quantities of butter should be brought into the northern ports for the victualling of the Army in the North," suspends the former notice. Butter is not to be so localised as to stint the army. The restriction is recalled. The announcement to that effect "is now printing"; and "so are four hundred of the former proclamation of pardon to the Scots."

The Scots, however, were regardless of royal orders. Not caring for "pardon," they had no thought of "submission"; nor were the authorities beyond the Tweed in any haste to publish the proclamations multiplied on the Tyne. Garter-King-at-Arms (Sir John Borough) was with King Charles in Newcastle. Norgate was in attendance, preparing official papers for the press, "making patterns for two Scotch heralds' coats," and otherwise employing himself in the duties of his office. Sir John sent Sir Francis word, on the 15th May, how the royal declaration had been treated in the Scottish capital. "Lion-King-at-Arms for Scotland (Sir William Balfour), who refused to proclaim the king's proclamation of pardon at Edinburgh, according to his Majesty's mandate sent unto him by Sir James Carmichael, arrived here [in Newcastle] three days since, as confidently as if he expected reward for the good service, but was presently committed to the Sheriff's house of this town [Mark Milbanke's]. His countrymen here say that he is a Covenanter." The Earl of Roxburgh [Robert Ker], adds Garter-King-at-Arms, "is committed to the Mayor's house of this town [Alexander Davison's], but not close prisoner."

Next day, the 16th of May, Norgate writes to Reade:—"The Book of Ordinances was proclaimed this morning by our Clarencieux, in a miserable cold morning, with hail and snow" (for May could be ungenial in 1639 as in later years.) "Lawes and Ordinances of Warre, for the better Government of His Majestie's Army Royall in the present Expedition for the Northern Partes," is the full title of the book,* a small quarto of seven-and-twenty

*A copy of this production was acquired in 1886 by the Newcastle Public Library, and is now among the treasures in that institution.

pages, "imprinted in Newcastle by Robert Barker, Printer to His Majestie." The King's Printer of 1639 was grandson of the more famous Christopher Barker, Queen's Printer under Mary and Elizabeth, who was in partnership with his son Robert at the Tiger's Head in Paternoster Row, and had a shop bearing the sign of the Grasshopper in St. Paul's Churchyard.

No copy of the proclamation to the Scots, printed in Newcastle, and "read in the church here" (the church of St. Nicholas), nor of the more humble State Paper relating to butter, has come down to our own day; and the Calendar is silent, moreover, as to the employment of the Royal Printer of 1639 anywhere else in the North of England than on the Tyne.

"The military exploits" of the time, as Mr. Hinde observes, "were few and inglorious, but certain news-sheets were actually distributed from the royal press at Newcastle, being the earliest instance of a newspaper published within these realms out of London." The battle of Newburn-on-the-Tyne was fought in the following year. In the spring of 1642, the king, disgusted with his Parliament, removed the Court to York, and "gave orders," says Drake in his "Eboracum," "for His Majesty's Printers to set up their presses, in order to begin a paper war, which was briskly carried on by both parties, till they entered upon a real one." Autumn brought Worcester and Edgehill, and civil war was begun in earnest. The king, with his printers (the same Robert Barker and assigns of John Bill already named), quitted York; but Stephen Bulkley remained behind as Royal Printer, and there continued after the surrender of the city to the forces of the Parliament in 1644, following the battle of Marston Moor. "When Charles was again in Newcastle, in 1646" (we are now following Mr. Hodgson Hinde), "although he was virtually a prisoner in the hands of the Scottish army, many Loyalists, or, as they are styled by the Republican writers of the day, Malignants, gathered round him, in hopes of finding an opportunity to be of service. By these Bulkley was summoned to Newcastle. The first publication which issued from his press after his arrival made a considerable sensation throughout the kingdom, and is noticed by Whitelock and others; but the fullest account of it," found by Mr. Hinde, was "in a contemporary newspaper," *Mercurius Diutinus* (December 23, 1646), from which he makes the following extract:—"In the meantime, they have given us a bone to pick in these two kingdoms, called 'An Answer sent to the Ecclesiastical Assembly at London, by the reverend, noble, and learned man, John Diodate, the famous Professor of Divinity, and most vigilant Pastor of Genevah, translated out of Latin into English,' which is in truth a piece of prelatical forgery, a very fiction, drawn up by some of their creatures here in England, and (most unworthily) published in the name of that reverend divine, said to be printed at Genevah for the good of Great Britain, 1646, but printed by the new printer that went from York to the Court at Newcastle. And the author of it tells us himself that he is a Protestant Malignant in his last note at the end of it—(the profession of the new sect of Newcastle Covetiers)."

If the reader would know more of the tract, let him turn to the paper on "Early Printing," from which we proceed to quote what relates to the first of our local histories and other publications by Bulkley:—"In 1649, Grey's 'Chorographia, or a Survey of Newcastle-upon-Tyne,' the best known of the productions of Bulkley's press, was published; and in the same year he printed a sermon by Dr. Jennison, Vicar of Newcastle, extending to upwards of fifty pages:—'The Faithful Depository of Sound Doctrine and Antient Truths, maintained against all Oppositions of Science, falsely so called, and against the prophane and vain babbling of unsound teachers; or, a Treatise on the 1st Tim., vi., 20. By R. J., Dr.D.; with the Author's Farewell to his Hearers, Readers, if not to the World. Newcastle: Printed by S. B., 1649.' Up to the period of the king's death, Bulkley seems to have adhered with loyal constancy to his allegiance to his royal master; but after the fatal catastrophe he did not feel himself precluded from accepting employment from the prevailing powers. Accordingly, in 1650, he printed 'A Declaration of the Army upon their March into Scotland, signed by the Lord General Cromwell, and his Council of Officers, by John Rushworth, Secretary." Later productions of his press show that during the years 1652, '53, and '54, Bulkley was resident in Gateshead; but that in 1659 he had returned to Newcastle, where he then printed "A Conference between Two Souldiers meeting on the Roade, the one being of the Army of England, the other of the Army in Scotland, as the one was coming from London, the other from Edinburgh." How long he remained on the Tyne we cannot say, but in 1666 he was once more following his vocation in York. In August of that year, as may be learnt from the fortieth volume of the Surtees Society, he was indicted at the city assize in York "pro imprimando libellos, et non apponendo manum, contra statutum." He had published a book of ballads without an imprint, contrary to law; such was the averment of the prosecutor; but the bill presented against him was ignored.

There was a long interval without a printer in Newcastle. York, however, still had its press at the time of the Revolution. On the eve of that event the manifesto of the Prince of Orange was to be issued; but who was to put himself in peril by the publication? The enterprise might fail—and what then? No printer in London would take it in hand—no printer in England but John White, of York. It would be no difficult task to canvas all the printers of the day, so small was their number.

Even a quarter of a century later (in 1714) "there were few printers in England," says Thomas Gent, "except in London. None then, I am sure, at Chester, Liverpool, Whitehaven, Preston, Manchester, Kendal, and Leeds." But White was at York in 1688, and made the bold venture. James II. fled; and William III. was securely seated on the English throne. The courageous act of the York printer, who had been sent to Hull Castle for treason, was not forgotten in the new reign. On the 26th of May, 1689, he was made sole King's Printer for York and the five Northern Counties of England. His son, John White, junior, came to Newcastle in 1708; and having established himself in successful business as a printer, he issued, on the 1st of August, 1711, the *Newcastle Courant*.

Until recently it was supposed that from the time of the "news-sheets" of 1639 no other publication of the nature of a newspaper had been printed on the Tyne before 1711. In Brand's History of Newcastle, there is a statement that on the 18th of December, 1710, "on the circulation of a malicious report that the plague raged at that time at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, it was ordered by the Common Council of that town to transmit to the Lord Mayor of London a certificate to the contrary, and to cause the same to be published in the *Gazette* and other publick papers." Never, till of late years, had we surmised that the *Gazette* of the historian might be other than the London organ so-called—might possibly be a Newcastle newspaper. But, in the spring of 1866, there appeared in *Notes and Queries* a communication by "J. M." from which we had to learn that Newcastle had a *Gazette* in 1710, wherein the resolution of the Common Council was carried out, its correction bearing date the 25th of December in that year. *Notes and Queries* quotes it from "The Newcastle Gazette, or the Northern Courant; being an Impartial Account of Remarkable Transactions, Foreign or Domestick. From Saturday, December 23, to Monday, December, 25, 1710. No. 65. Gateside: Printed by J. Saywell, for J. Button, Bookseller on the Bridge." "This single number," the editor states, "is preserved in the Advocates' Library (Edinburgh) with a somewhat curious letter from Button, the publisher, to Daniel Defoe, which has been printed by Mr. Maidment in his Analecta Scotica." This letter, which alludes to Saywell as not over prosperous in business, has a reference to "the *Gazette* of Thursday, December 21." It would therefore appear, from the dates of Nos. 64 and 65, that the paper was published, as was the *Newcastle Courant* for some time after its establishment, three times a week; and hence we may assume that the *Newcastle Gazette* had been but a few months in existence. We may also safely conclude that, as a portion of its second title, the *Northern Courant*, was taken by White's paper in August, 1711, the older journal was discontinued in the earlier half of that year.

John White, the King's Printer in York, died on the 10th of January, 1715, at the age of 80. At the same age, John White, of Newcastle, departed, on the 26th of January, 1769, at his house in Pilgrim Street; and his widow, living to 87, died in Newcastle on the 19th of January, 1792.

In the days of John White, son of the intrepid adherent of the Stadtholder, came to Newcastle a native of Lancashire, Isaac Thompson by name, who also took up his abode in the town for the remainder of his days. Towns and countries are strengthened by the settlement of able and enterprising strangers within their borders; and this young Quaker was a good element in Newcastle society. Land agent and surveyor, poet and printer, philosopher and lecturer, nothing seems to have come wrong to him, so varied were the capabilities of this versatile citizen. From an early age in the reign of the second George he acquired eminence among his townsmen. Connecting himself with a printing office, he became (with William Cuthbert) part proprietor of the *Newcastle Journal*, first published at the head of the Side in 1739, and afterwards removed to the Burnt House Entry, being carried on altogether for the period of about half a century. John Gooding, and then Thomas Slack, were concerned in the management, both of whom entered into business on their own account; the former printing the *Newcastle General Magazine* in 1746, and the latter founding the *Newcastle Chronicle* in 1764. In Thompson's establishment, the now ancient annual, "The Newcastle Memorandum Book," had its origin in 1754; it afterwards passed into the hands of Slack; and to the present day it makes its appearance, with every recurring year, from Messrs. Lambert's in Grey Street, being known in the wide circle of its friends as "The Old Parr of the Pocket Books." In 1756, Isaac Thompson and Co. were printing, "for Thomas Slack," a work entitled "Lucius and Celadon, or a Dialogue on the Existence of the Soul," proving "those great and important truths in a manner intelligible to common capacities," with "occasional reflections on the different states of the soul during health, sickness, sleep, &c.; also thoughts on the souls of idiots, brutes, &c;" for, although the eighteenth century, classic and pastoral as it was, yet unæsthetic and for ever fighting, has had very hard things said about it by the censors, it is remarkable how much of its literature had a religious and theological character. We pause with respect over the enterprise which gave birth in 1747 to the folio printed by Isaac Thompson, "The Journal of Thomas Story," a minister among the Society of Friends, of which Mr. and Mrs. Thompson were members; and if, in this age of abounding books, magazines, and newspapers, we could hope for any success in our recommendation, we would say how well employed a student of church history might be in turning over the leaves of this ponderous volume.

Another early printer in Newcastle was Leonard

Umfreville (son of an officer in the army), who preceded Thompson and Co. in the establishment of a newspaper. He began the *North-Country Journal, or Impartial Register*, in the year 1734; and, dying on the 9th of March, 1737, his son Thomas succeeded him in the business, but gave it up in favour of the parish clerkship of St. John's, which he held for about forty years, or, in other words, till his death at the end of June, 1783. Leonard Umfreville, who founded this short-lived newspaper, was not only a vendor of books, but an author also, having given to the world "The Book M, or Masonry Triumphant," a mystic volume of which there was a rare copy in the library of the late Mr. Thomas Bell.

Besides possessing the distinction of being the town in which the first known English provincial newspaper was printed, Newcastle claims the honour of being the town in which one of the earliest, if not the very first, specimens of stereotype printing was done in England. In 1742, a book, by Henry Scougal, called "The Life of God in the Soul of Man," was printed and sold by John White, from plates made by William Ged, goldsmith, in Edinburgh. No other book, as far as I can learn, had up to that date been actually printed from stereotype plates in England, though, according to a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* (4th series, vol. iii.), "Mr. Ged, of Edinburgh, and Mr. Fenner and Mr. James, of London, *absolutely cast plates* for Bibles and Prayer-Books in the University of Cambridge in the year 1729-30." However, I believe there is no positive evidence that any book was really printed from stereotype in England previous to 1742, when the well-known John White put forth the above-mentioned volume.

JOHN OXBERRY, JUN., Felling.

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The following is an extract from a book (published in 1838) in my possession:—"As long ago as the year 1725, William Ged, an inhabitant of Edinburgh, discovered the principle of casting metal plates. He carried the principle into commercial operation, for he was actually engaged by the University of Cambridge to print Bibles and Prayer-Books. The compositors thought that the invention would injure their trade; and both they and the pressmen did everything in their power to lessen the credit of Ged's books, by secretly making errors in the moveable types after the pages had passed the reader. The Bibles, therefore, were so defective that the University was obliged to give up the scheme. The art was revived fifty years afterwards by Mr. Tilloch, was subsequently prosecuted by Didot of Paris, and was ultimately brought to pretty nearly its present perfection by the late Lord Stanhope. If its progress had not been interrupted for three-quarters of a century by the ignorance of Ged's workmen, it is probable that during all that time the cost of producing Bibles and Prayer-Books, and other standard works, would have been materially diminished." We cannot glean from the above as to whether the stereo plates were cast in Edinburgh or in the University of Cambridge; we are only informed that he was engaged by the University to print Bibles and Prayer-Books; but I am inclined to think that the process would be carried out in Edinburgh. Newcastle being the nearest town of importance to Edinburgh on the English side of the Border, it is highly probable that some of Ged's plates reached there first, and that some of the earliest impressions from stereotype plates were produced in the "canny toon." Alnwick would not be far behind in the introduction of printing from stereotype plates; for that pioneer of printing, Mr. William Davison, had a beautiful and complete little stereotype foundry attached to his Caxtonian establishment.

ROBT. DUNN, London.

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It would appear from Dr. Cotton's "Typographical Gazetteer," second series, that an earlier example of Newcastle printing exists than that of 1639. His statement is as follows:—"The British Museum contains a copy of a rare and curious pamphlet, entitled, 'The Lamentation of Mr. Page's Wife, of Plymouth (who was hanged at Barnstaple for his murder), printed at Newcastle in 1590 (Davidson).'" Several editions of this old ballad exist, three of which are quoted by Mr. Hazlitt in his "Bibliography of Old English Literature." The first runs thus:—"The complaint of Ulalia Page, for causing her Husband Page to be murthered for the loue of George Strangwidge, who were executed together, &c. At London; printed by I. R. for E. White [1591]. A broadside, in 4-line stanzas." The second reads:—"The Lamentation of Mr. Page's Wife of Plymouth, who, being forced to wed him, consented to his murther. To the tune of *Fortune my Foe*. Printed at London by Thomas Scarlet [1591]. A sheet in 4-line stanzas." And another, "The Lamentation of Mr. Page's Wife of Plymouth," and likewise "The Lamentation of George Strangwidge," printed by F. Coles, Tho. Vere, and W. Gilbertson. A ballad in 4-line stanzas, subscribed T. D. (Thomas Deloney). Taking these various editions together, it seems reasonable to think that the ballad had been a very popular one, and, if Dr. Cotton is correct, places the first example of Newcastle printing nearly forty years earlier than the date quoted by Mr. Hodgson Hinde.

FRIAR GODWIN, Felling.

Daniel Defoe in Gateshead.

It is now well known that Defoe was residing in London when he wrote his "Robinson Crusoe," though there is a popular impression (often corrected in the

Newcastle Weekly Chronicle) that it was written in Gateshead. But Defoe was a resident in Gateshead about 1710. Here he formed a connection with Joseph Button, a bookseller on Tyne Bridge. From Gateshead he went to Edinburgh, as appears from the following letter addressed to him by Button:—

Sir,—Yours of the 22nd instant I received, but had sent you before 400 pa . . . prophesies. I know that there were several erratas in't, but did [not think] it worth while to amend, however, when I've sold these . . . I've already done, and doe more, shall both correct and print [these] addendas, if you don't sell those sent, pray return 'em . . . . In the Gazette of Thursday, December 23, there is something of Sir J . . . . Cunningham. I suppose that is it you would ha' printed, there is . . . in that you sent last, and you say it is in that paper.

As to the man and boy, I can't tell what to say . . . matter if I can get a boy, perhaps now this Saywell is bad and low [both] in pockets and in debt, he would be willing for the money to instruct him. But then who must he be bound to? It must be to yourself, f [or] I can neither make him free of London nor Edinburgh, and another thing these fellows have so disgusted and tired my wife, that I don't know how I shall please her in bringing any more; I'm for having these two fellows out of the house as soon as possible, and in order to it have desired 'em to look out lodgings, &c.

When you do Bickerstaff, I would not ha' you fright all people as you say you will, perhaps the Government may call us in question for intimidating her Majestie's good subjects.

Who would ha' thought but the Provost who I heard you say was y[our] very good friend woud ha' given you the advertisement, else it should h[a'] been sent. Mr. Moody has the . . . . and 3d. per pound, and he pays carriage 5d. are shipt aboard the same old wife the pickles are in, and directed for Brother Davis. The spectacles have been mended many daies ago and lying by me, and you'll ha' 'em sent, they shall.

I hear nothing of the paper you say you ordered from London. A happy Xmas. I am, Your friend and servant, WILLIAM BUTTON.

To DANIEL D'FOE, Esqr.,
in Edinburgh.
Post Paid 3d., but one sheet.

The above letter was published in "Analecta Scotica," vol. ii. The original is in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh; bound with it is a single number (65) of the "Newcastle Gazette, or the Northern Courant, being an Impartial Account of Remarkable Transactions, Foreign or Domestic, from Saturday, December 23, to Monday, December 25, 1710. Gateside: printed by J. Saywell, for J. Button, Bookseller on the Bridge." It will be observed that letters and words are wanting here and there in Button's letter: this is owing to the carelessness of the binder in cutting the volume. Who Saywell was, we know nothing more than what can be gathered from Button's letter; his name does not occur again. Of how it comes that Joseph Button should sign his name William we have no explanation.

WILLIAM DODD, Newcastle.

Scott, Morritt, and Rokeby.

IN the year 1808, Sir Walter Scott (then plain Walter) made the acquaintance of Mr. Morritt, of Rokeby. Their intercourse soon ripened into an intimacy sincere and cordial, and gave rise to a literary correspondence which lasted to the end of Scott's life. In an interesting series of letters, inserted by Lockhart in the life of his father-in-law, the great novelist communicated his thoughts and feelings to his accomplished friend on the banks of the Tees with the ingenuous freedom of a guild brother. Several mutual friends had written to recommend Mr. Morritt to Mr. Scott's acquaintance; and on the Squire of Rokeby reaching Edinburgh, accompanied by his wife, Scott showed them the lions of the town and its vicinity.

Mr. Morritt, before this, had wandered over all Greece, and visited the Troad, to aid in confuting the bold hypothesis of old Bryant, who contended, in his "Mythology," that Troy town was not taken by the Greeks; indeed, that there was never such a war as the Trojan war. He took up the cudgels to vindicate Homer, and a hot controversy was the result, Bryant, at the age of eighty, defending his opinions with all the fire, and spirit, and alacrity of youth, while Morritt, seconded by Gell, strove to refute them. But it is no part of our business here to enter further upon this subject.

When Scott went up to London, in the spring of 1809, to make some business arrangements with Mr. Murray, the publisher, Mr. Morritt saw much of him, both at his own house in Portland Place and elsewhere, and he has recorded his impressions in memoranda, preserved in Lockhart's life. On Scott's return northwards, he spent a fortnight in Yorkshire with Mr. Morritt, and his subsequent correspondence shows, among other things, the lively impression made upon him by the first view of Rokeby. "It unites," says he, in a letter to George Ellis, "the richness and luxuriance of English vegetation with the romantic variety of glen, torrent, and copse, which dignifies our Northern scenery. The Greta and Tees, two most beautiful and rapid rivers, join their currents in the demesne. The banks of the Tees resemble, from the height of the rocks, thé glen of Roslin, so much and justly admired. The Greta is the scene of a comic romance. It concerns the history of a 'Felon Sowe'—

Which won'd in Rokeby Wood,
Ran endlong Greta side,

bestowed by Ralph of Rokeby on the freres of Richmond—and the misadventures of the holy fathers in their awkward attempts to catch this intractable animal."

From the first day he spent on that magnificent

domain, Scott contemplated it as the scene of a future poem; and he had fully made up his mind to pay his hospitable friends at Greta another visit, when he felt himself impelled to make a tour to the Highlands, particularly the Hebrides, in order to make himself fully acquainted with the localities of another great poem, the "Lord of the Isles." In the month of December, 1811, however, he opened the design of his fourth metrical romance in a letter to Mr. Morritt—the time, during the English civil war of Charles I., and the scene, his friend's own domain of Rokeby. In fact, he had already raised the sum of £2,000 on the security of the as yet unwritten, though long-meditated poem. That amount had been raised for him by the Ballantynes, and expended as part of the purchase-money of the original farm of Abbotsford, Cairtley Hole, or Clarty Hole, as it was nicknamed. So the poet had, as usual, forestalled the profits of the work, trusting to the popularity he had won. Mr. Morritt, in return, gave him a deal of historical information relative to Barnard Castle, Rokeby, and Mortham, and also a shadowy outline of a traditionary tragedy connected with his old house at the latter place, and the ghost thereunto appertaining, known as the Mortham Dobby. "The scenery of our rivers," he writes, "deserves to become classic ground, and I hope the scheme will induce you to visit and re-visit it often. There are many romantic spots and old names rather than remains of peels and towers, once called castles, which belonged to Scroops, Fitzhughs, and Nevilles, with which you should be intimate before you finish your poem, and also the abbots and monks of Egglestone, who were old and venerable people, if you carry your story back into Romish times; and you will allow that the beauty of the situation deserves it, if you recollect the view from and near the bridge between me and Barnard Castle."

In a subsequent wise and kind letter, in answer to a fresh application for some minute details about the scenery and traditions of the valley of the Tees, Mr. Morritt expresses a hope that his friend will not be obliged to write in a hurry, on account of the impatience of his booksellers. He goes on to say, in the most frank, yet delicate, terms possible, that he was prepared to lend him five or six hundred pounds, to help him over his difficulties: for "surely," he writes, "the book will be more likely to succeed from not being forced prematurely into this critical world. I am more than ever anxious for your success. The 'Lady of the Lake' more than succeeded. I think 'Don Roderick' is less popular. I want this work to be another 'Lady' at the least. Surely it

would be worth your while for such an object to spend a week of your time, and a portion of your old man's salary [the salary pertaining to the Session clerkship, to which Scott had now succeeded], in a mail-coach flight hither, were it merely to renew your acquaintance with the country, and to rectify the little misconceptions of a cursory view."

This appeal was not to be resisted. Scott, Lockhart believes, accepted Mr. Morritt's friendly offer, so far as to ask his assistance in having some of Ballantyne's bills discounted; and he proceeded the week after to Rokeby, by way of Flodden and Hexham, travelling on horseback, his eldest boy and girl on their ponies, while Mrs. Scott followed them in the carriage.

At Rokeby, on this occasion, Scott remained about a week; and Mr. Morritt reports a striking conversation that took place the morning after his arrival:—

"You have often given me materials for a romance," said Scott; "now I want a good robbers' cave and an old church of the right sort." We rode out in quest of these; and he found what we wanted in the ancient slate quarries of Brignal and the ruined abbey of Egglestone. I observed him noting down even the peculiar little wild flowers and herbs that accidentally grew round and on the side of a bold crag near his intended cave of Guy Denzil; and could not help saying that as he was not to be upon oath in his work, daisies, violets, and primroses would be as poetical as any of the humble plants he was examining. I laughed, in short, at his scrupulousness; but I understood him when he replied, "that in nature herself no two scenes are exactly alike, and that whoever copied truly what was before his eyes would possess the same variety in his descriptions, and exhibit apparently an imagination as boundless as the range of nature in the scenes he recorded; whereas, whoever trusted to imagination would soon find his own mind circumscribed and contracted to a few favourite images; and the repetition of these would sooner or later produce that very monotony and barrenness which had always haunted descriptive poetry in the hands of any but the patient worshippers of truth. Besides which," he said, "local names and peculiarities make a fictitious story look so much better in the face!"

This was the principle upon which Scott worked in all his poems and novels. It is the source of half their charms. Our readers will recollect it is the plan which is recommended by the poet in Rasselas, but which Johnson himself did not follow.

In fact, adds Morritt, from Scott's boyish habits, he was but half satisfied with the most beautiful scenery when he could not connect with it some local legend; and when his friend was sometimes forced to confess, with the Knifegrinder, "Story? God bless you! I have none to tell, sir," he would laugh and say, "Then let us make one—nothing so easy as to make a tradition."

Before the close of 1812, the romance of "Rokeby" was finished. Though it had been long in hand, the MS. sent to the printer bore abundant evidence of its being thrown off hastily. Three cantos at least, Lockhart tells us, reached Ballantyne through the Melrose post, written on paper of various sorts and sizes, full of blots and interlineations—the closing couplets of a despatch now and then encircling the page, and being mutilated by the breaking of the seal.

According to the recollection of Mr. Cadell, though James Ballantyne read the poem, as the sheets were advancing through the press, to his usual circle of literary listeners, their whispers were far from exciting in Edinburgh such an intensity of expectation as had been witnessed in the case of "The Lady of the Lake." He adds, however, that it was looked for with undiminished anxiety in the South. Lockhart says he well remembered, being in those days a young student at Oxford, how the booksellers' shops there were beleaguered for the earliest copies, and how he that had been so fortunate as to secure one was followed to his chambers by a tribe of friends, all as eager to hear it read as ever horse-jockeys were to see the conclusion of a race at Newmarket; and, indeed, not a few of these enthusiastic academics had bets depending on the issue of the struggle which they considered the elder favourite was making to keep his own ground against the fiery rivalry of "Childe Harold." Scott himself writes from Edinburgh, 12th January, 1813:—

The book has gone off here very bobbishly, for the impression of 3,000 and upwards is within two or three score of being exhausted, and the demand for these continuing faster than they can be boarded. I am heartily glad of this, for I have nothing now to fear but a bankruptcy in the Gazette of Parnassus; but the loss of five or six thousand pounds to my good friends and school companions would have affected me very much. P.S.—John Ballantyne says he has just about eighty copies left, out of 3,250, this being the second day of publication, and the book a two guinea one.

Scott laboured in the composition of "Rokeby," under the disadvantage of dealing with times, themes, and characters too modern to be turned into a romance in rhyme; and therefore (although, on the strength of his illustrious name, the publication floated) the poem was felt to be far inferior to his other great poems. The poet failed to throw over the scenes so faithfully and charmingly described in it the glamour with which he had invested the fantastic Trossachs, and bonny Teviotdale, and the banks of the gloomy Till. He made Rokeby classical, it is true, but he could not put real life and spirit into the characters with which he peopled it.

Morritt assured his friend that he considered "Rokeby" as the best of all his poetical works; but the public did not concur in this judgment. Scott, in his introduction of 1830, ascribes his failure partly to the satiety of the public ear, which had had so much of his rhythm, not only from himself, but from dozens of mocking birds, male and female, all more or less applauded in their day, and now all equally forgotten. Partly he blames the unpoetical character of the Roundheads; but surely, as Lockhart says, "their character has its poetical side also, had his prejudices allowed him to enter upon its study with impartial sympathy." The real cause

was, undoubtedly, the first assigned, aided by the meteoric rise of the star of Byron, whose "Childe Harold," published about the same time, took the reading world by storm.

It cannot be denied, at any rate, that the English public encouraged to a greater extent than the romance itself a burlesque which appeared upon it in London under the title of "Jokeby." An anecdote referring to this may interest the reader. Mr. Tegg, the London publisher, was taken one day by a Galashiels manufacturer, the late ingenious Mr. Richard Lees, to Abbotsford, and introduced to Mr. Scott "as the author of Jokeby," which he had been jestingly informed he was. "The more jokes the better," said Mr. Scott as he bustled about for a chair; and in the whole course of the interview he never made further allusion to the burlesque poem, but, after his usual manner, conversed, generally, upon the profession of the individual whom he was addressing.

Some sarcastic flings in Moore's "Twopenny Post Bag" must also have had an unfavourable influence on the reception of the poem. Take, for instance, the following passage from the Epistle of Messrs. Lackington, booksellers, to one of their dandy authors :—

Should you feel any touch of poetical glow,
We've a scheme to suggest—Mr. Scott, you must know,
(Who, we're sorry to say it, now works for the Row),
Having quitted the Borders to seek new renown
Is coming by long Quarto stages to town,
And, beginning with Rokeby (the job's sure to pay),
Means to do all the gentlemen's seats on the way.
Now the scheme is, though none of our hackneys can beat him,
To start a new poet through Highgate to meet him;
Who by means of quick proofs no revises—long coaches—
May do a few villas before Scott approaches;
Indeed, if our Pegasus be not curst shabby,
He'll reach, without foundering, at least Woburn Abbey

Notwithstanding all jokes and jibes, the sale of the two guinea quarto was enormous, about ten thousand copies, according to the author's own statement to Lady Louisa Stuart, in April, 1813, having disappeared in about three months, and the demand continuing faster than it could be supplied. This would have seemed to any other author a triumphant sale; yet Scott was disappointed, and he was glad to sell one-fourth of the remaining copyright of the poem for £700 to Constable the publisher.

Before the end of the year, the difficulties of the Ballantynes were well-known throughout the commercial circles, not only of Edinburgh, but of London; and a report of their actual bankruptcy, with the addition that Scott was engaged as their surety to the extent of £20,000, found its way to Mr. Morritt about the beginning of November. Morritt wrote to him in the utmost anxiety, and made liberal offers of assistance in case the catastrophe might still be averted; but the term of Martinmas, always a critical one in Scotland, had passed before his letter reached Edinburgh, and Scott's answer showed symptoms of a clearing horizon.

Two years later, in September, 1815, Scott made a halt at Rokeby on his way down from London; but, finding Mrs. Morritt alarmingly ill, he regretted having obtruded himself on the scene of affliction, and resumed his journey early next morning. Some weeks before the year closed, Mr. Morritt sustained the heaviest of domestic afflictions in the death of his wife, and several letters on that sad subject passed between Rokeby and Abbotsford. The correspondence between the two friends ceased only with Scott's demise. The author of "Waverley" had not a faster friend in the world than the Squire of Rokeby.

The following description of one of the delightful walks in Rokeby Park, called the Rock Walk, under a precipice by the brawling Greta, may serve as a specimen of Scott's handiwork as a scene-painter :—

The open vale is soon past o'er;
Rokeby, though nigh, is seen no more;
Sinking 'mid Greta's thickets deep,
A wild and darker course they keep.
A stern and lone, yet lovely road,
As e'er the foot of minstrel trod;
Broad shadows o'er their passage fell,
Deeper and narrower grew the dell;
It seemed some mountain rent and riven,
A channel for the stream had given,
So high the cliffs of limestone grey
Hung beetling o'er the torrent's way,
Yielding, along their rugged base,
A flinty footpath's niggard space,
Where he who winds 'twixt rock and wave
May hear the headlong torrent rave,
And, like a steed in frantic fit,
That flings the froth from curb and bit,
May view her chafe her waves to spray,
O'er every rock that bars her way,
Till foam-globes on her eddies ride,
Thick as the schemes of human pride,
That down life's current drive amain,
As frail, as frothy, and as vain!

The cliffs, that rear the haughty head
High o'er the river's darksome bed,
Were now all naked, wild, and grey,
Now waving all with greenwood spray;
Here trees to every crevice clung,
And o'er the dell their branches hung;
And there, all splintered and uneven,
The shivered rocks ascend to heaven;
Oft, too, the ivy swathed their breast,
And wreath'd its garland round their crest,
Or from the spires bade loosely flare
Its tendrils in the middle air,
As pennons wont to wave of old
O'er the high feast of Baron bold,
When revelled loud the feudal rout,
And the arched halls returned their shout,
Such and more wild is Greta's roar,
And such the echoes from her shore,
And so the ivied banner's gleam
Wav'd wildly o'er the brawling stream.

Another poet, William Mason, a Yorkshireman born, was a frequent inmate at Rokeby in his time, which was before Scott knew it, however. And in his poem on horticulture, the "English Garden" (edition 1781), he expresses in the following lines the idea fixed in his

mind by the coy retiring beauties of that charming place :—

Generous youth,
Whoe'er thou art, that listens to my lay,
And feel'st thy soul assent to what I sing,
Happy art thou if thou canst call thy own
Such scenes as these ; where Nature and where Time,
Have work'd congenial ; where a scatter'd host
Of antique oaks darken thy sidelong hills ;
While, rustling thro' their branches, rifted cliffs
Dart their white heads, and glitter thro' the gloom.
More happy still, if one superior rock
Bear on its brow the shiver'd fragment huge
Of some old Norman fortress. Happier far,
Ah ! then most happy, if thy vale below
Wash, with the crystal coolness of its rills,
Some mouldering abbey's ivy-vested wall.

Mortham Tower, a square peel or border fortress of the 13th century, is situated in Rokeby Park. It is now occupied as a farm-house. Certain blood-stains are pointed out on the stairs, which are said to be those of a lady who, being killed in the glen below, was afterwards known as the Mortham Dobby.

Flint Jack.

JUST twenty years ago, an article appeared in Dickens's *All the Year Round* on this prince of cheats and impostors. The sketch is so entertaining, and the fellow's knaveries are so amusing, that we purpose relating a few of the incidents of his surprising career. From another source we learn that the man himself, while confined in Bedford Gaol, freely confessed to the extraordinary impostures he had practised. It is to Jack's own confessions that we are mainly indebted for the strange series of facts which are now narrated.

Edward Simpson, the son of a sailor, was born at Sleights, near Whitby, in 1815. A mild, gentle lad, he, at the age of fourteen, entered the service of Dr. Young, an ardent geologist of Whitby. During his fossil-hunting expeditions, the doctor was always accompanied by young Simpson, who thus acquired the rudiments of geology, that especially of the Yorkshire coast. Edward left Dr. Young to serve Dr. Ripley, also of Whitby, with whom he lived six years. The death of this gentleman threw him upon the world, and from that time he lived alone and free from all trammels. He now began to acquire his various *aliases*, becoming Fossil Willy on the Yorkshire coast, Bones at Whitby, Shirtless in the Eastern Counties, and Flint Jack everywhere else. When he first adopted a roving life, he devoted his attention entirely to the collection of fossils, for which he always found a ready sale. From Whitby he extended his walks to Scarborough, Filey, Bridlington, &c., and thus became acquainted with gentlemen interested in geology, who paid him well for his specimens. In 1843, his taste for gathering genuine fossils was suddenly perverted. He was shown a British barbed arrow-head, the first he had ever seen. Asked if he could imitate it, he said he would try. Up to this time he had led a respectable and useful life ; but from the arrow-head episode we must date the beginning of that wonderful series of rogueries and frauds which have never been equalled. He was henceforth Flint Jack to the backbone.

Simpson made many failures in his endeavour to copy the originals ; but an accident showed him how to chip flint, and also revealed the proper tools. He was musing one morning on how the ancient Britons had chipped *their* flints, when he noticed that the hasp of a gate was hanging loose. He took it out, struck a blow with the curved part of the iron on a piece of flint, and off flew a fine flake. He tried again, and was delighted to find that the secret was discovered. Jack soon acquired the knack of striking off any sort of flakes he needed. He declared afterwards, with great pride, that he could at that time make and *sell* fifty flint arrow-heads per day. Then began that great supply of flint weapons to museums, collectors, and so forth, which was the cause of so many angry discussions, of so much annoyance, and of so much ridicule. The old gate hasp did it all.

From manufacturing arrow-heads he proceeded to the manufacture of antiquities in general. Obtaining access to private collections, museums, &c., he soon became familiar with the forms of urns, beads, seals, and similar objects. And now he boldly set himself to work to fabricate all kinds of rare objects. The strange life he now led necessitated the greatest secrecy. Jack spent long years without a friend or companion. His whereabouts were unknown except to his dupes. It was at Bridlington, in 1844, that he introduced himself to an antiquary, who purchased from him no less than 600 spurious flints, all warranted genuine. At this time his industry was surprising, and he usually walked about thirty or forty miles a day. The bright idea of adding to his trade the manufacture of British and Roman urns was now conceived. The first he made was an ancient British urn, which he sold as genuine, asserting that he had found it in the neighbourhood of Bridlington. This new trade of urn-making seemed likely to prove more lucrative than any he had tried, so he repaired to a very lonely part of the country—so desolate, in fact, that he declared a man might pass a month there without meeting another human being. When he had got together several suitable specimens, he would set off for Scarborough or Whitby, and there dispose of his "treasures," to the purchasers of which he would solemnly declare he had found them in tumuli—which he pronounced *toomoolo*—on the wild wastes between Kirby Moorside and Stokesley.

While at Pickering, Flint Jack got acquainted with Mr. Kendall, showing him what Mr. Kendall believed to be a genuine collection of flints. This gentleman was so kind and generous to Jack that in a moment of weakness he confessed he had made the whole lot, and even ex-

plained his method of manufacture. Strange to say, the antiquary never deserted the rogue. Moreover, Jack could always draw upon him when hard up. Hearing of the discovery of a Roman milestone, Jack set himself to make one, with a very puzzling inscription indeed. He sold it, however, for a good price, and, according to his own statement, it was in the British Museum in 1867. This milestone fraud is regarded as one of Jack's most famous exploits.

It is said that his tricks were discovered in a remarkable manner in two instances. Mr. Tindall, of Bridlington, says of some articles he purchased from Flint Jack :—"I bought them because they differed from all I had found myself. They were very dirty, so I boiled eight or nine, and discovered, when I drained off the water, that several were made up of splinters, joined with boiled alum to give them a perfect appearance." On one occasion he sold an urn to a gentleman in the same town. The urn was so highly prized by its owner that Jack was given a large sum of money to repair it, when, owing to an accident, it got broken. But, some few days after his supposed "mend," a portion of the urn was found in the room where the accident had occurred! Jack's ingenuity must certainly have been marvellous; for he once walked into Malton wearing a piece of "ancient armour" fastened by thongs. This *relic*, which he professed to have discovered near the encampment at Cawthorne, he had actually made out of an old tea-tray picked up on his journey!

As time wore on, he sunk deeper and deeper into the mire of rascality. And his downward career was greatly accelerated by drink. He became so insolent that he despised his dupes, and his sides shook with laughter while relating the tricks he played upon learned professors, some of whom had given him almost unlimited orders for specimens of Roman or British implements. The beginning of the end came, however, when he got introduced to Professor Tennant, in London. This gentleman proved at first a liberal patron, and Jack did so large a trade that he stayed in the metropolis over twelve months. But both the dealers and the museums came to be overcharged with flints, so that Jack deemed it prudent to beat a retreat. He went down to Yorkshire, and here he had one more chance of leading an honest life. The then curator of the museum at York furnished him with money to go to Bridlington for the purpose of collecting fossils and shells. This he did honestly and fairly, for a time at least; but he struck out one day for a walk to Tynemouth, and there he found flint among the shingles. Unable to resist the temptation, he set himself to his old work of fabrication, disposing of a quantity of his "antiquities" in Durham city and to private persons on the road.

Towards the close of 1859, Jack ventured back to London, when Mr. Tennant at once charged him with the manufacture and sale of spurious antiquities. That gentleman promised to pardon him, however, if he would attend a meeting of the Archæological Society, and show his method of manufacture. Here, in 1862, he exhibited to the learned associates his mode of obtaining flakes from blocks of flint, finally showing sham and genuine implements in contrast. The members were amazed at Jack's roguery, and at the easy and simple way in which they had been gulled. Of course, Jack's occupation, after this, was gone. The news of his forgeries spread rapidly, and collectors began to question the genuineness of their treasures. He still kept wandering about, and as many of the gentlemen he had swindled were very forgiving, and helped him with small sums of money, he managed to exist somehow. Being a skilful

man, he might have still earned an honest living. But his love for drink was his ruin. In 1867, he committed some petty theft, and was sent to Bedford Gaol for twelve months. After this, he went from bad to worse. His only home was the tramps' ward or the beerhouse kitchen.

The photograph from which our portrait is copied was taken about 1863. It will be seen that the ingenious rascal wears what those who knew him described as "a most simple cast of countenance."

We have no record of Jack's doings for a long time past, and can glean no information about his later years, even from those who knew him well and had frequent dealings with him. Always a lonely man, he may still be wandering about the coast or moors of Yorkshire, or he may have been dead and buried for years. An old man dying in a tramp's lodging-house would not be so rare an event as to excite much attention; and such may have been Jack's fate. This is the more likely, as he was by no means shy or backward in troubling his old patrons for assistance when he needed it.

Had Edward Simpson only taken the same pains to assist science that he took in leading it astray, his great antiquarian lore and topographical knowledge would have served him to have left an honourable reputation, instead of that of a swindler and a thief.

Lady Strathmore.

STOURFIELD HOUSE, Hants, was once occupied by the unfortunate Countess of Strathmore. It was thither that she retired after her marriage with the infamous Stoney Bowes had been dissolved, as already related in the *Monthly Chronicle* (vol. i., p. 199). When she settled at Stourfield, she had with her two of her daughters, a full establishment of servants, and a companion of whom she was passionately fond, Miss Morgan by name, who died about the year 1796, and was buried in the Lady Chapel, Christchurch, near the east window. There is a brass plate on the stone over the vault. The inscription on it is as follows:—"Maria Morgan, Ob. 17 Jany., A.D. 1796, Æt. 46. To the most delightful, pure, and sacred, yet most rare of all confections, a perfect and disinterested friend, this monument is erected by the Countess of Strathmore, who, conscious of the treasure, valued its possession, and mourned its loss in a manner worthy of the magnitude of both, with a total disrelish yet patient sufferance of life, striving to imitate the fortitude and resignation of her friend, that they might not be eternally parted. The most durable and desirable of private testimonies to the feminine excellencies of her character dwells in the hearts of all who knew her; but to her heroic qualities, her cool deliberate courage, and her matchless persevering friendship, the tears of blood shed by one who despises weakness, the records of law and justice, nay, perhaps even the historic page, will bear witness to an astonished and admiring posterity." Lady Strathmore, according to Mr. Day, an aged farmer, who resided in the neighbourhood, kept very little company. "Her time was much taken up with her pet animals. Her great favourites were dogs, of which she had many. Each one had its own bed in a basket, with everything to make it comfortable. Meat was regularly provided in the room that they occupied. Every day a hot dinner was cooked on purpose for them, and each dog had his own place set apart for him, with a plate and dish for the milk, or what she liked for them to drink."

The Sunken Treasure in Broomley Lough.

ALL over the North of England, which has been repeatedly the scene of bloody wars, people were in the habit, in troublous times, of burying their money when they could not possibly carry it away. This they did in holes of the rocks, in wells, in peat-mosses, in the beds of rivers, or even in the open fields. Witness the innumerable "finds" that have been made within the last two centuries in Northumberland and Durham, and particularly along the line of the Roman Wall.

Considering the wild state in which so many hundred square miles of country still continue, particularly between the Irthing and the North Tyne, and from beyond Harbottle and Keilder in the north to Whitley and Alston in the south, we may reasonably conclude that the treasures hitherto unearthed bear only a small proportion to those that yet lie hidden under the soil. Impressed with this idea, many a man has sought suddenly to enrich himself by digging for gold or jewels in some place where he thought they were likely to have been concealed. The foundations of crumbling castles, peels, and other ruins have been laboriously burrowed under; the sites of Roman, British, and Danish camps and forts have been trenched; memorial cairns have been demolished; deep draw-wells have been cleared out; and ponds and rivers have been dragged. No wonder that the Northumbrian Lakes, as they are called—Greenley Lough, Grindon Lough, Crag Lough, and particularly Broomley Lough—should have been held by popular tradition to be the chosen depositories of vast treasures, cast into them probably about the time the wall was first "thirled" by the ravaging Scots and Picts, when the helpless Britons appealed to the retiring Romans for aid against the fierce barbarians.

Broomley Lough, the second largest of the group, lies in the midst of dreary brown mosses and peat haggs,

forming part of the ancient Forest of Lowes. It is still about as desolate and dismal a scene as can well be imagined, though within an hour's ride of a busy industrial population. Not far off is the place where the Castle of the Seven Shields formerly stood. In this castle, many years ago—it may be when Arthur, with the Knights of the Round Table, was struggling to maintain the liberty and faith of his country against the pagan Saxons, or perhaps rather when the savage Danes were ravaging the Forest of Lowes, then a comparatively rich and populous district—there dwelt a certain personage, whether prince or chieftain, earl or thane, we know not, who, being a man in whom the organ of acquisitiveness was abnormally developed, had amassed a great store of wealth. On the approach of the enemy in overwhelming force, he decided to seek safety in flight; and not being able to carry off his treasure chest with him, as he would fain have done, neither being willing that it should fall into the invaders' hands, he resolved to sink it in Broomley Lough. And, therefore, placing his strong box in a boat, he caused it to be rowed to a distance from the shore, and cast it overboard in a deep place, taking the bearings of the spot from a sufficient number of natural objects in the neighbourhood, so that he might be able to recover it the more easily when he came back. Then, to secure it in the meantime, he engaged a wizard, who laid the deposit under a powerful spell, of which the following may be accepted as the tenor :—

Spirit of the watery deep !
I give thee this precious pose to keep,
Till I come back here safe and sound
To claim my rights and retake my ground.
I know that thou wilt keep it as well
As if it were sunk in the pit of hell ;
And should it be writ in the Fates, alack: !
That I am never to come back,
Let no one ever fish it out,
Priest, knight, or squire, lord, loon, or lout,
But let it lie till the crack of doom
In the depths of the Lake of the Ley of Broom,
Unless some man of our kindly race,
Should come to possess this pleasant place ;
And let him then with two twin yauds,
Two twin oxen, and two twin lads,
And a chain that's been forged by a smith of kind,
Get it out, if he can it find.

Somehow or other the secret oozed out, as such secrets always do, sooner or later; but though many would have liked to fish up the chest, and secure the gold and silver it contained, nobody durst attempt the salvage, or indeed had the means of doing so. It was observed, however, by people who resided in the vicinity, that when the wind in stormy weather agitated the surrounding waters of the lake, they were ever still and unruffled above the place where the treasure lay—one of those remarkable phenomena which were more common in mediæval times than they are now, thanks to the village schoolmaster, the natural and eternal enemy of the magician.

At a long subsequent period, but in what year of what king's reign deponents say not, a certain man, who attached credit to the legend, and thought it a pity that so much real, solid, sterling capital should lie unused at the bottom of a lonely moorland lake, provided himself with a pair of twin "yauds" or mares, two twin oxen, two twin lads, and a grappling chain of sufficient length, made, as he supposed, by a "smith of kind," that is, by a son of Vulcan who claimed his descent in unbroken succession from six ancestors of the same trade as himself. The result may be told in the words of the late Mr. Robert White, as set down in one of his curious manuscripts, communicated in 1846 to Mr. M. A. Richardson, and printed in his "Table Book." Here is Mr. White's account :—

Taking the advantage of a breezy day to accomplish his project, he (the adventurer) commenced by leaving one end of the chain on dry land, and by carrying out the remainder in a boat. Then he let it out by degrees till he swept round the place, and returned, bringing with him the other end to the shore. Then, speedily attaching the "yauds" and oxen to the chain, the two young drivers urged the animals forward in the same way as haymakers, by the assistance of horses and wain-ropes, drag together a number of coils of hay. The box was accordingly moved from its position, and borne onward to within a third part of its original distance from the side of the lough, when, unfortunately, one of the links in the chain broke, and with it the potency of the whole plan of recovering the lost treasure, which to this day remains in safe preservation under the waters. The failure was ascribed to various causes, but that which chiefly predominated was, that, once on a time, while the grandfather of the smith who made the chain, and who lived in the vicinity, chanced to be at Willimoteswick, paying his rent—an affair which in those times took up two or three days—a sturdy beggar lodged in the house; and this occurring about three-quarters of a year previous to the birth of an only son—the father of the maker of the chain—it was supposed the frailty of the grandmother had prevented him from inheriting the "virtue" which otherwise had descended to a "smith of kind."

Keilder Castle.

The Cout of Keilder.

KEILDER CASTLE, one of the Duke of Northumberland's sporting seats, stands in a romantic situation, seven miles from Falstone, in the township of Plashets, at the confluence of the Keilder Burn and the North Tyne. It is of a quadrangular form, with a castellated front, and commands a view down the river. Pearl Fell, crowned with four rude pillars of stones (set up by the shepherds, and called pikes), towers up behind it, and fine old woods of birch, alder, hawthorn, &c., give the place a picturesque appearance.

The banks of the Keilder and the adjacent country were anciently clothed with woods, of which some vestiges still remain. In 1792, an oak tree, which contained 167 solid feet of timber, was washed up near Tyne Head; and a few years afterwards the shepherds set fire to the heath, on a hill near Yarrow, where, after the peat moss was consumed, the remains of an ancient forest of

pine were exposed. A writer in 1828 states:—"This place is now called Fir Tree Moss, and the neighbouring people go to it to collect wood, of which they make ladders, &c., and sometimes they burn it like a torch, when they go to catch salmon with fish-spears in the night. An extensive tract of land on the Borders, at the western extremity of this parish, was formerly called 'debateable land,' or 'threap ground'; but in 1552 it was divided by agreement between the proper officers of England and Scotland. At the junction of the Dead Water and Bell's Bower, two miles from Keilder Castle, stood Bell's Chapel; but every vestige of it has long been obliterated, except some graves."

"Keldre" was a lordship belonging to the estate of David Strabolgi, Earl of Athol, who, dying in the reign of Edward III., left it to his two daughters and co-heirs, Elizabeth and Philippa. These ladies, being minors, were committed to the care of Henry, Lord Percy, who "at the proper age" married them to his two younger sons, Sir Thomas and Sir Ralph. The manor fell to the lot of Elizabeth, who, surviving her husband, subsequently married Sir John Scrope, Knight. The legendary tales of Northumberland very much intensify the interest attaching to so beautiful a spot, and Sir Walter Scott has rendered the name Keilder immortal in his "Minstrelsy of the Borders." When the Border feuds raged, Keilder Castle was one of the last outposts on English ground.

The Hermitage occupied a similar position on Scottish territory. William, Lord Soulis, the most famous of that name, was the last of his race who occupied The Hermitage. Being of royal descent, he entered into a conspiracy to wrest the throne from Robert Bruce. As a matter of fact, he was deprived of his vast possessions, and confined for life in Dumbarton Castle; but tradition has it that the King of Scotland, being constantly tormented by complaints about Lord Soulis's conduct, at last peevishly exclaimed, "Boil him, if you please; but let me hear no more of him." And those who had suffered from the laird's oppression took Robert Bruce at his word, it is said, and accordingly boiled the tyrant to death on the Nine Stane Rigg.

Tradition says that the Chief of Keilder was the most redoubtable adversary of Lord Soulis. He was called the Cout, or Colt, as expressive of strength, stature, and activity. Dr. Leyden wrote one of his best ballads on the death of "The Cout of Keelder." The Cout was invited to dine with Lord Soulis; but his wife warned him against going, and the Brown Man of the Muirs, being invoked, appeared and prognosticated evil. Still, the Cout accepted the invitation, trusting to his armour of proof and to his charmed weapons.

In my plume is seen the holly green,
With the leaves of the rowan tree;
And my casque of sand by a mermaid's hand
Was formed beneath the sea.

But, as they sit at table, enchantment fixes to their seats all the Cout's men. He alone bursts forth, and is pursued by the warriors of Soulis. Their weapons have no effect on his armour; but, stumbling as he is escaping across the river, he is held down by the spears of his foemen till he is drowned in a pool just below the castle—a spot which is still, it is said, called the Cout's Linn.

The holly floated to the tide,
And the leaf of the rowan pale;
Alas! no spell could charm the tide,
Nor the lance of Liddesdale.

Swift was the Cout of Keelder's course
Along the lily lee;
But home came never hound nor horse,
And never home came he.

There weeps the birch with branches green,
Without the holy ground;
Between two old grey stones is seen
The warrior's ridgy mound.

And the hunters bold of Keelder's train,
Within yon castle's wall,
In a deadly sleep must aye remain
Till the ruined tower's downfall.

Each in his hunter's garb arrayed,
Each holds his bugle horn;
Their keen hounds at their feet are laid,
That ne'er shall wake the morn.

The Cout of Keilder's grave, of gigantic size, is pointed out on the banks of the river Hermitage, at the western corner of a wall surrounding the burial ground of a ruined chapel, and is marked by two rude stones, one at the head and one at the foot, while the "Keilder Stone" can still be seen in the neighbourhood. The Northumberland chief was in the habit of passing by this stone in his incursions. It is a rough insulated mass, of considerable dimensions, and it was at one time held unlucky to ride thrice "withershins" (a direction contrary to the course of the sun) around it.

It may be interesting to mention, and it may throw some light on the origin of Shrove Tuesday football matches in the present day, that, in connection with the sports which from very ancient times met with considerable favour on the Border, a memorable "match at football" took place on the haugh near the castle about the year 1790. A vast concourse of people assembled from Liddesdale on the Scotch side of the Border, and from the vale of North Tyne. Twenty were chosen by the people of each of these districts to play three games. The contest was carried on with inconceivable eagerness until the end of the fourth game, each party having won twice; but the North Tyne lads got the fifth, and were declared victors. Some of the players were so completely exhausted as to be unable to walk home, and a few who died soon afterwards dated the commencement of their illness from that day.

The steel engraving from which our sketch of Keilder Castle is taken was copied from a drawing by W. Beilby, and was published in 1783 by W. Watts in Chelsea.

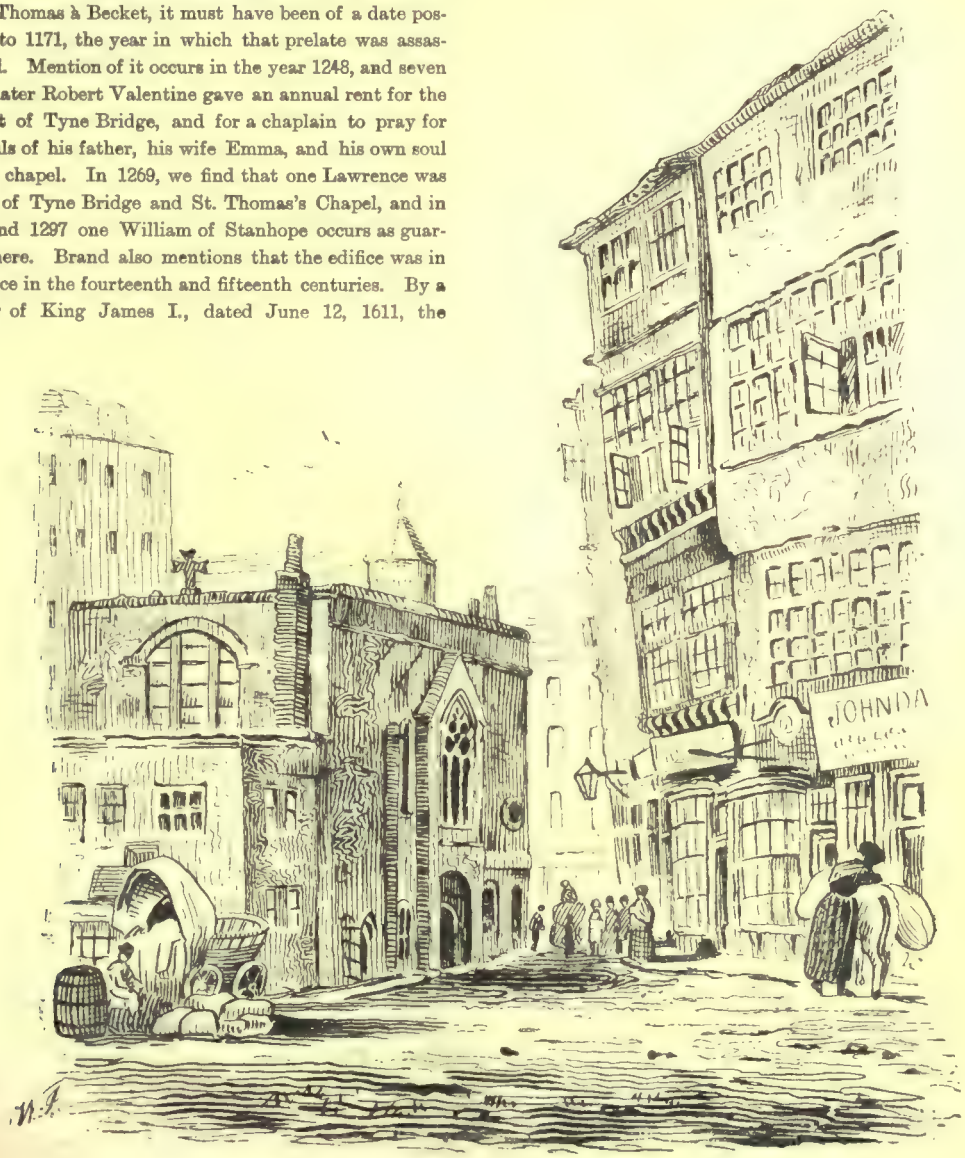
KEILDER CASTLE, NORTHUMBERLAND.

St. Thomas's Chapel.

THE site of the ancient chapel dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, is now partly occupied by the semicircular block of buildings on the Sandhill, Newcastle, which lead to the Swing Bridge, though, as will be seen from the larger drawing we now present to our readers, the north end of the chapel projected further into the street than the buildings in question.

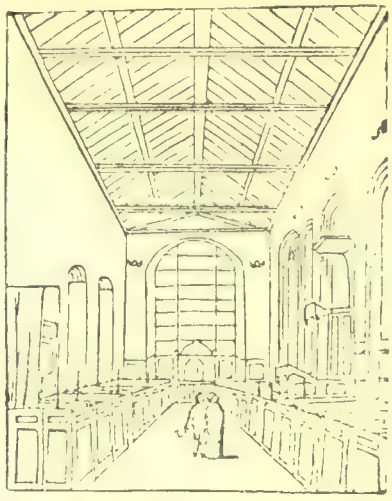
Brand, in his "History of Newcastle," says that it is unknown by whom or at what period the old chapel was founded. From the circumstance that it was dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, it must have been of a date posterior to 1171, the year in which that prelate was assassinated. Mention of it occurs in the year 1248, and seven years later Robert Valentine gave an annual rent for the support of Tyne Bridge, and for a chaplain to pray for the souls of his father, his wife Emma, and his own soul in the chapel. In 1269, we find that one Lawrence was keeper of Tyne Bridge and St. Thomas's Chapel, and in 1289 and 1297 one William of Stanhope occurs as guardian there. Brand also mentions that the edifice was in existence in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. By a charter of King James I., dated June 12, 1611, the chapel was incorporated with the Hospital of St. Mary Magdalen in Barras Bridge. On Sept. 24th, 1691, there is an order of Common Council to take down the steeple. During the succeeding 150 years Brand makes reference to the chapel chiefly in connection with the religious services.

In 1830, it was decided to pull down the old chapel. On March 9th of that year the Rev. R. Wastney, A.M., preached his last sermon there, and the demolition of the building commenced in the following month. The handsome church of St. Thomas at Barras Bridge was built as a substitute.



ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

Our larger drawing, which is reproduced from an etching by T. M. Richardson, senior, represents the exterior of the chapel shortly before it was demolished. To the right of the picture are seen two handsome old buildings which possess some romantic interest; for from one of the lower windows Bessie Surtees is said to have eloped with her lover, John Scott, afterwards Lord Chancellor Eldon, in November, 1772. Our smaller sketch is taken from a drawing by Mr. C. McKenzie, which was exhibited in the galleries of the North of England Society for the Promotion of Fine Arts some time about 1840 or 1842.



INTERIOR OF ST. THOMAS'S CHAPEL.

Half-Hanged Macdonald.

ABOUT ten o'clock at night, on Tuesday, the 23rd March, 1752, a youth of nineteen summers, named Ewan Macdonald, a recruit in General Guise's regiment (the 43rd, now the 42nd, Royal Highlanders), then quartered in Newcastle, entered the hostelry on which he was billetted—a public-house in the Bigg Market, Newcastle, kept by a man of the name of Pinkney. There was a good deal of company in the house at the time, and the arrival of the stranger, dressed in the "garb of old Gaul," not unnaturally led to the utterance and perpetration by some of those present of sundry silly gibes, provoking taunts, and rude practical jokes.

The young man bore with the horse-play quietly for some time, but at length he lost all patience. He rose from his seat in a towering passion, and proceeded to grapple with one of his tormentors, a cooper named Parker, who had been particularly abusive, but who managed to disengage himself from his grasp, give him a slap in the face or a punch in the ribs, and run out into the street. Robert Parker, another cooper, said to have been a respectable master of his craft, instantly jumped up and followed his brother craftsman, as did likewise some others of the company, all eager to get out of the furious Highlander's way. Macdonald hastily pursued the fugitives, bent upon revenge. Catching hold in the entry of the second Parker, who had been, as tradition tells us, one of the least scurrilous of the lot, he stabbed him in the neck with his "corc," "sgiandhu," or gully knife, in so desperate a manner that he died immediately. Macdonald then returned into the inn-kitchen, black with passion, laid about him there right and left among such of the panic-stricken guests as had not managed to make their escape, and broke one poor fellow's arm through tumbling him over a chair.

The landlord, or somebody else, ran off as fast as his legs would carry him to the barracks, and brought a file of musqueteers, who conducted the manslayer to the guard-house, and kept him confined till next day, when he was taken before the magistrates and committed to Newgate. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of wilful murder, and Macdonald was arraigned at the ensuing Assizes on that charge. The evidence being deemed conclusive, he was sentenced to death on the scaffold. Had the tragedy occurred in our own day, the most that the unfortunate man would have suffered would have been a term of imprisonment, the case being clearly one of manslaughter, nothing more. Even at that time public opinion was far from being clear with respect to the measure of justice meted out to him. Indeed, as it was generally believed that he had been irritated to the perpetration of the crime for which he was doomed to suffer, his unhappy end was pitied by all.

A well-informed writer, quoted by Browne, in his "History of the Highlands," tells us how the Highland soldiers, when brought into England after the "Forty-Five," in breach of what they conceived to have been their bargain with the Government, which was to serve exclusively in Scotland, or rather in the Highlands, as a sort of local militia, became "gloomy and sullen" when they found themselves "exposed to the taunts of the true-bred English clowns." "Animated," says he, "even to the lowest private, with the feelings of gentlemen, they could ill brook the rudeness of boors; nor could they patiently submit to affronts in a country to which they had been called by invitation of their sovereign." It was some such feeling as this that probably prompted Macdonald's outburst.

During the time he remained in gaol, the prisoner seemed to be deeply affected with a true sense of what he had so thoughtlessly and madly done. He regretted much that the fatal stroke should have been aimed by his hand, in the dimly-lighted passage, at Mr. Robert Parker, who, he declared, had taken little or no part in the silly fools' play which led to the catastrophe. But

when the last stage in the proceedings arrived, and he was brought forth to die on the scaffold, the Old Adam, as we are accustomed to call out natural instincts, revived within him: wherefore he made a desperate attempt to throw the executioner off the ladder, which, being, as was said, "unbecoming in one just on the brink of eternity," greatly scandalised the pious gaol chaplain, as well as the more matter-of-fact sheriff and his assistants.

After hanging what was supposed to be a sufficient time, the body was cut down, and taken to the Surgeons Hall, to be there dissected and anatomised. After it had been placed on the table, ready for being operated on, the surgeons, it seems, were called away to attend a case at the Infirmary; and on their return they found, to their astonishment, that Macdonald had so far recovered as to be able to sit up. The half-hanged man immediately begged for mercy, but mercy there was none. A young surgeon, not willing to be disappointed of the dissection, seized a wooden mallet which he found lying near, and dealt him such a blow with it upon his head as effectually deprived him of life. Sykes tells us that they used to show a mallet at the Surgeons' Hall as the identical weapon employed by this inexorable son of Æsculapius to deprive poor Macdonald of his last miserable chance of life. Whether the tradition be true or not, that the "just vengeance of God" fell on the finisher of the work of the law in this remarkable case, no one can now affirm. Certain it is, however, that a report was long current, and perhaps unwritten traces of it still linger, that the young man who felled the resuscitated Highlander was soon after killed in a stable by his own horse.

The surgeons who lectured on Macdonald's body, after dissection, were Messrs. Hallewell, Stodart, Greenwell, and Lambert. The latter, we believe, was the father of the young gentleman who, seven years after the date of these transactions, met with the extraordinary accident in Sandyford Lane (as recorded in the *Monthly Chronicle* for March, 1887) which has ever since given to the scene of it the name of Lambert's Leap.

Notes and Commentaries.

A PRIVATEERING INCIDENT.

While looking through "Martin's Magazine" (vol. ii., 1757-8), a work of "miscellaneous correspondence, containing a variety of subjects relative to natural and civil history, geography, mathematics, poetry, memoirs of monthly occurrences, catalogues of new books," &c., published by Benjamin Martin, London, under date October 21, 1758, page 923, I came upon the following local record:—

Newcastle.—Sunday last, a French privateer of six guns took a brig off Tinmouth, in ballast, belonging to Mr. Brown, of London; likewise a sloop belonging to Mr. Harrison, of Sunderland, since which time the brig's men rose upon the French, threw one overboard, made prisoners of the rest, and ran the brig into Blyth, for which there was a handsome collection made on the 'Change.

J. W. Fenwick, Newcastle.

THE HAWICK SLOGAN, OR WAR-CRY.

The following version, differing from that which appeared in the July *Monthly Chronicle*, is given by Lytteil in "Landmarks of Scottish Life and Language":—"The words *Teary bus teary oaden* were long the war-whoop or gathering war-cry of the men of Hawick. . . . They are simply the first line of an old Gaelic war-song, and may be freely rendered—'The captain's on his legs, with all his mighty men.' More literally, the line or verse may be translated—'The captain (or lord) has arisen, and arisen have the heroes.' The lines which followed would probably go on to say—'Now may we all make ready for the fray,' or words to that effect. Written out in modern Gaelic, *Teary bus teary oaden* is *Dh'eirich aba's dh'eirich asidhean*—'Arisen has the chief, and arisen have his heroes.'"

J. G. Macdonald, North Shields.

BLYTH FOLLY.

Many years ago there stood, near the site of what is now known as the Old Folly, at Blyth, a building used as salt pans, which, on being sold, was bought by Mr. Cuthbert Forster, who soon pulled down the building, and built with the old bricks some cottages, which are still standing. This was looked upon by the inhabitants of Blyth as a foolish action, and the place was at once named "Cuddy's Folly," which name it retained until a few years back, when it was changed into Folly Road.

J. Y. F., Blyth.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

A MASHER.

A certain foreman in a factory not a hundred miles from Elswick, Newcastle, who is a "bit of a masher," and when dressed on a Sunday wears a pair of light-coloured gaiters, was observed on Scotswood Road by two workmen, when one remarked:—"Hey, Jack, luik yonder! Thor's wor foreman with a pair of cuffs on his ankles!'

THE OLD TYNE BRIDGE.

A farm servant from the neighbourhood of Ponteland visited the Newcastle Exhibition the other day. On his return home, he said to his master: "Weel, aa've bin hunnerds o' times ower the Moor, but aa nivvor see'd that bridge afore. It luiks a varry aad yen, tee, and must hae bin thor a lang time!"

BEAGLES.

"Whaat de ye think a chep said te me last neet?" remarked a village oracle a few days ago, as he held forth

to his companions in a public-house not far from Durham. "He wanted me te believe that beagles wor oney good for catchin' hares." "Wey, that's wrang, onny way," said one of his auditory, "'caas we've a beagle at wor chorch whe can catch mair tips tyekin' people ower the aad plyace than onnybody else. He can catch hairs, tee, for aa've seen him catch the bit laddies biv the hair o' thor heeds, and myek 'em howl as he howked 'em intiv the dyke!"

SENSIBLE TO THE LAST.

A ploughman, residing in the neighbourhood of Alnwick, was greatly attached to the horses he drove, so much so that when one of them called Diamond was taken ill John would not go to bed, but remained in the stable to attend on the sick nag. Early next morning John's master repaired to the stable. "Well, John," said the farmer, "how is your patient?" "Ah! sor," replied John, mournfully, "he's gyen, poor beast! He was sensible te the last. When aa said 'Diamond,' he lifted up his heed!"

MAKING MONEY.

In a public-house just outside Newcastle, a few weeks ago, a conversation took place between some men present as to a certain individual in the neighbourhood who had made a good sum of money, "nebody knaad hoo." Geordie Muffin was asked if he knew the party in question, and if he could account for so much money being "myed oot o' nowt." "Yis," answered Geordie, "aa knaad him varry weel. He wes a queer man, an' could myek money oot o' nowt. Aa knaa for a fact, myets, that he used te gan to Newcassel an' buy spades for haaf-a-croon, an' sell 'em for eighteenpence, and then myek a profit." There was a pause, when suddenly Geordie added: "Yis, 'caas the beggor nivvor paid for 'em!"

TAKING CARE OF THE KETTLE.

A collier, removing into a new house at Houghton-le-Spring, unthinkingly set the kettle on the bed, when his worthy spouse exclaimed, "Whaat's thoo dein', thoo stupid? Tyek the grimey kettle off the bed." To which Ralphy replied, "Wey, wey, woman, bliss us aall, the kettle's tyekin' ne harm!"

A PITMAN'S WIFE.

The following conversation between two pitmen is said to have been heard, some years ago, in a train between Newcastle and Shields. A: "Eh! marraa, and hoo's thoo gitten on?" B: "Wey, man, aa've been gitten married!" A: "Married, he' ye? And what sort of a wife he' ye gitten?" B: "Eh, man! She's a deevil." A: "A deevil, dis thoo say? Wey, man, but mine's warse than the deevil!" B: "Warse than the deevil! Hoo dis thoo myek that oot?" A: "Wey, dissent thoo read the Bible? Dissent it say, if thoo resists the deevil he'll flee fra thee? But if thoo resists wor Meg, by gox, she'll flee at thoo!"

COMPANION PICTURES.

An old Newcastle book and print seller was one day asked by a lady customer for a picture to hang in a recess of a small room. At the other side, she explained, was the picture of a little girl looking out of a window, and she wanted something to match this as near as possible. "A little girl looking *out* of a window," said the old bookseller, musingly; "then suppose we give you a little boy looking *into* a window. How would that do?"

TIT FOR TAT.

A little chimney sweep once entered a shop at Usworth Colliery and asked for a threepenny loaf of bread. The shopman handed him one. The boy looked at it, and said it was a "smaal yen." "Oh!" said the shopman, "it will be the less to carry." The lad then put twopence-halfpenny on the counter, and then left. The shopman hastened to the door and shouted for him to come back, as he had not left money enough. "Oh!" said the lad, "it'll be the less to coont!"

BETTER DAYS.

The following dialogue was overheard on a building at Elswick:—First Bricklayer: "Aa see ye hev aad Billy B—— warkin' here noo." Second Bricklayer: "Aye, poor Billy, he's seen bettor days. Aa've knaan him when he cud be drunk for weeks tegither!"

North-Country Obituaries.

Mr. William Newstead died at his residence in Newcastle, on the 19th July. A native of South Yorkshire, the deceased gentleman for many years carried on business as a tea agent in Newcastle. Mr. Newstead was 61 years of age.

On the same day, Dr. Lucius Holland, a medical gentleman in practice in Newcastle, and a member of the Board of Guardians, died at 82, Elswick Road, in the forty-fourth year of his age.

Mr. Samuel Pescod, a foreman smith in the employment of the Tyne Commissioners, and an unobtrusive but useful citizen, died very suddenly, in the fifty-ninth year of his age, at the Central Station, Newcastle.

The death was announced, on the 21st of July, of Mr. Robert Ness, ship-owner and farmer, of Farthing Lake Farm, Marsden. Mr. Ness was a native of South Shields, where for many years he was engaged as a ship-owner and ship-broker. The deceased gentleman was sixty-three years of age.

The Right Rev. Provost Consitt, of Durham, died very suddenly in that city, on the 21st of July. Of Northern extraction, with a strain of Italian blood, the deceased canon was educated for the Roman Catholic priesthood at Ushaw College. He was ordained in 1842. In the following year he was made Prefect of Discipline, and he retained that office till he went to a mission at Haggerstone, on February 3rd, 1845. On the formation of a small community of priests at Wooler, in Northumberland, in the year 1855, Father Consitt and the Rev. James Chadwick (afterwards Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle)

were associated together as members. Father Consitt passed thence to Gateshead, in 1858, and there built the present church in Bensham Road and West Street. From this mission he was recalled to Ushaw in 1862, to take the chair of Moral Theology, which he retained till he succeeded the Very Rev. Provost Platt, at St. Cuthbert's, Durham, in 1869. Entering freely into public life, he took a leading position in the management of many Catholic charities in the district; and since the death of Bishop Bewick, in October last, he had fulfilled the duties of Vicar Capitular. He was a member of the Board of Guardians, and on the formation of the Durham School Board, for which he had been returned at the head of the poll, he was elected chairman—an office which he held,

with great acceptance, up to the time of his death. As a member of the Northumberland and Durham Archæological and Antiquarian Society, he contributed to its transactions several useful papers, his last production being an essay on St. Cuthbert, which had a large circulation. The deceased Canon was sixty-eight years of age; and in token of the universal respect and esteem in which he was held, his funeral, which took place on the 25th, was attended by a large number of clergy and laity, not only of the Roman Catholic Church, but also of the Church of England and of the various Nonconformist bodies in the city.

At an advanced age, the Hon. James Fleming, Q.C., Chancellor of the County Palatine of Durhnm, died at his residence in Dorset Square, London, on the 26th of July.

Miss Margaret Rosina Mackenzie, fourth daughter of the late Mr. Eneas Mackenzie, printer and publisher, of Newcastle, and the author of several local historical works, died at Barcelona, in Spain, on the 15th of July, at the age of sixty-six years.

At Glasgow, on the 29th of July, aged sixty-five, died Dr. Andrew Fergus, Crown Member for Scotland of the General Medical Council, and ex-President of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow. The deceased gentleman was a native of Newcastle, his father having been a Presbyterian minister in that town.

Captain Edward G. Waldy, J.P., chairman of the Stockton Board of Guardians and Highway Board, a member of the Tees Conservancy Commissioners and the Tees Fishery Board, died on the 30th of July, at Eaglescliffe, near Yarm, in the fifty-third year of his age.

The Rev. Thomas Shadforth, second son of Alderman George Shadforth, Mayor of Newcastle in 1829-30, and afterwards of Orchard House, Gilsland, died on the 25th of July, at the Rectory House, Beckley, in Kent, to which living he had been presented in 1878. The rev. gentleman was about seventy-one years of age.

At the age of sixty-five years, the Rev. Robert Best, Congregational minister at Bolton, died in that town on the 3rd of August. The rev. gentleman was a native of Newcastle, in which town for some years he followed the trade of his father (that of a clothier) and also acted as an attorney's clerk.

The Rev. P. C. Lowe, chaplain of Durham Gaol since 1873, and minor canon of Durham Cathedral, died on the 4th of August, at the age of sixty-five years.

Mr. Robert Thompson, who for upwards of forty years had carried on the business of tailor and draper at Seaham Harbour, and had been prominently identified with the local apostles of Chartism, died in that town on the 10th of August.

On the same day, died the Rev. Robert Cooke, a prominent minister of the Wesleyan body, with which he became connected in 1830, died in Newcastle. His first circuit was Gateshead, where he braved pestilence in carrying consolation to the victims of cholera; and he terminated his active work by preaching in the same town on Christmas Day, 1886. The rev. gentleman was in his seventy-fifth year.

Dr. Septimus William Rayne, who for nearly forty years was surgeon to the Newcastle Police Force, and long enjoyed an extensive professional practice in that town, also died on the 10th of August, at Winchester, where during the past few years he had lived in retirement.

Mr. Robert Candlish, head of the firm of Candlish and Son, of Londonderry Bottle Works, Seaham Harbour, and half-brother of the late Mr. John Candlish, member of Parliament for Sunderland, died at Seaham Harbour, on the 12th of August, at the age of fifty-nine years.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

JULY.

16.—For the first time, the State carriage of the High Sheriff of Northumberland, employed in the reception of her Majesty's Judges at the Assizes, bore, instead of the armorial bearings of the High Sheriff for the time-being, the ancient arms of Northumberland, as given by Speed and Camden.

—A new statute, qualifying every workshop contributing £10 and upwards to the funds of the Newcastle Infirmary to have a representative on the Board of Governors, was unanimously agreed to.

18.—A communication was received from the Privy Council, by the Clerk to the West Hartlepool Commissioners, stating that the draft of the charter for the incorporation of West Hartlepool had been approved, that the first election would take place on the 1st of November, and that the new borough was a "Jubilee" borough.

—Two Indian princes—Mahrajo Sir Pertarb Sing, of Johtpore, and Thakore Harji Sing—visited the Newcastle Exhibition.

20.—A destructive fire broke out on an off-farm at Allerwash Buildings, near Hexham, in the occupation of Mr. William Heslop, farmer.

—Mr. Frederick Franklin, a commercial traveller, in the employment of Mr. Harrison, draper, Tudhoe Grange, Spennymoor, was killed by being thrown from a Whitechapel which he was driving.

21.—A party of 207 Danes, composed chiefly of artisans, arrived in Newcastle from Copenhagen, being sent by an association, with partial assistance from the Government of their country. They were welcomed by the Danish Consul (Mr. J. V. Faber), and subsequently they were addressed by the Mayor at the Exhibition. On the following day they inspected several engineering and manufacturing establishments on the Tyne, including the Elswick Works. After a visit to Tynemouth and Cullercoats on the evening of the 23rd, they were entertained by the Danes resident in Newcastle to luncheona in the Banquetting Hall at Jesmond; and next morning the party left Newcastle for Manchester. Returning to Newcastle, the party sailed from the Tyne for Leith on the 30th of July.

22.—The Rev. William Boe, M.A., of Edinburgh, was ordained to the pastorate of the Scottish National Church, Argyle Street, Newcastle.

—The official notification of the elevation of Earl Percy to the peerage, under the title of Baron Lovaine, appeared in the *London Gazette*.

23.—The second annual regatta, intended for the promotion of swimming and other aquatic exercises among the fishermen, took place in Cullercoats Haven. The proceedings were highly successful, and the sea-banks, covered with spectators, presented a very pretty and animated scene.

—The eighteenth annual demonstration of the Durham Miners' Association was held on Durham Racecourse, and the attendance was estimated at upwards of 50,000 persons. The principal speakers were Mr. Fenwick, M.P., and Mr. Atherley Jones, M.P., and two resolutions were adopted—one upholding local and national trade unions, and the other condemning the action of the Government in regard to Ireland. The secretary of the association (Mr. W. Crawford, M.P.) was absent on account of illness.

24.—A coble, in which five young men were taking a sail off Seaham Harbour, capsized, and one of the occupants, Joseph Hall, died suddenly after having been rescued. Thomas Moan, one of the four survivors, died on the 30th.

25.—As Sheriff of Newcastle, Ald. W. H. Stephenson opened the new Victoria Jubilee Board School, capable of accommodating 1,000 children, built at a cost of £7,760, and situated in Urwin Road, Byker.

—The Very Rev. Canon Wilkinson, son of a former Recorder of Newcastle, was appointed Vicar-Capitular of the Roman Catholic See of Hexham and Newcastle, in place of the late Rev. Provost Consitt.

26.—The annual summer meeting of the Institution of Naval Architects was opened in the theatre of the Literary and Philosophical Society, Newcastle. The members, to the number of between two or three hundred, were welcomed by the Mayor and Sheriff, and the proceedings were under the presidency of the Earl of Ravensworth. Among the papers read was one, the joint production of Lord Armstrong and Mr. Vavasseur, on "The Application of Hydraulic Power to Naval Gunnery." A visit was afterwards paid to the Elswick Works, where luncheon was provided by Lord Armstrong; and the second day's meeting was held at Sunderland, where an official welcome was given by the Mayor, Mr. E. Richardson. In the evening, the members returned to Newcastle, and were, with a number of friends, entertained to a conversazione by the Mayor at the Exhibition. The third day's sitting was held in Newcastle, the proceedings including the reading of a paper on "Tyne Improvements," prepared by Mr. P. J. Messent, engineer to the Tyne Improvement Commissioners. The meeting was brought to a close by a visit to Consett on the 29th.

29.—Lord Armstrong took his seat for the first time in the House of Lords.

—An inquest was held on the body of a man named John Bridge who died after having been found, some days previously, in an unconscious state in the Back Row, Newcastle. The jury found as their verdict that the deceased died from the effects of injuries received, but how they were received, there was no evidence to show.

30.—Prince Emmanuel and Prince Victor, of Savoy, sons of the Duc D'Aosta, and nephews of the King of Italy, visited the Elswick Works, the Museum, and the Exhibition in Newcastle, afterwards leaving for Edinburgh.

—A fire, being the seventh in three weeks, occurred at Middlesbrough.

—The annual demonstration of the Northumberland miners was held at Blyth. Mr. John Nixon, president of the Union, occupied the chair, and, the weather being fine, there was a large attendance, those present being estimated at upwards of 5,000. The speakers were Mr. Fenwick, M.P., Mr. C. Bradlaugh, M.P., Mr. T. Burt, M.P., and Mr. Richard Fynes. The last-named gentleman, having incurred the displeasure of a section of the miners, was subjected to a good deal of interruption in the course of his address.

—A coroner's jury at Sunderland returned a verdict of manslaughter against William Henry Cassell, who was alleged to have caused the death of Thomas Taylor during an altercation in a public-house in that town.

—Mrs. Charles Mitchell laid the foundation stone of St. George's Parochial Hall, Osborne Road, West Jesmond, Newcastle.

AUGUST.

1.—A fire, causing damage to property and stock to the amount of between £8,000 and £9,000, occurred in the premises of Messrs. Poole, Truttman, and Francis, dealers in fancy goods, Clayton Street East, Newcastle. A woman (who had been ill) and three children were rescued with difficulty from an upper story.

—About half-past five o'clock to-night, a workmen's train from Blaydon was standing behind a mineral train, on the North Eastern Railway, close to the Newcastle Infirmary, when the Blaydon train was run into by an empty excursion train from Edinburgh by the Waverley route. Between twenty and thirty persons were injured by being thrown from their seats, the more severe sufferers being removed to the Infirmary. Several of the railway carriages were damaged.

2.—The Rao of Kutch, one of the Indian potentates who took part in the Jubilee celebrations, arrived in Newcastle, and visited the Exhibition and other places of interest in the city and neighbourhood. His Highness left for Edinburgh on the 4th.

—A public meeting was held in Sunderland, under the presidency of the Mayor (Mr. E. Richardson), when it was resolved to erect a tombstone over the grave of Jack Crawford, and to place a memorial of the hero in the Public Park. The movement, which originated with the article that appeared in the first nnmber of the *Monthly Chronicle*, has been energetically promoted by Mr. Ralph Brown Annison, member of the Town Council, and Mr. Francis George Baverstock, paymaster of H.M.S. Durham.

3.—On the invitation of the North of England Institute of Mining and Mechanical Engineers, a large number of gentlemen connected with those professions commenced a four days' visit to Newcastle. They were received and welcomed by Sir I. Lowthian Bell, as President of the North of England Institute, and by the Mayor of Newcastle, Sir B. C. Browne. The proceedings were very enjoyable and interesting.

—At a largely attended public meeting in the Town Hall, Gateshead, it was unanimously resolved to call upon the elective auditors to explain how the recent defalcations had taken place; and another resolution, calling upon them to resign, was also adopted.

—At a meeting of the Newcastle City Council, the Mayor was authorised to invite the British Association to visit Newcastle in 1889.

—Captain Dale made a successful balloon ascent from the Newcastle Exhibition.

—During the progress of an eclipse of the moon, which took place to-night, the sailors on board the two Chinese gunboats lying in the river Tyne at Newcastle fired a series of guns at the luminary, it being the belief of some Chinamen that eclipses of the sun and moon are caused by dragons trying to destroy those two sources of light.

5.—A dividend at the rate of 4¾ per cent. per annum was declared at the half-yearly meeting of the North-Eastern Railway Company.

—The regiment of the Northumberland Hussars, numbering upwards of 250, was inspected on the Town Moor, Newcastle, by Lord Ralph Kerr, Inspector of Auxiliary Cavalry for the Northern District.

6.—The annual meeting of the North of England Institute of Mining and Mechanical Engineers was held in Newcastle, under the presidency of Sir Isaac Lowthian Bell, who was re-elected President.

—A fire, being the ninth in the course of a month, occurred at Middlesbrough.

—The number of visitors to the Newcastle Exhibition, since the opening on the 11th of May, to-day reached the grand total of 1,012,863.

8.—The annual meeting of the Northern Union of Mechanics' Institutes was held at Gateshead, under the presidency of Mr. James Joicey, M.P. The delegates afterwards visited the Newcastle Exhibition, where they were entertained to dinner by the president.

—John James M'Ewen, until recently manager of the Jarrow Branch of the North-Eastern Banking Company, Limited, was committed for trial to the Assizes, by the magistrates of that place, on a series of charges of having embezzled moneys to the amount of £9,358, belonging to the Jarrow Permanent Building Society, of which he was secretary.

—Great damage was done by a fire which broke out on the farm of Mr. Edward Nixon, at Cowpen Bewley, near Stockton.

9.—The Middlesbrough Town Council met for the first time in their handsome new Council Chamber.

—Horsley Bulmer and Frank Bulmer, brothers, fishermen, were drowned by the upsetting of their coble at the mouth of the Tees.

—Four fires, none of them, fortunately, of a serious nature, broke out in different parts of Newcastle.

10.—At a meeting convened in the name of the Literary and Philosophical Society, and presided over by the Mayor (Sir B. C. Browne), it was unanimously resolved to invite the British Association to visit Newcastle in 1889; and a committee was appointed to carry out the proposal. The sum of between £400 and £500 had already been subscribed towards the local expenses, which, it was stated, would amount to about £2,000; Lord Armstrong, who was president of the previous Newcastle meeting of the Association in 1863, contributing £200.

11.—The Catholics of the diocese of Hexham and Newcastle, to the number of some thousands, made a pilgrimage to Holy Island, in celebration of the twelfth centenary of the death of St. Cuthbert. In the course of the journey from Beal, a long stretch of sands, partly covered by water, had to be traversed, and the majority of the party waded barefooted to their destination. During the march, the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary were recited. At the island the choir at the head of the procession intoned the Litany of the Saints, and all moved towards the ruins of Holy Island Priory, where "Faith of our Fathers" was sung, and mass celebrated with a full choral service. The Right Rev. Dr. Patterson, of London, preached a sermon from the words "Take thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." The "Te Deum" and St. Cuthbert's Hymn followed, after which the pilgrimage was brought to a close. The weather throughout was of the finest description, and the whole arrangements were carried out efficiently and satisfactorily.

—At the annual meeting of the Natural History Society of Northumberland, Durham, and Newcastle, it was reported that, after the liquidation of all liabilities connected with the new museum at Barras Bridge, and which had cost £47,877 2s. 1d., there remained a credit balance of about £2,300, of which £2,000 had been invested, to form a nucleus for the Museum Maintenance Fund.

12.—In the *Evening Chronicle* of to-day, Mr. William Grieves, of Ashington Colliery, told the story of a shower of "maggots" which he had witnessed at that colliery about a fortnight previously.

—The officers belonging to the Chinese warships lying in the Tyne, were entertained to a farewell dinner at the

Douglas Hotel, Newcastle, by Mr. F. J. Matthews, representative of Messrs. R. W. Hawthorn, Leslie, and Co.

13.—Athletic and military sports were held at the Exhibition. The programme included flat races, egg and ladle race, and water-bucket race, besides wrestling on horseback, lemon slicing, tent-pegging, &c., by military and police. The weather was very unsettled, and the attendance was not so numerous as it would have been had the meteorological conditions been more favourable.

15.—The Queen appointed Mr. Gainsford Bruce, Q.C., to the office of Temporal Chancellor of the County Palatine of Durham.

—A balloon, containing the aëronant Captain Dale, and two other persons, ascended from the Exhibition, and, moving rapidly in the direction of South Shields, was in danger of being carried out to sea. A grappling iron was thrown out, and caught the rails of the River Tyne Commissioners' Railway on the beach at South Shields. The balloon was then brought down within a few yards of the seaside. Thousands of people witnessed the descent.

General Occurrences.

JULY.

18.—An extraordinary scene took place in the lobby of the House of Commons. Mr. W. H. Long, member for the Devizes Division of Wilts, spoke to Dr. Tanner, member for Cork, who gave a most offensive reply. The matter was brought before the House, and Dr. Tanner afterwards apologised.

21.—The death was reported of Mr. H. M. Stanley, the celebrated African explorer, who recently started on an expedition in search of Emin Bey, in Central Africa. Although the information was afterwards discredited, it caused much anxiety at the time.

23.—A naval review took place at Spithead, and formed a fitting close to the series of brilliant and impressive events which have signalised the Queen's Jubilee. The fleet assembled on the occasion numbered over 130 warships, representing 440 guns, 232,000 tons measurement, and a force of 20,200 officers and men. As soon as the Royal yacht, Victoria and Albert, having the Queen and many other Royal personages on board, left Cowes, a Royal salute was fired from each of the warships, the yards, turrets, breastworks, and decks being manned. Her Majesty was everywhere greeted with great enthusiasm, alike by those on board the warships and by countless thousands on steamers, yachts, &c. The spectacle was one of unusual magnificence and impressiveness. In the evening the warships and other vessels were brilliantly illuminated.

26.—Lord Charles Beresford resigned his position as Naval Lord of the Admiralty. This step was taken on account of curious a breach of discipline, Lord Charles having sent a signal to his wife from the Queen's yacht during the naval review.

28.—Mr. T. M. Healy, member for North Longford, was suspended from service in the House of Commons for using abusive language to Mr. De Lisle, member for the Loughborough Division of Leicestershire.

30.—General Boulanger, late Minister of War in the French Government, challenged M. Jules Ferry, late Prime Minister, to fight a duel, the cause of affront being a speech in which M. Ferry spoke of the general as a "music hall St. Arnaud." In consequence of a misunderstanding between the seconds the affair fell through.

AUGUST.

4.—A series of brilliant naval manœuvres were executed by the British Fleet on the south and west coasts. Falmouth was theoretically captured and burnt by a hostile fleet, which also evaded the vigilance of a defending squadron and anchored at the mouth of the Thames, where, however, the pursuing fleet effectually held it in check. At Liverpool the defenders completely defeated the attacking fleet and captured several ironclads. During the manœuvres in the English Channel a machine gun burst on the ironclad Black Prince, severely wounding half-a-dozen men. A similar accident also occurred on the torpedo-vessel Curlew, with the same unfortunate result. The reason assigned for the disasters was the employment of blank cartridges in this class of weapon.

5.—About 4,000 engine drivers employed on the Midland Railway came out on strike. The dispute arose out of a new working arrangement under which the company decided to pay the men only for the hours they were employed.

—Mr. John Bright, presiding at a banquet given by the Liberal Unionists in honour of the Marquis of Hartington, severely criticised Mr. Gladstone's action in relation to the Home Rule Bill for Ireland.

6.—A disastrous fire occurred in London, the extensive premises of Mr. William Whiteley (known as "The Universal Provider"), situate in Queen's Road, Bayswater, London, being almost entirely destroyed. Three persons were killed and many injured. The damage was estimated at £100,000. This was the seventh time that one of Mr. Whiteley's establishments has been burnt down, and his losses from fire altogether amount to more than £1,000,000.

10.—The annual banquet given towards the close of the session, by the Lord Mayor of London, to her Majesty's Ministers, took place to-day. Lord Salisbury delivered an address upon political affairs. He spoke in hopeful terms of the prospects of peace.

11.—A terrible railway accident occurred on a bridge over the Vermillion River, near Piper City, Illinois, United States. The bridge had caught fire, and, as the train was passing over, the burning structure gave way, the carriages being completely wrecked. About 100 persons were killed, and more than 400 injured.

14.—Prince Ferdinand of Coburg, the new Prince of Bulgaria, arrived at Tirnova, the ancient capital, where he was received with acclamation. A formal protest against the assumption of authority by the Prince was communicated by Russia to the other Powers.

15.—The result of the polling for the Northwich Division of Cheshire was declared to-day. The electors decided in favour of Home Rule for Ireland by a majority of 1,129. At the last election the Liberal Unionist candidate had a majority of 458.

Printed by WALTER SCOTT, Felling-on-Tyne.

The Monthly Chronicle

OF

NORTH-COUNTRY LORE AND LEGEND

VOL. I.—No. 8. OCTOBER, 1887. PRICE 6D.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford,

AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF NEWCASTLE AND GATESHEAD," &c.

George Anderson,

"THE MAJOR."

IN the middle of last century there lived in Newcastle one George Anderson, an architect and builder. It is not known that he was even remotely connected with the ancient family of that name, or that he claimed a relationship to them. He was the son of a tailor at Benwell, and was apprenticed to George Stoddart, bricklayer, in Newcastle, on the 19th of May, 1715. Clever in his business, and thrifty in his habits, he acquired wealth in the town: so much of it, indeed, that in 1782, when Sir Thomas Blackett unsuccessfully offered Anderson Place, the historic residence of the Andersons, to the Corporation for public improvements, he was able to

ANDERSON PLACE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, 1780.
[*From an Aquatint Engraving by Sonander.*

become the purchaser. This "princely mansion" was too large for him to occupy alone, and he converted it into "three commodious houses," occupying one himself, and letting off the remainder.

At the time of the purchase George Anderson had one son, baptised in his father's name—a young man of three-and-twenty, following the profession of arms. It was a fighting time in which George Anderson, jun., served his king and country as an officer in the 34th Regiment of Foot; promotion was comparatively rapid, and, in the due course of events, he attained the rank of Major. On the 15th June, 1801, he married Lucy Anne, daughter of Stephen Croft, of Stillington, Yorkshire, and took up his abode in the old mansion, with its spacious grounds, which extended from Pilgrim Street on the east to Newgate Street on the west, and from High Friar Lane on the north to the High Bridge on the south. Reviving past traditions, and linking the name of the old possessors with those of the new owner, he called the house "Anderson Place." Thenceforward, for thirty years, Major Anderson of Anderson Place was one of the institutions of Newcastle.

Although a soldier, the major was a man of taste, and of some culture. He had been abroad and had acquired a knowledge of pictures, and one of his first acts of benevolence, after he had married and settled down, was to present one of his art treasures to St. Andrew's Church, for the decoration of the altar. John Sykes, diligent recorder of events in the Northern Counties, notes the gift in 1804:—"This year a superb painting by the celebrated Giordano, representing the Last Supper, was presented by George Anderson, Esq., to the inhabitants of the chapelry of St. Andrew in Newcastle, which was placed above the communion table of that church." When the Rev. John Hodgson, historian of Northumberland, was only a poor curate in Gateshead, Major Anderson made his acquaintance, and remained his faithful friend through life. In the year that Mr. Hodgson married (1810), he procured for him an engagement to write the description of Northumberland in the "Beauties of England and Wales," then in course of publication. His practical benevolence was shown at the same time in the cause of education. On the 4th of June that year he laid the foundation stone of the Royal Jubilee School in the New Road, and subscribed handsomely to its funds.

Then occurred an event which set the town on fire with scandal, and amused and amazed the whole of the North Country. Major Anderson, soldier and gentleman, stooped to the puerility of pulling the nose of the Town Clerk of Newcastle, Nathaniel Clayton, in open Guild. Into the particulars of this event, which happened in January, 1811, it is not necessary to enter. There are pages about it in one of Thomas Bell's marvellous collections, a picture of it in the frontispiece to "Tim Tunbelly's Letters," but the details are not very nice reading. It is sufficient to state that the major, being appointed one of the auditors of the Corporation, wanted to know a great deal more than the officials were disposed to tell him. A note in his own handwriting, dated March 25th, 1809, shows that ill-feeling had been brewing between the Town Clerk and himself for some time:—"In consequence of my having entered into the inquiry of ye expenditure of the Corporation the following bill was sent to me from the Town Clerk's office to show me how regular they were in the collecting their rents and what attention they meant to pay to the property of the free burgesses:—'George Anderson, Esq. To the Mayor and Burgesses of Newcastle, Dr.—1809, March 25. To 48 years' rent for a teefall near the Nunns, at 2s. 6d. per annum, due this day—6*l*.'"

It must have been evident, however, that nothing of this kind could justify the offensive method of redress which the major adopted. He was indicted at the Northumberland Assizes, found guilty, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment in the King's Bench, to pay a fine of £50 to the king, and to find security for his good behaviour for three years afterwards, himself in £200 and two sureties of £100 each. Public opinion in Newcastle was sharply divided upon this untoward event. The major had many friends, some of whom applauded, while others excused, his conduct, and they were strong enough to make several heated demonstrations in his favour. A deputation of Freemen visited him in the King's Bench Prison with an address; they held a public meeting on the eve of his liberation, and passed a congratulatory address to Mrs. Anderson, and a resolution of thanks to the prisoner "for his great and generous services to the public of this town in promoting at all times measures for the greater convenience of the inhabitants and bettering the condition of the poor," and "more particularly" for his "able and indefatigable application to procure redress of the grievances of the free burgesses"; and when he arrived in town from London they met the coach, and cheered, while the bells of the churches rang merry peals as for a victory. A local poet, J. Leonard, composed an ode of welcome (there were several songs about the nose-pulling) in which it is affirmed that

> With breast inspir'd by ardent zeal,
> He labour'd for the public weal,
> His foes they stood aghast!
> Corruption dire, our grisly foe,
> He gave the fiend a mortal blow,
> And soon she'll breathe her last.
>
> He soothes the aged Widows' woes;
> With strength he checks the Freemen's foes,
> And suffers in their cause:
> But now his sufferings are o'er,
> Our Patriot we lament no more,
> But hail him to the skies!

Major Anderson's later appearances in local history correspond to his early unfoldings. In 1820, Mr. Hodgson completed the first volume of his colossal undertaking, "The History of Northumberland," and in the preface is an acknowledgment of the handsome gift of £20 from the major towards the cost of the engravings. In his letter

to Hodgson, expressing his thanks for the compliment, the major says he should have been pleased if his example had been followed by the more wealthy and higher classes of the country, but, as they are "not encouragers of the arts and sciences," "their assistance is only to be had by servility, which I think you very right in not crouching to." The same year Major Anderson himself became an an author, publishing a book of travels, in imperial folio, entitled "A Tour in Normandy in 1815; describing the principal Cities, Towns, and Antiquities, the Great Monasteries, Abbeys, Cathedrals, and Churches of that Province, their Foundations, Revenues, and Present State; also a list of Persons who accompanied William to the Conquest of England, from the Archives of Rouen, with Plates, Ground Plans, &c."

Turning once more to the faithful Sykes, we find Major Anderson figuring in a great act of charity and mercy. He had acquired the estate of Hawthorn Dene, in the parish of Easington, and erected thereon a Gothic mansion facing the sea, which he named Hawthorn Hive Cottage. He was residing there on the 5th November, 1824, when a terrible gale swept across the North-East Coast, and fifty vessels were wrecked within sight of his house. Summoning his servants, he went down to the shore and attempted the rescue of the crew of the ship Dido, which lay between two rocks about 30 yards from the cliffs. The crew, clinging to the bowsprit, made many ineffectual attempts to throw a rope to the major, but failed, until his Newfoundland dog, which had accompanied the party, dashed into the surge and brought the rope ashore in his mouth. Fourteen persons were rescued, taken to the house, and handsomely treated by the major and his family. Next day, adds Sykes, the captain's wife visited Hive Cottage, "where she with streaming eyes expressed her gratitude, and, falling upon her knees, kissed the dog which had been so essentially instrumental in saving her husband and the crew."

On the 6th September, 1831, Major Anderson died, without issue, and was buried in St. Nicholas' Church. There is a mural monument to his memory in that sacred edifice; and in St. Thomas's Church at the Barras Bridge, to which he had been a liberal subscriber, his arms were, the year before his death, placed in the great east window, side by side with those of the Rev. Richard Clayton, master of the hospital, and son of his old opponent, the Town Clerk. When his will was read, it was found that he had made some singular bequests, intended to benefit and beautify his native town. He left to St. Andrew's Church £100 "for the purpose of repairing and ornamenting the tower thereof; and if that the tower aforesaid, after being repaired and ornamented, shall be found capable of bearing and admitting a spire of height from 50 to 100 feet high, then in that case I leave it £400 more for that purpose. My wish is that it may be seen from Durham Cathedral, and give an exterior dignity to the town of Newcastle." To St. John's he bequeathed £200, "for the purpose of creating a spire on the top of the tower thereof, of the height of 50 feet high—which said spire shall have my name and arms thereon, with the date thereof." To St. Nicholas' £500, "for the purpose of purchasing a large bell for the clock to strike upon—which said bell shall have my name and arms thereon, with the date thereof, and the purpose for which it was given. These gifts above-mentioned I trust the reverend the Vicar of Newcastle will see properly and correctly applyed. But if that the vicar and the churchwardens of the aforesaid churches will not comply with the above conditions in the course of three years, then the aforesaid sums shall be forfeited, and become the property of my godson, George Anderson. I wish that my executors to my will see the bequests left to the churches before-mentioned correctly complied with, as they are intended to be of general ornament, use, and benefit to the town of Newcastle, and also an example to others to imitate, of the Church of England—as I hold that in my opinion it is the duty of everyone to keep up the magnificence and dignity of the buildings erected to the Supreme Being."

It was found on examination of the towers of St. Andrew's and St. John's that Major Anderson's benevolent intentions could not be carried out, and the bequests to those churches sank into the residue. But the great bell for St. Nicholas was purchased, and under the name of "The Major" it still "sounds its deep tones above the tide."

James Anderson, D.D.,

PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER AT MORPETH.

Skilful alike with tongue and pen,
He preached to all men everywhere
The Gospel of the Golden Rule,
The New Commandment given to men;
Thinking the deed, and not the creed,
Would help us in our utmost need.

—*Longfellow.*

In the month of May, 1882, the borough of Morpeth lost one of its foremost citizens—the Rev. James Anderson, D.D., minister of St. George's Presbyterian Church.

Mr. Anderson was educated at Aberdeen University, and had been for twenty-one years a minister of the Church of Scotland in his native parish of St. Fergus, near Peterhead, when the non-intrusion controversy rent that church asunder. The Disruption sent Presbyterian clergymen flying across the border; some to England in search of new congregations and freedom; others from England to Scotland, seeking vacated pulpits and surrendered stipends. The Rev. Matthew Brown, minister of the congregation at Morpeth, was one of those who went north; the Rev. James Anderson was one of those who came south. For when the Morpeth friends consulted Dr. Chalmers in their emergency, that eminent divine selected Mr. Anderson as the one minister among the Free Church party who, by gifts and temperament, seemed to him most fitted to take up the office which Mr.

Brown had resigned. It was a fortunate selection, as both church and people realised during many happy and prosperous years.

At the time of his settlement in Morpeth (December, 1843) Mr. Anderson was forty-seven years of age—approaching the middle term, "when life is at its prime." Possessing an active brain and fine physique, and being therefore capable of great and sustained effort, the new minister at Morpeth devoted himself with true missionary zeal to the development of Presbyterian life in the North of England. By the year 1847, when the Synod of his denomination was held at Sunderland, he had made his mark in the North, and was chosen Moderator—the highest office his church could bestow. Thenceforward his career was

Rev. Dr. Anderson

one of remarkable energy and achievement. He assisted to build up neglected churches, and to unite scattered links of Presbyterian organization throughout the Northern Counties, at the same time labouring to create new centres of religious life around him, and to popularise the methods of church work and government for which he had sacrificed his home and position beyond the Tweed. In recognition of his services in these directions, and of his commanding abilities as a preacher and a scholar, the University of Aberdeen conferred upon him the title of Doctor of Divinity.

Dr. Anderson was one of the originators, and always a warm advocate and supporter, of the educational schemes of his denomination. These culminated in a college in London—an institution which he lived to see thoroughly equipped and firmly established upon a self-supporting basis. When projects for the union of various branches of the Presbyterian Church were mooted, he sympathised with them, and at the realisation of the first step in that direction—the coalescence of the U.P. Church in England and the English Presbyterian Churches—he was considered by both denominations to be the man among them most worthy of honour, and they made him Moderator of their first United Synod.

Chiefly by his exertions the dingy old chapel at Morpeth, in which the Presbyterians had worshipped for many generations, was replaced in 1860 by the spire-crowned edifice which forms one of the chief ornaments at the southern entrance to the town. A gifted pastor, a handsome church, and a united and prosperous congregation form a combination that in any community wins sympathy and respect. When, therefore, in 1872, Dr. Anderson reached the jubilee of his ministerial life, all classes of the townspeople, without regard to sect or politics, joined in testifying their appreciation of his work and character. He was entertained at a public dinner in the Town Hall, at which the Mayor presided, and the M.P. for the borough (Sir Geo. Grey) and other notables gathered together. In the evening there was a great meeting, at which the doctor was presented with a cheque for £600 and a piece of silver plate. Many pleasant things were said of him in the course of that day, but the highest eulogium of all came from himself, when he announced that he should bestow upon two objects that were nearest to his heart, education and charity, the whole of the subscribed money. Accordingly £100 was invested for the poor of his flock; the remainder was handed over to the College Committee, who endowed with it an undergraduate scholarship, which the doctor had the pleasure of seeing won by a youth belonging to his own congregation.

Outside of his ministerial calling Dr. Anderson was an active and useful public man. For many years he was Chairman of the local Board of Guardians, President of the Young Men's Mutual Instruction Association, and Vice-President of the Mechanics' Institute, and upon innumerable occasions he appeared upon the public platform when the people of Morpeth were asked to promote schemes of intellectual improvement and social reorganisation.

Roderick Random in the North.

IT is understood that the hero of Tobias Smollett's famous novel of "Roderick Random" is in the main the author himself. Indeed, the three heroes of Smollett's chief productions—Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle, and Matthew Bramble—are evidently, though of course not professedly, Tobias at different stages and

in various situations and circumstances. Smollett has embodied in these racy narratives much of his own curious personal history. The principal characters in them all exhibit the same mental and moral traits, the same peculiar idiosyncracies, the same rare humour, the same good-natured cynicism, the same satirical wit, the same generosity and benevolence, the same fondness for boisterous sports, the same propensity for getting into and out of awkward scrapes—the same vagabond recklessness at the bottom. In Matthew Bramble all this is softened down, yet the staple of the character is the same. The difference is only that between the youth and the old man. Smollett's subordinate characters were likewise almost all drawn from real life: hence their intense vividness and truth to nature. In "Peregrine Pickle," for instance, the author has introduced Lord Lyttleton, Mark Akenside, Henry Fielding, and other well-known persons, which, we are told, at first raised a storm of opposition against the work, and caused it to be virulently denounced as an immoral and scurrilous libel. As for "Roderick Random," it has often been observed that all the first volume, and the beginning of the second, seem to consist of real incidents and characters, though certainly a good deal coloured and disguised. The Judge, his Grandfather, Crab and Potion, the two Apothecaries, and Squire Gawky, were individuals well-known in that part of the country where the scene was laid. Captains Oakum and Whiffle, Doctors Mackshane and Morgan, were also known to be real personages. A bookbinder and barber, it is said, long eagerly contended for the honour of having been immortalised under the name of Strap. To these identifications an addition may safely be made in the person of the pedantic schoolmaster and alehouse-keeper who figures in the following scene:—

Having entered a small village in the twilight, we inquired for a public-house, and were directed to one of a very sorry appearance. At our entrance, the landlord, who seemed to be a venerable old man, with long grey hair, rose from a table placed by a large fire, in a very neat paved kitchen, and with a cheerful countenance accosted us in these words: "Salvete, Pueri, ingredimini." I was not a little pleased to hear our host speak Latin, because I was in hopes of recommending myself to him by my knowledge in that language; I therefore answered without hesitation, "Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco large reponens." I had no sooner pronounced these words, than the old gentleman, running towards me, shook me by the hand, crying, "Fili me dilectissime! unde venis?—a superis ni failor!" In short, finding we were both read in the classics, he did not know how to testify his regard enough, but ordered his daughter, a jolly, rosy-cheeked damsel, who was his sole domestic, to bring us a bottle of his "quadrimum"—repeating from Horace at the same time, "Deprome quadrimum sabina, O Thaliarche, merum diota." This "quadrimum" was excellent ale of his own brewing, of which he told us he had always an amphora four years old for the use of himself and friends. In the course of our conversation, which was interlarded with scraps of Latin, we understood that this facetious person was a schoolmaster, whose income being small, he was fain to keep a glass of good liquor for the entertainment of passengers, by which he made both ends of the year meet. "I am this day," said he, "the happiest old fellow in his Majesty's dominions. My wife, rest her soul, is in heaven. My daughter is to be married next week; but the two chief pleasures of my life are these (pointing to the bottle and a large edition of Horace that lay on the table). I am old, 'tis true—what then? The more reason I should enjoy the small share of life that remains, as my friend Flaccus advises:—'Tu ne quæsieris (scire nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi finem dii dederint.—Carpe diem quam minimum credula postero.'" As he was very inquisitive about our affairs, we made no scruple of acquainting him with our situation; which when he had learned, he enriched us with advices how to behave in the world, telling us he was no stranger to the deceits of mankind. In the meantime, he ordered his daughter to lay a fowl to the fire for supper, for he was resolved this night to regale his friends "permittens divis cætera." While our entertainment was preparing, our host recounted the adventures of his own life; which, as they contain nothing remarkable, I forbear to rehearse. When we had fared sumptuously and drank several bottles of his "quadrimum," I expressed a desire of going to rest, which was with some difficulty complied with, and after he had informed us that we should over take the waggon by noon next day, and that there was room enough in it for half-a-dozen, for there were only four passengers as yet in that conveyance. Before my comrade and I fell asleep, we had some conversation about the good humour of our landlord, which gave Strap such an idea of his benevolence that he positively believed we should pay nothing for our board and entertainment. "Don't you observe (said he) that he has conceived a particular affection for us—nay, even treated us at supper with extraordinary fare, which, to be sure, we should not of ourselves have called for?" I was partly of Strap's opinion; but the experience I had of the world made me suspend my belief till the morning, when, getting up betimes, we breakfasted with our host and his daughter on hasty pudding and ale, and desired to know what we had to pay. "Biddy will let you know, gentlemen," said he, "for I never mind these matters. Money matters are beneath the concern of one who lives upon the Horatian plan. 'Crescentem sequitur cura pecuniam.'" Meanwhile, Biddy having consulted a slate that hung in the corner, told us our reckoning came to 8s. 7d. "Eight shillings and sevenpence!" cried Strap; "'tis impossible—you must be mistaken, young woman." "Reckon again, child," says her father, very deliberately, "perhaps you have miscounted." "No, indeed, father," she replied, "I know my business better." I could contain my indignation no longer, but said it was an unconscionable bill, and demanded to know the particulars; upon which the old man got up, muttering, "Aye, aye, let us see the particulars, that's but reasonable." And taking pen, ink, and paper, wrote the following items:—

	s.	d.
To bread and beer	0	6
To a fowl and sausages	2	6
To four bottles of quadrimum	2	0
To fire and tobacco	0	7
To lodging	2	0
To breakfast	1	0
	8	7

As he had not the appearance of a common publican, and had raised a sort of veneration in me by his demeanour the preceding night, it was not in my power to upbraid him as he deserved; therefore I contented myself with saying I was sure he did not learn to be an extortioner from Horace. He answered I was but a young man, and did not know the world, or I would not tax him with extortion, whose only aim was to live "contentus parvo," and keep off "importuna pauperies." My fellow-traveller could not so easily put up with this imposition; but swore he should either take one-third of the money or go without. While we were enaged in this dispute I perceived the daughter go out, and, conjecturing the occasion, immediately paid the exorbitant demand, which was no sooner done than Biddy entered with two stout fellows, who came in on pretence of taking their morning draught, but in reality to frighten us into compliance. Just as we

departed, Strap, who was half distracted on account of this expense, went up to the schoolmaster, and, grinning in his face, pronounced with great emphasis, "Semperaverus eget." To which the pedant replied, with a malicious grin, "Animum rege, qui nisi paret, imperat."

In the course of the narrative, this amusing incident occurs at an early stage of the progress of the two friends to London, the date of which is mentioned a little before as 1739. We know that, about two years previous to this, Smollett was thrown on his own resources by the death of his grandfather, and that he quitted Glasgow for London about the time mentioned, in his nineteenth year, with a manuscript tragedy in his pocket, a small sum of money, and a great number of letters of introduction, most of which latter he found, when he reached the great modern Babel, to be of very little use. At that period the main London road passed through West Auckland, at which village stage waggons, the vehicles that Roderick Random and his travelling companion were in quest of, used then to be furnished to the metropolis. West Auckland is distant about thirty miles from Newcastle, which the adventurers are represented as having left on the third day preceding. Now, at the period indicated, there lived in West Auckland a worthy man named Richard Cooper, who sustained the united characters, not often conjoined, of the pedagogue and publican of the village. He was represented by those who still remembered him sixty or seventy years ago as a venerable-looking man, with long grey hair, interlarding his discourse with scraps of Latin on all occasions, and extolling the merits of his strong October, as good, according to his own account, as any that ever was brewed in Lichfield. He had, moreover, a "neat paved kitchen," and a pretty daughter, who attended to his guests while he himself was engaged in the duties of his more learned occupation. This accords exactly with the description of Roderick's host, and, to complete the correspondence, the worthy old gentleman, it is stated, with all his admiration of the Horatian philosophy, had a sharp eye for the more grovelling interests of the world. His *quadrimum*, the strength and age of which he continually boasted of, was declared by those who had tasted it to have been none of the strongest, and often not two months old, instead of four years. In buying eggs, Mr. Cooper affected a peculiar delicacy of taste, preferring, he said, those of a particular shape. Under this pretext he obtained the choice of the basket, and did not fail to secure the largest. Another example may be given of his adroitness in turning every occurrence to his own advantage. To play him a trick, a live goose had been thrown down the chimney into his school-room during the night. On his entering with his boys in the morning, far from being discomposed by the presence of the sooty intruder, he instantly declared it a most welcome God-send, whipped out his pen-knife, nicked it on the back of the head, and sent it home to be dressed for his dinner. By the register of his burial in the churchyard of St. Helen's, Auckland, it appears that Cooper died eighteen years after the publication of "Roderick Random," and twenty-seven years after Smollett's journey to London. He is said to have lived to an advanced age, having had a good constitution to begin with. There is, therefore, no difficulty as to dates, and, for any minor discrepancies, of which there are one or two, we are to bear in mind that Smollett himself, in his preface to the novel, declares that, though the incidents in it are all true in the main, the circumstances are altered and disguised to avoid personal satire. On the whole, then, the probability is that the precise locality of this laughable adventure was the village of West Auckland, and that Master Cooper was Smollett's host.

But before reaching West Auckland, Roderick met with an adventure in Newcastle-on-Tyne. It was here he fell in with his old acquaintance, Hugh Strap. How this came about is thus related in the novel:—

> The ostler of the inn at which we put up, understanding that I was bound for London, advised me to take my passage in a collier, which would be both cheap and expeditious, and withal much easier than to walk upwards of three hundred miles through deep roads in the winter time, a journey which he believed I had not strength enough to perform. I was almost persuaded to take his advice, when one day, stepping into a barber's shop to be shaved, the young man, while he lathered my face, accosted me thus: "I presume you are a Scotchman." I answered in the affirmative. "Pray," continued he, "from what part of Scotland?" I no sooner told him than he discovered great emotion, and, not confining his operation to my chin and upper lip, besmeared my whole face with great agitation. I was so offended at this profusion that I asked him what the d——l he meant by using me so? He begged pardon, telling me his joy at meeting with a fellow-countryman had occasioned some confusion in him, and craved my name. But, when I declared my name was Random, he exclaimed in rapture, "How, Rory Random?" "The same," I replied, looking at him with astonishment. "What!" cried he, "don't you know your old schoolfellow, Hugh Strap?" At that instant, recollecting his face, I flew into his arms, and, in the transport of my joy, gave him back one-half of the suds he had so lavishly bestowed on my countenance; so that we made a very ludicrous appearance, and furnished a great deal of mirth for his master and shopmates, who were witnesses of this scene. When our mutual caresses were over, I sat down again to be shaved; but the poor fellow's nerves were so discomposed by this unexpected meeting that his hand could scarcely hold the razor, with which, nevertheless, he found means to cut me in three places in as many strokes. His master, perceiving his disorder, bade another supply his place, and after the operation was performed, gave Strap leave to pass the rest of the day with me.

The barber's shop in which Roderick is supposed to have encountered his friend Strap is generally associated with what is still a barber's shop in the lower part of Pilgrim Street, between Mosley Street and the Low Bridge.

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In the year 1809 was interred in the churchyard of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields the body of one Hew Hewson, who

died at the age of 85. He was the original of Hugh Strap, in Smollett's "Roderick Random." Upwards of forty years he kept a hairdresser's shop in St. Martin's parish; the walls were hung round with Latin quotations, and he would frequently point out to his customers and acquaintances the several scenes in "Roderick Random" pertaining to himself, which had their origin, not in Smollett's inventive fancy, but in truth and reality. The meeting in a barber's shop at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the subsequent mistake at the inn, their arrival together in London, and the assistance they experienced from Strap's friend are all facts. The barber left behind an annotated copy of "Roderick Random," showing how far we are indebted to the genius of the author, and to what extent the incidents are founded on reality.

WILLIAM LEE, New Benwell.

William Martin, the Anti-Newtonian Philosopher.

ELDERLY men who have passed their lives on Tyneside must all be more or less familiar with that most singular of beings, William Martin, commonly called Billy Martin, of Wallsend, who gave himself many titles, including the "National Anti-Newtonian Christian Philosopher," and "Philosophical Conqueror of all Nations."

The key for opening the spiritual meaning of the Bible was supposed to have been found by that illustrious Swedish visionary, Baron Emanuel Swedenborg. In like manner, William Martin believed himself to have been specially chosen by God to reveal the hidden mysteries of the universe hitherto shrouded in darkness, and clearly to prove, as he himself expressed his conviction, "that all colleges throughout the civilised world are ignorant of natural causes," and that "all our grand masters basely teach lies instead of God's divine truth." One of the publications which he sent forth to enlighten mankind, "The Thunder Storm of Dreadful Forked Lightning, and God's Judgment against all False Teachers, that cause the People to err," contained this declaration:—"If the Philosopher (meaning himself) cannot prove his case by this small publication, he will suffer the British Government to burn him at the stake, the same as Bishops Ridley and Latimer, and other Christian martyrs that are recorded in history."

Martin tells us, in "A Short Account of the Philosopher's Life," written by himself, that he was born at the Lowhouse, a place in the township of Henshaw, near Bardon Mill, in the parish of Haltwhistle, on the 21st of June, 1772. When he was about four years old, he was carried to Cantyre, in Argyllshire, by his grandparents, who were very partial to him, and who were removing to that part of the Highlands, on the invitation of the Duke of Argyll, with a view "to show the Highlanders how to cultivate the ground." He remained there till he was about nine or ten years of age; and he gives a graphic account of how his time was spent on and about his grandfather's farm, not far from which "there were cliffy rocks with high elevations, which eagles and ravens built their nests upon, and were very destructive amongst the sheep in the lambing season." He goes on to say:—

> I used to amuse my little mind with climbing the mountains and gathering blueberries, which grew in great quantities on those mountains; and down in the valleys the little burns and becks were well stocked with fine trout, which were readily taken by the hand. Although young, I was very artful in taking them under the stones and brow edges, and groping and finding them under cover; by kittling them they would lie still until I got a proper hold of them, so I could soon get a fry of fine burn trout, although a very litle boy; and as most of the children in that part talked the Highland language, I was at a complete loss, for I could not understand them; which caused me oft to stray by myself, and amuse my little mind with curious things.

He had, moreover, a deal of fighting with the little fiery Celts, who had a vile habit of running England down, a thing which he could not tolerate. They could speak no English, while he could speak no Gaelic; but his grandfather's herd, who understood both languages, amused himself habitually by telling lies one to the other, and setting them on to fight for the honour of their respective countries and nations. They battled with each other fiercely like little bantam cocks, yet would be friendly again with each other if let alone, like all children; and both parties finding out at last the trickery of their interpreter, a mutual good understanding was established.

William relates some curious stories which he picked up in Cantyre about the superstitions of the ignorant Highlanders; and he also gives an interesting account of his grandfather Richard Thompson's open-handed hospitality, and of the sincere piety of the household. "Prayers," says he, "were made to the mighty God by all his family and servants twice a day, and for all the neighbours who could attend; and the remainder of the family," he adds, "follow the same example to this day; so did my mother as long as she lived; and on her death-bed she told her nurse, one of her nieces, that waited upon her, in prophetic language, that her family's name would sound from pole to pole." The good woman, moreover, told her nurse, as the latter afterwards told William, that "she was delighted with such heavenly music the night before she died, that she was wishful for them all to hear, but she thought proper to let them sleep on, and not disturb them, for it might be what she heard should be concealed from them, as it was heavenly." William, who was her first born, she said she knew "had a God-like soul." He was then in Ireland serving in the Northumberland Militia.

William Martin Natural Philosopher
Engraved by Him Also 1829
Sir Isaac was a knave and a deceiver of
Mankind and all kinds of People
But W.M. is no such thing for he has
Put'd down his false and lofty Steeple.

Jonathan Martin's Providential Escape from a Watery grave in the Bay of Biscay, four different times Engrav'd by William Martin.

The philosopher's father, Fenwick Martin, was a tanner by trade, and foreman of an extensive concern at the Bridgehouse Yard, a small distance from the town of Ayr. He was supposed to be the best swordsman in the kingdom, and was not afraid of any man as a fencer or a pugilist. He lived in a house at the end of the Brig of Doon (Burns's "Bonnie Doon"), and there William's brother Richard, afterwards Quartermaster-Sergeant in the Guards, was born. Being often at Ayr, when he was "little and young," William frequently had the pleasure of seeing the celebrated Scotch bard, but, says he, "I think I never saw him sober to my knowledge."

Leaving Scotland about the time of the American War, William's father settled first at Hartley, where he kept a public-house, and then removed to Newcastle, from whence he flitted to the Highside, near Hexham, where his brother Jonathan, afterwards so widely notorious for having set fire to York Minster in a mad fit of religious zeal, first saw the light. The family next shifted to the East Land-Ends, at Haydon Bridge, where John, the celebrated historical painter, was born.

In 1795, our philosopher joined the Northumberland Regiment of Militia, under the command of Colonel Reed. When encamped at Hendon, near Sunderland, some of the officers hearing that he was a noted swordsman, got him to teach them swordsmanship, which offended a grenadier sergeant of the name of Alexander McGregor, a teacher of the science of fence, who challenged him to a trial of skill. They met on Sunderland Moor, accompanied by many of the grenadiers, and the celebrated pugilist, William Buteland, when the Highlander got the worst of it, having been cut twelve times without succeeding in inflicting a single scratch on the Northumbrian champion. Nor was this the only piece of swordplay in which Martin came off victorious. He also bore off the palm in several leaping matches. But time as well as room would fail us were we to try to particularise all his athletic feats.

On the regiment being disbanded in 1802, he went home to Haydon Bridge, and from thence to Howdon Dock, where he wrought at the ropery as a rope-maker. In 1805, he got a patent for some new kind of shoes, we are not told of what make or stuff; and he also began to study perpetual motion, which, if we may believe his own account, he discovered "as the result of thirty-seven different inventions," proving "all philosophers impostors, and false men, and deceivers of mankind"; unfortunately we do not know in what way. All we are informed of is, that he "discovered it on the 4th of January, 1807, as known to the gentlemen of Newcastle, and Mr. Turner also."

One day, when at Percy Main Colliery, in company with his brothers John and Richard, he saw the banksman conducting a corf full of coals from the pit mouth to the screen, when he observed:—"Look at that poor horse, whose exertion so far exceeds his natural strength, that it must soon wear him out, and render him incapable of working at all. I can easily contrive a method by which the banksman himself shall be able to do it, with more ease than it is done with the assistance of the horse." "In what manner?" asked they; and the answer was:—"I would raise the pit mouth, so as to form a hardly discernible descent to the screen, and then lay a cast metal railroad from thence, one to the other, for a rolley to run upon, which, when it received the full corf, would, by a sudden push from the banksman, reach the screen of itself, and might be sent back again, when emptied, with very little exertion indeed." John made a sketch on the spot, and afterwards drew a regular plan, according to what William had suggested; and this plan, he says, was stolen from his lodgings, and taken to a viewer named Bedlington, who got it erected at Benwell Colliery, from which the invention spread all over the country, previous to the year 1814.

While still at Howdon Dock, in 1806, Martin was informed one day that thirty-two men had lost their lives that morning in Hebburn Pit; and they were pleased to observe at the same time that, as he was a great inventor, they wished he would discover some more efficacious method of ventilating coal-pits than the mode then used. He told them he hoped to be able, before that time next day, to strike out some new method of rendering such fatal disasters of much more rare occurrence than heretofore. The method which he proposed was on the principle of a winding machine, but on a much larger scale—the fans to be wrought by a spear and crank from the steam engine, conveyed by a drift to the downcast, which, when put in motion, would send the air down the pit in large quantities. This plan was, two or three days after the accident, communicated to Mr. Charles Brandling, M.P., of Gosforth House, who observed that it appeared to him to be the very thing, and wondered at a scheme so simple, and, as he believed, so likely to prove efficacious, should not have occurred to any of the colliery viewers, whose more immediate business it was to turn their thought to things of that nature. "And in that," says William, "Squire Brandling was wrong; for a man may serve his time to be a viewer, but he cannot serve his time to be a man of genius." Both his idea of the fan ventilators and that of taking the corf to the screen without horses were, according to his own account, stolen from the unlucky inventor without acknowledgment. And so, he tell us, was his safety lamp, which he avers was a much better one than either George Stephenson's or Sir Humphrey Davy's.

Other discoveries were made to William in dreams and visions of the night; but none of them brought him in very much in the shape of current coin. He exhibited his perpetual motion, the Eureka, in 1822,

in London, where it was purchased by a wealthy virtuoso, in whose possession it is said to have remained moving down till the day the autobiography was written, its motive power being a strong current of air. This piece of mechanism, says its inventor, "is a complete exposure of the superlative ignorance of Sir Isaac Newton and his credulous and uninitiated followers." One of Martin's clever inventions was a life-preserver for seamen; another, for curing the dry rot in timber; a third, for cutting canals; a fourth, for extinguishing fires at sea; a fifth, for a suspension bridge, which is said to have furnished the architect of the High Level Bridge at Newcastle with more than the germ of his idea; a sixth, an improved velocipede, which he facetiously named the Eagle Mail, and on which he rode about the country with what was then considered marvellous speed. All these inventions, or at least most of them, were "stolen from him by unprincipled men." He did, however, obtain, in 1814, a silver medal and ten guineas from the Society of Arts for his invention of a spring weighing machine, with circular dial and index.

Some time after William left the Northumberland Regiment of Militia, he married. His wife, who was, he says "an inoffensive woman, and was respected both by rich and poor, and a celebrated dressmaker, and had upwards of sixty apprentices during the time she was in business," died in her sixtieth year, on the 16th of January, 1832. Mrs. Martin was, indeed, a jewel of a woman, and she had a love amounting to devotion for her eccentric husband, who may be said to have been for years mainly fed and clad by the produce of her industrious needle. So long as she lived he had always a comfortable home. And when, on her deathbed, Mrs. Ellen Neil, the wife of the Presbyterian minister of Wallsend, went in to minister to her in her last moments, the only concern she felt was who would take care of William, for she knew he could not take care of himself, clever as he was. For some time after her decease the poor widower lived in his house alone; and, finding some difficulty in commissariat and cooking matters, he made fain to subsist on boiled horse beans seasoned with salt, which he alleged contained all the elements of healthy nutriment for human beings.

Two years previous to losing his partner, Martin undertook a lecturing tour throughout England, from which he returned jubilant and triumphant, bringing with him what purported to be grand testimonials and singular tokens of marked appreciation from numbers of waggishly-inclined gentlemen. He printed his lucubrations on all sorts of subjects in great abundance, not only in prose, but also in verse, those purporting to be poetical being perhaps the more highly flavoured, and certainly the more amusing. Here is a specimen :—

The Lady Faversham, a bark of thirty keels, sunk in Shields harbour, did much annoy;
The Martinian invention gave her the grand lift, the people, well pleased, shouted for joy;
Glover, the diseased potato quack doctor, of his modern people have of him their doubts;
Writer for a silly doctor in Sunderland, both as daft as the calf that eats clouts;
George Stephenson and Son, mock engineers, and both knaves and loons,
If they do not answer the Philosopher, a proof that he has snuffed out their full moons.

Martin's eccentricities of costume were not less remarkable than his writings. For some years previous to his death, his head-dress consisted of the shell of a tortoise, mounted with brass; and his breast was generally ornamented with a variety of stars and other decorations, believed to be the insignia of distinguished foreign orders. These are said to have been manufactured by Quayside clerks and other hoaxers.

Firmly believing that he had a special mission from on high to put the World and the Church in their proper position, and conquer all nations by his philosophy, he never failed to send a copy of each of his productions to the most prominent public men in the United Kingdom, leaving them, however, to pay the postage. Thus, for instance, he sent his "Railway Phenomenon, the Wonder of the World," to King William IV., the Duke of Northumberland, Ear Grey, Lord Melbourne, the Duke of Wellington, the Bishop of Durham, the Speaker of the House of Commons, Daniel O'Connell, Joseph Pease, Cuthbert Rippon, Matthew Bell, Lord Brougham, J. A. Roebuck, Joseph Lamb, the Mayor of Newcastle, and all colleges throughout his Majesty's dominions. It was to let them know that—"From Northumbria's coast the Christian Philosopher had appeared," "steering bravely the helm of the ship of truth," to frighten the Newtonians, "the devil's mad crew," "the wise men of Gotham, the foolish jack-dandies," in whose mouths "a cigaw" was often seen. William Martin, he told them, was "coming up like a greyhound when the hare is in view." And he added :—"When I come to the last end of my life, I will not say, like Newton, that the great ocean of truth lies all undiscovered before me. I am placed by my God on the rock of eternal security, by his causing me to discover the perpetual motion, as was known to his Grace the Duke of Northumberland thirty years ago. Now all their false works must go to the flames. Every book that is in the old system, now completely exploded, is false, and teaches lies: so they cause the people to err, and those that are led by them are destroyed. The British Government had better condemn their false philosophy to the flames; or their Maker, the everywhere-present God of Heaven, will condemn their souls and bodies to all eternity where hope cannot come."

Like the Caliph Omar, he declared that all colleges taught lies, and that their libraries had become dangerous, and ought to be destroyed, thus opening a clear field to truth. All the priests and collegians, he said, were decided enemies of Jehovah's philosopher,

whose pamphlets they would not buy, or even look at, when offered to them most respectfully. "It is a well-known fact," said he, "that we have had drunken priests, and fiddling priests, and shooting priests, and swearing priests, and fishing priests, and carding priests, and infidel priests, and hunting priests, and fighting priests, and we have had some that disputed the Word of God, by turning the obscene serpent into a four-footed monkey. We have priests that frequent balls and plays, though our Saviour and his disciples never set such an example; and we have greedy priests and covetous priests; and we have heard tell of some that frequented houses of ill-fame. So we have got them of all sorts. If we get the name of a Christian kingdom, let us act as such. A false pretence of worshipping God outwardly, whilst our hearts are far from him, is but a mockery. It will do nothing for people going to any place of divine worship, without they consider that their Maker is everywhere present, and knows the hearts and the inward thoughts of all living. We may deceive one another, but our God we cannot. This is the humble advice of the Christian Philosopher, the only one that ever appeared on earth, by the will of God, or the perpetual Cause, and who will make a clean sweep of all impostors and false teachers that cause the people to err."

Among the numerous tractates published by William Martin we may particularise the following:—

The Philosopher's Just Charge against Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, in every nation all over the world, for being ignorant and preaching mysteries where there are none.

Coal-Viewers in an Uproar, and the Devil's Destroying Angel Exploded.

The Philosopher's Charge against Coal-Viewers for neglecting the means of saving the poor Pitmen's Lives from 1816 to 1849.

Verses on the Burning of York Minster, on the 2nd of February, 1829, in two parts.

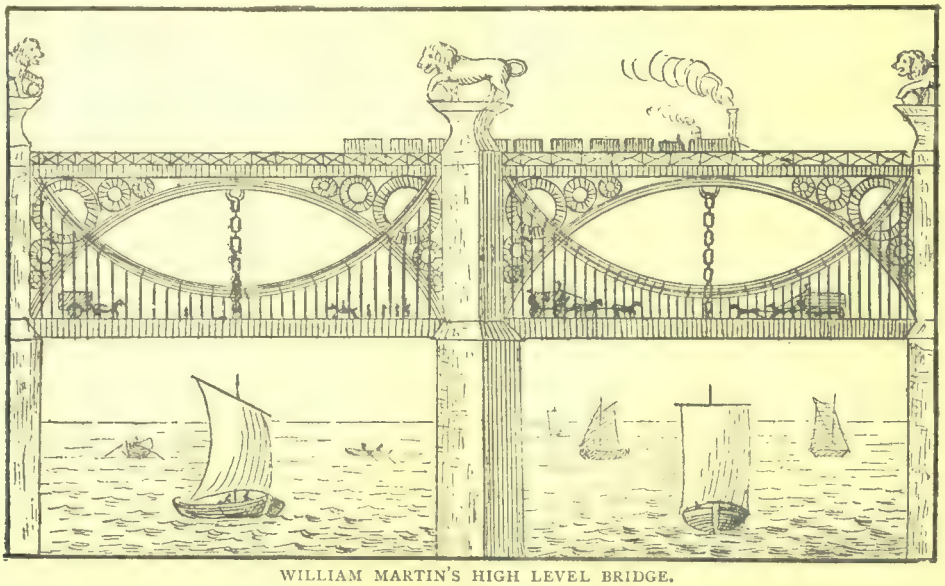
A Key to the True System of Philosophy, for the use of all sound-minded men, to detect impostors; and divinely has made appear a bright sunshiny day.

The Philosopher's Two Letters to the Queen, Lords, and Commons, on the Davy Lamp not being safe.

A New Philosophical Song or Poem Book, called the Northumberland Bard, or the Downfall of all False Philosophy.

Martin was likewise an amateur engraver, having executed the copper-plates to illustrate the life of his brother Jonathan, also portraits of himself, views of York Cathedral done after the fire, flash bank-notes, &c.

Having written, after his own fashion, upon almost every subject, he drew forth attacks from numerous anonymous scribblers; but he treated them, for the most part, with great contempt, boldly signing himself "William Martin, Nat. Phil. and Poet," "William Martin, Philosophical Conqueror of all Nations," and so forth.



WILLIAM MARTIN'S HIGH LEVEL BRIDGE.

A poetaster named Robert May having written a wretched lampoon upon him, the eccentric genius replied in a copy of verses addressed to "Twopenny Cull Bob May," which supplied him with a soubriquet for the term of his natural life. This twopenny gentleman had, some years before, published a poem on Stockton-on-Tees, and put for his motto, on the title page, the following verse of his own composing:—

Ye critics, your mercy extend
To the bad parts, the worse, and the worst;
This poem's not meant to offend;
So pardon production the first.

A wit, seeing it in a bookseller's window, wrote underneath with his pencil :—

Agreed! Agreed! We critics all
Will pardon what is past;
But beg and pray, of Robert May,
The First may be the Last.

Some time about 1849, John Martin kindly invited William to his residence in London. There he spent his last days in comparative affluence, and there he died on the 8th of February, 1851, aged 79.

A volume of Martin's tracts has been kindly placed at our disposal by Mr. Richard Welford. It is from this volume that our engravings are copied. One of them is a *fac simile* of the philosopher's portrait of himself; another is an exact reproduction of a plate which purported to represent his brother Jonathan's wonderful escapes at

sea; a third is the figure of a lion which adorned many of his productions; and the fourth is a picture of his design for a high level bridge over the Tyne.

Lunardi in Newcastle.

LITTLE more than a century has elapsed since the balloon, the invention of two brothers, Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier, papermakers at Annonay, in France, was first made serviceable for bearing men and animals aloft. This was shown to be a possibility by sending up, in the first place, from the Royal Gardens at Versailles, a sheep, a cock, and a duck, placed in an ozier basket, attached as a car to a balloon that had been inflated with heated air.

These first aerial voyagers having reached the ground again in safety, the next step was for the aëronaut to ascend himself, and the first who ventured to do so was another Frenchman, Pilâtres des Roziers, who made his pioneer voyage through the air on the 21st November, 1783, in company with the Marquis d'Arlandes. On the first of the following month Professor Charles, a young Parisian, ascended to the height of 9,970 feet (close upon two miles) from the Tuileries Gardens, in a balloon filled with hydrogen gas, then called inflammable air, which had been substituted for Montgolfier's more dangerous plan of inflating the balloon by means of fire—a plan that shortly became obsolete, but not before the first aëronaut, Pilâtre des Roziers, fell a victim to a blind devotion to his art, in company with a young natural philosopher named Romain, the machine in which they had ascended from Boulogne having caught fire, and fallen to the earth with frightful rapidity, so that the ill-fated adventurers actually perished near the spot whence they had risen only a few minutes before.

The successful voyages that had been previously made, however, excited great public interest, and it began to be hoped that travelling through the air might sooner or later become as common, and as safe also, as voyaging across the sea. Aëronautics were adopted as a profession by several ingenious men, amoug whom Lunardi, Blanchard, and Garnerin, all foreigners, achieved the greatest reputation. Lunardi was the first who made the ascent in England, at Moorfields, London. He visited the chief towns in Great Britain in 1785-6, and wherever he went the inhabitants flocked in crowds to enjoy the novel spectacle. Acute milliners took advantage of his popularity to invent a kind of bonnet bearing his name, which Burns, in one of his raciest poems, speaks of as "Miss's fine Lunardi."

On Tuesday, the 19th September, 1786, he made preparations to ascend from the Spital, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. When the balloon was about two-thirds full, in order to accelerate the process of inflation, a quantity of some acid, probably oil of vitriol, was added to the ingredients by means of which the machine was being filled. This caused a considerable effervescence, and Lunardi, with a view to ascertain its forcce, drew the plug from the funnel, which let out a quantity of gas. The sudden noise thus made alarmed several gentlemen who were holding the balloon down, so that they rushed from their stations, seized with panic. One side of the balloon being, through this mishap, totally deserted, its strong power of ascension lacerated the neck at the place where it joined on to the barrel in which the gas was being generated. The gas thereupon began to escape in a much greater quantity, with a deal of noise, and the alarm at once became general, in spite of Lunardi's assurances that there was no real danger if those who held the ropes would only keep their hold.

It was natural, under such circumstances, that no attention should be paid to the aëronaut's most earnest entreaties. In a few seconds the balloon was liberated, and it immediately disengaged itself from the barrel, and rose with great rapidity. One of the ropes, which was fastened to the crown of the balloon for the purpose of assisting Lunardi when he wished to make his descent, had been held during the operation of filling by Mr. Ralph Heron, a gentleman about twenty-two years of age, son of Mr. Heron, Under-Sheriff for Northumberland. Mr. Heron had unhappily coiled the rope round his hand and arm, and the consequence was he could not

disengage himself when the other gentlemen fled. So he was carried up to an immense height, higher than St. Nicholas' steeple, and his weight having turned the balloon, and torn off the crown, and the netting along with it, he fell into a garden adjoining, amidst the groans and exclamations of thousands of spectators. The ground he had fallen upon was very soft, and it was at first hoped that he might survive his misfortune. He spoke for some time to his parents and to the surgeons who came to assist him, but died about an hour and a half after the fall.

Lunardi, who was staying at the King's Arms, Broad Chare, lost no time in issuing the following handbill:—"Mr. Lunardi is deeply afflicted for the melancholy accident that attended his endeavours to gratify the curiosity of the public with the ascension of his balloon; and is only to be consoled by the reflection of its having been occasioned by circumstances which it was not in his power to prevent. It remains for him to yield his own wish to fulfil the expectation of the town, to the feelings of a parent, wounded by the loss of a most amiable son, and to forbear a repetition in this town, which, without fault on his part, has been fatal to the peace of a respectable family. The unvaried success of his former exhibitions, though the remembrance of it now serves but to embitter his grief, will, he hopes, rescue him, in the eyes of a just and generous people, from any imputation injurious to his honour."

The *Newcastle Chronicle* of September 23, 1786, gave a full account of the affair, and proved that Mr. Lunardi was not at fault for the accident to Mr. Heron. The following week, September 30, the *Chronicle* was highly indignant with the London papers on account of the garbled description they published of the affair. It appears that these papers averred that Mr. Lunardi was obliged to escape from the enraged populace, who accounted him entirely to blame for the disaster. The *Chronicle*, however, stated that he not only did not run away, but that he was then (nearly a fortnight after the accident) still in the town.

Farthing Pants.

THE Whittle Dene Water Company was first established in Newcastle in 1846. Previous to this, the most of the better sort of houses in the town had pumps or wells in the rear of their premises; but the poorer class of the inhabitants had to carry all the water they used from the various pants in the town. Besides the numerous public pants, which, of course, were free and open to all, there were, in the more populous districts of the town, sources of supply called "farthing pants," each being under the management of an old woman, who sat in a sort of watch or sentry box, armed with an enormous key, with which she turned on the water, and which ponderous key she always carried away when she went off duty. The sum of one farthing was charged for a "skeel" full of water, a skeel being a sort of tub with one handle, which was always carried on the head, being placed upon a "weeze," or cushion, so as to keep off the pressure, and, as the vessel held six or eight gallons, the weight was no trifle.

People now-a-days can hardly conceive the trouble and labour spent in obtaining a few gallons of pure water at this time. When a little lad, I have often made one of a crowd of women and children, patiently sitting round one of the public pants, waiting their "turn," the spout meanwhile running like a thread, at the rate, perhaps, of a gallon in ten minutes. All sorts of cunning dodges used to be tried to get a supply out of turn. Appeals, too, were often made to the sympathy and good nature of the crowd, such as:—"Aa ha'e ma man's dinner te get reddy. It's varry neer twelve o'clock. Aa divvent knaa whaat te de. Thor'll be a bonny gam if he cums in and aa's oot." A more successful plaint was, "Aa've left the bairn iv th' creddle, and nebody iv th' hoose beside it." This seldom failed of effect. One woman after another expressing her willingness to give up her "torn," the complainer would get her supply, and hurry off to the bairn. But there were many disputes, leading to much bad language, and not unfrequently to the waste of the water which so much time and trouble had been spent to get. Any impudent attempt to take advantage was promptly resisted by the crowd, and I have often seen a woman deluged with the water that it had taken twenty minutes to gather.

Before the Whittle Dene Water Company began business the town was supplied by the Newcastle Joint-Stock Water Company. Its sources of supply were:—Carr's Hill, Coxlodge, Town Moor, private wells, and the river Tyne. The company had 32 pants, which supplied water to the public at the rate of a farthing a "skeel." The Corporation had also twenty public pants, which were free and open to all comers. Now, in 1845 there were 15,000 houses in Newcastle, but out of this number only 1,350 had the water laid on to them, the rent being from 18s. to 30s. per house, exclusive of closets, &c. That now despised coin, the farthing, I believe, has almost dropped out of circulation, but forty years ago it was in general currency. The old ladies who attended to the pants sat in watch-boxes, and in cold weather were always dressed in long, thick, warm overcoats, reaching down to their heels. They were not easily induced to give credit, the old lady who attended the pant on the New Road, at all events, being very particular. When urged by some poor woman, who was literally without a farthing in the world, she would exclaim, "Aa durna, hinny. They're varry partiklor at the offis, varry partiklor." When a suspicious-looking coin was offered to her, she would

often reject it with the same words, "They're varry partiklor at the offis. Aa dinna think it's a good yen." She seemed to hold the "office" in awe and dread, which was not without effect upon her customers.

WILLIAM WALLACE, Newcastle.

The Grey Man of Bellister.

MOST of our old Border fortresses and fortalices—castles, towers, peels, and bastle-houses—had the reputation of being haunted in the good old times. The old Castle of Bellister, on the south bank of the Tyne, about a mile from Haltwhistle, was one of these haunted baronial buildings.* It consists at present of a rude and crumbling mass of ruins, which was overshadowed, when Hodgson wrote, by an enormous sycamore. It seems to have been a huge, irregular structure, occupying a high artificial mound, and surrounded by a broad fosse. Hutchinson, who visited it in 1776, speaks of it as "a ragged and confused pile of mouldering walls, without any ornament or beauty, and rendered more gloomy by the branches of large oaks, which have surmounted the building, and shade the greater part of its remains." Down to Queen Elizabeth's time it was the seat of a younger branch of the Blenkinsopps of Blenkinsopp Castle, entitled to the distitinction of baron by courtesy; and it is presumable that it was during their ownership that the tragedy was enacted which converted it ever after into a haunted house.

The tradition runs that, many centuries ago, when the castle stood in its then impregnable strength, and its lord was the proud owner of all the fertile fields round about, one stormy afternoon, when darkness was fast setting in, the porter at the gate was addressed by a wandering minstrel—an aged grey-haired man—who sought shelter for the night. The baron readily gave the poor wayfarer leave to stay, and, moreover, directed him to be brought into the hall, where supper was being set out. After this meal had been dispatched and the tables cleared, there were flagons of nut-brown ale to be drained. The minstrel was of course called upon to enliven this good cheer still further with a touch of his musical instrument and a specimen of his poetic powers. He did so, and was rapturously applauded. These were the days when, whether in cot or castle, the time hung heavily on people's hands, in the long fore-supper times in winter, and when there was nothing for it, after supper, till bed-time, but to drink potations pottle-deep, and listen to quaint old tales and ballads that would now be considered of insufferable length, such as "The Life and Age of Man"—a lugubrious chant consisting of an untold number of verses, of which no man living ever heard the last.

But the baron of Bellister, though fond enough of the harp and its accompaniment, was a person of a rather suspicious temperament. And so, while the minstrel was running his fingers deftly across the strings of the harp, and singing, in a voice somewhat broken by age, yet still not badly attuned, the most spirit-stirring songs he knew, to finish off with the usual "unpremeditated lay" in praise of his hospitable entertainer, the baron sat knitting his brows, for a dark thought had entered his mind. Might not this stranger, who had arrived at such an untimely hour, and who had an eye in his head as keen as a hawk's, be a secret spy, sent to ferret out dangerous secrets by a neighbouring baron with whom he had long been at feud, and who, he hesitated not to believe, would have no sort of scruple to employ the basest means to work woe to him and his? The longer he sat, and the more he thought of it, the more strong and deep his suspicions grew. Every movement the minstrel made only served to confirm them; and the thread-bare phrases of exaggerated laudation, of which the baron and his ancient and honourable house were made the subject, instead of gratifying his vanity, excited his contempt. Distrust was soon visible in his countenance, and the minstrel was among the first to mark it.

After the usual signal for withdrawal had been given, and the company had retired, the baron continued to pace the room, filled with perplexing anxieties. At length, having worked himself up into a hot passion, he summoned his attendants, and directed them to bring the harper into his presence. They went accordingly to the bedchamber which had been assigned to him for the night, but found that it was empty. By some means or other he had contrived to escape, though how he had managed to do so unobserved was a mystery. Either he had augured mischief to himself from the baron's dark looks, or he was conscious that the guilty errand on which he had been sent was detected, and that he would suffer for it; at any rate, he had fled.

The bloodhounds were ordered out, and instant pursuit after the fugitive commenced, headed by the baron. The dogs soon got upon the man's track, and had not far to run before they came up with him, hard by a clump of willow trees near the banks of the Tyne. They rushed upon him, seized him, and pulled him down; and ere the foremost of the pursuing party could reach the spot they had torn him to pieces.

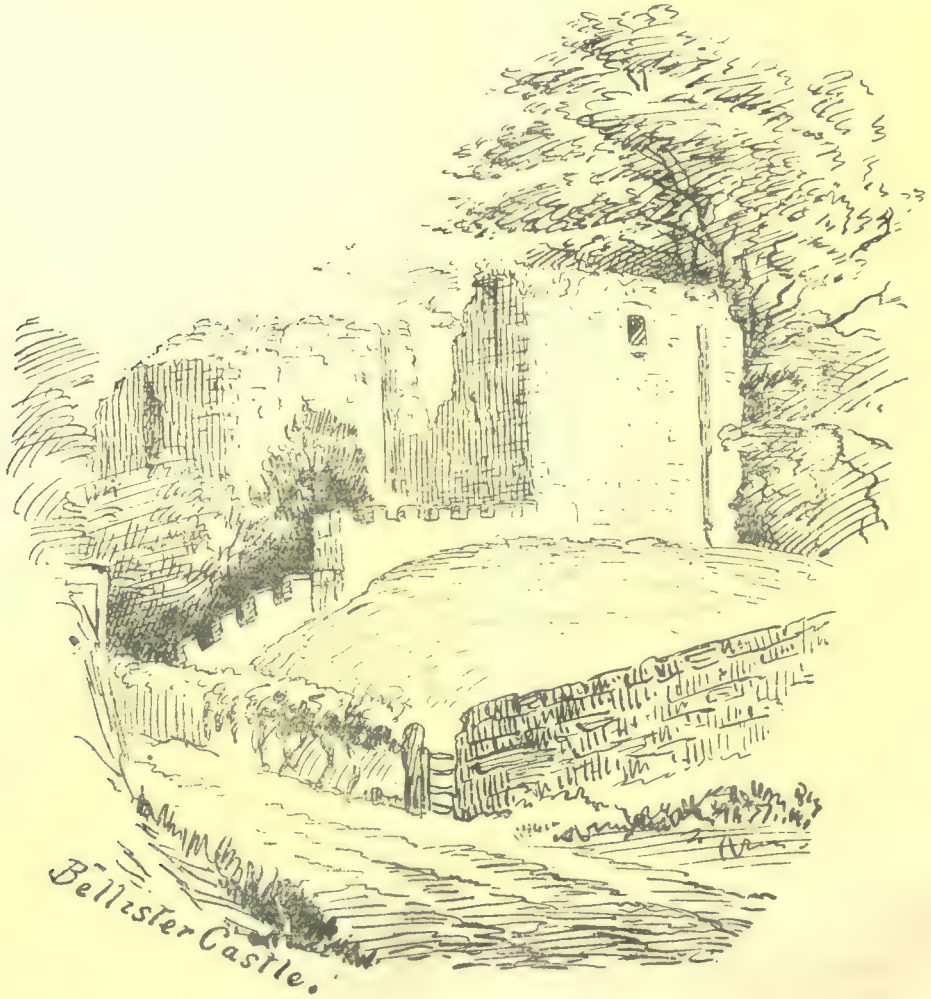
Whether the baron's suspicions had been well-founded, or whether they had been engendered solely by his own morbid imagination, no mortal could ever tell. But remorse for the barbarous outrage seized on its unhappy perpetrator, who never had a single day's peace of mind after that. Wherever he went, he was never alone. The grey-haired old minstrel, horrible in his disfigurement, was his close companion. His own shadow was much more fitful in its attendance on him, for it went and came

* Our drawing of the castle is taken from the sketch book of a local antiquary, Mr. Robert Blair, to whom we have been indebted for many courtesies.

with the light. But the wretch he had been the means of brutally murdering followed or preceded him everywhere, by night and by day, at home and abroad, when it was pitch dark or when it was broad sunshine. It was like the realisation of Virgil's loathly legend of the tyrant Mezentius, who chained the dead to the living. The goblin, moreover, was most dreadful when it could not be seen—when its cold, unnerving presence only was felt, when it stalked behind the baron's back, and whenever he turned, like a stag at bay, to face it and brave it out, turned as he turned, and was still behind, grinning, as he shudderingly fancied, with its ghastly white teeth.

At length the baron "slept with his fathers," and by-and-by his race became extinct. The castle and grounds passed into other hands, innocent of the minstrel's blood. Nevertheless, the goblin still haunted the place. Sometimes it made its appearance harmlessly to one or other of the inmates of the castle when going to or coming from the neighbouring ferry or ford; at other times it was seen stalking round the old building, with an aspect more terrific and threatening than usual; and then it always betokened impending misfortune or death to one of the family, in this resembling the Irish banshee.

Its last appearance on record was about the close of the last century, long after the castle had fallen into utter ruin. The Grey Man, as he was called, is said to have then appeared, in the evening twilight, to a youth who was on his way to a farm house near. The tale was told by the late Mr. William Pattinson, of Sunderland, in Richardson's "Local Historian's Table Book," where it may still be read by the curious in these matters.



The Hell Kettles.

AN annalist of the eighteenth century, Thomas Richmond, of Stockton, records, under the year 1789, that Dinsdale Spa "was accidentally discovered in searching for coal. After boring through red rock and whinstone to the depth of 24 yards, the spring burst forth with a strong sulphureous smell." An annalist of the twelfth century informs us of the formation of the Hell Kettles, a mile or two away from Dinsdale, by a convulsion of the earth; and is there any good reason for rejecting the ancient record? At the time when the phenomenon occurred which is said to have given rise to the Hell Kettles, there lived in England a competent chronicler of the event. Roger of Howden (or Hovenden), in East Yorkshire, was one of the clerks or secretaries of Henry II., the builder of the Norman Keep of Newcastle. A member of the Royal Household, he passed many years of his life at Court; and in the retirement of age he wrote the annals of his native land, ending with the year 1201. There we have an account of a convulsion of the earth occurring when the year 1178 was passing into 1179. "Infra illud Natale Domine in Anglia," writes the patient historian "apud Oxenhale, in territorio de Derlington, elevavit se terra in altum, ad similitudenum proceræ turris, et ita remansit ab hora diei nona immobilis usque ad vesperam, et tunc cecidit cum tam horribili strepitu, quot terruit omnes, et absorbuit eam tellus, et fecit ibidem puteum profundissimum, qui est ibi in testimonium rei usque in hodiernum diem."

Here is our earliest account of the earthquake occurring on the Tees when Henry and his Court were keeping Christmas at Winchester. The earth rose on high at Oxenhale, in the district of Darlington, in the likeness of a lofty tower, and so remained from nine in the morning till evening, when it sunk down with a horrible noise, to the terror of all who heard it; and, being swallowed up, it left behind it a deep pit, remaining to the day of Roger's record in testimony of the fact. Such is the circumstantial relation of the time; not, perchance, strictly accurate or perfect in its details, but containing nothing that should deprive the narrative of belief, or set us on adventurous enterprises to disprove the story.

Variously the tale has been told since Roger Howden's day. It appears, among other quarters, in what is known as "Brompton's Chronicle." Brompton was Abbot of Jervaulx. In his time, as in ours, men were fond of books. They liked to read of accidents by flood and field, of incidents in war and peace. Books were copied and chronicles compiled for convents. Monks and nuns had libraries to go to, not in print, but in manuscript; and in the earlier part of the fourteenth century Abbot Brompton had his Chronicle provided for the community over which he presided. There the brethren would read how, at Christmas, 1178-79, a wonderful matter fell out at Oxenhale, which is reprinted in an English dress from the ancient Latin scroll, in Richmond's "Local Records of Stockton and Neighbourhood," and in many another modern volume:—"In the land of Lord Hughe, Bishop of Duresme, the ground rose up to such a

height that it was equal to the tops of the highest hills, and higher than the towers and spires of the churches; and so remained at that height from nine in the morning till sunset. But, at the setting sun, the earth fell in with a horrid crash, and all who saw that strange mound, and heard its fall, were so amazed that for very fear many died, for the earth swallowed up that mound, and where it stood was a deep pool." Here the upraised pillar of earth is made, not only to surpass the spires of neighbouring churches, but to rival the highest hills; and in passing away it terrifies astonished spectators out of their lives. The simplicity of the earlier historian is sacrificed by his "sensational" follower, no doubt to the greater excitement and entertainment of the secluded inmates of Jervaulx.

In the Life of Henry II., Lord Lyttelton, quoting Camden where the Chronicle is introduced, remarks:—"Camden supposes these deep pits in a field near Darlington, which in his time the common people called Hell

Kettles, to be the remains of this very extraordinary rising and sinking of the earth; but in the account above given only one pit is mentioned, and naturally the falling in of a heap of soil so raised would form but one. This hill probably was puffed up by subterranean fires. But what has filled up the chasm caused by its sinking, or divided it into separate cavities, it is not easy to say."

When Cuthbert Tunstall, the Bishop of Durham, held the see among the clouds and shadows that hovered round about him in the reign of Edward VI., there passed out of life the earliest of our English antiquarian authors, John Leland. In the pursuit of the knowledge which he loved, this chaplain of Henry VIII. travelled over England, from North to South, the king giving him a commission for the inspection of records, and thus facilitating the purpose which took him abroad. In his quaint way he gives one of the paragraphs of his "Itinerary" to the Hell Kettles:—"Mr. Doctor Bellasis told me that a dukke markid after the fascion of dukkes of the bishoprike of Duresme, was put into one of the pooles caullid Hel Ketelles betwixt Darlington and Tese bank, and after was found at [Crofte] bridge upon Tese, therby wher Gervalx [Clervaux] duellith, and that be [by] it the people had a certain conjecture that there was *specus subterr.* betwixt the ii. places."

Leland's informant, Anthony Bellasis, was a grave and weighty man in his day, a D.C.L., Master in Chancery, and a member of that great State Cabinet of the day, the Council of the North, over which some powerful nobleman was wont by the sovereign's appointment to preside. The Rev. William Harrison, whose Description and History may be found in Hollinshed's Chronicles, makes use of Leland's "duck" when discoursing "Of the Marvels of England." Having alluded to many wondrous stories of our island, he comes to the Hell Kettles. His orthography we shall modernize. He says:—"What the foolish people dream of the Hell Kettles, it is not worthy the rehearsal; yet to the end the lewd [ignorant, unlearned] opinion conceived of them may grow into contempt, I will say thus much also of these pits. There are certain pits, or rather three little pools, a mile from Darlington, and a quarter of a mile distant from the Tees banks, which the people call the Kettles of Hell, or the Devil's Kettles, as if he should seethe souls of simple men and women in them. They add, also, that the spirits have oft been heard to cry and yell about them, with other like talk, savouring altogether of Pagan infidelity. The truth is, and of this opinion also was Cuthbert Tunstall, late Bishop of Durham, a man of great learning and judgment, that the coal mines in these places are kindled, or if there be no coals, there may be a mine of some other unctuous matter set on fire, which being here and there consumed, the earth falleth in, and so doth leave pits. Indeed, the water is now and then warm (as they say), and, besides that, it is not clear. The people suppose them to be a hundred fathoms deep. The biggest of them also hath an issue into the Tees, which experience hath confirmed; for Doctor Bellowes, alias Belzis, made report how a duck, marked after the fashion of the ducks of the bishopric of Durham, was put into the same, betwixt Darlington and Tees banks, and afterwards seer at a bridge not far from Master Clervaux's house."

Thus does the old historian seek to bring the fancies of "the foolish" into disrepute by the no less credulous dream of the duck! After Harrison's "Description" came Drayton's. Michael Drayton dared the remarkable task of writing the History of England in poetic verse! His "Polyolbion," a marvellous work, appeared in the reign of James I.; and he, too, had a line for the Hell Kettles. Listen to the words which flow from the lips of fair Tees under the inspiration of the poet:—

. . . . Then do I bid adieu
To Bernard's battled towers, and seriously pursue
My course to Neptune's Court; but as forthright I run,
The Skerne, a dainty nymph, saluting Darlington,
Comes in to give me aid; and being proud and rank,
She chanced to look aside, and spyeth, near her bank,
Three black and horrid pits, which for their boiling heat
(That from their loathsome brims do breathe a sulphurous sweat)
Hell Kettles rightly called, that with the very sight
This water nymph, my Skerne, is put in such affright,
That with unusual speed she on her course doth haste,
And rashly runs herself into my widened waste.

Those three Norwich soldiers, "a Captain, a Lieutenant, and an Ancient," who quitted home for a northern tour on Monday, August 11, 1634, and have been quoted from generation to generation ever since, were not likely to neglect the Hell Kettles. They had come abroad in search of sights, and did not close their eyes on their entrance into the bishopric of Durham. Hasty, however, was their inspection; or, at least, brief their record. They seem to have done little more than look over their shoulders as they rode along. All they have to write is the single line—"The 3 admired deepe pitts called Hell Kettles, we left boyling by Darlington." At which town, these soldiers say, with a sort of pang, "we were entertained with a hideous noise of bag-pipes," whose skirling notes, we are disposed to imagine, were ringing in their ears when they pictured on their pages the "boyling" of the Kettles!

It was in a later day—in the reign of George I.—that the author of "Robinson Crusoe" crossed the Tees at Croft, with a determination not to be victimised by the Kettles. Defoe's mind was made up not to be taken in by the waters that had swallowed up the Bishop's duck or goose. "As to the Hell Kettles," said he, "so much talked up for a wonder, which are to be seen as we ride from the Tees to Darlington, I had already seen so little of wonder in such country tales that I was not hastily deluded again. 'Tis evident they are nothing but old coal-pits filled with water by the river Tees." Hastily enough did Daniel come to his summary conclusion; not pausing to ask himself, or inquire elsewhere, whether the strata over which he rode made coal-pits possible.

In Gough's edition of "Camden's Britannia" (1789), the Hell Kettles come under notice. When the district of Darlington is under consideration, we are reminded that in the country hereabouts are three pits of surprising depth, commonly called the Hell Kettles, from the water heated in them by the compression of air. More sensible persons, with great probability, suppose them to have sunk in some earthquake; for we read in the Chronicle of Tinmouth that "A.D. 1179, on Christmas Day, at Oxenhall, in the territory of Darlington and bishopric of Durham, the earth lifted itself up like an high tower, and continued so that day as it were immovable till the evening, when it fell down with a horrible noise, to the terror of the whole neighbourhood, and the earth swallowed it up, and formed there a deep pit, which remains to this day in proof thereof." Bishop Cuthbert Tunstall, adds the historian, first discovered that these pits had subterraneous passages and discharges, having found in the Tees a goose which he had marked and put into one of them.

Dr. Jabez Kay, the Newcastle physician, a student of natural history, made a communication to Bishop Gibson which is printed by Gough :—"According to the promise which I made, I went to sound Hell Kettles, near Darlington. The name of bottomless pits made me provide myself with a line above two hundred fathoms long, and a lead weight proportionate. But much smaller preparatives would have served; for the deepest of them took but fifteen fathoms, or thirty yards, of our line. I cannot imagine what these Kettles have been, nor upon what grounds the people of the country have supposed them to be bottomless. They look like some of our old wrought-out coal pits that are drowned, but I cannot learn that any coal or other mineral has been found thereabouts. They are full of water—(cold, and not hot as has been affirmed)—to the very brim, and almost the same level with the Tees, which runs near them; so that they may have some subterranean communication with the river. But the water in the Kettles, as I was informed, is of a different kind from the river water, for it curdles milk and will not bear soap. But this I did not try." They are in a field, says the "Britannia," on the east side of the road, the smallest separated from the road only by a hedge; the other two about two hundred yards from it, which are surrounded by ash trees, and both much overgrown with weeds; the third, or least, almost grown up with reeds and grass. Mr. Allan and Mr. Grose—[the latter of the two, Burns's "chiel amang ye takin' notes"]—measured these pits October 18, 1774, and found the diameter of the two largest about 34 yards each; and one of them 19½, and the other 17 feet deep. The small one next the hedge 25 yards diameter and 5½ feet deep.

Thus far Gough's edition of the "Britannia." The historian Hutchinson brings excess of ingenuity and learning to the solution of the problem of the Kettles. He quotes the depths ascertained by plummet, and observes:—"Most of our lime-works, marle pits, and alum pits, are wrought much deeper than six yards. Water standing in hollows from whence marle has been gotten, will taste pungent on the tongue, curdle milk and soap. We know of no alum being wrought here, though it abounds in Cleveland, not many miles distant. But the use of marle was very early, and it is probable those were marle pits. They resemble the workings in other counties, where marling is still practised. Marle was known to the Romans, and by them exported hence to foreign countries. We have statues mentioned by our antiquaries dedicated to *Nehallenia*, or the new moon, particularly some inscribed by *Negociator Cretarius Britannicianus*, a dealer in marle chalk, or fullers' earth, to the British territories; and these being called *Nehallenia's Kettles*, or NIE-HEL, in the old German tongue, from the trader's dedication, might be corrupted to or called Hell's Kettles; and the monastic writers, to efface the memory of the old superstition, might devise the foregoing miraculous account."

With "ifs" and "ans," what is there that "might" not have been? The layman of lively imagination, how greatly may he not transcend the monk! But, as it happens, the "miraculous account" is indebted to no monastic pen, being, as we have seen, the record of a man of the world, familiar with court and camp and grove.

Surtees occupies a portion of his ample pages with the Hell Kettles. He describes all the pools as being nearly round; their waters quite cold; though near the level of the Tees, never affected by any flood or other variation of the river; "and, notwithstanding the story of Dr. Bellasis and his duck, there seems no reason to suspect any communication with the Tees." Coal-works wrought out and drained, alum or marle pits, have all (continues Surtees) been brought forward; but the circumference seems too large for old coal-works, besides that, no coal is ever known to have been wrought in the neighbourhood; and if, indeed, these pits be the work of the human hand, the idea of old marle pits seems nearer the truth. "After all," observes the historian, "perhaps the story of the old Chronicle, which attributes their formation to the rising of the earth, caused by subterraneous fire, has its fair claim. The Dinsdale Spas are evidence that there is no want of sulphur in the adjacent region for such an infernal operation."

Yes; to say the least, the record of Roger Howden "has a fair claim" to reception. "I really believe," says Mr. W. H. D. Longstaffe, "that the earthquake origin is in the main true, though it may be handed to us in an exaggerated form." To the historian of Darlington the subject of the Hell Kettles especially belongs; and he dismisses altogether the crotchet about the underground channel between the river and the pools. "The fact is," Mr. Longstaffe remarks, "that any subterranean passage is impossible, and the legend ridiculous. The opening of

such a watercourse would be visible in a river, though it is not in the Kettles; and the latter would rise in floods to the same level with the stream. But there they are, sable, solemn, still, and sulphurous. Floods and droughts come and go with their effects on the Tees and Skerne, but the Hell Kettles rest the same evermore. They are, in reality, fast flowing springs. Three of them are joined by a surface channel, and the water is carried away by a stell or streamlet which supplies the neighbouring farms with water, and runs into the Skerne. The fourth and smallest pool is detached, and close to the road. The water is drunk by the cattle, and does not seem to be at all injurious to them; but the pike and eels frequenting the Kettles always eat soft and watery, as if out of season; being, in truth, natural prisoners, where a free-born fish would certainly fret away all his fatness."

Closing the leaves which he dedicated to the controverted question of the pools, the author of the History of Darlington puts in one more word as to the marle pits:—"I have just been to the Hell Kettles, tasted all their waters, and could not distinguish any pungency whatever. They were slightly flavoured with iron, and by no means unpleasant to the taste. A dog drank them readily, and completely nullified the popular notion that the canine species will not venture to swim across these pits of Avernus. The water of the large pool was beautifully clear round the margin, discovering a bed lined with vegetation of an exquisite green: indeed it merits the appellation of a very pretty little mere. The two conjoined were darker, and the smallest quite muddy. There was something about all these pits, nevertheless, unearthly and solemn, producing an effect upon the mind peculiar and lasting."

The poet-printer of Stockton, the late Henry Heavisides, looking back from his advancing years to the 'prentice days of his native Darlington, revives the memory of his bath in the weird waters of the earthquake-pools. "Yes! we can still recall," he says, "our frequent rambles in the 'green waving woods' of Baydales, and even the intrepidity we once displayed by swimming those imaginary bottomless pits, the far-famed Hell Kettles—a feat which we then, in our boyish days, were as proud of as was the immortal Byron, when, at a later period, he swam the broad Hellespont, and caught an ague in accomplishing the daring exploit." The waters of the classic Kettles, despite the "boiling heat" and "sulphurous sweat" of Drayton's imagination, were crossed in safety.

JAMES CLEPHAN.

The Hell Kettles, being simply so many round pools, are not particularly picturesque objects. For which reason, we presume, no drawings of them seem to have been published before. Our own sketch, however, will give the reader a fair idea of the locality.

The Belaney Poisoning Case.

NORTH SUNDERLAND is one of the best known and most profitable portions of the great Crewe-Bambrough estates. Its little harbour gives rest and refuge to a hardy race of fishermen, from amongst whom are drafted not a few of the brave and skilful sailors who sail from northern ports over every sea. In addition to the fishery, the inhabitants ply the industry of lime-burning; and upon the whole, though the place is small, there is an air of thriving and consequent comfort about it, notwithstanding occasional grumblings against the Crewe trustees, who are and long have been the lords of the manor. The visitor to this seaside village would find himself predisposed towards any romance that might be told him, provided it savoured of heroism, peril, and the salt sea; but he would hardly expect to sup his full of horrors on a legend of suspected wife-murder by subtle and deadly drugs. Yet he could not tarry long in any of the cottages or outlying homesteads without hearing the pitiful tale of the beautiful young wife of Dr. Belaney, who forty years ago fell a victim to poison and died among strangers in far away London town. The melancholy tragedy will not soon be forgotten in the locality in which its earlier acts occurred.

In the year 1840, as for many a year before, there dwelt in North Sunderland a widow of the name of Skelly, who held lands on copyhold tenure from the Bambrough trust, and had also certain interests in mines and lime-kilns. She was well to do, and was blessed with a daughter fair as the day and sweet as summer flowers. Many eyed the widow's child, Rachel, with longing love; but she was heart-whole till there came a-wooing a young doctor, James Cockburn Belaney. He hailed originally from over the Border, and he had travelled thus far in search of fortune. Settling down in the village, he began to practise, though never properly licensed. He was of a lively turn, and affected fondness for botany, ornithology, old sports, and old-world stories. For a time he tried to interest his new neighbours in the ancient and noble sport of falconry; but, though he never himself lost his fancy for the game, he failed to enlist the co-operation of the plodding, busy folk around him. He published a work on his favourite sport, and also a poem on steeplechasing. The first performance was apparently the production of a monomaniac, and made the writer many enemies; the second, however, was a clever and sober piece of composition. Worthier game attracted him to the widow's house; nor was he long before he brought his lovely quarry fluttering to his feet. Rachel Skelly gave him her hand and heart; the mother made him welcome to her "one ewe lamb," and the sacrifice was soon completed. They were married in February, 1843; and

forthwith the fortunate doctor relinquished his not very lucrative practice and devoted himself to the superintendence of the widow's business affairs, taking up his residence in Mrs. Skelly's house. This happy household, however, was not destined to continue long in its Arcadian peace. Mrs. Skelly fell sick and died, and, as her medical son-in-law stated at the time, the fatal illness was bilious fever. Later on he changed his story, as will be seen. Three months after this, and when they had been married only nine months, Mr. and Mrs. Belaney presented themselves at the Court of Bambrough, and, doing all needful suit and service, they were jointly admitted devisees in-tail to the late Mrs. Skelly's copyhold. One account represents the husband as being made devisee in the wife's stead, and with the wife's consent; but at all events the wife still retained control over certain property, for, in a short time after this arrangement with the Bambrough Trust, she made a will in favour of Belaney. A happier couple could not have been found in the countryside. Belaney proved himself in all respects a model husband, and on the whole a rather agreeable neighbour. He was known to some as possessed of generous sympathies. No discord or angry word was ever known to pass between husband and wife; they were just as happy, to all appearance, as the day was long. The doctor was certainly set up with his new and rather important position. He aspired to be the gentleman, and the light nature of his business duties (although he did what he had to do assiduously), as well as his own fair share of genteel attainments, and his pecuniary position, entitled him, no doubt, to plume his wings for a higher flight. However, early in 1844, he formed the determination of taking his wife to London, partly that he might show his new acquisition to his old friends there, and partly, as he alleged, to gratify his wife with a glimpse of fashionable life. She cheerfully consented to the arrangement, although she was far advanced in pregnancy. One portion of the plan involved a temporary separation from her husband, who proposed to leave her a short time with some friends of his in London, while he went with the Duke of Leeds to visit the Prince of the Netherlands, and to witness some grand exhibitions of falconry on the Rhine. As part of the preliminaries to the trip, he suggested that they should both make their wills, he playfully remarking that nobody thought of going all the way to London without first making a will, in case of accidents. It also transpired that his carelessness in driving and several consequent mishaps had induced his brother to suggest that he should make his will. Rachel, nothing loath, did as her husband wished. The two wills were dated the 31st May, 1844, but were informally witnessed. Matters of business were left to the steward, and, all things being in readiness, husband and wife proceeded to London, arriving at the Euston Hotel on the 3rd of June.

The bridal bliss had been up to this point all that human hearts could desire; but, looking back, by help of evidence subsequently given, we can see that clouds of suspicious shape and hue, though not of actual guilt, began to show themselves over this fair picture of connubial peace. The first shadow creeps upon the scene from the fact that on the 4th of June Mr. and Mrs. Belaney left the Euston Hotel for lodgings at 48, Green Street, Stepney, and a day or two after this date Belaney wrote to Mr. Bell, of North Sunderland, as if still staying at the Euston Hotel; moreover, he stated in this and other letters that his wife had suffered much from travelling, and was threatened with miscarriage—for which statements there was small foundation. On the evening of the 4th they went together to a theatre, and during the next few days they went out and in together in pursuit of harmless enjoyment, the wife in excellent health, and both husband and wife apparently in high spirits. Belaney had lived in the East End of London some five or six years previously, and had formed a small circle of acquaintanceship, to several members of which circle he now introduced his wife. Among others was Mr. Hobson, a bookseller in Commercial Road, and Mr. Donoghue, a chemist. Mr. Hobson knew Belaney chiefly in his literary character; but on one occasion, in the earlier time of their acquaintance, Belaney had shown him a phial of poison, which he kept secreted in a drawer. A little circumstance of this kind would be sure to have exceptional weight if ever any tragedy connected with poison should arise to surround Belaney with suspicion. But he was at least an aspirant for the medical profession, and it was in this capacity, doubtless, that he had gained the acquaintance of Donoghue the chemist. To this chemist he went, on the 5th of June, and, having stated that he was in the habit of administering to himself prussic acid for an affection of the heart, he asked Mr. Donoghue to supply him with some, as he had been unable to get any that was pure. The chemist, knowing that he was in some sort a medical man, supplied him with the dangerous poison, as also with acetate of morphine and sundry simple drugs, such as salts, senna, and the like. There was also a black draught, but that was probably purchased on the 6th of June. Up to the morning of the 8th June, all went on as usual between Mr. and Mrs. Belaney, except that on the 6th she was rather unwell. As to what occurred on the morning of the 8th, we must first summarise the evidence given on the inquest and on the trial, and then present the account given by Belaney himself. At about 8 a.m., a servant girl was cleaning the parlour, and, as the bed-room was separated only by folding doors, she heard enough of the proceedings in the next room to know that the husband and wife were conversing in a pleasant and affable manner. But she had not been downstairs very long before the voice of Belaney was heard on the stairhead calling in great alarm for Mrs. Heppingstall, the landlady of the lodgings. Mrs. Heppingstall went upstairs in great haste, and on entering

the room saw Mrs. Belaney to all appearance in the agonies of death—her eyes closed, teeth clenched, and foaming at the mouth. Turning to the husband, she asked, "What is this?—she is in a fit. I have seen my girls in fits, but never in a fit like this." To which he replied, "No, it is no fit—it is heart disease, and her mother died of the same disease." "Fetch a doctor, then," said the anxious woman; but Belaney replied, "I am a doctor myself, and should have bled her, but there was no pulse." Then doctors were sent for in great haste, for Mrs. Heppingstall rejoined, "I don't care whether you are a doctor or not; two heads are better than one; send for a doctor—send for your friend (Mr. Donoghue)." The girl was at once despatched for a doctor. In the mantime, Belaney said, "She will not come to; it is an affection of the heart; her mother died of the same nine months ago." Mrs. Heppingstall put her hand on the heart and stomach. The mouth opened and shut several times, and the force of the convulsions sent phlegm and foam all over the face of Mrs. Heppingstall, who was resting the sufferer's head on her breast. On the girl's return, Belaney and she put Mrs. Belaney's feet into a pan of hot water; afterwards the pan was removed into the bed, and her hands were placed in it. A mustard poultice was applied to her chest, and vinegar to her burning head. Presently Mr. Garnett, a surgeon, arrived, but before this, gasping twice, Mrs. Belaney died. Belaney informed the landlady that his wife had taken nothing but a little salts. To Mr. Garnett he repeated the story about the mother having died of heart disease. Mr. Garnett thought it was likely from the symptoms, but suggested that there ought to be an inquest. To this Belaney made no objection, and an inquest was held on Monday, 10th June. A *post-mortem* having been ordered, Mr. Garnett, assisted by Mr. Curling, conducted the examination, and found in the stomach a pint of fluid strongly odorous of prussic acid. In the evening of that day Belaney called twice on Mr. Garnett, and on the last occasion gave the account of the catastrophe to which, in substance, he afterwards adhered. It was to the effect that, being himself liable to heart affection, he had recently purchased some prussic acid; that on the fatal morning he had, in attempting to open the bottle for the sake of giving himself a dose, broken the neck; that he had then poured out into a tumbler the contents of the phial, and had gone to the other room to procure another bottle, but when there he had delayed in order to write some letters; that his wife at this juncture had left her bed to take a dose of salts, and, as he judged, wishing to take the taste away, had seized the tumbler containing the colourless liquid, drank it off, and immediately screamed and exclaimed, "Oh, I have taken that hot stuff; give me some water." On Mr. Garnett asking him why he had not mentioned all this before, he replied that he felt so ashamed of his carelessness that he did not like to name it.

The inquest resulted in a verdict of wilful murder, and the trial took place on August 21, at the Central Criminal Court, before Mr. Justice Wightman and Mr. Baron Gurney. The prosecution was conducted by the Solicitor-General, Mr. Bodkin, and Mr. Chambers. The prisoner was defended by Mr. Erle and Mr. Clarkson. The chief points relied upon by the prosecution may be presented in brief compass. It was shown that he had given contradictory accounts of the cause of death in Mrs. Skelly's case, at the time assigning bilious fever, while his wife had told her aunt on the day of Mrs. Skelly's death that the patient was sleeping from a dose of laudanum, from which sleep she never awoke; and nine months later Belaney had told both Mr. Garnett and Mrs. Heppingstall that his mother-in-law had died from heart disease. Further contradiction was established in reference to his assertion that his wife not only screamed, as all who are poisoned by prussic acid do, but had uttered a long sentence of explanation, and this was at the time believed impossible where a dose sufficiently large to kill had been taken. It was subsequently pointed out in the *Newcastle Chronicle* that Professor Taylor, the great toxicologist, had controverted this maxim of the faculty in reference to the effect of a mortal dose of prussic acid. It was also proved that no medical man of the slightest skill or with any knowledge of treatment whatever would have proposed such futile remedies as chafing the legs, or bathing the feet in warm water—the proper remedies being brandy, ammonia, and other strong stimulants. Probably, however, the strongest evidence against the prisoner was furnished from several letters he had addressed to Mr. Bell, his steward at North Sunderland. When he dated from the Euston Hotel, he had actually gone to Stepney; and when he alluded to his wife's indisposition (which had only a scanty foundation in fact) he said that she had two doctors attending her, whereas she had none from first to last. It also appeared from a comparison of dates that he had written to North Sunderland after the fatal event, but had contented himself with writing as follows (8th June):—"I have had Rachel removed to private lodgings, where, with two medical attendants, she lies dangerously ill. Symptoms of premature labour came on a few days ago; but, what is still worse, one of the medical men pronounces the heart to be diseased. Of this I have had some dread myself. If she be spared, that will be everything." On the following day, Sunday, the day after her death, he wrote: "Dear Mr. Bell,—The worst that could be dreaded has come to pass. Rachel is no more." A day or two later he wrote to Mr. Hall, of North Sunderland, a lengthened account of the calamity, substantially as we have already given it. For some days he must have written home every day; and, singular to say, one of his chief anxieties was to propitiate his wife's aunt, Mrs. Stobbs, towards whom he had exhibited considerable unfriendliness, having turned

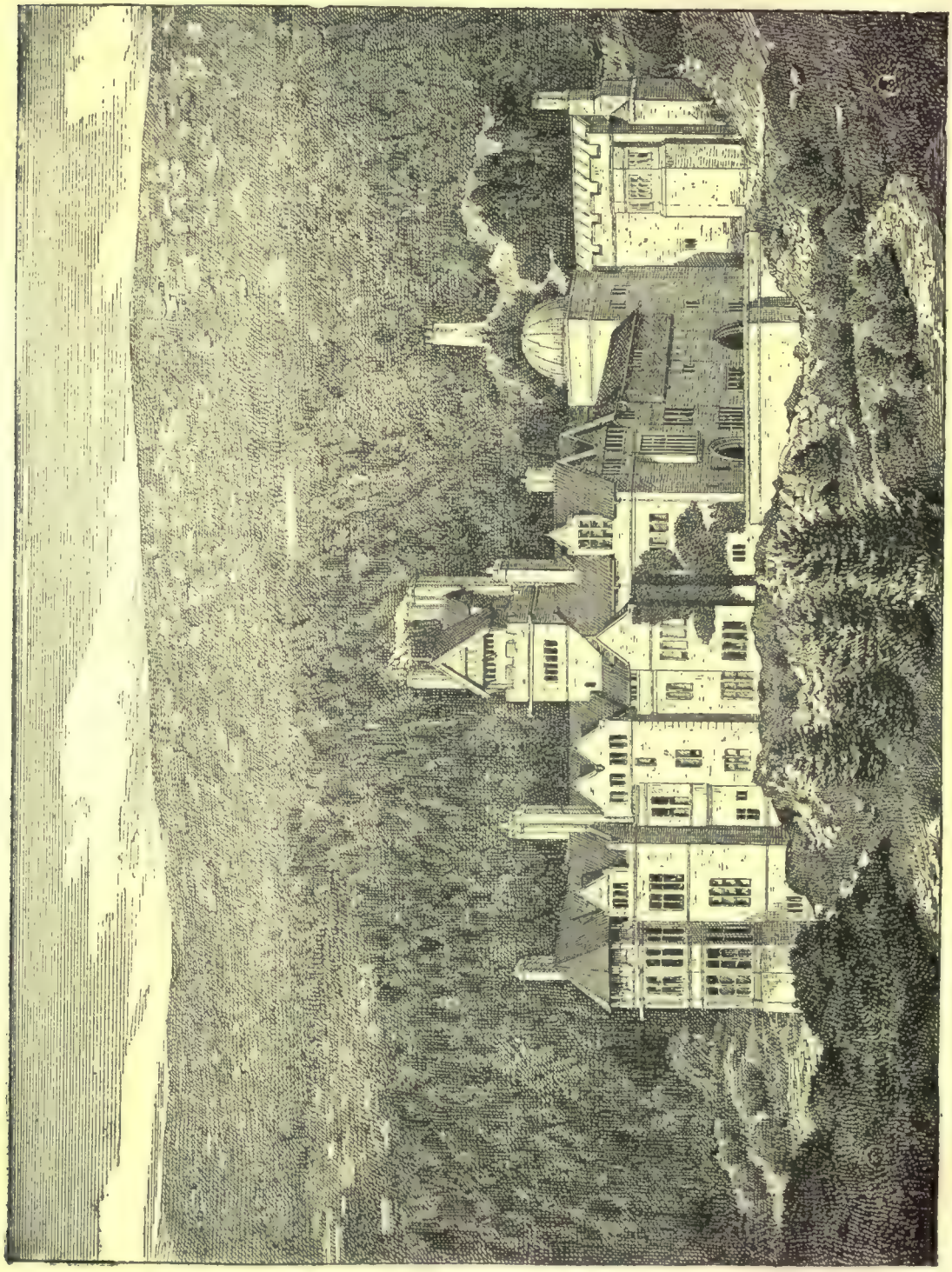
her out of the farm she rented from her sister. Mrs. Stobbs, however, appeared as a witness and gave somewhat damaging information. The motive suggested by the prosecution was that he would by the death of his wife come into property readily convertible into about seven or eight thousand pounds. For the defence, the general testimony went to show that Belaney and his wife were always on the most affectionate terms. Dr. Embleton, of Embleton, Northumberland, deposed that he had prescribed prussic acid for Belaney, amongst other alleviatives, for dyspepsia. A London friend, Captain Clerk, gave evidence, of which, though intended to be favourable, a part must have had a contrary effect. He had been present when Mrs. Belaney actually breathed her last, and had heard the prisoner say she would not recover, and that "her mother had died in the same manner of a diseased heart." One witness gave a touching piece of evidence respecting a visit of Mrs. Belaney to her shop in Regent Street, only two days before her death, for the purpose of purchasing a pattern and the necessary material wherewith to work a falcon as a present to her husband on his return from the contemplated trip to the Rhine. The contradictions that had been proved by the prosecution were attributed partly to confusion and partly to a nervous dread of being blamed for his carelessness—a carelessness which one of his sporting friends declared had always been characteristic of him when he was in practice. Mr. Baron Gurney summed up, pointing afresh the incongruities and clear contradictions that had been traced to Belaney's account of the affair. The jury, after consulting for about an hour, returned a verdict of "not guilty." Belaney heaved a sigh of relief as he heard the welcome words from the foreman's lips, and, bowing his thanks, withdrew; but the great majority of those present were astounded at the verdict.

In a short while Belaney retraced his steps to North Sunderland. He found, however, that the self-constituted court of public opinion in the native town of his wife had come to a very unfavourable judgment on his conduct. No sooner had he set foot within his own door than the angry fisher-folk assembled in menacing groups, and occasioned him great uneasiness. On Saturday, 16th September, three men dressed in women's clothes, and having their faces blacked, paraded three effigies hoisted on poles, and were followed by five hundred people hooting with all their might and main. When the crowd came opposite Belaney's house, he rushed out and fired a pistol right among them, but whether it was loaded or not did not transpire. A general rush at him ensued; the pistol was dropped, and picked up by some one in the crowd. It was afterwards used in smashing Belaney's windows. The doors and gate were broken to pieces, and most of the furniture was destroyed. On the 18th, matters were brought to a climax. The house of Belaney was set on fire, and, with all its contents, except such as were carried off by the crowd, was reduced to a ruin. The hunted man got away to Alnwick through the night, in company with his brother, choosing byways and fields to escape observation. He was, however, recognised by one group, who solicited and obtained from him drink-money at the Willow Tree Inn. On the 7th October, a special sessions was held at Belford to inquire into the charges of incendiarism brought by Belaney against his late steward, Mr. Bell, and others. The Rev. Robert Belaney, brother of the unpopular doctor, gave a lively description of the terrible assault which had occasioned the destruction of so much property. Other evidence tending to implicate Mr. Bell was to the effect that he had lavished drink in a certain public-house, and had predicted there would be "a farce at the Sunk Fence that night." The inquiry lasted two days, but the magistrates decided that there was not a shadow of suspicion resting on Mr. Bell or either of the other two who who were accused along with him. Shortly after this, James Cockburn Belaney disappeared from North Sunderland and was never seen, or, so far as we have been able to ascertain, heard of again. Belaney, on his return, had dismissed Mr. Bell from the management of the limekiln and colliery, in revenge for the evidence he had given on the trial. But the Court of Chancery intervened in the interest of the partnership generally, and appointed the dismissed agent, Mr. Bell, to wind up the concern.

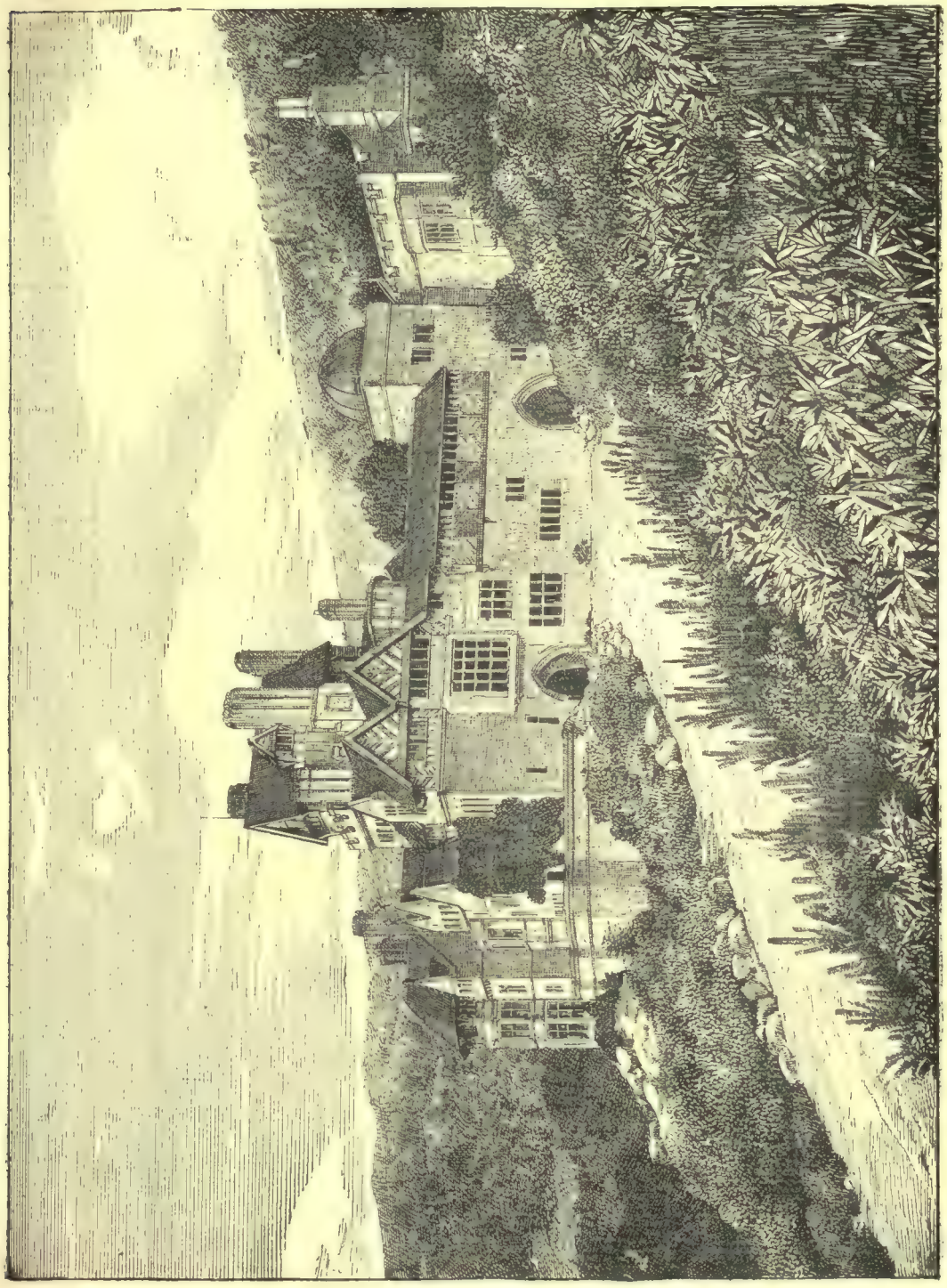
Cragside.

CRAGSIDE, the beautiful seat of Lord Armstrong, with its gardens and grounds and terraced walks, stands upon what was, some five-and-twenty years ago, a barren hill-side overlooking the deep gorge of the Debdon Burn, a little stream which joins the Coquet about a mile to the east of Rothbury. The house is, both in situation and appearance, certainly the most picturesque and interesting of modern Border mansions. The only other which rises naturally to the mind as suggesting comparison with it is Abbotsford, which rose under the eye of the great master in the domain of fiction, as Cragside has risen under the eye of as great a master in the domain of fact.

The building was begun in 1863. It was designed by Norman Shaw, R.A., and is partly Gothic and partly sixteenth century in style. Our views will give some idea of its many gabled picturesqueness, and of the charming effect of its quaint stacks of chimneys, and its red-tiled, high-pitched roofs, when seen against the dark green foliage, the sombre hill-side, or defined against the sky. The dome-topped tower shown in both pictures has, since they were drawn, been



CRAGSIDE: FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.



CRAGSIDE: FROM THE SOUTH.

heightened considerably. It bears the name of "Gilnockie Tower," presumably in honour of Johnnie Armstrong of Gilnockie, that mosstrooper so famous in Border song, who may have been one of the forefathers of the noble owner of Cragside.

Beautiful as is the building, it is rendered more so by its surroundings. Every natural advantage has been greatly utilized or improved; even natural disadvantages have been conquered and turned to good account. On the steep sides of the hill walks and drives have been formed which lead by easy ascents up to the house and the hill top which rises behind it. From this hill top, where stands the huge solitary boulder called the Sea Stone, we look down upon Cragside, and upon the town of Rothbury lying in the Coquet Valley, with Simonside rising high above. Close by us are the two new lakes formed by the engineering skill of the genius of the place, probably upon the sites where ancient lakes once gathered, while away to the east we see the North Sea gleaming in the distance. Descending again, we may admire the formal beauty of the trim Italian Garden, or the wonders of the Orchard Houses. In these latter, dwarf fruit-trees are grown in large pots which turn on pivots, so that each side in turn enjoys the ripening influence of the sun, or the whole can, by hydraulic power, be wheeled out into the open air with the gangways on which they stand. Then there are the noble Conservatory, the Fern Grotto, and the spacious grounds where flourish in bewildering profusion the rarest and most beautiful trees and shrubs. Or, again, we may descend still lower, into the deep ravine of the Debdon Burn, and follow the windings of the stream—the wooded cliffs towering over us on either side and forming a veritable fairy glen of most romantic beauty.

The interior of the house is worthy of its surroundings. Here is gathered together a collection of works of art such as only cultivated taste combined with great wealth could make possible, and this collection of gems is seen in a setting befitting it. There are noble apartments with panelled roofs, with decorations and furnishings the most superb—staircases and corridors and cosy nooks are there—and throughout all breathes a quiet sense of home-like comfort which enhances the beauty of the greatest treasures, and which even such magnificence would be poor without. A splendid chimney-piece of richly carved and costly marble fills nearly the whole of one side of the drawing-room. On one side of it there is a cosy chimney corner. Over the ingle nook of the dining-room fireplace we see carved in the stone the sentiment which fills the whole place—the kindly North-Country proverb, "East or west, hame's best."

The pictures of Cragside are a sight in themselves. Not only in the picture gallery, but in the library, drawing-room, dining-room, and the staircases they are to be found. We have not space to give even a list of them all, but among them are the following:—Millais's "Jepthah's Daughter," and his celebrated landscape "Chill October," Wilkie's well-known "Rabbit on the the Wall," Sir F. Leighton's "Venetian Lady," Linnell's "Thunderstorm," George Leslie's "Cowslip Gatherers," O'Neill's "Death of Raphael," David Cox's "Lancaster Sands," John Phillips's "Flower Girl," and pictures by Turner, Clarkson Stanfield, Copley Fielding, Ansdell, Rosa Bonheur, Albert Moore, H. H. Emmerson, R. Jobling, Hook, Muller, A. Scheyer, Peter Graham, and other artists.

This veritable home of art is notable also as exemplifying the triumphs of science in the application of the forces of nature to the service of man. The mountain stream which rushes past supplies the power which fills the house with the radiance of the electric light. The same long-wasted force, by the aid of hydraulic rams, supplies the house and gardens with water, and fills the lakes which lie on the hill top above. Many other ingenious and unique contrivances there are of a similar nature. Altogether, Cragside, like its master, is one of the wonders of the North.

R. J. C.

Early Booksellers on the Tyne.

By James Clephan.

THERE were books before there were "printed" books. There were also libraries, or collections of books. The lovers of literature brought together their favourite authors. Skilful writers were employed to supply their wants. Prior Uthred, who flourished in the fourteenth century, brought a foreigner to Finchale to transcribe Jerome and Bede; and the same pen was engaged in the enrichment of the library at Durham. Richard de Bury, who was Bishop at Durham before Uthred was Prior at Finchale, had a library so large that its contents were reputed to exceed the collections of all the other English Bishops put together. Good authors were his delight; and, wisely and well, in his "Philobiblon," did he sound the praises of books. Those that were his own he bequeathed to Oxford, with a considerate provision in favour of such students as might wish to borrow and master them. It is curious to learn, from this cultured and enlightened prelate, how, in the olden time, there were readers of books less reverent and careful than they should have been—thoughtless persons who would scribble in the margin, or turn over the scroll with unwashed hands—rest their greasy elbows on the instructive page, and munch over its surface their bread and cheese or fruit.

Beginning his episcopate on the Wear in 1333, Bishop Bury laid aside his mitre there in 1345; but his mantle

remained and was caught after many days by a layman of the diocese. William London, a bookseller on the Tyne, was of a family that long dwelt in the district, and had several of its members in Gateshead. The "False Jew" was "printed for William London, bookseller in Newcastle," in 1653. In the same year, "The Quakers Shaken," printed by S. B. of "Gateside" (Stephen Bulkley), was "to be sold by William London," and so, too, "The Perfect Pharisee." In 1655, as we learn from *Notes and Queries*, there was also printed for the Newcastle bookseller, by E. Cole, of London, Hoole's "Phraseologia Anglo-Latina in usum Scholæ Bristoliensis."

William London was of a Puritan stock. When Cromwell and his Council scattered the Four-and-Twenty of Gateshead in the summer of 1658, "as not fitted to be intrusted in that employment," of theirs, John London and William London were two of the substituted inhabitants. But with the Restoration of the Monarchy came the Restoration of the Four-and-Twenty. Not all, however, of the Commonwealth men were excluded from the Gateshead Vestry; some few of tho Oliverians were retained; and John London was one of the number. (Surtees Society, vol. 50, edited by Mr. W. H. D. Longstaffe.) In a later generation a younger John, son of Samuel London, of Gateshead, gentleman, was apprenticed in his seventeenth year to Jonathan Hargrave, merchant adventurer, and mercer, his indentures bearing date February 3, 1684-85. (Books of the Merchants' Company, Newcastle, and St. Mary's Register, Gateshead.) The Londons and the Hargraves were men of congenial mind. James Hargrave, a follower of Dr. Gilpin, was included in the roll of frequenters of conventicles laid before the Mayor of Newcastle in 1669, by that worthy cordwainer and corporate officer, Cuthbert Nicholson, hunter of heretics and witches; and in the reign of James II. he appears as a Noncon., in the memoirs of Ambrose Barnes, among the merchants known as "Boothmen.".

William London stands at the head of his order on the Tyne. We know not that he has priority in point of date; but who can surpass him in the knowledge of books, or in the glow with which they inspire his pen? Dibdin commemorates him in his edition of More's "Utopia" (1808). He has a note on the passage where Sir Thomas is speaking of "the pleasures of the mind"—"the chiefest and most principal of all." "If the reader," says the editor, "be anxious to peruse one of the best dissertations extant on mental accomplishments, let him examine 'An Introduction to the Use of Books,' prefixed to an early catalogue." "In this Introduction almost every popular English writer, up to the period when it was compiled, is quoted or referred to. Such an excellent treatise has never since accompanied any bookseller's catalogue." "Whenever you can meet with this small volume," is the advice of Dibdin in his "Bibliomania," "purchase it, if only for the sake of reading the spirited Introduction to it. The author was a man, whoever he may chance to be, of no mean intellectual power."

The volume is entitled "A Catalogue of the most vendible Bookes in England, orderly and alphabetically digested, under the heads of Divinity, History, Physick, and Chyrurgery, Law, Arithmetick, Geometry, Astrology, Dialling, Measuring Land and Timber, Gageing, Navigation, Architecture, Horsmanship, Faulconry, Merchandize, Limning, Military Discipline, Heraldry, Fortification and Fire Works, Husbandry, Gardening, Romances, Poems, Playes, &c.; with Hebrew, Greek, and Latine, for Schools and Scholars. The like work never yet prepared by any. Also, all sorts of Globes, Mapps of the World or in Partes, either Kingdoms, Provinces, or particular Counties; French and Duch Pictures and Landskips; Paper of all Sorts from 5s. to 5lb. a Reame; the best perfumed India and English Wax, &c. All to be sold by the Author at his Shop in Newcastle. *Varietas Delectat.* London: Printed in the year 1657."

Had Dibdin seen the title as it here stands reprinted in full, he would not have said of the author, "whoever he may be." But a copy of the first issue had not fallen in the antiquary's way. The title-page of 1657 was withdrawn after a certain number of copies had been struck off, and another substituted, dated 1658, with the omission of the passage relating to commodities on sale. In all other respects the two editions are identical, nothing having been printed anew in 1658 but the title. But the change was sufficient to perplex the critics of an after day. The locality was lost in the second issue, and the author's trade. Either William London had left out the stationery because the advertisement was needless in copies printed for distant districts, or because some friend had advised him to sink the "shop," not foreseeing the bewilderment of the commentators; one of whom, pondering over the "Wm. London" at the end of the dedication, surmises that, like Richard de Bury, this lover of literature may have been a Bishop—William Juxon, Bishop of London! The earlier and rarer copies, however, of the work, one of which is in the library of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle (the gift of John Trotter Brockett), dispose of the conjecture, and deprive the mitre of the wreath.

Fain would we linger over the small quarto of 1657, and illumine our pages with a succession of extracts. But, not travelling beyond the foremost leaf, we will endeavour, not to be content, but to put ourselves off, with a single quotation. Dedicating his work to the gentry and ministers of the four Northern Counties—"to the wise, learned, and studious" of the district—he addresses them as Gentlemen; "for such," says he, "should be scholars, and scholars are no less." "Nobility of blood, Gentlemen, is but the fruits and effects of learning, and culture of the mind, whereby the country has ever tasted the sweet fruits thereof; and thus virtue and honour become rivals, when vice and baseness become

extinct. Honours and titles are but attendants on the most noble deserts of a learned and virtuous mind; nor can they be accounted above apparel and drapery to a comely person; for true gentility hangeth not upon the nothing of vulgar applause, but is absolute in itself. I remember a story of a Doctor of the Civil Law, that, having knighthood hung to his estate by Sigismund the Emperor, presently accounted the society of his fellow Doctors at a cheap rate, only valuing Knights as fit consorts for his new degree; for which great folly he was publikely accosted at the Council of Constance by the Emperor in these words:—'Fool, who preferrest knighthood before learning, the jingles of fame before that true worth of the mind. I can coin a thousand Knights in one day, but cannot one Doctor in a thousand years.' You may imagine he wisht himself out of the Senate. Such men are not wanting in all ages, that overvalue their fortune and undervalue their best and truest riches; which, I hope, in not a fault that sticks to your more sober and solid esteem of knowledge and learning. To be endowed with both, is that, Gentlemen, which priviledges your free access to the title of honour, and proclaims you the very honour of your country."

Thus loftily does William London strike the keynote of his discourse on the Use of Books—a work which might worthily be reprinted by his now numerous order in an annotated edition, dedicated, not alone as in 1657, to the readers of Northumberland, Bishopric of Durham, Westmoreland, and Cumberland, but to students everywhere.

Contemporary with the author-bibliopole was Stephen Bulkley, King's Printer, of whom we were writing last month. In what thoroughfare on the Tyne William London practised his calling we are not aware, but Bulkley has left his address behind him. One of the books which he printed was "The Doctrine and Practice of Renovation, wherein is discovered what the new Nature and new Creature is; its parts, causes; the manner and means also how it may be attained; necessary for every Christian to know. By Thomas Wolfall, Master of Arts, and late Preacher of the Word of God in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Gateside: Printed by S. B., 1652." Of this work there was another edition in 1653. "Printed by S. Bulkley, and are to be sold at his house in Hillgate." Hillgate is now almost wholly gone, and vain would be the endeavour to identify the site of Bulkley's press.

When London was selling books on one side of the Tyne, and Bulkley on the other, James Chantler was vending literature in Newcastle. He, apparently, was the first of the booksellers of the Tyne to find a place in connection with his profession in a parish register. The earliest parochial mention of the vocation on the Tyne is on the 10th of November, 1653, when the daughter of "James Chantler, bookseller," was baptized in the church of St. Nicholas. Then, on the 23rd of the month, less than a fortnight afterwards, his wife Elizabeth, by whose name the babe had been called, was borne to her burial, having died in childbirth. About four years more passed away; the widowed bookseller died; and on the 26th of January, 1658, he, too, was committed to the dust. Thus, with baptism and burial is the story of this early bookseller rounded. From the font to the funeral, in the brief closing years of his life, we have two or three faint glimpses of him—and that is all.

In the neighbourlng borough of Gateshead, while Chantler was selling his books, there was a "stationer" vending his wares, of whom we know even less; for he occupies but a solitary line in the parish-register of St. Mary. His brief record is among the burials of 1664:—"Thomas Rowlandson, stationer, August 7." We first make his acquaintance when the event happens to him which happens to all; and if there be anything more to be learnt about him, it has not come in our way. Scant, however, as is the history, it serves to show that in each of the two towns there was at the same time a stationer. The parochial penmen make a note of them, but no municipal record occurs of these primitive dealers. The craft of the printer and the bookseller was unknown to the incorporated companies of the Tyne. Perchance the uprising of the press within the walls of Newcastle, and the traffic in literature, perplexed those regulators of trade and commerce. Subsequent, however, to the days of Chantler and London, the Freemen hit upon a plan of bringing the men of books and paper within their industrial pale. The vendors of sheets of paper were not numerous enough to constitute a company of themselves, but, combined with workers in sheets of tin and sheets of woven fabrics, they might eke out a corporation. So the Upholsterers', Tinplate Workers', and Stationers Company came into existence! Six upholsterers, three tinplate workers, and two stationers were made into a fellowship, with perpetual succession; and the proportions instruct us as to the relative prevalence of the three branches of industry in Newcastle. Their charter, or "ordinary," laid them under an obligation not to interfere with each others' trades; and no one not free of the town and the company must exercise either of the three crafts in Newcastle. Their constitution was granted on the 22nd of July, 1675; on which day, Thomas Clark and Michael Durham were made free by presentation. Next year, on the 20th of December, Richard Randall and Peter Maplisden were also presented with the freedom of the company (servitude or patrimony being of course out of the question till after the lapse of years). Randall and Maplisden, the new freemen of Newcastle, subsequently occur as booksellers "at the Bridge Foot"; and there, in 1710, Randall (his partner gone) was publishing a sermon of Dr. Nathaniel Ellison, Vicar of Newcastle. Three bound books figure in the armorial bearings of the Stationers, and in the eighteenth century (1730), the

threefold company made a bye-law by which every brother, on his marriage, was laid under an obligation to present to each of his brethren a pair of gloves.

An early and conspicuous bookseller on the Tyne, whose shop was in that favourite haunt of the trade lying between the two towns, was Joseph Hall. Hall vended the sermons of the clerical chiefs on both sides the river. Richard Werge, Rector of Gateshead, published discourses in 1683, '84, and '85, which were prinred in London "for Joseph Hall, Bookseller and Binder upon Tyne Bridge." There were also sold by Hall the sermons of "John March, B.D., late Vicar of Newcastle, the last of which was preached the 27th of November, 1692, being the Sunday before he died." First issued in 1693, there was a second edition in 1699. Here, before us, is a copy of this later issue, printed in London, "for Robert Clavell, at the Peacock in St. Paul's Churchyard," and, as a line below the vicar's portrait states, "sold by Ioseph Hall on Tine Bridge, Newcastle." On a fly-leaf is written the name of its owner in a long-gone day: "Grace Logan." The bookseller on the bridge supplied his customers both over the counter and by hammer. In 1693, he was distributing grauitously a catalogue of nearly four hundred lots which he proposed to sell by auction. Such a sale, so many generations ago, in what we should now regard as a small country town, implies the existence of a considerable proportion of purchasers and readers among our forefathers.

When Saywell was printing in Gateshead, and Button was publishing in Newcastle, there were, as we have seen, but few presses anywhere in our island. Yet both printers and booksellers there were in Newcastle. Two newspapers were started on the Tyne in the reign of Anne; and in the library of Mr. Thomas Bell there was a sermon preached in Newcastle by F. Bailey, October 20, 1714, bearing the imprint:—"Gateshead: Printed by G. Read, and sold by J. Button, bookseller on the Bridge.' Mr. Bell had also a still earlier volume, of about four hundred pages, apparently from the same press:—"A Form of Holy Scriptural Divinity," by T. H., M.A.:—"Newcastle: Printed in 1713." At this period, Michael Johnson, father of Dr. Johnson, carrying on the business of a bookseller in Lichfield, was accustomed to set up a book-stall in neighbouring places; for "booksellers' shops in the provincial towns," as Boswell states, "were very rare; so that there was not one even in Birmingham, in which town old Mr. Johnson used to open a shop every market day." We thus see that Newcastle, where the exigencies of war called a printing press into operation in the year 1639, and where one of the local booksellers framed the first catalogue of saleable books that was ever published in all England, was among the foremost towns in this department of industry. The press of Robert Barker came hither for the service of the Court and Army in the reign of Charles I.; there were booksellers in Newcastle during the Commonwealth; John White, son of the King's Printer in York, established our oldest existing newspaper in the days of Queen Anne; and since the period of her reign the press has never ceased its motion on the Tyne.

Mention has been made (*Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., page 317) of John Gooding's monthly magazine, launched between the breaking out of the Rebellion of 1745 and the overthrow of the Pretender at Culloden in 1746. He was printing the first number at the latter end of the former year, intending to issue it at the beginning of January. "Too long," said he, "had these northern climes been deprived of a repository of learning: too long had those geniuses that now began to thrive been concealed in darkness for want of a proper channel to convey their productions into light." This vehicle was no longer to be withheld. The *Newcastle General Magazine* was to meet the demands of the age, and made its appearance "on the Side" in quarto form. One volume was completed in this ample size: its successors, down to the year 1760, were octavo. Then came total and perpetual eclipse. The "geniuses" of the North were again "concealed in darkness." But Gooding had done his best for them, and commands our respect. He had announced in 1751, Blennerhasset's "History of England," from the landing of the Phœnicians to the death of George I.; and in his list of subscribers were no less than eight Newcastle booksellers, one of whom was Martin Bryson, whose business, outlasting the old bridge on which it was begun, was carried on even to our own day.

We shall have more to say about Bryson and others in another article.

Lord Tankerville at Darlington

ALGERNON, Duke of Northumberland, was always ready to do a kind and good-natured action, and the following story illustrates his amiable character in this respect. Even after the passing of the first Reform Bill, the feeling of bitterness against the peers who had opposed the measure continued very strong. About the beginning of 1833, the Earl of Tankerville, who had always been hostile to reform, stopped, on his way from London to Chillingham, to change horses at the King's Head, Darlington. A mob, collecting round the carriage, saluted his lordship, notwithstanding that his daughter was along with him, with several showers of stones and many very strong epithets. Lord Tankerville and the young lady lay down in the bottom of the chaise, and thus escaped material injury. The insult was not forgotten, however, and the northern aristocracy, strongly resenting the attack, refused to take Darlington in their journeys south, but went by another and longer route. This was a serious matter to the innkeepers of the town, and to the landlord of the King's Head especially, as (by the terms of his license) the proprietor of every posting-house was obliged to keep

so many horses in his stables. The host of the King's Head had just bought the place at the time when the Tankerville affair occurred. As a matter of course, the county families were his best customers. This patronage, however, was completely withdrawn, and there seemed nothing before him but ruin. The poor man, in this dilemma, determined to appeal for help to Lord Prudhoe (afterwards Duke of Northumberland), who was staying at Stanwix at the time. His lordship listened to the landlord with great sympathy, promised to come by Darlington himself, to get his brother the duke to do the same, and to induce other peers to come back to the old route. And this he did with such good will and energy that Darlington was soon as busy as ever, as a post town at least. We may add that for years afterwards (and perhaps to this day) all the stones that fell in the carriage lay upon the hall table at Chillingham Castle, with a placard stating that they were presented to Lord Tankerville by the people of Darlington! W.

Absent-Mindedness.

IT is recorded of Beethoven, the great German composer, that about the time of the composition of that beautiful symphony "Pastoral" he went into one of the Vienna restaurants and ordered dinner. While it was being prepared, Beethoven grew absorbed. Before long the waiter came with the food. "Thank you," said the composer, "I have dined," and, ere the astonished waiter could say a word, Beethoven placed upon the table the price of the dinner and disappeared.

The following story of the absent-mindedness of the celebrated musician, Joah Bates, the originator and conductor of the Concerts of Ancient Music, established 1776, is well worth recording:—"At one of the ancient concerts, the orchestra had assembled, when it was suddenly discovered that the organ would not speak. Additional power was given to the bellows, and the organist, Joah Bates, put down the keys with increased vigour; but not a sound could be obtained. The organ-builder was sent for in furious haste. He came, and after minutely inspecting the interior of the instrument, and finding nothing wrong, at length went round to the keyboard, when he perceived that the organist had forgotten to pull out any of the stops."

Again, Dr. Andrew Wilson gives us, in his "Studies in Life and Sense," some most amusing stories about the absent-mindedness of a late well-known Scottish professor. It is recorded that this professor, passing out of college on one occasion, ran against a cow. Pulling off his hat, amid his abstraction, he exclaimed, "I beg your pardon, madam!" Although aroused to a sense of his mistake, shortly thereafter he stumbled against a lady under somewhat similar circumstances, greeting his astonished neighbour with the remark, "Is that you again, you brute?" It is also related that this professor one day met his own wife in the street, and bowed to her, at the same time remarking that he had not the pleasure of her acquaintance; whilst another vagary consisted in his making his appearance at college displaying on one leg a black stocking of his own, and on the other a white stocking of his better half. Another narrative credits our Scottish professor with addressing a stranger in the street, asking this person to direct him to his own house. "But ye're the Professor!" replied the astonished native. "Never mind," was the reply, "I want to know where the Professor lives!"

Similar feats of the phenomena of abstraction are ascribed to Professor Jöns Svanberg, the celebrated Swedish mathematician, who in the beginning of this century lived in the University town Upsäla. It is related that he was in the habit of putting a card, with the words "Not at home," on his door, whenever he went out. One day, when returning from the college, seeing the card on the door, he exclaimed to his companion, "Ah! I see Svanberg is still out; we had better return a little later, in order to find him at home," and left the house. The Swedish King Carl Johan (Bernadotte) appointed Professor Svanberg as tutor to the Crown Prince Oscar, afterwards King Oscar I. When the prince had finished his studies at Upsäla University, the king gave Professor Svanberg, as a reward for his services, a splendid living close to Upsäla, which gift Svanberg accepted, although he was not then an ecclesiastic. However, he was ordained, and had to preach the inaugural sermon—the first and only one he ever did preach. On that occasion, Professor Svanberg, who always was absorbed in some more or less abstruse mathematical calculation, forgot altogether that he was standing in a pulpit, and commenced his sermon as follows:—"I say, gentlemen, suppose we have a God!" Another time, when he had to attend a large meeting in his capacity as a clergyman, he went into his dressing-room in order to don his clerical gown and collar (the latter is a very conspicuous part of the suit). His wife, who was busy in the adjoining room, called out to him, "Don't forget the clerical collar!" but, as she knew his forgetfulness, she repeated the request more than once. Judge of the astonishment of the people at the meeting when their clergyman entered decked out with no less than six collars, or exactly as many as the times his better half had reminded him.

HILDEGARD WERNER, Newcastle.

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During the last years of the great Duke of Marlborough an attendant used to read to him the history of the wars in which he himself had commanded the British army. At times he would raise himself in his chair, and ask, with admiration, "Who commanded?" A somewhat similar instance of absence of mind is recorded of Sir

Walter Scott. Entering a room one day, he found a friend reading a volume of poetry aloud to some ladies. He sat down and listened for a few moments. At last a tear was seen stealing down his cheek, and, rising from his chair, he crossed the room, and looked over the reader's shoulder to see the author's name. Imagine his surprise at discovering the poem to be his own!

N. HUNTER, Byker,

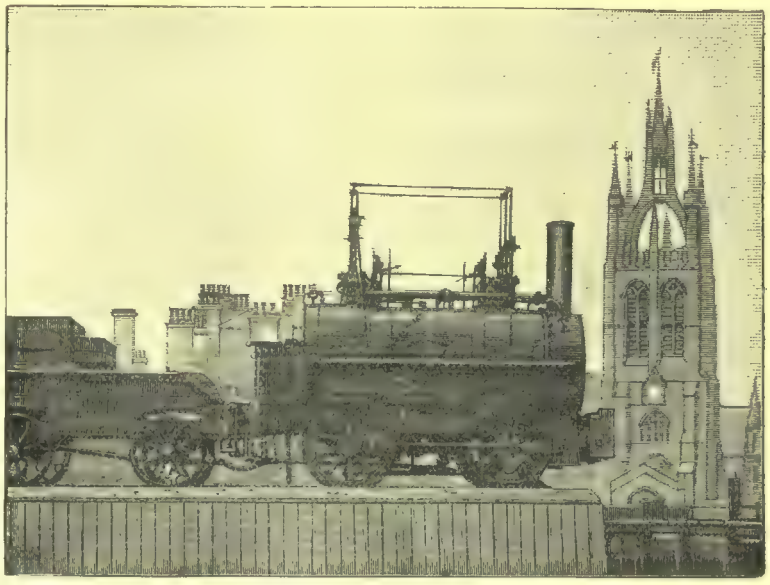
A Newcastle Prison Breaker.

WALTER SCOTT DOUGLAS was one of a band of burglars who, in the autumn of 1859, had been apprehended as the suspected perpetrators of a series of daring jewellery robberies in Newcastle. The other prisoners were Joseph Prishious, Edward Rawlings, and William Wardropper. Associated with them in the later stages of the proceedings was a woman, Rachael Wardropper, the wife of the male prisoner of that surname, who seems to have been the principal instrument in the disposal of the stolen booty. Douglas was arrested by Mr. Elliott, the present chief-constable of Gateshead, who was then head of the detective force in Newcastle, and whom the late Mr. Edward Glynn, in his "Sketches of Oldminster," has happily sketched under the pseudonym of "Clencher." Knowing the customer with whom he had to deal, Mr. Elliott exercised considerable caution, and it was well he did so, for in the possession of his captive was found a formidable knife, with which he had threatened to "stick the first person who took him." The whole of the men were joiners, and the manner in which the shop-breakings were effected indicated that they were accustomed to the dexterous handling of tools. The charges preferred against them were those of breaking into the shops of Mr. Scott, umbrella maker, Pilgrim Street, and of Mr. Thompson, watch maker, then in the centre of the Arcade, and stealing therefrom a large amount of property. From time to time the case was remanded; and during one of these intervals Douglas, Rawlings, and Prishious contrived, on the night of October 26, 1859, to effect their escape from Newcastle Gaol. It was evident that great ingenuity had been brought to bear upon the perilous undertaking, although, as to the exact *modus operandi* which they adopted, the utmost secrecy was observed by the prison authorities. In his effort to regain his freedom, Prishious got his leg severely injured by the snapping of the rope by means of which the lofty wall had been scaled; and, thus handicapped, he was recaptured almost immediately afterwards. As the result of the trial, which took place at the Winter Gaol Delivery, he was sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude, and his companion Wardropper to five years' of the same punishment; while the female prisoner, on whom sentence of eighteen months' imprisonment had been formally passed, was, in accordance with a plea advanced by her counsel, the late Mr. Davison, Q.C., Member for Durham City, subsequently acquitted, as having acted by the direction and under the influence of her husband. Rawlings escaped recapture altogether; but Douglas, on the 8th of April, 1860, once more fell into the clutches of "Clencher," the recapture taking place in a public house in Scotswood Road. On his person, on this occasion, were found a brace of loaded pistols and an apparatus for moulding balls; while his hat, on being temporarily withdrawn from his head, delivered itself of a pair of false whiskers. Again his durance was destined to be of short duration. On the 29th of April he once more made his escape from his prison-house. As to the mode of procedure, the authorities were this time a little more communicative. It appears that Douglas was confined in a cell to the right of the entrance to the gaol. At ten minutes past seven o'clock in the morning, which was a Sunday, he was allowed to pass from his sleeping cell into a larger apartment called the day-room. From this place he effected an exit during divine service. Availing himself of a table and forms, which he had removed from his cell, he reached the top of the wall. With a quantity of rope, which composed the cording of his hammock, and which he knotted together until it was of sufficient length to reach within a few feet of the ground on the outside, he let himself down into the street, where he was soon lost to view. A few day afterwards, he coolly addressed a letter to Mr. Wood, then deputy-governor of the gaol, in which he expressed a determination never to return to Newcastle, added a hope that none of the prison officers would be thought worthy of blame on his account, and hinted that he had a "small account" to settle with one of the detectives, for which he was prepared at any time. To his determination to bid farewell to Newcastle, this modern Jack Sheppard appears to have fully adhered, but he went "further and fared worse." On the 20th of January, 1861, intelligence reached the North of the capture in London of a man supposed to be Douglas. Mr. Elliott and the late Mr. Sabbage, then Chief-Constable of Newcastle, at once proceeded to the metropolis, and unhesitatingly identified the prisoner as the too familiar prison-breaker. Having been there convicted on a charge of attempted house-breaking, Douglas was sentenced to several years' imprisonment, the assistant-judge before whom he was tried expressing a hope that, at the expiration of that time, he would not be forgotten by the authorities of Newcastle. At this point the curtain, so far as the public are concerned, falls upon the extraordinary career of Walter Scott Douglas.

The Beginning of the Railway System.

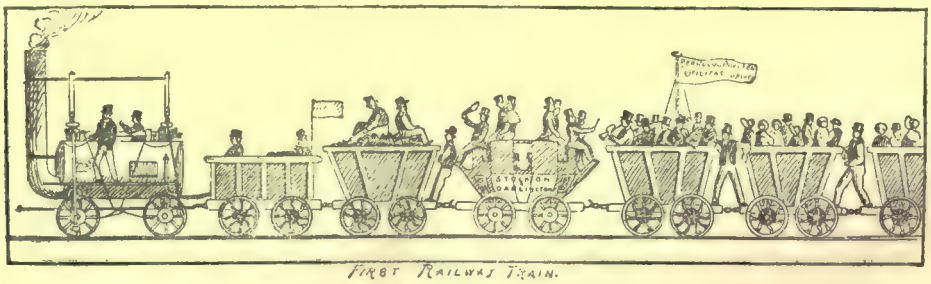
ON September 27, 1825, the Stockton and Darlington Railway—the outcome of much mental labour and numerous experiments on the part of its projector, George Stephenson—was opened by the proprietors for the use of the public. The line extended a distance of twenty-five miles, from Witton Park and Etherley to Stockton-upon-Tees, having branches to Darlington, Yarm, and other places. It was composed chiefly of malleable iron rails (the first rails of the kind were rolled at Bed lington), and the expense attendant upon its construction amounted to something like £50,000.

Readers will be able to form some idea of the curious appearance presented by the first train that traversed the railroad when they are informed that after the locomotive (carrying Mr. Stephenson) came six waggons loaded with coals and flour; then an elegant covered coach, with the committee and other proprietors of the line; then twenty-one waggons fitted up for the accommodation of passengers; and, last of all, six waggons loaded with coals. Our sketch, showing part of the first train ever run on a railway, is copied from a pamphlet by John Birkinshaw, the inventor of the malleable iron rail. Naturally, a great crowd of people collected at the starting-point (the bottom of Brusselton Engine Plane, near West Auckland), and, though 300 tickets had been distributed for those whom it was arranged should occupy the coach and carriages, the pressure of the populace was such that loaded and empty carriages alike were immediately filled with passengers. A start was then made, and the engine with her load arrived at Darlington, a distance of eight miles and three-quarters, in sixty-five minutes, excluding stoppages. Six coal waggons were left at Darlington, and then the train pushed on to Stockton, which it reached in three hours and seven minutes after leaving Darlington, including stoppages, the distance being nearly twelve miles. Ladies and gentlemen on horseback, or in gigs, carts, and other vehicles, accompanied the train the whole way, and the fields and lanes on each side of the line were crowded with interested spectators of all descriptions.



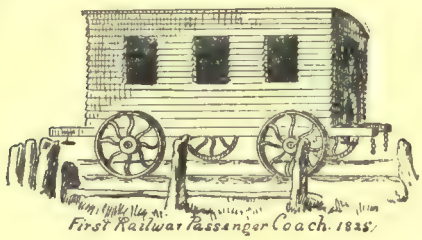
STEPHENSON'S OLD ENGINE "BILLY," BUILT AT KILLINGWORTH.

Besides the sketch of part of the first railway train, we present our readers with two other sketches of interest in this connection—one, that of the first railway passenger



FIRST RAILWAY TRAIN.

coach; the other, a drawing of Stephenson's old engine, Billy, which was built at Killingworth, and which now occupies a post of honour on the High Level Bridge at Newcastle.



Dr. Clanny and Mary Jobson.

A PAMPHLET of sixty-four pages was printed in 1841 by M. Atkinson, Church Street, Monkwearmouth, which bore the following title:—"A Faithful Record of the Miraculous Case of Mary Jobson. By W. Reid Clanny, M.D., F.R.S.Ed., Physician in Ordinary to H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, and Senior Physician to the Sunderland and Bishopwearmouth Infirmary." The publication contained the "testimonies" of not fewer than thirteen more or less highly responsible persons to numerous supernatural "sounds," "voices," and "appearances," in attestation of the sincerity of one Mary Jobson, whose "miraculous case and cure" are therein described. These "visions" and "voices" are said to have attended the girl during several months. It may not be unprofitable to give our readers some account of the wonderful things that were promulgated to the world by so talented and worthy a man as Dr. Clanny, the inventor of the safety lamp.

Mary Jobson, it seems, "began to be delicate" in November, 1839, and continued to get daily worse. Her illness, which was of "a most anomalous description," and "baffled the skill of the medical men to define or to cure it," continued till the 22nd day of June, 1840, when it went off in a seemingly miraculous manner, leaving her "as though she had not had one day's illness." It was during the seven months, or thereabouts, that the indisposition lasted, that the events recorded in the pamphlet took place.

The first doctor who was called in was Mr. Grecian, surgeon. At that time the patient was partly confined to her bed, and complained of great pains in her head and dimness of sight. Mr. Grecian continued attending her for three or four weeks, but she found little or no relief. From that time she continued getting daily worse, and the parents decided on sending for Mr. R. B. Embleton, surgeon, who accordingly came, and who has left on record a very detailed statement of the case. That gentleman says:—

On my first visit she complained of severe pain on the back part of her head, increased on pressure; her eyes were very sensible to the light, and slightly injected with blood. She had a sensation of weakness, but no vomiting. The heat of the skin was a little above the natural temperament. Her bowels were constipated, and her pulse about 120, being very weak, and frequently irregular. I applied leeches over the pained part, followed by a blister, and gave calomel, at the same time endeavouring to purge her; but I found this no easy matter, for after she had taken two dozen powders, each containing from eight to ten grains of jalap with two of calomel, her bowels remained constipated, till moved by large doses of castor oil, frequently repeated. This plan of treatment was continued for a fortnight, without benefit; indeed, the pain had increased considerably, and the slightest touch was sufficient to make her scream out loudly.

About this time a change took place in the symptoms. The pupils of the eyes, which had been contracted before,

became dilated, and her pulse fell to 65 or 70. The skin also became cold, excepting the portion of scalp where the girl complained of pain, which was considerably more hot than natural, the heat extending down to the back part of the neck. No improvement taking place, her parents began to be uneasy, and were wishful to have some further advice. So Mr. T. Embleton was called in, and he recommended the same plan of treatment to be continued. Leeches and blisters were accordingly again applied, but the pain still remained undiminished.

On the 9th of March the patient was attacked by convulsions of a very severe description, the arms, legs, and trunk being in a continual state of agitation, attended with frothing at the mouth. This continued for nearly

the whole of the day. On the following day the convulsions ceased; but they were renewed on the next Sunday, with, if possible, greater violence; and, in addition, the face was drawn to one side. The eyes now became inflamed, especially the left eye; the tears kept constantly "trickling" down the cheek, and the pupils once more became contracted. She continued in this state for a day or two, with slight remissions, when she was attacked with "perfect impossibility of swallowing either fluids or solids." For several days, the doctor tells us, she went "almost without food, not being able to take anything while the fit lasted." When the convulsions were present, Mr. Embleton frequently pinched both arms and legs without the patient seeming to feel at all; whereas, if he but touched the back part of the head, "she would immediately start as if struck by an electric shock."

We are not pretending to write the diagnosis of the case, however, but rather meaning to give, as concisely as we can, consistent with explicitness, an account of the alleged supernatural circumstances attending it. Mary Jobson fell into fits at intervals for eleven months, during the last four of which she lost her speech, and after that the fits began to abate. During the fifth or sixth week of her illness, her mother told the doctor she had heard some strange knocks, and it was not long before he had himself an opportunity of hearing them. Accompanied by a gentleman named Beatty, Mr. Embleton came and sat down for the express purpose. "Presently," says he, "I heard three loud and distinct knocks. Both Mr. Beatty and myself were astonished, for we could not account for them. We several times afterwards heard them, and although I carefully examined about the bed, I could discover nothing that was capable of explaining this mystery." Another surgeon having been called to attend the patient, Mr. Embleton ceased visiting her until he was again sent for, the girl expressing a particular desire to speak to him. He went two or three times before he heard anything; but one morning he found "the child," as he calls her, in bed, severely convulsed, and not seeming to take any notice of those about her. A sheet of paper and pencil were lying on a table near the bed. On the doctor entering, the mother desired him to set down what the "voice" said, for that morning he was to hear it. He took a chair, and watched the child attentively. She was excessively agitated, and the bed-clothes were shaken with her movements. She suddenly opened her eyes, which were before shut, and fixed them on the doctor, who observed, also, that her mouth was wide open, and her tongue could be seen moving rapidly about. After awhile a voice commenced, and the doctor endeavoured to write down what was spoken to him, which was as follows:—

I am the Lord Thy God, that brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. I am the Physician of the soul. I send physicians and medical surgeons to attend to the internal parts of the body. There have been nine physicians and surgeons attending Mary Jobson. I am making use of her body as a trumpet. She should have been in her grave a fortnight and three days since. I have only one medical surgeon to speak to; his name is Robert Blakeston Embleton. On the 13th, three came, but were of no use. Mark. I am Thy God, sounding out of the heavens. The surgeon that knew the complaint of Mary Jobson had been only one year in practice; he had greater privileges than all the nine. Her brain is like a scalded cloth. I am making use of her body as a bugle. Be not deceived! I will not be mocked by medical surgeons. On the 27th, there was Thomas Embleton, he said his opinion was that she should have died, and he was right. Obey my commandments. She has been as dead three weeks. A fortnight before the water got on the brain. Any one who doubts may come here and they shall hear a knock three times. You are mocking me by wishing to see the internal brain. There is a medical surgeon of the name of Robert Blakeston Embleton who has been saying to William Grecian that he would see her brain. But my law shall not be broken. What more can they want than the voice of God? I am speaking out of the heavens. You mock my law when you do not listen to my words. Marvel not, she is no one's patient. She is as dead. If they were to persevere, I shall send judgments. Two angels should appear with drawn swords in their mouths. If my word has not been there first (something was here said about the difficulties of the case) for the medical surgeons were sent on the earth by me. I am Physician of the body. I will send a thunder storm out of the heavens when she is laid in the grave. Twelve angels shall guard it. The Lord's law shall not be broken. Marvel not, for my commandments shall be obeyed first. One surgeon is angry with another. If any one come to persevere to open her head, he should be attacked with drawn swords. My words are to be taken first. This is a miracle wrought on earth. There is nothing impossible to me. Witness Daniel in the lion's den, and Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. I am thy God!

Several sentences were completely lost, the good doctor tells us, in consequence of the voice speaking so rapidly. This may perhaps account for the manifest incoherence of the whole.

After the voice had done speaking, several loud knocks were heard, as if proceeding from the bed. Then a scratching, like a person, or rather several persons, scraping their nails along a table. The voice, Mr. Embleton says, was entirely different from the girl's natural one. Instead of being, as it was throughout the disease, soft and feeble, speaking in a whining and childish tone, it was now, on the contrary, loud and strong. "But this was not all," continues he, "for although it might more strictly be said to be allied to the voice of a male rather than a female, yet it had such a delightful sweet sound as to render it almost an impossibility for any male to imitate it. It certainly came more up to my ideas of the angelic than anything I had ever before heard." He finishes off by saying, "I took ill the same day, and did not see her again for several weeks, when, to my astonishment, I found she had got better and was enabled to walk about."

The girl's father, John Jobson, testifies that the first time Mary was left by her mother, after she was seized with fits, was on the occasion of his wife having to go into the next room to wash, leaving her second daughter sitting at the bedside. This girl, more mindful of her

own play than of her sick sister, soon deserted her charge, and her mother was alarmed by hearing three loud knocks in the sick room, which caused her to run back instantly. To her surprise, she found Mary lying asleep, quite alone. Again, during the afternoon, there were repeated knocks, which alarmed Mrs. Jobson very much. When her husband returned from work in the evening, he went into the sick room and sat down by the bedside. Mary lay in a quiet sleep for a short space, with her hands folded. Suddenly the good man heard three loud knocks proceed from the bed board; but, thinking the sound might arise from knocks outside, he took no further notice of it. Next day, however, when the family were at dinner, several knocks were heard to proceed from the bed. This continued at intervals for some days. The patient was now attended by Mr. Ward, who ordered a blister and medicine without effect. He afterwards brought Dr. Brown, a practitioner of great ability and skill, whose prescriptions were equally barren of result. To be sure, according to a passage in John Jobson's "evidence," it would rather seem that the prescriptions were not attended to, for he says:—"I could not believe that there was anything supernatural. I persisted that Dr. Brown and Mr. Ward's treatment should be tried, as they told me that they considered it a trick of the child's, and her mother was too particular with her. They advised me to punish her with harsh words. Mr. Ward said I had better leave work for a week, and keep the house as much as possible, and not allow her anything to eat or drink, without her getting out of bed for it herself." But her tender-hearted father goes on to say:—

My feelings would not allow me to do this to my child, who for twenty-three weeks had scarcely rested on her bed from pains, and with so many blisters tried, and the quantities of medicine given her. There had been heard in the house, for some days previous to the visiting of Dr. Brown, a strange voice, which told my wife and me the pedigrees of both our families, of the greater part of which I had no record, nor to my knowledge had ever heard mentioned; but, upon inquiring, I found them to be correct. We were also told that these doctors' orders should not be attended to, and that a miracle would be worked upon the child. I persisted that the voice and the knocks came from the child, and that the doctors' orders should be obeyed. The blister was applied by her mother and me, when knocks were heard louder than ever, and a rumbling noise like distant thunder. The tenant downstairs thought that the house was coming down, and asked what it could mean.

The parents were told by the voice that the child was blind, deaf, and dumb. It also told them that the child should be restored to perfect health, and it would be as great a miracle as ever was performed since Christ was upon the earth. Owing to the hardness of his unbelief, which withstood all these wonders, John Jobson was told by the voice that he should see "visible signs." "When, to my surprise," says he, "it was no sooner spoken than water appeared on the floor, from small quantities to large ones, which I looked at earnestly, not once, but twenty times; it continued for weeks, at intervals; I laid my hands on it, and it felt as cold as ice, and as water usually does."

At the February term, 1840, the Jobsons left the house (in Wear Street) in which they had had such marvellous experiences. They removed to a house in Moor Street, but they had not been settled in it more than ten days when they were under the necessity of shifting to another in Hendon Lane, owing to "the depraved and inhuman character" of a person living in the same tenement, who could not endure the girl's screaming. In this new location, footsteps used to be heard coming upstairs at night, and doors to open and shut, though every person in the house was abed. The knockings likewise continued, louder and louder, both night and day, together with sweet singing and music, the most impressive that could be imagined. One day Mary said to her mother, "Our Saviour has been standing at the bedside, and he looked earnestly at me." She added that he was a beautiful looking person, but what he told her she was not to divulge until he came again. On a second visit she alleged that the Saviour told her the doctors might disagree, but there was only one who understood her complaint, and that was Robert Embleton. Some days afterwards, the voice demanded of the mother why she disputed the truth of what her daughter had told her. And in continuation it said:—

I am he whom thou knowest not. Be not deceived, for you know not who I am, I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending. I told your child that she was going to have a long illness, and that I was going to work a miracle with her. She is like young Samuel who kept his Father's laws, for when you desired her to say her prayers and go to sleep, she obeyed; and when the remainder of her family were in sleep, she would arise, and, on her knees, pray without ceasing to her Father in heaven. There will be many that will come here who will not believe in this. Some will believe, because they know that all things are possible with God. But blessed are they who may not hear nor see, and yet believe. There are numbers of angels in the room. I will call them by their names, but in names that you cannot understand. But as I order them to do signs, you will hear them do them distinctly in all parts of the room—from one to three knocks, first low, up to very loud ones—some like clashing of arms, some like fluttering of wings, some like small and others like to immense quantities of water rushing about the room.

Dr. Clanny, the chief hierophant, now appeared on the scene. He had called at the first floor of the house in which the Jobsons then lived to inquire concerning a female servant, Betsy Mason, who was in want of a place, and a somewhat natural and pardonable curiosity led him to go upstairs. He appeared to commiserate the state of the little patient, and after having made kind inquiries into the case, and particularly as to the supernatural signs, he went away with the remark—"All things are possible with God!" Soon after, the voice said Dr. Clanny would be a perfect believer, and "these miracles would be published in great congregations."

One night when one Margaret Watson was sitting watching, she alleged that she saw a lamb which passed

the room door, and it appeared to her as if it went into the pantry, on the landing of the stairs, in which the girl's father was at the same time; but he did not see anything.

Joseph Ragg and Ann Ragg, his wife, as well as John Ragg, their youngest son, relate similar marvels which they either heard or saw. The voice repeated in their hearing the whole of the third and fifth chapters of the Book of Daniel, and many other considerable portions of Scripture. Oft-times the voice "lectured" for hours together; and "such was the delight which the hearers experienced, that they never felt tired, but, on the contrary, they always regretted when the discourses ended." Once they saw a representation of the sun, moon, and stars on the ceiling, "in a variety of pleasing and brilliant colours." They also saw "water in small or in large quantities actually spring up through the floor of the room in which they were assembled." One night, Joseph Ragg was awakened out of his sleep, about eleven o'clock, by the presence of a beautiful and heavenly figure, in male attire, which was surrounded by a very splendid and agreeable light. It drew back the curtains of the bed, and, with a most benign smile, looked down upon him for about ten minutes. No hint is given, however, as to who this nocturnal visitor was, or why he appeared to honest Joseph at that particular night and hour.

Elizabeth Vasey, of Hedworth Street, Monkwearmouth, a sister of Ann Ragg's; Catherine Storie, wife of William Storie, of the same place, a niece of hers; Elizabeth Wood, daughter of Elizabeth Vasey; Phillis Thompson, daughter of William Thompson, Ayre's Quay; and Jemima Elizabeth Gauntlett, of Spring Garden, Sunderland, also gave detailed evidence as to voices, rappings, loud knockings, flappings as it were of wings, sounds as of the grinding of teeth, beautiful instrumental music, hymns by one or more voices, and what they thought were astounding revelations of their little family secrets.

Dr. Clanny, who wrote as "a physician of thirty-seven years' experience," testifies that "the signs and wonders were generally made manifest to several witnesses in the same room, or in different rooms in the same house, and who, upon comparing all that they heard and saw, never had occasion to differ in the least from each other, but always agreed in every respect." He adds that "the objects of these signs and wonders are for the direct advancement of the pure doctrines of Christianity, as given to us in the only record of the blessed Redeemer, as foretold in the Hebrew Bible."

The doctor himself heard none of the voices to which the other witnesses testify; neither the supernatural rappings, the heavenly music, nor the flapping of wings. The only wonderful thing that seems to have occurred to him in the patient's presence was her seemingly miraculous repetition of Scripture texts, as rapidly as he could write them down, and which the girl told him had been "given to her" by revelation about half an hour before his arrival. He records, however, that one night, about the middle of August, he was awakened by a very loud blow upon the floor at his side of the bed, which was twice repeated at intervals of seconds. These knocks were so loud that he thought he heard the floor crash upon its receiving the second and third blows. He instantly sat up in bed, and at the same time said to his wife, "Margaret, did you hear that?" when she replied, "I thought I heard something thrown over the wall." The doctor now proceeded to examine the room, and found all things perfectly quiet, the rushlight half burnt down, and upon throwing back one of the window curtains, he found it was daybreak. It struck him as something singular that a favourite French terrier dog, which slept in the room, did not bark. It immediately flashed across his mind that the knocks were supernatural. He retired to bed, and slept soundly till the hour of rising, viz., seven o'clock, his mind being perfectly tranquil. A few days afterwards he saw Mary Jobson, when she said, "You had a sign the other night," mentioning the night, adding, "You heard three knocks in your bedroom; your wife heard, but the servants did not hear them; you were not alarmed." The doctor asked the hour, and she said, looking up for a moment, "At daybreak." The same sign took place, Dr. Clanny adds, in the same room, when his wife was residing at the Spa Hotel, Shotley Bridge, in the night between the 8th and 9th of October. And it was repeated, with variations, in the night between the 11th and 12th of the same month. On another occasion, when Dr. Clanny was sitting one morning after breakfast in a musing state near the fire, everything in the room being perfectly quiet, he observed a large printed card come down in a twirling manner from the mantel-piece and fall at his feet. This card had been firmly placed between the legs of a large figure of a horse in marble, and could not be displaced from its position by any common agency. "I was fixed," says he, "in my chair with astonishment." Loud continuous knockings at his bedroom door were heard by the doctor one night when sleeping alone, at a time when his wife was ill; and after he had looked out and found there was nobody on the stairs, and was returning to bed, he heard "near to the bed, and nearly as high as the ceiling, seven distinct and loud knocks." "I confess," adds he, "I was a little intimidated, but what was I to do? I went to bed, and slept soundly up to my usual time of rising."

Dr. Clanny also mentions that, soon after Mary Jobson was restored to health, her mother showed him the figure of the sun and moon upon the ceiling of the room in which her child had lain for so many weeks in a wooden folding-up bed; and though her husband, in his state of unbelief, had whitewashed over these figures, neverthe-

less they were still very distinct, and appeared to the doctor to be most accurate in their outlines.

On the 22nd of June, 1840, the child seemed to be very ill. Her breathing was thick, and her mother, the two Raggs, and Margaret Watson, who were in the room, thought she was just about to die. The voice asked them, however, "Have you her clothes ready?" and upon their replying "They are ready," it ordered—"Lay the clothes upon the table which she wore when in health, and have the youngest child in the room," which was done as instructed. They were then ordered out for about a quarter of an hour, after which they were told by the voice to return into the room; and there to their astonishment they found the patient, Mary Jobson, seated by a table fully dressed, with her youngest sister sitting upon her knee. On her father returning home from work at six o'clock in the evening, he tells us, he saw her sitting up at a window, reading; and she appeared to him to be looking as well as she did before her illness. From that day forward she did not complain in the least, nor was there any further supernatural manifestation.

In a second edition of Dr. Clanny's pamphlet, printed and published in Newcastle by M. A. Richardson, there are corroborative testimonies given by Edward Drury, the same gentleman who figures in the narrative of "The Haunted House at Willington" (*Monthly Chronicle*, June, 1887, page 177), and by T. R. Torbock, surgeon, Lambton Street, Sunderland. What the former says may be summed up in one of his own sentences:—"If we believe in the Holy Scriptures, we must, *a fortiori*, believe in a world of spirits, and also that from all times spirits have been seen and heard by many persons at different periods—moreover, if spirits have assumed visible forms, we are compelled to acknowledge that what has been may be again, not only in our day, but also to the end of the world." Dr. Drury, on calling at Mr. Jobson's house, heard three distinct knocks when he was going up the stairs, and on entering the room in which the child lay, he saw "a very fine-looking girl, apparently about thirteen years of age; she had a good deal of colour in her face, seemingly in a very composed sleep, and like to anything but a patient." But knockings, scratchings, door-slammings, convulsions, shrieks, and most indescribable sounds soon signalised his presence, and these phenomena were repeated on subsequent visits. Mr. Torbock, who was an equally sound believer, only tells us he had, at different times and places, lengthened and very serious conversations with nearly all the individuals who had borne testimony in respect to this miraculous case, and he was well assured that they were persons who were known to be "religious and trustworthy." He communicates to Dr. Clanny some particulars as to another wonderful case, that of Alice Macdonald, residing in Sussex Street, Sunderland, aged eighteen years, at the time of whose happy Christian death heavenly music was heard—"most beautiful music, not unlike musical glasses when skilfully played upon." In addition to this "well-authenticated" fact, Mr. Torbock tells his correspondent that three loud knocks were heard by Alice Macdonald's brother and sister-in-law, at their bedroom door, on the night of the 5th October, 1841, at the moment when Alice's grandfather, William Hay, died at his own house in the Assembly Garth. So that such supernatural manifestations as the above were not quite unprecedented at that time in Sunderland.

As was to be expected, however, in so strange a case as that of Mary Jobson, the whole tribe of "scoffers and mockers, especially of the medical profession," seized on it as "a rare opportunity to exercise their malignity." In a letter which he addressed to the editor of the *Globe*, Dr. Clanny complains of the conduct of two of the annonymous correspondents of that paper, as not only despicable, but even diabolical. One of these gentlemen replied in a stinging sentence or two, and then he printed the correspondence in a little book, intituled "Modern Miracles."

Years afterwards, a gentleman called upon Mary Jobson, then a married woman, the wife of a respectable manufacturer in Nile Street, Sunderland, with the design of satisfying himself as to the alleged facts from her own mouth. He found her exceedingly disinclined to enter into the subject, and particularly anxious that no further publicity should be given to the case, which it was quite plain called up most painful recollections in her mind. It is scarcely necessary to add that Mary Jobson had no "supernatural gifts" or "manifestations" vouchsafed to her subsequent to 1840.

Our portrait of Dr. Clanny is copied from an oil painting by J. Reay, now in the Corporation Art Gallery at Sunderland.

The Invention of the Reaping Machine.

VARIOUS persons have advanced claims to the honour of inventing the reaping machine. But it seems not improbable (as far as we can gather from a contribution by Mr. J. F. Common, of Shieldfield, to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* of July 8, 1876) that Mr. John Common, of Denwick, Northumberland, was the original projector of the principle to be found underlying the machine of to-day. Some contend that it is to the Rev. Patrick Bell that the laurels by right should fall; but documentary evidence demonstrates that Common actually had his machine at work in 1811, while Bell's was not even tried, according to his own account, until 1826. Moreover, as

Bell was born in 1800, he must have been a mere boy of eleven when Common and others were reaping corn by the machine, "secretly on a moonlight night"—just as Bell declares he did in 1826.

Common's narrative may with advantage be consulted in this connection. It was published in the *Alnwick Journal* for August, 1860, and in various particulars was remarkably corroborated shortly after by certificates of entries in the minute book of the Society of Arts, which were brought to light by Mr. Peter le Neve Foster, November 5, 1860. According to Common's letter, dated Denwick, July, 1860, he was at Fleetham, setting up a new thrashing machine for Mr. John Ostens, when Mr. Ogle—who at that period was schoolmaster at Newham—came over to Fleetham, and desired Common to go with him to Newham and help him to contrive a reaping machine. "His was," the narrative proceeds, "on the rotatory plan at that time, and he could not find one to make the knife cut like a scythe. My own machines were all clippers. The first I made was a small one, and the shears were driven by a crank; but it had no apparatus on it for delivering the corn. As far as I can judge, it was made in the year 1811, eight years after Mr. Ogle's first, and tried in secret, at night, in company with Mr. Thomas Appleby, amongst my own ripe corn, and it appeared to him and me to answer well. After this, Mr. Ogle came accidentally into my shop, and, on seeing the machine, he looked at it, and felt it with his hand, and asked me if it was not for shearing corn, and I said it was, and, after further conversation, he advised me to let the Duke of Northumberland know about it."

After this, Common constructed another machine, which was forwarded by the Duke of Northumberland to the Society of Arts, in London, but which was neither awarded a premium nor returned to its inventor. The third, and last, machine was made in 1812, the same year as the second, "in full size, and to be drawn by men, by order of the duke." When this was finished, Common gave Mr. Brown, of Alnwick, some patterns of it to be reproduced in iron; but as he was unable to cast them he made them of wrought iron; and these Brown appears to have taken to America, when he and all his family emigrated thither in 1830. Brown seems to have pretty well dropped out of Common's recollection, till after the London Exhibition in 1851, where the McCormick reaping machines were exhibited. Two of these subsequently came through Denwick to Howick, to which place Common went to see them. He was much surprised to find that they were exactly like the one he had constructed some forty years before, and it was not long before he learnt from Mr. John Nichol, Brown's son-in-law, that Brown had given Common's patterns of the reaping machine to McCormick, and had made a bargain with him that, if any money was made by it, he (Brown) was to have a share of it. Brown died during the Exhibition, and McCormick refused to abide by his part of the contract.

The Denwick claimant was clearly a man of great mechanical ingenuity. Mr. J. F. Common, in the article we have already mentioned, says:—"Besides the reaping machine, for which an American and a Scotchman got both glory and gold, Mr. Common was the inventor of several other machines. For the invention of the double drilled self-acting turnip-sower he received a silver medal and ten guineas from the Society of Arts of London, and twenty guineas from the Society of Arts of Scotland. He also received a silver medal from the Society of Arts of London for his mode of putting new roots to old trees. In addition he got a money prize from the Society of Arts of Scotland for a lime-distributing apparatus. I might also state that a public testimonial was subscribed for, by influential gentlemen and farmers of Northumberland, in the year 1860, for the inventor of the reaping machine."

Northern Superstitions.

IN some parts of Northumberland it is thought lucky if we meet with two magpies, but very unlucky if one crosses our path. The following couplet I have often heard repeated:—

One is sorrow, two mirth,
Three is wedding, four a birth,
Five heaven, six hell,
Seven—the de'il's ain sel'!

There are many who still look in the candles for expected letters, and search the tea-cup for coming visitors. If a young lady, in snuffing a candle, snuff it out, she will not be married during the current year. A spider descending upon you from the roof is a token that you will soon have a legacy from a friend. When a spider is found upon our clothes, some money is coming to us. The sudden loss of hair is a prognostication of the loss of children, health, or property. If a person's hair burn brightly when thrown into the fire, it is a sign of long life; the brighter the flame the longer the life. If it smoulders away, and refuses to burn, it is a sign of approaching death. If the nose itches, it is a sign that you will be crossed or vexed. Itching of the right hand portends receiving money. If the right ear tingles, you are being well spoken of; if the left ear, some one is speaking ill of you.

It is accounted lucky to carry in the pocket a crooked sixpence or one with a hole in it, or to put a stocking on inside out, or a waistcoat similarly, through inadvertence. If you put a button or hook into the wrong hole while dressing in the morning, some misfortune will occur during the day. If you dream that you have lost a tooth, you will shortly hear of the death of a friend. If you dream of a wedding, you will hear of death; if you

dream of water, you will hear of sickness. If a toad crosses the path, it will rain. It is lucky to have money in your pocket when you first hear that harbinger of spring, the cuckoo. It is unlucky, after one has started on a journey, to be recalled, and told of something previously forgotten.

Mr. Henderson, from whom I quote for the purposes of this communication, states that a clergyman from Yorkshire told him that his grandfather, though anything but a weak man, would never turn back when he had once started upon an expedition. He had been known to remain on horseback at the end of his grounds, shouting to the house for something that he had forgotten, rather than turn back for it. When rooks desert a rookery, it foretells the downfall of the family on whose property it is. There is a Northumbrian saying that the rooks deserted the rookery at Chipchase (on the banks of North Tyne) when the family of Reed left that place. On the other hand, the Wilkie MS. informs us that when rooks haunt a town, or village, mortality is supposed to await its inhabitants; and if they feed in the street it shows a storm is near at hand. It is said to be a good omen for swallows to take possession of a place, and build their nests around it; while it is unpropitious for them to forsake a place which they have once tenanted. A cock crowing on the threshold is a sign of approaching visitors. For a magpie to be seen near anyone's doorstep is an omen of death. I was told some time ago by an old but intelligent gentleman, a resident of Winlaton, that when he had seen a magpie on three different occasions fly close to the door of people's dwellings a death took place shortly after.

When very young, and living in Haydon Bridge, the following was related to me by a friend who has long passed away, and who possessed a fund of local knowledge:—About seventy years ago, a quarryman named T——, and who resided in the above village, proceeded to work early one morning, accompanied by other fellow-workmen. On walking up Cleatby Bank, opposite West Mill Hills, a magpie crossed and re-crossed their path several times. It then disappeared, but, when nearing East Brokenheugh, it suddenly flew in amongst them, nearly knocking the hat off Mr. T——'s head. One of the poor fellows was much alarmed, and advised T—— to return home. "Not I," said T——; "I don't believe in such nonsense." Arriving at the scene of their labour, they commenced work, and had only been working a short time when an alarm was raised, and each shouted to the other to run for his life. On T—— endeavouring to save himself, his hat fell off, when he stumbled over it and fell, and before he could rise a large stone came rolling down, crushing him to death.

First footing still largely prevails in various parts of Northumberland. It is considered very unlucky for the first visitor to a house on a New Year's Day to belong to the gentler sex. In order to obviate this calamity, so soon as the last stroke of twelve has tolled forth from the parish church on the night of the 31st of December of any year, the male members of each household, placing a bottle of wine or spirits in their pockets, sally forth upon visits to the houses of all their friends. Others keep their doors locked until a male commences knocking, when the inmates, on being assured that it is not one of the fair sex, admit him, and partake of bread and cheese, which is often washed down by a small sensation of "mountain dew." There are some good ladies whom the writer knows very well (and with whom he has often been amused) who will not allow any ashes or slops to be taken out of the house on New Year's Day, it being unfortunate to take anything out. One can bring in, however, as much as possible. WILLIAM LEE, New Benwell.

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A more agreeable rendering of the magpie rhyme is current in Wensleydale. Here it is:—

One for sorrow, two for luck,
Three for a wedding, four for a death,
Five for silver, six for gold,
Seven for a bonny lass twenty years old.

F. BLAND, Newcastle.

Kate Babington.

CATHERINE BABINGTON was the first wife of Colonel Philip Babington, of Harnham Hall, and widow of Colonel George Fenwick, of Brinkburn. She was excommunicated, so says Hutchinson ("History of Northumberland" i. 218), "for contempt of an ecclesiastical sentence, and, being under excommunication when she died, was buried in a cave known as the Rocks of Harnham, below the foundations of the castle, where her remains now [in Hutchinson's time] lie in a leaden coffin." The coffin and its contents have long since disappeared.

Mrs. Babington was the eldest daughter of the famous Parliamentary General, Sir Arthur Haselrigg, Governor of Newcastle, who took Tynemouth Castle by storm, preferred the bill of attainder against Strafford, and distinguished himself by his violent opposition to Charles I. At a meeting of the British Archæological Association in 1854 (Journal, ix., pp. 130-154), a pack of political playing cards was exhibited and described. Among them was one—the eight of diamonds—representing Haselrigg in the dress of the period, "in a vain-glorious attitude, with a large feather in his hat, and a long sword by his side." Under the figure are the words: "Don Haselrigg, Kt. of ye Codled Braine." (See next page.)

Hazelrigg's daughter Kate was what would now be called a strong-minded woman. On two of the panes in

one of the windows there were formerly the following inscriptions scratched by her with a diamond :—

Phil Babington
Sept 15 1668
K Babington
Sept 17 1668

How vaine is the help of man —
K Babington

Omnia Vanitas
Jun: 9. 1670

These panes have lately been taken out of the window. They were shown to the members of the Durham and Northumberland Archæological Society at Bolam last year. ROBERT BLAIR, South Shields.

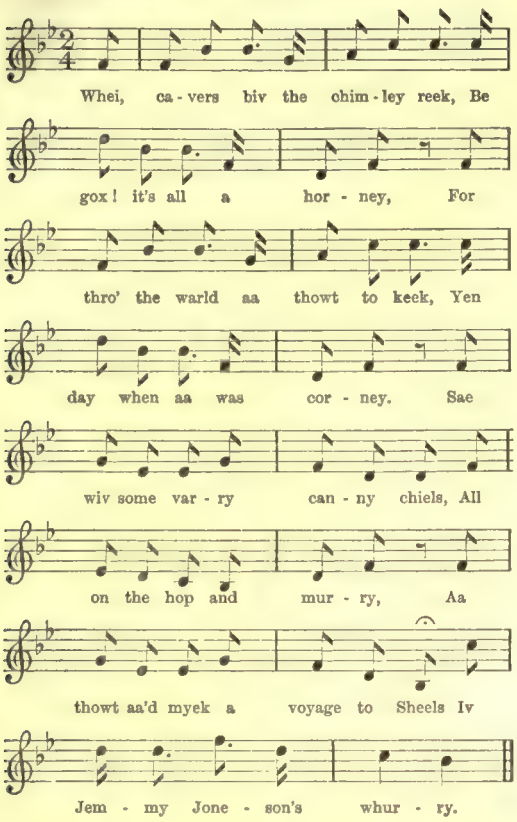
***

Some interesting facts are related about Madame Babington, wife of Philip Babington, governor of Berwick. It appears that she was so celebrated for her good looks that her portrait was inserted in the "Book of Beauty" of that period. It is said, too, that an order was issued, during her residence in Sunderland, that when Dame Katherine Babington entered a cook's shop she might not eat sixpenny pies in public, but in a private room, that she "be not stared at of the people." The lady's puritanical tendencies led her to regard the clergymen who came in with the Restoration with the utmost intolerance. It is recorded that she incited a butcher's boy at Shortflat to pull one of them out of his pulpit, thereby incurring ecclesiastical censure. This censure she utterly despised, so that both she and the butcher's boy were excommunicated. When the latter died his friends were obliged to bury him in the garden. Katherine herself, being refused sepulture in the churchyard, was entombed in a cave. The parish register contains the following entry :—"Madam Babington dyed 28 Aug., 1670, and was laid in a sepulchre (ye 9 Sept.) hewn out of a rock in Harnham." The coffin was placed

on a stone shelf. Local tradition declared that this was done because of a prophecy that the estate would pass out of the family whenever Madame Babington was below ground. Some time in the last century the coffin was stolen for the sake of its lead by a party of wandering muggers, the bones thereafter lying exposed till they were buried a few years ago. The cave is situated in the garden beneath a terrace, curiously adorned with two-faced stone busts. Above the grave is inscribed : "Here lyeth the body of Madame Babington, who was laid in this sepulchre the 9 Sept., 1670." The following lines are also inscribed above the grave :—

My time is past, as you may see ;
I view'd the dead as you do me.
Ere long you'll lie as low as I,
And some will look on thee.

A. DAMAS, Newcastle.

Jemmy Joneson's Whurry.

Whei, ca - vers biv the chim - ley reek, Be
gox! it's all a hor - ney, For
thro' the warld aa thowt to keek, Yen
day when aa was cor - ney. Sae
wiv some var - ry can - ny chiels, All
on the hop and mur - ry, Aa
thowt aa'd myek a voyage to Sheels Iv
Jem - my Jone - son's whur - ry.

Whei, cavers biv the chimley reek,
Begox! it's all a horney,
For thro' the warld aa thowt to keek,
Yen day when I was corney.
Sae wiv some varry canny chiels,
All on the hop and murry,
Aa thowt aa'd myek a voyage to Sheels
Iv Jemmy Joneson's whurry.

Ye nivver see'd the church se scrug'd,
As we wur there thegither,
An' gentle, simple, throughways rudg'd
Like burdies of a feather;
Blind Willie, a' wor joys to croon,
Struck up a hey-down-derry,
An' croose we left wor canny toon,
Iv Jemmy Joneson's whurry.

As we push'd off—loaks! a' the Kee
To me seem'd shuggy-shooin';
But tho' aa'd nivver been at sea,
Aa stuid her like a new-un;
An' when the Malls began their reels,
Aa kick'd ma heels reet murry;
For, faix! aa liked the voyage to Sheels,
Iv Jemmy Joneson's whurry.

Quick went wor heels, quick went the oars,
An' where my eyes were cassin';
It seem'd as if the bizzy shores
Cheer'd canny Tyne i' passin';
What! hes Newcassel now ne end?
Thinks aa, its wondrous, varry;
Aa thowt aa'd like ma life to spend,
Iv Jemmy Joneson's whurry.

Tyneside seem'd clad wiv bonny ha's,
And furnaces sae dunny;
Wey, this mun be what Bible ca's
"The land of milk and honey!"
If a' thor things belanged tiv me,
Aa'd myek the poor reet murry,
An' gar each heart to sing wiv glee,
Iv Jemmy Joneson's whurry.

Then on we went, as nice as owse,
Till nenst aa'd Lizzy Moody's*;
A whirlwind cam, and made a' souse,
Like heaps o' babby boodies.
The heykin' myed me vurry wauf,†
Me heed turn'd duzzy, vurry;
Me leuks, aa'm shure, wad spyen'd a cauf,
Iv Jemmy Joneson's whurry.

For hyem an' bairns, an' ma wife Nan,
Aa yool'd oot like a lubbart;
An' when aa thowt we a' shud gan
Tiv Davy Jones's cubbart,
The wind bee-baw'd, aa whish'd me squeels,
An' yence mair aa was murry,
For syun we gat a seet o' Sheels,
Frev Jemmy Joneson's whurry.

Wor Geordies now we thrimmel'd oot,
An' tread a' Sheels sae dinny;
Ma faix! it seems a canny spoot,
As big maist as its minny;
Aa smack'd thor yell, aa climb'd thor bree—
The seet was wond'rous, vurry;
Aa lowp'd sic gallant ships to see,
Biv Jemmy Joneson's whurry.

To Tinmouth then aa thowt aa'd trudge,
To see the folks a' duckin',
Loak! men and wives together pludg'd)
While hundreds stuid by, leukin';
Amang the rest aa cowp'd ma creels,
Eh, gox! 'twas funny, vurry;
An' so aa end ma voyage to Sheels,
Iv Jemmy Joneson's whurry.

AT the beginning of the present century, before steamboats were introduced, Jemmy Joneson, whose wherry is here immortalized, was a famous local character, well known to all passengers on the river Tyne. The competition that now goes on between the North-Eastern Railway Company and the Tyne General Ferry Company was then carried on by the Shields coaches and gigs on land, and the wherries and "comfortables" on the river. The latter were a sort of covered wherry, somewhat like a magnified bathing boat in appearance, but very pleasant conveyances, with an old-fashioned contempt for hurry and speed. Mr.

* An excellent authority, Paul Trumpeter, in his "Things That Were," tells us that Lizzy Mudie was the terror of all who sailed upon the Tyne. "She would treat her friends to a dead calm or a heavy squall of wind, just as she was in the humour. She has been known to bring lightning and thunder, and rain and hail, to her window, just for the sake of exibiting her power over the elements to her visitors. She would swamp a keel in an instant, if the unfortunate skipper happened to whisper a word of disrespect to her in the neighbourhood of her cottage. Many of the skippers propitiated her with trifling presents, and those who did not suffered more or less from her maledictions."

† Sickly, sick, ready to vomit. Scotch: Void of moral principle; from the Anglo-Saxon waf, vacillate, fluctuate, waver. Hence, also, the Northumbrian waffle, as "a poor wafflin' body"—that is to say, one who, like the patriarch Reuben, is "unstable as water."

Thomas Wilson, author of "The Pitman's Pay," &c., in a poem dealing with the Quayside of 1810, sings :—

The hacks are duin—the "gigs" succeed
The captains now to carry;
We've "comfortables," tee, i'stead
O' Jemmy Joneson's whurry.
Steam, neist cam' puffin' into play,
And put an end to rowin';
When Price said in his schemin' way,
"Let's try the chep at towin'."

When the Tyne watermen were startled in the year of the general peace by the strange intelligence that a new kind of craft, which would be propelled by steam, and by steam only, was about to be brought to the river, and that the same new-fashioned craft would be used for the towing of ships, as well as the conveyance of passengers between Shields and Newcastle, Jemmy, who was the oracle of his profession, said that it would never do, never! He assured his friends that it was as much as they could do to pull their wherry, clever craft as she was, against the tide, and how could anybody expect that such a thing could be done by steam out of a boiler? "All nonsense," said Jemmy. When some speculative genius suggested that, if this new kind of boat were, after all, to succeed, the freight of goods would be lowered between the two towns, which would be a great advantage to the consumers, Jemmy almost lost his temper. He asserted that it was as much as ever he could do to get as many goods as would load his wherry, and if the freight was a farthing a ton less, it would not pay to carry what he did get. How and where, then, was this new-fangled tea-kettle machine to get so many goods to carry as would make it a paying concern? The thing was absurd; it would never pay; it would ruin everybody. The first steam-packet that appeared made her voyages quickly. Although not at first a successful speculation, an important source of revenue was opened out by the astuteness of Mr. Joseph Price of Gateshead, who added the towing of ships from and to Newcastle to the other sources of revenue. Other steamboats made their appearance, got abundance of goods and passengers both up and down, paid their owners good dividends, and finally drove the wherries and comfortables off the river, of which they had once been the pride and glory.

The author of this song, Mr. Thomas Thompson, was a timber merchant in Newcastle, who had raised himself by his talents and merit from a humble position to a respectable rank in society. He died at his house, near the Windmill Hills, Gateshead, on the 9th January, 1816, in the forty-third year of his age. His death was occasioned by cold and fatigue, caused by his exertions to save his property (a quantity of timber) from a destructive flood in the Tyne in the preceding month. His loss was severely felt in the extensive circle of his friends, as well as at the public festivals of the town, to the mirth of which his exceedingly humorous songs in the pure Newcastle dialect contributed not a little. Besides being the author of the above song, "Canny Newcassel," "The New Keel Row," and other descriptive local songs, Mr. Thompson wrote several pieces of considerable merit.

The tune has been a great favourite for local rhymsters to use, "Blind Willie Singing," "The Keelman's Reason for Attending Church," and several others having been written to be sung to it. JOHN STOKOE.

Notes and Commentaries.

STOTE'S HALL.

Jas. H. is in error. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, page 282.) Stote's Hall was bought by John Shield, jun., the eldest son of the author of "My Lord 'Size." It still remains in the family. CAPTAIN, Jersey.

PETER ALLEN'S RAVEN.

An article appeared in Part III. of the *Monthly Chronicle* on Peter Allen and Marsden Grotto. Alluding to Peter's pets, and particularly to his favourite raven named Ralph, the writer says :—"Ralph unhappily lost a leg one day, having been shot at by an amateur sportsman, who had not the honour to be acquainted with him or his master, and who fired at him in sheer wanton ignorance." It may be interesting to some of your readers to know that the "amateur sportsman" referred to is still in the land of the living, and, though in his 78th year, judging from appearances, he is likely to live some years longer. Tommy Stokoe (such is his name) is a celebrity in the town of Seaham Harbour. It is not generally known that the raven incident nearly ended in a tragedy. It came about thus:—Tommy was out shooting one morning in the neighbourhood of the Grotto, and, seeing a large bird of sable hue hovering in the air, he mistook it for a crow, and fired. Old Towler (the name he gave to his favourite gun) never missed, and the bird fell to the beach. The "amateur sportsman" descended in search of his quarry, and found himself face to face with the furious Peter. "Did ye see that craw faall, Peter?" asked Tommy. "Did ye shoot that craw?" said Peter. "Aye," was the reply. Without further parley the enraged Peter felled the unfortunate sportsman to the ground, and the latter declares that he was so savagely kicked and beaten that "they had to tyek him hyem in a cairt." H. W. R., Seaham Harbour.

FLINT JACK.

I fear that the date and circumstances of the death of Edward Simpson, *alias* Flint Jack, will never be made known to the world. That he is dead appears to be certain, as, having occasion to refer to the third volume of "Old Yorkshire," I came across the memoir of Flint Jack contributed by the late Llewellyn Jewitt. After detailing the circumstances of his chequered career, Mr. Jewitt speaks of him as having stolen a barometer and

a clock, and of being sentenced to a year's imprisonment in Bedford Gaol. During his incarceration, Mr. Jewitt busied himself in getting up a small subscription to give him on his release in March, 1868. "Some clothes were provided for him, a railway ticket to the destination (Cambridge) he desired to go to, and a sum of money given to him to make a fresh start, the remainder being sent to him, a pound at a time, so long as it lasted, and until he obtained other means of getting an honest livelihood." The sketch finishes as follows:—"The poor fellow is now dead, but the memory of his good qualities—for he was not devoid of them—and of his undoubted cleverness still lives, and is cherished by no one who knew him more highly than myself. He deserved a better fate, and had he been properly taken in hand in earlier years would have become a valuable and highly useful member of society."

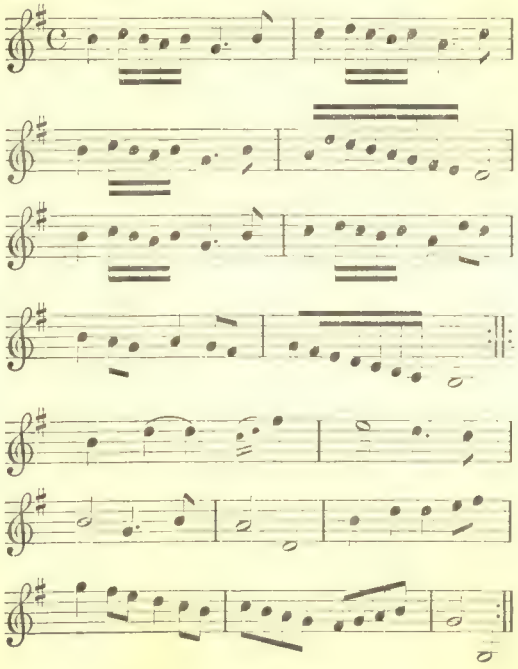
FRIAR GODWIN, Heworth.

THE CENTRIFUGAL RAILWAY.

A centrifugal railway was exhibited in the Music Hall, Nelson Street, Newcastle, I think in 1840, the Polytechnic year. I had a ride upon it. I had previously seen the car launched from the top, a height of 25 feet, pass down to the level of the floor, round and inside of a corkscrew whorl, and land at the opposite side of the room, a height of 20 feet, taking round with it a bucket of water and not spilling any. If a glass of water be swung round vertically, the same result follows. Centrifugal force keeps the water in the bucket, or glass, in the same way as it keeps the rider in the car.

G. C. GREENWELL, Duffield, Derby.

THE "KEEL ROW" IN OLD MANUSCRIPT.

Since the appearance of the "History of the Keel Row" in the August number of the *Monthly Chronicle* (page 266), we have had the opportunity of inspecting and examining a manuscript music book, wherein the tune appears dated 1752, an earlier copy than any hitherto known. The book is now in the possession of Mr. Lewis Proudlock, of Longhorsley, near Morpeth, to whom it was given, some years ago, by Mr. Fish, of Angerton, who bought it at a local sale among some old books. The manuscript is an oblong quarto of 91 pages, and contains above 200 tunes. One-third of these are minuets and genuine old-fashioned hornpipes, the latter written in 6-4 time, instead of common time, as now customary. There are several airs with variations, evidently written for the violin, among them many well-known Northumbrian tunes, such as "Shew's the Way to Wallington," "Jackey Layton," "Galloping Ower the Cow Hill," "Cuddy Clauder," "The Black and the Gray," "The Black Cock of Whickham," "Felton Lonnin'" (which is named "Joy gang doon the Lonnin' with Her"), and on page 51 "The Keel Row," with ten variations. The names of the tunes we have specified possess a certain value in fixing the original *locale* of the book to be Northumberland; and for the date there is written in beautiful half-text at the end of a tune, on page 32, "John Smith's book, 1752." The whole book is evidently written by one hand, and we have no reason to doubt that the "Keel Row" would be written or copied therein at or about the date given. So far as manuscript evidence is trustworthy, it is a valuable contribution to the elucidation of the origin of our familiar Tyneside melody, and is the earliest testimony we have yet seen of the tune being popular in Northumberland at the time mentioned. We give below an exact transcript of the two parts of the tune as it appears in this book, and it will be seen, though there are slight variations from our melody as now sung and played, it cannot be doubted that it is essentially the same tune.

JOHN STOKOE, South Shields.

THE AUTHOR OF "MY LORD 'SIZE."

It was stated at the end of the article in the April part of the *Monthly Chronicle* that one of the sons of Mr. John Shield was still in the land of the living. There are two sons and three daughters living at this time. The sons are Hugh Shield, an eminent London solicitor (in his time) and George Robertson Shield. The daughters are Mrs. Wealands Robson (mother of the late William Wealands Robson), Mrs. Christian Allhusen, and Mrs. Wasserman. Hugh Shield, Q.C., late member for Cambridge, was the third son of John Shield, the eldest son of the author. Four other brothers and two sisters are still to the fore, besides numerous other

descendants. Of the relatives now living, the eldest (Mrs. Robson) must now be about 93; the youngest son of the author (George R. Shield) is 78 or 79; and the oldest grandson living (John Shield) is 61.

BUCKLER, Jersey.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

A PRECAUTION.

At a village not far from Earsdon an old man died, and two women were called in to perform the last rites before burial. "Divvent tie his feet," one of the women was heard to exclaim, "or he'll not can waak through the gate when he gets te hiven!"

THE DOCTOR'S ORDERS.

A young man, who lives not far from Byker, got his hand badly hurt the other day at his work, and was ordered by a doctor to refrain from taking any drink until it got better. But as Tom liked a drop of good beer, the prohibition went "against the grain." One of his mates, going into a bar, saw Tom standing with a glass in front of him as usual. "Hallo, Tom," said he, "aa thowt the doctor ordored thoo not te drink onny mair beor wi' that sair hand." "Neythor aa de," said Tom; "aa's drinkin' wi' t'other hand!"

THE PITMAN AND HIS BULLDOG.

A pitman was amusing himself with his young bulldog, when it seized him by the calf of the leg, and held on. The owner yelled, but on a friend offering to choke the brute off, his master, with an eye to the future of the animal, shouted, "Divvent touch him, divvent chowk him off; let the beggor tyaste blood!"

SALVATION.

One of the numerous branches of the Salvation Army had been holding a series of meetings in a district outside Newcastle, where, of course, the braying of the trumpets, the jingle and clatter of the tambourines, and the profuse display of flags and banners, had made a great impression on the little folks of the place. On one of the days of the week during which these special meetings were being held, a group of the children were conversing about the Army. "Aa've been saved," said one little chap. "Hev ye, noo?" said another: "whaat's bein' saved?" "Wey, givin' yor heart te the Lord, te be sure," was the reply. "An' whaat's it like?" asked another of the group. "Wey, wey, aw—wey, man, it's queer; it's just like somebody ticklin' yor ribs!"

AT THE EXHIBITION.

"Heor, help us ower these rails, Jim," cried a woman to her husband in the North Gardens of the Newcastle Exhibition the other evening. "Aye, aa'll help ye," responded Jim; "ye canna jump nyen. Ye nivvor in yor life jumped ower a plyace that ye didn't land i' the middle!"

THE FOOT-RACER.

During a running handicap at the Victoria Grounds, Newcastle, one of the competitors unfortunately fell, and, of course, lost his heat. A pitman, who had gone to see him run, asked a friend what he thought of his running. "Wey," said he, "he ran varra weel. He raced doon the track like a stannin' engine!"

PUZZLED EXCURSIONISTS.

The employees at the Wallsend Slipway had their annual trip this year to Manchester. On the train arriving at Miles Platting, where the tickets are collected, some youngsters shouted to the guard: "Hey! whaat d'ye caall this plyace?" "Miles Platting. Tickets, please." "Ne feor," cried a bewildered excursionist. "Whaat's *he* te de wi' the tickets?"

AAD NICK'S SISTER.

A woman resident in the neighbourhood of the Ouseburn was wishful to wean her husband from his habit of frequenting public-houses. She, therefore, persuaded her brother to act the part of a ghost, and frighten her husband on his way home. Accordingly, late the next night, he accosted the delinquent in a lonely part of the road. "Hoo are ye?" said the husband, "and whe are ye?" "Aa's Aad Nick," said the brother. "Oh!" was the reply, "gie us a wag o' yor han'. Aa'm marriet te a sistor of yors!"

DISCOUNT.

A stationer in Newcastle, who also keeps a post office, had a good customer the other day. He was having a cheap sale; everything at 3d. in the shilling discount. A woman came in for a penny stamp. "Aa'll not want anuthor," said she "for aboot three months yit; but aa warn'd yor sale'll be ower before then?" "Oh! yes." "Wey, aa'd better tyek two noo, then, and get them for three-happence!" (Stationer faints.)

North-Country Obituaries.

Mr. George Brown, proprietor of the Railway Hotel, Middle Street, Consett, an active member of friendly societies, and an ardent sportsman, died on the 11th of August, at the age of thirty-eight years.

Mr. John Holtby, solicitor, of York, and well-known on the North-Eastern Assize Circuit, having held the position of Deputy-Clerk of Arraigns for a number of years, died on the 15th of August.

On the 16th of August, the Rev. A. Bryce Muir, of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Higher Tranmere, and formerly of the English Presbyterian Church at Otterburn, in Northumberland, died in the Isle of Man, his age being about forty-three years.

On the same date, and at the same age, Mr. Matthew Heckels, mining engineer, died at his residence, Meadowfield House, Heaton. A native of South Shields, he commenced to work, when a boy of ten years, at Harton Colliery, near Tyne Docks, his father, Mr. John Heckels,

being under-viewer at the time. He applied himself so diligently, and showed such promise, that on reaching maturity he became overman at St. Hilda's Colliery, South Shields, and also at Boldon Colliery. Devoting the greater part of his spare time to study, he in a very short time qualified himself for the office of a colliery manager; and he was appointed to that position at Castle Eden, where he remained about five years. Four years ago he joined the Walker Colliery as manager, where he continued till his death. His business capacity and kindly demeanour endeared him to all with whom he came in contact. The deceased gentleman was a Fellow of the Geological Society.

At the age of fifty-eight, Mr. Reginald William Atkinson, proprietor and publisher of the *Teesdale Mercury*, and the author of several interesting works on archæological and historical subjects, died on the 21st of August, at Barnard Castle.

Mr. James Vercoe, senior engineer surveyor of the Board of Trade at Sunderland, died at his residence in that town, on the 23rd of August.

The Rev. Henry Ross-Lewin, curate of St. Cuthbert's, Benfieldside (his brother, the Rev. George Ross-Lewin, being vicar of the parish), was found dead in bed at Kilkee, County Clare, to which he was on a visit, on the 24th of August, his age being forty-two years.

On the 24th of August, the remains of Mr. Joseph Foster, aged eighty-seven, who had for many years resided at Bebside Colliery, and who had for nearly half a century taken an active part in the Primitive Methodist movement, were interred in Bedlington Cemetery.

On the same date was announced the death, as having taken place at Port Rowan, Ontario, Canada, about the 10th of July, of Mr. Robert Donkin, eldest son of the late Mr. Edward Donkin, Wreigh Hill, near Rothbury, in Northumberland. The deceased gentleman emigrated to Ontario in 1833, and had served in many branches of the public service.

Mr. George Burnett, a gentleman much interested in farming topics, and a member of the Chester-le-Street Board of Guardians, expired at Washington, County Durham, at the age of forty-four, on the 27th of August.

On the same day, at the age of sixty-seven, died Mr. Percival Drake, a retired grocer, who was a representative of the Jarrow Ward in the South Shields Town Council, and a member of the Board of Guardians.

On the same date was announced the death, which had taken place suddenly at Crosby Garrett, in Westmoreland, of Mr. Thomas Dawson, artist, formerly of Newcastle, his age being forty-six years.

The death of Mrs. Walsham How, wife of the Bishop of Bedford, and daughter of a former Dean of Durham (Dean Douglas), was announced on the 28th of August, at Barmouth, the deceased lady being sixty-three years of age.

Mrs. Dawes, wife of the Rev. Henry Dawes, died on the 31st of August, at the residence of her father, the Rev. F. W. Ruxton, Willington Rectory. The deceased lady, who had recently returned with her husband from British Guiana on account of the ill-health of both, was greatly endeared to the people of Willington through many acts of kindness and benevolence.

Mr. J. Egglestone, a representative of Monkwearmouth Ward in the Sunderland Town Council since 1881, and also a member of the Board of Guardians, died on the 1st of September, at the age of fifty years.

On the same day was announced the death, as the result of an accident, of the Rev. F. R. Jobling, Rector of Great Comberton, Worcestershire, and formerly a captain in the Northumberland Militia.

At the age of forty-seven years, Mr. William France, for many years chief mining engineer for Messrs. Pease in Cleveland, and long prominently associated with social and philanthropic movements in that district, died suddenly on the 2nd of September, in London, whither he had gone as one of a deputation on business connected with the Mines Bill.

Mr. Frederick Wardle, of Crossgate, Durham, died very suddenly on the 4th of September. The deceased, who was about sixty years of age, was well known as the head of an old Durham family.

The death took place, under sudden circumstances, on the 5th of September, of Major Nares, commander of the detachment of the Leicester Regiment lying at Tynemouth Castle.

On the same day occurred the death, at Benwell, Newcastle, of Mr. John Peter Mulcaster, barrister-at-law, and Justice of the Peace and Deputy-Lieutenant for the county of Northumberland, the deceased gentleman being in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

The death was announced, on the 6th of September, of Dr. John Roddam Carr, LL.D., barrister-at-law, of Carr Stones, Wolsingham. In addition to his acquirements as a lawyer, Dr. Carr, who was in his seventy-fifth year, was an excellent linguist.

On the 6th of September was announced the death, at the extremely advanced age of ninety-seven years and five months, of Mrs. H. Harrison, better known as "Old Hannah Harrison," until recently residing at Allendale Town, of whch she was a native.

Mr. William Septimus Hindmarsh, post-master of Belford, and who had at different times filled nearly all the important situations in the town, died at the age of almost seventy-seven years.

Mr. G. T. Pearson, shipbroker, and a well-known member of the commercial community at West Hartlepool, died suddenly on the 12th of September, in his fifty-fourth year.

Mr. Charles Riddell, J.P., of Hexham, youngest son of the late Mr. Ralph Riddell, of Felton Park, died on the 15th of September, in the seventieth year of his age.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

AUGUST.

16.—Early this morning, a fine young whale, measuring about twenty feet in length, was caught in the nets of some Cullercoats fishermen, a short distance from the coast, and was with considerable difficulty landed at the north side of Cullercoats pier.

17.—During the prevalence of a severe thunderstorm, a young man named Jobson, who was in charge of a horse and cart, was struck by lightning near Farnham Tile Works, Rothbury, and was instantly killed.

—The foundation stone of new municipal buildings for West Hartlepool was laid with Masonic ceremony by

Lieut.-Colonel Cameron, the chairman of the Improvement Commissioners.

20.—The two powerful cruisers Ching Yuen and Chih Yuen, built for the Chinese Imperial Navy, by Messrs. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., at Elswick, left the Tyne for Spithead, and their departure attracted considerable attention.

—Another big gun, of the Armstrong breech-loading type, arrived at Tynemouth.

—Memorial stones were laid of a new Wesleyan Chapel at Walbottle.

22.—Dr. Atkinson was appointed honorary physician of the Newcastle Dipensary, in room of Dr. Holland, deceased.

23.—Ann Darry, a widow, living at Wallsend, was summoned at the Tynemouth Petty Sessions for keeping a dog without a license. The defendant said the dog did not belong to her. It was a stray one, and had been brought home by her son, who was a member of the "Dicky Bird Society" connected with the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, and who thought he was doing right by taking care of the animal. Upon this the chairman (Mr. W. L. Adamson) said the summons would be withdrawn.

24.—Four memorial stones were laid of a new Wesleyan Chapel in Dilston Road, Newcastle.

—It was announced from Barnard Castle that the London Lead Company had discovered a valuable vein of lead ore at Blea Gill.

—Some excitement was caused about this time by a report that a ghost had been seen among the ruins of a public-house near the end of the High Level Bridge at Gateshead. A sketch of the house which thus attracted temporary notoriety, and which has since been pulled down, was printed in the *Weekly Chronicle*.

25.—Mrs. Lough, widow of the eminent sculptor, paid a visit to Newcastle, and was present at the unpacking of the supplementary gift of her late husband's models and marble statuary at Elswick Hall.

—An appeal was issued, in the form of a circular, by Mr. John Robinson, 6, Choppington Street, Newcastle, soliciting subscriptions, "from one shilling upwards," towards a fund for the restoration of the tombstone to John Cunningham, the well-known pastoral poet, whose remains lie under a sadly neglected tablet in St. John's Churchyard, Newcastle. Cunningham was a frequent contributor to the earlier numbers of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, which was established in 1764.

—At a meeting in Newcastle of delegates representing the Northumberland Miners' Union, a proposal by the committee that contributions should be apportioned in the ratio of two-thirds to the labour fund and one-third for stoppage relief, was rejected, the majority being in favour of the continuance of one fund, out of which stoppage relief should be allowed.

26.—About six thousand of the poor children, aged poor, adult blind, deaf and dumb, and street arabs of Newcastle, were taken on an excursion to Tynemouth, under the direction of Mr. T. S. Alder, the expense being defrayed by several local philanthropists.

—At a meeting of the Newcastle Board of Guardians, in consequence of a series of startling revelations communicated by the Rev. Canon Franklin, Roman Catholic priest, and corroborated by the Rev. Canon Lloyd, vicar of Newcastle, a committee was appointed to consider the state of the law in regard to juvenile street vending, with a view, if possible, to the diminution of the vice at present existing.

—At the Middlesbrough Police Court, William Smithson, eighteen years of age, was committed for trial on several charges of arson in that town. It was stated, in the course of the case, that the prisoner had received fees for giving information of fires.

27.—Between ten and eleven o'clock this morning, a shocking tragedy occurred in the Arthur's Hill district of Newcastle. It appeared that about the time in question, an old soldier named Frank Connaughton, between forty and fifty years of age, was found in the water-closet attached to the house, 48, Back Elswick Street, with his throat cut, life being quite extinct. He had lodged with a Mrs. Redhead, at 57, Elswick Street, to whom he had repeatedly, but unsuccessfully, proposed marriage, and shortly before ten o'clock he left the house to go into the back yard. As he was long in returning, a son of Mrs. Redhead, a boy twelve years of age, was sent in search of him, and discovered him in the terrible position described, in a neighbour's back-yard, which adjoins the same property. Meanwhile, the police had been further informed that, on the previous night, the landlady, Mrs. Redhead, had been in bed suffering from illness, and Dr. Brookfield, of Campbell Street, was sent for. On arrival, he found her to be quite unconscious, and, despite all medical aid, she expired on the morning of the 27th. At the coroner's inquest, held on the 29th, on the body of the deceased woman, who was about forty years of age, it was positively stated that death had resulted from poisoning, but the inquiry was adjourned for further analytical examination. On the resumption of the inquest, on the 5th of September, the jury found that death was the result of irritant poison, but that there was no evidence to show by whom such poison was administered. The jury at the inquest on the body of Connaughton, on the 30th of August, returned a verdict to the effect that the man had cut his throat while in a desponding state of mind.

27.—The attendance at the Newcastle Exhibitionto-day reached the large total of 40,625, the attraction being a Highland gathering and a series of sports, which drew excursionists from all parts of England and Scotland. Upwards of £100 was offered in prizes, besides gold and silver medals.

29.—A waterspout was seen at Forest Hall during a thunderstorm, about mid-day.

—At Seaham Harbour, thirty-six coal waggons, owned by the Marquis of Londonderry, ran down an incline unchecked, and were smashed to pieces after running about a mile and a half, doing much damage to rolling-stock.

—It was officially reported that, as the result of an Industrial Exhibition at Sunderland, a balance of £400 was left for the benefit of the Infirmary.

—A very destructive fire broke out in the provision shop of Mr. G. Plender, at Felling Shore.

30.—The Crown Prince of Germany passed through Newcastle on his way from Scotland to the South.

—At an influential meeting held in the lecture theatre of the Literary and Philosophical Society, the Mayor (Sir B. C. Browne) presiding, it was unanimously resolved to invite the British Association for the Advancement of Science to visit Newcastle in 1889.

—The memorial stones of a new United Methodist Free Church were laid at Pallion, Sunderland.

—A Board school intended for infants was publicly opened at Willington Quay by Mr. Addison Potter, C.B., after whom, in recognition of his services to the district, the building was named.

—The *London Gazette* contained the announcement of the appointment of Mr. Gainsford Bruce, Q.C., to be Chancellor of the County-Palatine of Durham, in the room of Mr. James Fleming, deceased.

31.—The autumn show of the Durham, Northumberland, and Newcastle Incorporated Botanical and Horticultural Society was opened in Newcastle this afternoon. The marquees in which the exhibits were placed were set up on ground connected with the Exhibition. The entries numbered some 5,000, and there were 140 exhibitors from all parts of the country. The attendances at the Exhibition on the three days that the flower show remained open were, respectively, 32,481, 34,153, and 21,046.

—A fire, resulting in damage to the extent of between £1,000 and £2,000, occurred in Crow's Nest Lane, near St. Thomas's Church, Newcastle.

—At a public meeting held at Tynemouth, resolutions were adopted complaining of the annoyance and injury caused by the firing of heavy guns at Tynemouth Castle, and desiring the members for the Borough and the County Division to wait upon the Secretary of War, with a view either to its discontinuance or modification.

—The appointment was announced of the Rev. George Fletcher, of Manchester Prison, as chaplain of Durham Gaol.

SEPTEMBER.

1.—Mr. Joseph Fawcett, manager of the Wear Glass Works, and steamship owner and manager, committed suicide by hanging at Sunderland.

—Some interesting operations took place at Washington, in the county of Durham, in search of some toads which had been entombed there in 1833 by Mr. R. Reed, of Felling, the object being to ascertain whether the animals, if found, were still alive. About forty-four years ago Mr. Reed left the locality; but the incident of the frogs was never forgotten; and in consequence of a revival of a controversy in "Notes and Queries" of the *Weekly Chronicle*, some four years ago, he intimated his intention of exhuming the buried reptiles. An illness in his family, however, prevented this being done, and it was not till to-day that an attempt was made to reach the creatures. There was a large turnout of people eager to witness the excavations, which, after a lapse of about an hour, were abandoned without result.

—A destructive fire broke out in the store-house of the Newcastle and Gateshead Gas Company, in Forth Street and South Street, Newcastle.

—About 200 joiners employed at the shipyard of Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., at Elswick, Newcastle, came out on strike, in consequence of a dispute as to the carpentery and joinering work.

—At the quarterly meeting of the Northumberland magistrates in Newcastle, it was officially announced that the Hessian fly had made its appearance at Alnwick, but that, wherever it presented itself, it was accompanied by a parasitical insect, before which the fly rapidly disappeared.

—About this time a rare specimen of the bird species—a sooty shearwater—was wantonly shot at Newbiggin, on the Northumberland Coast.

3.—A new steel steamer, built for an Australian firm, and certified to carry 2,000 passengers, with a speed of 17 knots an hour, was successfully launched from the shipyard of Messrs. Swan and Hunter, Wallsend. The vessel was named the Courier by Lady Berry, and an interesting speech in regard to the Australian colonies was afterwards delivered by Sir Graham Berry, Agent-General for Victoria.

5.—A deputation, consisting of Sir Lowthian Bell, the Sheriff of Newcastle (Alderman Stephenson), Archdeacon Watkins, Dr. Philipson, Mr. N. H. Martin, and Professor Merivale, waited upon the general committee of the British Association at Manchester, and invited the Association to hold its annual meeting in 1889 at Newcastle. The invitation was accepted.

—A new line of railway between Alnwick and Cornhill, running through a fine stretch of agricultural and pastoral country in Northumberland, known as the Wooler district, and constructed by the North-Eastern Company at a cost of about half-a-million of money, was opened throughout to-day for passenger traffic, the length of the section being thirty-six miles.

6.—A ballot-paper, of which the following is the text, was issued to the members of the Northumberland Miners' Union:—"Are you in favour of continuing to pay Mr. Burt part of his salary as member of Parliament, and to guarantee to make up any deficiency due to Mr. Fenwick, as agreed to previous to last election; and also for supporting other political matters, as in the past, provided for in the objects of our association?"

7.—A case of remarkable bravery on the part of a Newcastle lady was brought to light in connection with a charge preferred at the Middlesex Sessions against John Ludgate, a youth about eighteen years of age, of having stolen a purse containing £9 odd, on the 18th of the preceding month. The prosecutrix was Miss Annie Hill, manageress of the Princess Restaurant, Bigg Market, Newcastle, who had been on a visit to London, and was making for a tramcar in Whitechapel Road, when she was somewhat roughly hustled by Ludgate and

another man. Turning round, she observed her purse in the hand of the prisoner, by whom it was handed to his companion, who at once ran away. Miss Hill, however, courageously seized hold of Ludgate, and at length succeeded in pushing him into a neighbouring shop, where he was detained until arrested by a policeman. The prisoner, who had been out of gaol only two days, was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour; and the prosecutrix, who was highly complimented on her conduct, was allowed a reward of £2.

8.—It was reported, that, after clearing off the debt of £127, with which the Northumberland, Durham, and Newcastle Botanical and Horticultural Society commenced the year, there would probably be a surplus of £330, as the result of the late Flower Show.

9.—The men employed at the Seaham Street Pit of the North Elswick Colliery Company, Newcastle, came out on strike against a demanded reduction of 6¼ per cent. The men at Scotswood Road Pit, belonging to the same company, agreed to refer the matter to arbitration.

10.—A series of special attractions was again given at the Newcastle Exhibition, and the attendance for the day amounted to 24,752. Season ticket holders were charged an extra sixpence.

—Mr. Richard T. Booth, the American temperance orator, who had visited the city with successful results in 1881, addressed the first of a series of public meetings in the Central Hall, Hood Street, Newcastle.

—The foundation stone was laid of the new Priory in connection with St. Dominic's Roman Catholic Church, Newcastle.

12.—At a meeting held at Middlesbrough, between the mine owners and men's representatives in the iron trade, a new sliding scale was signed.

—As new lessee of the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle, Mr. Augustus Harris, well known in connection with the Drury Lane Theatre, London, opened his season by the performance, in the presence of a large and enthusiastic audience, of the sporting drama, "A Run of Luck."

—The King of Denmark conferred the decoration of the Knight's Cross of Danneborg on Mr. J. V. Faber, Danish vice-consul at Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

—A whale, about 13½ feet long, was captured off Berwick-on-Tweed.

—A remarkable mirage was witnessed at Felton, Northumberland.

13.—Replying to a deputation who waited upon him with regard to the annoyance caused by the firing of heavy guns at Tynemouth, Mr. Stanhope, War Secretary, stated that the testing of the weapons would soon be concluded, and that the volunteer firing would probably be removed to the Trow Rocks.

—The public-house known as the Pine Apple Inn, and situated in Wapping Street, South Shields, was destroyed by fire.

14.—The Annual Convention of the Catholic League of the Cross was held in Newcastle, the proceedings extending over a couple of days.

—Owing to certain proceedings at the Gateshead County Police Court on the previous day, in which six miners were sent to prison for non-payment of damages and costs in connection with a late dispute, the men employed at Felling, Wardley, and Usworth Collieries, to the number in all of 1,730, came out on strike.

General Occurrences.

AUGUST.

19.—News was received at Queenstown that the steamer City of Montreal, which left New York on the 6th, had been burnt at sea on the 10th. The crew and passengers, numbering about 250 persons, were all saved.

—In the House of Lords, the Premier (Lord Salisbury) announced that the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, with the advice of the Privy Council, had decided to proclaim the National League.

22.—Israel Lipski, who murdered a married woman named Miriam Angel, was hanged at Newgate. An attempt was made to obtain a pardon on the ground that he was innocent, and a reprieve of a week was granted; but the culprit eventually set all doubts at rest by confessing the crime.

26.—News was received in England that Ayoub Khan, the pretender to the throne of Afghanistan, had escaped from Teheran, Persia, on the 14th inst.

31.—The British Association held its meeting at Manchester. Sir Henry Roscoe delivered the presidential address, in which he referred to the progress made in the science of chemistry.

SEPTEMBER.

5.—The new theatre at Exeter took fire during the performance of a drama. The conflagration broke out on the stage, and spread with such rapidity that in a few minutes the building was a roaring furnace. The stalls and the pit were crowded, the other parts of the house being fairly attended. A panic occurred, and the exits became blocked. The scene was terrible. In the struggle to get out, dozens were suffocated. Many escaped to the balconies outside, and in their despair cast themselves to the ground, a distance of about forty feet. Between 700 and 800 people were in the theatre at the time of the occurrence, and the number of lives lost was about 140, the majority being burnt to death.

9.—Mr. William O'Brien M.P., was summoned to appear at the Court House, Mitchelstown, County Cork, for inciting tenants to resist sheriffs and bailiffs, and for using intimidation. A large crowd assembled outside, and a meeting was about to be held. On attempting to force their way to the platform, the police were attacked by the crowd, and compelled to retire. Being pursued to the police barracks, they commenced to fire on the people, killing several. Many of the police were severely wounded.

11.—Mr. O'Brien was arrested at Dublin by order of the Government.

—The police surprised a party of Moonlighters in the house of Thomas Sexton, at Milltown Malbay, Ireland, and captured seven men. During the affray, Head-Constable Whelehan was brutally murdered.

15—The Comte de Paris, grandson of King Louis Philippe, issued a manifesto to his followers in France, pointing out the advantages to be derived from a return to the monarchical system of government.

Printed by Walter Scott, Felling-on-Tyne.

The Monthly Chronicle

OF

NORTH-COUNTRY LORE AND LEGEND

Vol. I.—No. 9. NOVEMBER, 1887. Price 6d.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford,

Author of "A History of Newcastle and Gateshead," &c.

George Fife Angas,

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER AND COLONIAL LEGISLATOR.

THE old Nonconformist family of Angus has contributed to the roll of Northumbrian worthies several notable persons. They have not been senators, generals, or judges, nor have they borne courtly titles or received academic honours. These were distinctions to which Dissenters could not, until recently, aspire. But they have been, for the most part, earnest and thoughtful men, living a godly, righteous, and sober life, prolonging thereby their days in the land, and keeping unbroken the faith of their ancestors amid the temptations and distractions of their time. In the voluminous pages of local history the name of Angus is associated with many acts of unobtrusive benevolence and piety; it is never seen stained by dishonour, nor tainted with crime.

The Northumbrian Anguses trace their settlement in the county to a fugitive dissenter from Scotland. He is supposed to have fled hither with Archibald, 9th Earl of Angus, in 1584, and to have established himself "about twenty miles west of Newcastle, near the river Tyne." A few years later one George Angus is found living at the Rawhouse, a farmhold a few miles south-east of Hexham, and the presumption is that he was a son, or grandson, of the fugitive Scotsman. Be that as it may, the descent of the Anguses from George of the Rawhouse is clearly traceable. With the aid of the chart, and occasional help from Douglas's "History of the Baptist Churches in the North of England," it is not difficult to follow the family through all its ramifications and intricate intermarriages.

George Angus, of the Rawhouse, had three sons:—Henry, of the same place, who attended the preaching of Mr. Tillam, of Hexham (the first Baptist minister in the North of England), and was baptised in 1653; William, apprenticed to Cuthbert Thompson, of Newcastle, skinner; and George, who served his apprenticeship with his brother William. William died without issue. Henry, of the Rawhouse, and George, of Newcastle, became the progenitors, on this side of the Tweed, of the wide-spreading Angus race.

Henry's sons were William, John, and Titus. William Angus (styled of Hindley) married as his second wife Lydia, daughter of Henry Blackett, of Bitchburn, a famous Baptist preacher. John, who lived with his father at the Rawhouse, was united to Abigail Hall, of Monkland. She was a woman of energy and resource. Of her it is related that, when certain persecutors came to apprehend her husband, she so ably vindicated him and his dissent that Sir R. Fenwick, the leader, turned away, saying, "Thou art a clever hussy, it is a pity thou should'st be a fanatic." One of their sons—Jonathan, of Panshields—inherited his mother's spirit. He was deacon of the Baptist church at Hamsterley and Rowley for fifty years, and, when the rebellion of 1715 broke out he stood alone among the Derwentwater tenantry in refusing to join the rebel army. Henry's other son, Titus (of High Juniper House, fuller and farmer), was no less staunch to his principles. He opened his house as a licensed place of worship for the scattered Baptists of his neighbourhood.

and gave them and their pastors at all times a hospitable reception. The sons of George, the skinner, of Newcastle (John Angus of Styford and Thomas Angus of the same place), were also of the same faith, and assisted to diffuse a knowledge of it in villages round about.

John Angus, of Dotland, one of the sons of William Angus, of Hindley, adopted the spelling "Angas," and his descendants, and the descendants of his brother, Silas Angus, of Redbarns, followed his example. Caleb Angas, son of John of Dotland, having studied the art, craft, and mystery of coach and carriage building in London, established himself in business in Newcastle in the year 1780. He made a happy stroke at the very beginning by sending out a light phæton—a vehicle that had not been seen before, and it caught the public eye, and became fashionable at a bound. Being a man of enterprise and resource, he made good use of the means which this lucky hit brought to him. He began to import wood for his own use, instead of buying of the raff merchants; he became the owner of ships, and employed them in bringing timber from the ends of the earth to the coach factory. When he died (May 14, 1831) at the age of eighty-nine, he left behind him a fine business and a wide-spreading connection—all of his own gathering.

Caleb Angas had five sons—Caleb, Joseph, John Lindsay, William Henry, "the sailor missionary," and George Fife, "the merchant prince."

George Fife Angas was born in Newcastle on May Day, 1789, and was brought up to his father's business,

and in his father's religious faith. He came into the world at a time of upheaval in matters of education. Robert Raikes's Sunday School system was taking hold of the public mind, and the schemes of Joseph Lancaster and Dr. Bell were in process of development Young Angas threw himself with ardour into Sunday School work, and, with associates of like aims and sympathies, scoured the country side, establishing, and helping to maintain, Sunday teaching among the towns and villages for many miles round Newcastle. At Whitsuntide, 1816, there was established, with George Fife Angas and J. B. Falconar as secretaries, "The Sunday School Union of Newcastle-upon-Tyne."

To a young man whose intellectual forces were backed by physical energy and sustained by lofty impulse, the humdrum life of a coach-builder afforded no adequate scope. His father had put money into shipping; his brother, William Henry, was a sea captain; his other brothers, Joseph and Caleb, had been out to strange countries with goods to sell or exchange for foreign commodities. To a mercantile life, therefore, he turned his thoughts. Experience in the coach-building trade had given him a knowledge of timber, and he became a Honduras merchant and shipowner.

In 1824, Mr. Angas removed to London, and extended largely the business which he had conducted in Newcastle. He went into extensive speculations in the produce of New Holland, as it was then called, and became interested in the formation of the colony of South Australia. So successful were his undertakings, that when the Government of that day required a certain amount of land to be taken up before they would consent to establish the colony, he came forward with a guarantee of £50,000, and materially helped to obtain their approval. In 1834, an Act was passed which founded the colony, and in 1836 it was formally inaugurated. A commission was appointed to promote emigration and manage the sale of land, and Mr. Angas was selected to be one of the commissioners. Other schemes of enterprise and utility followed. He assisted to create the Union Bank of Australia, the Bank of South Australia, and the National Provincial Bank of England, and was chairman of the London Directors of those establishments until, in 1850, he went out to the colony to settle upon the extensive property he had acquired there. In his new home his abilities marked him out for fresh honours. The colonists conferred upon him various public offices, and the following year, when they were entrusted with parliamentary powers, they elected him to their Upper House, and he became the Hon. G. F. Angas, member of the Legislative Council of the colony of South Australia.

During all this time, amidst the absorbing occupations of his life, Mr. Angas never forgot his native town and its needs. He retained his connection with it by accepting the office of vice-president, and on the death of Mr. Charles Newby Wawn, that of president, of the Sunday School Union. While he remained in London he occasionally came down to the meetings,

and at all times assisted by liberal gifts. And when he returned to England in 1858, for a short visit, one of the first places to which he turned was Newcastle. On the 29th June, in that year, he gave a soiree to his Sunday School friends in the lecture hall of Blackett Street Chapel. Those who saw him on that occasion for the first time retain a pleasing recollection of a venerable man of dignified bearing, whose face was the unmistakeable index of a generous heart. A day or two afterwards, in the vestry of New Court Baptist Chapel, he received an address of congratulation, accompanied by a piece of plate, a copy of "The Bible of Every Land," and "Collard's Views in Newcastle," "in testimony of his unwearied exertions in promoting the social, intellectual, and religious interests of the rising generation in connection with the Sunday School Union of Newcastle-upon-Tyne."

Tyneside saw Mr. Angas no more. He was anxious to attend the Jubilee Demonstration of the Union in 1866, but failing health and advanced age prevented him from undertaking the voyage. He was then seventy-seven years old; but, like many of his race, he had lived soberly and discreetly, and, like theirs, his days were prolonged beyond the usual span of human existence. During his prime he had amassed a great fortune—half-a-million sterling—and he spent his retirement in judiciously distributing some of his wealth among schemes of practical benevolence and discriminating charity. He was a most liberal giver; while he filled the hungry with good things, he did not send the rich empty away. The sunset of his life was a prolonged calm, through which no cloud of sorrow rolled. It was not until the 15th May, 1879, when he had entered his ninety-first year, that the colony of South Australia mourned the death of its great pioneer, and Newcastle lost one of the noblest of its gifted sons.

Henry Angus,

THE FIRST BAPTIST MAYOR OF NEWCASTLE.

Henry Angus came of the Hindley stock. His father, George, lived all his days at Hindley Farmhouse, as did his grandfather Jonathan, and his great grandfather William, son of Henry of the Rawhouse, and husband of Lydia Blackett. He was born at Hindley in the year 1800, and in due time was bound apprentice to his relative Caleb Angas, the coachbuilder, in Newcastle. When Caleb retired from business, the establishment was carried on for a time by his sons, John Lindsay and George Fife; but George Fife was immersed in Australian business, and John Lindsay did not care to carry it on by himself, so that in the course of a few years it passed into the hands of Henry Angus, who was joined in partnership by Edward Wilkinson. At Mr. Wilkinson's death, Henry Angus became sole proprietor. In 1851 the electors of St. John's Ward elected him to represent them in the Town Council.

As may be supposed from his early training at Hindley farm, where Baptist services had been held for the better part of a hundred and fifty years, the new councillor for St. John's was a member of the church worshipping on the Tuthill Stairs, and an earnest worker in the various

MR HENRY ANGUS

agencies that were centred there. Yet, though a dissenter of dissenters, he was no bigot. Firm in the defence of his own principles, he was tolerant and kind to those who held other views and walked in different ways. His genial manners and generous disposition helped to popularise Nonconformity at a time when it was still not considered improper to sneer at dissenters, to mock their methods, and to decry their works. No doubt he had his faults and failings, but his simple and unostentatious life disarmed criticism, and robbed satire of its sting.

During the early years of his municipal career Mr. Angus seldom obtruded himself upon public attention. He was a useful committee-man, and a diligent attender at Council meetings, but he did not often waste time in making formal speeches. He carried a motion which removed the hirings for servants from the exposure of the Haymarket to the shelter of the Corn Exchange, and was the means of stopping Sunday trading in the Butcher Market. Once he induced the Council to petition Parliament for the abolition of Church rates; a second attempt failed, but years afterwards, when Church rates no longer existed, his tolerance led him to propose a voluntary rate for the repairs of St. Nicholas' steeple, and, though hotly opposed, he pro-

cured its adoption. His votes were invariably given in favour of sanitary improvement and financial reform.

When he had sat in the Council uninterruptedly for fourteen years, on the 9th November, 1865, he was appointed Sheriff of Newcastle. Although, as he himself remarked, the office was foreign to the usual line of his life, he filled it with credit to himself and the town. It was a remarkable example of the progress of civil and religious liberty that was exhibited in Newcastle when he appeared on the Bench at the Summer Assizes of 1866. The seat of justice on that occasion was occupied by a Baptist judge and a Baptist sheriff, and on Assize Sunday the judge worshipped with the congregation of which the sheriff was deacon.

After a year's interval, Mr. Angus was elected to the Mayoralty. The principal event of his year was the lamentable disaster on the Town Moor, which deprived Newcastle of its sheriff and town surveyor. His chief official appearances were at the foundation ceremony of the Northern Counties Orphan Asylum, the inauguration of the Mechanics' Institute in New Bridge Street, the establishment of the Wellesley Training Ship, the re-opening of the Central Exchange News-room, and the celebration of the centenary of St. Ann's Church. In his sermon at this last-named ceremony, Vicar Moody made a generous reference to the presence of the Nonconforming mayor. "The Mayor and members of the Corporation," he said, "are not by law required to be members of the Church of England. The presence of the chief magistrate of one of the most important boroughs in the country—a gentleman who holds the Bible to be the great means of human happiness and man's salvation—will show to the world that it is not from official ceremony that he has this day become a fellow worshipper with us; it is not only because he wishes, as far as possible, to imitate the noble example of his Christian predecessors in office, but it shows to the world that, although the members of the Corporation have ceased to be Churchmen by law, they do not cease to be Christians in character."

After his mayoralty ended, Mr. Angus's age and infirmities prevented him from taking an active part in public life. On the 23rd of April, 1872, he died, and on the 26th he was interred in the Nonconformist cemetery at the top of Westgate Hill which his relatives had helped to establish, and in which one of them was the first person buried.

Jonathan Angus,

ALDERMAN, MAGISTRATE, AND MAYOR OF NEWCASTLE.

Jonathan Angus, Alderman, Justice of the Peace, and twice Mayor of Newcastle, was born in 1811 at Broomley, where his father, John Angus, grandson of William of Hindley, was a noted agriculturist and breeder of shorthorn cattle. He came to Newcastle to learn the business of a woollen draper, and served his apprenticeship with Messrs. Ralph Wilson and Co., who carried on an extensive trade as tailors and cloth merchants in Dean Street. In 1837 an opportunity arose for his entering into business on his own account, and in conjunction with Mr. Thomas Wilson he opened one of the first of the new shops which Mr. Grainger had completed in the great thoroughfare of Grey Street. Mr. Wilson was sent into the Town Council by the electors of South St. Andrews in 1852; Mr. Angus by the electors of Westgate in 1858.

The municipal elections of 1858 were marked by more than the average show of public spirit. Four of the eight wards into which the town was divided were contested. Mr. Angus was brought out in opposition to Mr. William Dunn, a member of the ancient Catholic family of that name, long connected with the administration of affairs in Newcastle. By one of those lateral incidents which occasionally arise at election time, and divert attention from main issues, the contest in Westgate Ward became sensational. A scurrilous article in a local newspaper, accusing the Viscount de Maricourt, French Consul, of canvassing for Mr. Dunn, followed by a violent encounter between the editor and the consul's son armed

ALD. JONATHAN ANGUS.

with a pistol, set the town ablaze. The electors of Westgate went to the poll in greater numbers than had ever been known, and Mr. Angus was returned by a considerable majority.

Like his relative and fellow councillor, Henry Angus, the new representative for Westgate did not for some time take any active part in the public debates of the Council. He became a useful member of the Watch, the Schools and Charities, and the Gaol Committees, was a regular and attentive listener to the proceedings of the general body, but contented himself with giving silent votes. On the death of Mr. J. B. Falconar, in 1875, he was elected chairman of the Schools and Charities Committee, and from that time to his decease he was a frequent, though not a copious speaker.

He had the rare gift of knowing when to speak, and the rarer gift of knowing when to keep silence. Whenever he uttered an opinion it was sure to be of practical value, and to be expressed in plain phrase. A few months before his election to the presidency of the Schools and Charities Committee, he had been appointed a justice of the peace for the borough—the first of his family to receive that honour, for the mayoralty, which Henry Angus had occupied, does not qualify for the magistracy beyond the term of office and the year after.

When it became known that the year 1881 would be what is called a "heavy" municipal year it was considered essential that a "strong" man should be elected Mayor, and Mr. Angus was unanimously chosen. The public duties which he had to discharge were onerous. First came the quinquennial survey of the river, then the celebration of the centenary of George Stephenson's birth, and finally the sittings of the Church Congress in Newcastle. In all these undertakings the energy, the tact, and the ability of the Mayor were the theme of general admiration. So well had he succeeded that there was a universal desire to see him continue in the chair for another term. To secure that result the Council took an unusual course. Forty-five out of the sixty-four members composing it signed a requisition asking him to remain in office. He agreed, and then another unusual course was adopted. It was determined to preserve the remembrance of his mayoralty by hanging his portrait in the Council Chamber—an honour conferred upon only two out of more than three hundred Mayors of Newcastle his predecessors.

For a couple of years after his second term of office Mr. Angus attended to his duties as an alderman and magistrate. Then the infirmities of age began to tell upon him; his useful and blameless life was drawing to a close. One of his last public acts was the laying of the foundation stone of the Baptist Church in Westgate Road. That was in May, 1885, and on the 23rd November following he died.

"The Poind and His Man."

THIS name applies to two upright stones on Sandyford Moor, about half a mile east of the farmhouse of East Shaftoe. The dimensions of the eastern face of the larger monolith are:—Height above the ground, 6 feet; width at the widest part (2 feet from the top), 4 feet 9 inches; width at base, 2 feet. The smaller stone, or "Man," is of insignificant size. These two rude stone monuments possibly form a portion of what was at one time nearly a complete circle of stones round a large tumulus close to which they are. This tumulus is 15 feet N.E. of the "Poind." It is nearly circular, and 65 yards in circumference at the base, and 32 yards at the top. It has, at some not very distant date, been partially, but unsystematically, explored. The Roman Eastern Watling Street, known locally as the Devil's, or Cobb's, Causeway, runs within 40 yards to the west of the tumulus; and is here, perhaps, to be seen in greater perfection than elsewhere in its entire course. Its size and contour, with the attendant side ditches, are well displayed, and its mode of construction may be seen, after crossing the Bolam West House road, in a field ditch. The Poind and his Man are also known as "The Mare and Foal." These lithic monuments are a not unusual concomitant to pre-historic burials. Sometimes they are developed into a circle, seldom or never complete; sometimes they are in the form of double or single alignments of stones, and occasionally they are buried under the tumulus with which they are invariably associated.

R. C. H., Cheviott, Corbridge.

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Three centuries ago the Northern Counties and the Borders were kept in a continual state of dread from the invasions of robbers and cattle-lifters. Constant watch had to be kept, so that alarm might be given of the incursions of these marauders. According to Hodgson, Lord Wharton's "order of the watches" upon the middle marches directs "the watch to be kept at the two stones called the 'Poind and his Man,' with two men nightly, of the inhabitants of Bollame." The ground the stones occupied has a prospect every way, except to the west, over a great extent of country. Mr. Hodgson suggests that the original name of these monuments was the Poind and its Men, from the pound-like form of the borrow, and that the name was afterwards transferred to the two stones only. Our pound, or pind-fold, has its name from *pyndan*, to shut up or enclose.

W. W., Newcastle.

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When Mr. Hodgson wrote, there was only one stone; the other had been missing for several years. In the pleasure-grounds at Wallington, near one of the ponds, there is a large upright stone which is supposed to be the missing stone, removed to Wallington by Sir Walter Blackett.

Wm. Dodd, Newcastle.

"Master Humphrey's Clock."

THE origin of the title of the "Master Humphrey's Clock Club" is not generally known, and as the associations which Charles Dickens sought to keep in mind by his adoption of the title were of so pleasant a character, the following account, gathered from "Master Humphreys" himself, may prove interesting.

Thomas Humphreys was apprenticed as a watch and clockmaker with Mr. Thwaites, Barnard Castle, in

1806; in 1812 he engaged himself to the well-known clockmaker, Mr. John Bolton, Chester-le-Street, with whom he continued for three years; in 1815 he commenced business on his own account as a clockmaker at Barnard Castle, in a roomy shop in the Market Place. The *Spectator* of August, 1876, gives the following interesting account of the well-known premises:—"Near this inn [the old Burns Head] is a watchmaker's shop with the name of Humphreys; and just opposite to it is the King's Head Inn, where Dickens spent six weeks while studying the Dotheboys Hall part of 'Nicholas Nickleby.' He from his sitting-room window daily looked on this tiny shop over the way, and the name of 'Humphreys, clockmaker,' fixed itself so fast in his mind that he gave it to the clockmaker in his next story, and wrote to tell 'Master Humphreys' of Barnard Castle what he had done. With this letter came a copy of 'Nicholas Nickleby' from the author. Are not these things stored up in the archives of the Humphreys family?"

Young William Humphreys (son of the Thomas Humphreys just mentioned) was born at Barnard Castle in 1812, the same year Charles Dickens saw the light, and the latter used to joke "that *he* was born in March, but that William was an April fool!" Here William began to learn his profession, and ample opportunity had he, for the establishment ere this supplied timekeepers to all the important mansions in North Yorkshire. One of these is *now* keeping true time in Rokeby Hall, in the vicinity of the never-to-be-forgotten Dotheboys Hall. The lad had good original ideas of his own, and in 1828, when 16 or 17 years of age, he commenced to make the celebrated "Master Humphreys' Clock." This is an interesting-looking, centre-second, pendulum clock, with dead-beat movement. There were previously no centre-second hands made. The arrangements to counteract the effects of variations of temperature in the pendulum were most carefully thought out, and compensating rods of special construction were made, and this without previous example or experience to guide. A magnetised rod went from top to bottom, and there were two side-rods, one brass and one steel, at each side of the present bar; but when the clock was moved to Old Hartlepool, in 1838, the steel rods got so damaged and rusted that they were detached, leaving only the present ordinary hanging-rod. The clock is mounted in an ornamental wooden case, which formerly belonged to a Dutch clock made about the year 1640. William Humphreys purchased this, when the clock movement was completely worn out, from its owner, Mr. Robeler, Tanpits, Barnard Castle, and installed therein the "Master Humphreys' Clock." In 1829 this clock was completed, and placed in the niche on the right hand side of the glass shop-door at Barnard Castle.

In 1835 a law case had drawn the attention of Charles Dickens to the wretched condition of certain cheap Yorkshire schools: so, in the following year, he arrived with his friend Mr. Hablot K. Browne (Phiz) at the King's Head Inn, Barnard Castle, intent on acquiring full details concerning them for use in his work, "Nicholas Nickleby." His first difficulty was—how to gain an *entré* into these wretched establishments, for introductions were found to be of little service, as his preface to the novel tells us. Old Thomas Humphreys proved a valuable ally in this emergency.

Charles Dickens, in walking from his inn towards the Tees banks, the Abbey Bridge, and Rokeby, used to step into Humphreys's shop on the way thither to learn the correct time by "Master Humphreys' Clock," and thus became acquainted with the clockmaker and his son, Master Humphreys. By-and-by the author found that men of intelligence were constantly to be met sitting inside the spacious front shop in comfortable arm-chairs, and realised what a valuable source of local information was thus open to him. Charles Dickens's visits to the clockmaker's henceforth became part of his daily duty. Thomas Humphreys was evidently a notable person in the town, for among his most regular visitors at the time were the well-known residents—Messrs. Richard Barnes, Richardson, Johnson, Coburg, Newby, &c. At one end of the shop was a miscellaneous collection of toys, various kinds of clocks, philosophical instruments, and relics; it was a veritable "curiosity shop." In the niche on the right hand side of the glass shop door stood the "Master Humphreys' Clock," which could be seen from the outside through the glass door.

Dickens soon mentioned the object of his presence in the district to old Humphreys. The latter knew personally the principal of the school Dickens had determined to pourtray, so was easily persuaded to introduce Dickens and his friend "Phiz" to Mr. Shaw's establishment, situated in the village of Bowes, near Greta Bridge, Yorkshire, and in the vicinity of Barnard Castle. Arrived at the school, Humphreys introduced his companions as visitors "anxious to look round." Mr. Shaw at once suspected their mission, refused to allow an inspection of the school, and peremptorily showed the trio the door, though not before "Phiz" had made a sketch of the rascally pedagogue on his thumb-nail! Mr. Shaw was exceedingly angry with Thomas Humphreys for endeavouring to introduce the strangers into "Dotheboys Hall," and never forgave him! In 1837 Charles Dickens passed six weeks collecting information for "Nicholas Nickleby" in Barnard Castle, and only once returned to the town afterwards, viz., in 1838, when he stopped four days at his old quarters, the King's Head. In February of the same year, he commenced to write his celebrated novel, and completed it in October, 1839.

Charles Dickens, on his return from his lecturing tour

in America, acknowledged his indebtedness to old Humphreys by sending him an author's copy of the book, accompanied by a letter of thanks, adding that he had determined to perpetuate the acquaintanceship by calling his next work "Master Humphrey's Clock." Dickens wrote of his decision to his friend Forster as follows:—"The final title I have determined on, or something very near it. I have a notion of this old 'file' in the queer house opening the book by an account of himself, and, among other peculiarities, of his affection for an old, quaint, queer-cased clock; showing how, when they have sat alone together in the long evenings, he has got accustomed to its voice, and come to consider it as the voice of a friend; how its striking in the night has seemed like an assurance to him that it was still a cheerful watcher at his chamber door; and how its face seemed to have something of welcome in its dusty features, and to relax from its grimness when he looked at it from his chimney corner. Then I mean to tell how that he has kept his odd manuscripts in the old, dark, deep, silent closet where the weights are, and taken them thence to read (mixing up his enjoyments with some notion of his clock); and how, when the club came to be formed, they, by reason of their punctuality, and his regard for this dumb servant, took their name from it. And thus I shall call the book either 'Old Humphrey's Clock' or 'Master Humphrey's Clock,' beginning with a woodcut of Old Humphrey and his clock, and explaining the why and wherefore. All Humphrey's own papers will be dated from 'My Clock-side.'"

The first weekly number of the serial thus described made its appearance in September, 1840, and the author commenced his endeavour "to present under one general head, and not as separate and distinct publications, certain fictions which he had it in contemplation to write." The papers resemble much, in their genial humour, Addison's old weekly *Spectator*, and were an immediate success. In the fourth number appeared the opening chapter of the "Old Curiosity Shop," to which celebrated story the periodical was thenceforward entirely devoted. "Master Humphrey's Clock" was altogether an imaginative work. The old clock is described as "a quaint old thing in a huge, oaken case, curiously and richly carved," differing from the old Yorkshire clock which Dickens had lived beside for so many weeks in the year 1837. But old feelings are awakened when he tells how "its fame is diffused so extensively throughout the neighbourhood that I have often the satisfaction of hearing the publican or the baker, and sometimes even the parish clerk, petitioning my housekeeper to inform him the exact time by 'Master Humphrey's Clock.'"

That the "Master Humphreys' Clock" herein described is the *original* clock is certified by the Rev. R. C. Rudd, ex-Vicar of Stranton, near West Hartlepool, who assured the writer that he himself remembers the clock in the old Barnard Castle shop, and the Humphreys, father and son, besides. Other friends also of Mr. Rudd vouched for this—the veritable clock of history. William Humphreys worked with his father at Barnard Castle until 1838—the year *after* Dickens's lengthened visit—when he migrated to Old Hartlepool, and commenced business there as a clockmaker. He took over with him, as his timekeeper, "Master Humphreys' Clock," which he had himself made, and which was his own property. Feeling the want of the old clock, Thomas Humphreys constructed a *new* timekeeper for business purposes, and placed it over his shop-door, where it was fixed in the outside wood cornice, the weights being carried by pullies close against the inside wall. This was in 1840, three years after Charles Dickens had sojourned in the district. It was a keyless clock, and the first so made. The dial is plain and unornamental, and the head case of good oak. The old man, proud of his connection with the great author, and wishing to assist his son William to maintain in the future the identity of "Master Humphreys' Clock," sent over this shop-door clock to him at Hartlepool, with the following letter:—

Barnard Castle, September, 1857.

Dear Son,—I sent you the door-clock on Saturday. I hope you will have got it by the time you receive this. Sent by rail. I would like to get down next week if I can. Give my love to all the family, and Mary.—I am your affectionate father, THOMAS HUMPHREYS.

Thomas Humphreys now made himself a new clock for his shop-door, exactly like the one he had given his son, and installed it the same year (1857). This new shop-door clock was sold by private contract in Newcastle in August, 1876, as the original "Master Humphreys' Clock"! And with it was sold the original letter of thanks written to Thomas Humphreys in 1839 by Charles Dickens, concerning the time-piece and his visit to Barnard Castle. The sale was commented on in the local papers at the time, and in the *New York Times;* but the authenticity of the clock was immediately denied by Master Humphreys himself, as an extract from a North Yorkshire newspaper of the day, the *Northern Evening Mail*, proves:—"The *New York Times* lately made a statement that the *original* 'Master Humphreys' Clock,' which formerly stood over the door* of the late Mr. Humphreys's

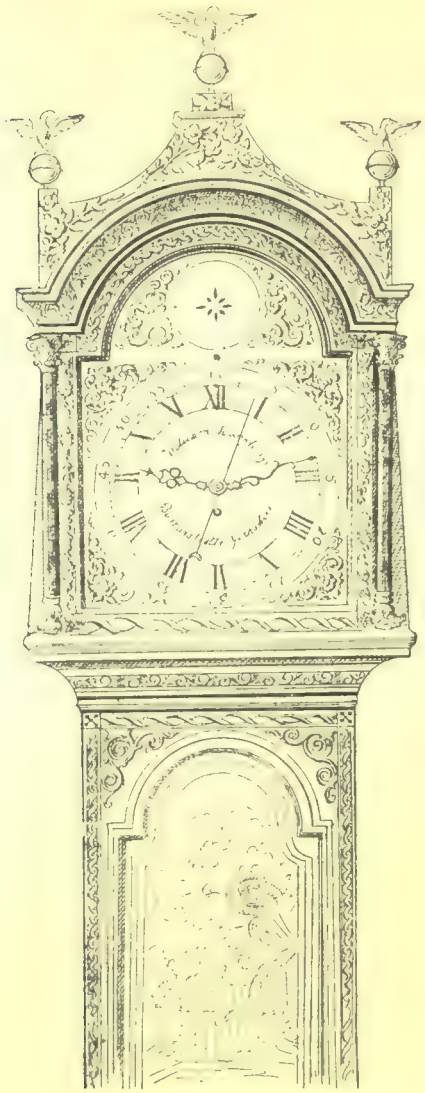
* The following letter to the editor, correcting a similar mistake, appeared in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* of August 5, 1876:—

SIR,—You made a mistake in the *Weekly Chronicle* of last week. Puck speaks of Master Humphrey's clock being over the door of my father's shop. There never was a clock over the door in Dickens's time. The Master Humphrey's Clock, said to be in New York, that Mr. Charles Dickens named one of his popular works after, is in the maker and owner's possession at Hartlepool, Durham. When a youth, in 1828 or 1829, 16 or 17 years of age, I made and finished the Master Humphrey's Clock, and placed it in my father's shop, so that you could see it from the outside through the glass door. Mr. Chas. Dickens, visiting Barnard Castle shortly after, and passing the shop door from the King's Head, used to call in to see the time of day as he went for his usual walks on the banks of the Tees.—Yours, &c.,

(Signed) WILLIAM HUMPHREYS, Watchmaker.

14, High Street, Hartlepool, August, 1876.

shop at Barnard Castle, and which suggested the title of one of Dickens's novels, had been purchased in Newcastle-on-Tyne and sent out to New York. This statement, however, has just been denied by Mr. William Humphreys, of Hartlepool, who writes to say 'that the clock which stood inside his father's shop at Barnard Castle is now in his possession, he having made it when quite a youth.' Mr. William Humphreys has for many years been established in rooms in High Street, con-



tiguous to the Seamen's Bethel, Hartlepool, where is to be seen *the veritable old clock* which gave a fresh cue to the marvellous and prolific pen of Charles Dickens."

The writer, after searching into all the facts of the case, has indubitable proof that the late William Humphreys had in his possession, up to the time of the opening of the Newcastle Jubilee Exhibition, the *genuine* "Master Humphreys' Clock," and also the *original* shop-door clock, the latter of which was used at the old shop between the years 1840 and 1857. Both of these clocks are now (October, 1887) to be seen in the North Court of the Exhibition, where they are keeping excellent time.

The accompanying sketch is copied from a photograph of the original clock, *the* "Master Humphreys' Clock." Around the small circle above the clock-face are inscribed the words (not shown in the engraving)—"Master Humphreys, fecit, 1829."

It was, as already mentioned, from Master Humphreys himself that the writer obtained the information contained in this paper. The genial old clockmaker died suddenly at Stranton, West Hartlepool, on Tuesday, May 24th, 1887, at the advanced age of seventy-five. Mr. Humphreys has left behind him the reputation of a man of ingenuity and intelligence. Nothing delighted him more in his latter days than to describe to his friends and acquaintances his connection with Charles Dickens, and his lengthy experience as a North-Country clockmaker.

H. BURNETT WATSON.

George Hudson, the Railway King.

GEORGE HUDSON was the son of comparatively poor parents, a native of York, and a draper to trade. He was born about the year 1800. His mercantile abilities were conspicuous from his youth up. His shop prospered. Customers flocked in upon him. He had likewise a peculiar capacity for shrewd bargain-making. When he was yet but in his twenty-seventh year, an old gentleman of the name of Botterel, into whose favour he had ingratiated himself, left him a fortune of £30,000 sterling. Hudson saw and comprehended with the force of intuition the growing necessity for the extension of railways. He consequently threw himself into the railway movement with all the energy he possessed, and, in the course of a few years, he was esteemed a reliable authority on all matters pertaining to scrip, debentures, preference shares, and such like things, then greater novelties than they are now.

A series of successful speculations on a comparatively small scale increased his wealth and swelled his importance, while it gave him perfect confidence in himself. He was one of the chief promoters of the Newcastle and Darlington Junction Railway, the last link in the chain of railway communication between London and Newcastle; and when that important line was opened with great ceremony on the 18th of June, 1844, he had, as chairman of the company, a congratulatory address presented to him and his brother directors by the good

folks of Newcastle and Gateshead. The Brandling Junction Railway, formed several years before, was purchased by Mr. Hudson for the Newcastle and Darlington Company during the ensuing month.

About twelve months after this, a vacancy having occurred in the representation of Sunderland by the elevation of Lord Howick to the House of Lords, a solicitor, who was also a man of genius in his way, Mr. J. J. Wright, conceived the idea of inviting Mr. Hudson to become a candidate. He willingly consented, and at once took such steps to win the good graces of the constituency as are seldom known to fail. He bought up the Durham and Sunderland line at par, when he could have got the shares at half price; but he thereby rescued from heavy losses the principal people of the borough, and so made fast friends of them. He devoted nearly £100,000 to make docks on the south side of the river

entrance, and promised as much more. He also bought up a ruinous concern, the North Dock at Monkwearmouth. In short, he caused his advent to be hailed in Sunderland as that of a real Fortunatus, who could conjure up wealth and property at will, lavish them on his favourites, and, like another Midas, convert everything he touched into gold. At the nomination of candidates, which took place on the 13th August, 1845, his Radical opponent, Colonel T. Perronet Thompson, had the show of hands; but the result of the poll on the following day gave Hudson a clear majority of 128. The election cost the new member, indeed, a deal of money, for he had gone to work after a truly regal fashion. It was said that he spent £4,000, while Colonel Thompson's expenses were more than £2,000; but of these the Anti-Corn Law League bore such part as was expended *bona-fide* in the advancement of the cause for which it was then struggling in sight of victory. As for Mr. Hudson's political principles, they were a secondary consideration. He was a Tory—a Conservative—a Liberal-Conservative—a sort of hybrid—it did not matter much what—the main thing being that he was, or was believed to be, like Douglas Jerrold's hero, "a man made of money."

Immediately after the closing of the poll, at four o'clock, a special engine was sent off with the news, which reached London at one o'clock on the following morning. The result was immediately put in type at the *Times* office, and copies of that newspaper were dispatched, at ten minutes to three p.m., by another special train, which reached Sunderland at three minutes to eleven o'clock. The feat excited great attention throughout the country, and was considered at the time almost miraculous. We give the particulars of the upward journey in the following time table:—

	H. M.		Delay. M.
Bishopwearmouth	4 17		
Monkwearmouth	4 24		
Durham	4 52	For water	2
Darlington	5 24	Fresh engine	6
York	6 22	Fresh engine and change of carriage	2
Normanton	6 29	Change of engine	3
Masborough	7 32	Ditto	4
Chesterfield	8 2		2
Derby	8 32		3
Leicester	9 38	Delay and detention caused by the quarter to eight o'clock train in advance	15
Rugby	10 6	Change of engine	13
Wolverton	11 4		6
Primrose Hill	12 50		11
Euston Square	1 2		3
The *Times* office	1 25		
Total	9 8	Total delay	70
Thus from the time occupied in travelling from committee-room to the *Times* office			9 8
Deduct for delays			1 10
For total distance of 307 miles			7 58
Deduct coaching			0 28
Railway travelling 303 miles			7 30

In the month of October following, the plans of the proposed South Docks at Sunderland were approved by Mr. Hudson. Out of the proposed capital of £225,000, he subscribed to the amount of £75,000 on behalf of the Newcastle and Darlington Railway Company. The bill sanctioning the undertaking received the royal assent on the 14th May, 1846; but the clause authorising the company to subscribe was struck out by Lord Shaftesbury, on the ground that no railway company ought to be permitted to contribute towards the construction of a dock. This being so, Mr. Hudson advanced the money on his own account, that is to say, he did so out of the funds of the company of which he was chairman and dictator, without Parliamentary authority, risking all consequences.

It is almost needless to say that Mr. Hudson's influence in Sunderland, owing to these services to the shipping and coal trade of the town, was paramount in 1847, when the general election took place. At the close of the poll the numbers were :—Hudson, 878; Barclay, 646; Wilkinson, 569. In fact, no one would then have had a chance against the Railway King. Had his opponent been the most enlightened politician in the world, he must have gone to the wall.

It was not Mr. Hudson's policy to stop half-way in anything he undertook. Hence the vast engineering difficulties attending the passage of the Tyne at Newcastle did not long deter him from pushing out into Northumberland, so as to reach the Tweed, and join the North British line at Berwick. As chairman of the Newcastle and Darlington Company, he brought the subject of extending the railway to Berwick before the proprietors on the 8th of February, 1844, and obtained authority from them for making the necessary surveys and plans. Eventually the capital was fixed at £700,000, divided into 28,000 shares, of which the bulk was taken by the original company. There was, however, an opposition line, the Northumberland Railway, also with a branch from Berwick to Kelso. The respective merits of the two schemes came before the Railway Department of the Board of Trade in December, 1845; and, in the beginning of the following year, that Board reported in favour of Mr. Hudson's scheme as against the other project, which, we believe, was intended to be worked on the atmospheric principle, and of which Lord Howick (now Earl Grey) was one of the chief promoters. The adverse opinion of the Board upon the Northumberland Railway (of which Mr. Brunell was the engineer, while Mr. Robert Stephenson laid out the Newcastle and Berwick line) was attributed to a feeling on the part of that body that it would be unwise to sanction more lines on the atmospheric principle, until its operation had been fully tested upon the South Devon and Croydon and Epsom lines, where it was then being experimentally worked. Parliament coincided with the Board in this view of the case, and the subsequent failure of the atmospheric system fully justified its decision. The Newcastle and Berwick Railway was opened throughout on the 1st of July, 1847; but it was not till two years after (15th August, 1849) that the High Level Bridge over the Tyne was opened for the passage of trains, nor was it brought into ordinary use until the 4th February, 1850.

The Tyne Dock on Jarrow Slake—for which Acts had been repeatedly obtained by different parties from time to time, all of which Acts had been suffered to lapse—was taken up by Mr. Hudson in 1846. He got powers to construct that important work in the ensuing session of Parliament, the capital authorised to be raised for the purpose being £150,000, with power to borrow a further sum of £50,000. The undertaking was not actually commenced, however, for a good while after the Act had been obtained.

Mr. Hudson's services as a skilful reviver of consumptive and declining railways were naturally called into extensive requisition. Thus he was invited, in 1845, when he was approaching the zenith of his fame, to take the chairmanship of the Eastern Counties Railway Company, on the understanding that he would devote his attention to restoring that company's lost position and weakened credit by introducing, amongst other things, modifications and improvements into its financial department, as well as by promoting a good feeling between the Northern and Eastern railway powers. His intervention kept the company afloat—a feat which nobody else could have performed so well.

In the same year, a movement was set afloat for the purpose of honouring Mr. Hudson with a public testimonial, and something like £25,000 was subscribed, with the view, it was understood, of erecting a statue. But the proposal met with much opposition. Carlyle treated it with withering scorn in a pamphlet entitled "Hudson's Statue." It was urged that Mr. Hudson had already well rewarded himself by his speculations—that he had risen by sheer audacity and venturesomeness to the first rank of fame and opulence as a member of the commercial world—that he was chairman of half-a-dozen companies, had amassed a princely fortune, was the lord of more than one ducal domain, and last, not least, was a member of the Imperial Legislature. "These surely," said one writer, "are brilliant as well as substantial rewards for a few years' enterprise and exertions."

Scarcely had Mr. Hudson been elected member for Sunderland when he blossomed out into a Yucca Gloriosa in the world of fashion. While his private office in London was daily crowded by persons of all ranks, from the gay Lifeguardsman to the cautious lawyer, from the blushing hoyden to the coronetted peeress, all seeking advice or obtruding orders for their long-planned purchases of his favoured railway scrip—his salons at Albert Gate were the nightly resort of the aristocracy. Royal blood itself mixed in George Hudson's *réunions;* for whilst Arthur, Duke of Wellington, displayed his remarkable countenance, and Henry, Viscount Palmerston, showed his comely face, among the glittering groups, the uncle of the Queen, the late Duke of Cambridge, was among the guests at the Monarch of the Rail's festive board.

Almost as a thing of course, Mr. Hudson was chosen Mayor of York, three times running. The extravagant grandeur wherewith he adorned his high office is one of the staple traditions of the city. Even the husband of the Queen made his first and only visit to York to share the municipal hospitality of its chief magistrate.

Besides being the chairman of so many railway companies and of the Sunderland Dock Company, member

for Sunderland, a magistrate for the city of York, and in the commission of the peace for the counties of York and Durham, Mr. Hudson was called upon almost every day to attend committee meetings, parish meetings, all sorts of meetings. And not only these, but even brilliant balls and assemblies had the honour and the advantage of his untiring attendance, as if he had been ubiquitous. He was one of the most efficient chairmen of a meeting that ever occupied that responsible post; and he seemed to be quite as much at home at a fashionable soirée as in a railway director's private room. An hour after he had been entertaining a group of lady-listeners in his own drawing-room with an impassioned recital of his early struggles and subsequent triumphs, he would be seen on the Opposition benches of the House of Commons in deep discourse with Lord George Bentinck or Mr. Disraeli upon some magnificent railway scheme for the regeneration of Ireland or a Ten Hours Bill for the operatives of Manchester.

Mr. Hudson's movements up and down the country were recorded by the newspapers as punctiliously as if they had been veritable royal progresses. One might cut out of their columns dozens of paragraphs like this, which we take from the *Durham Advertiser* of August 11th, 1848:—"Mr. Hudson and a party of his railway friends and officials passed through this city, on Tuesday last, on their way to Byers Green, on some business, it was understood, connected with railways or collieries in that neighbourhood."

But the railway mania, like all other hot fever fits in the monetary world, soon ran its course. The crisis came in 1847-8, the collapse in 1849. Dark clouds had been gathering for some time. So far back as 1846, the Great North of England line was purchased, at Mr. Hudson's instance, by the Newcastle and Darlington Company, at a most exorbitant price—a price, indeed, which raised suspicions in the public mind that the chairman and directors of the latter company had some undisclosed object in proposing the amalgamation of the two lines on such terms. The terms were these—that in 1850, £250 should be paid for £100 shares; that £100 should be paid for £40 shares; £75 for £30 shares; and £37 10s. for £17 shares. To raise the needful capital, a stock was created of 159,000 shares, of £25 each, called the "Great North of England Purchase Shares," which were to bear 6 per cent. interest till the year 1850. Suspicion was first aroused by the fact that, though many inquiries had been made touching the number of shares which had been purchased by the Newcastle and Darlington Company, not a word could be extorted from the directorate. Mr. Hudson imperiously frowned down all who dared to put any question on the point; and it was not until February, 1849, that the necessary information was obtained. In the schedule of accounts then published by command of the Board it was thus conveyed:—

To 832 £100 shares, averaging £234 14s. 0½d. per share	£195,271	17	3
To 1,387 £40 shares, averaging £94 5s. 6½d. per share, paid up in full	130,761	1	8
To 4,055 £30 shares, averaging £70 8s. 3d. per share, paid up in full	285,170	15	6
To 3,790 £15 shares, averaging £34 19s 9½d. per share, £14 paid	132,611	10	0
To Transfer Stamps	1,471	2	3
To Broker's Commission	2,499	7	5

The Stock Exchange of London, and, indeed, the whole railway world, stood aghast at this statement, and it was immediately asked—"Who were the sellers? Why were such extravagant prices paid?" At the half-yearly meeting which ensued, Mr. Hudson, after some evasions and indirect threats of resignation, confessed that he, the chairman of the company, had sold 3,790 shares to it (2,800 of them without the intervention of a broker) at a rate considerably above the price at which he, in his private capacity, had bought them a day or two before. He accompanied this admission by a promise to refund any excess he might have received. This offer was scouted, and a committee of investigation was appointed, on the motion of Mr. Prance, of the Stock Exchange.

It appeared from the evidence collected by that committee, and by another subsequently appointed with a wider range, that on the 26th of October, 1846, after the close of a general meeting of proprietors, the directors resolved that the shares of the Great North of England Railway should be bought by the York, Newcastle, and Berwick Railway Company, and that Mr. Hudson alone should have the mangement of the purchase. The directors, when examined on the point, agreed that such a resolution or understanding was come to; but no record of it was found on the minutes of the proceedings. The sums expended by the directors in buying these shares, up to the 25th January, 1849, amounted in the aggregate to £749,524 14s. 7d. The first sale to the company was by Mr. Hudson himself at his own price, to the amount of £131,867 9s. 3d., which was £8,418 10s. in excess of the current market price. This excess, however, it was stated, could not be taken as the measure of the injury done to the company, inasmuch as the purchase of so large a number of shares by Mr. Hudson on his own account during a single month contributed to enhance the market price at the date of the sale. The impropriety of such a transaction between an individual and a company to which he stood in the relation of a trustee could not be doubted. The remissness of the other directors in the discharge of their duty with respect to this and other accounts was very remarkable. According to their own statement, they remained in entire ignorance of the Great North of England Purchase account, and made no inquiries about the matter, from the 27th of October, 1846, till the 13th of February, 1849, when the secret came out. It likewise transpired that it had been their habit to sign cheques

for large amounts, without asking for or receiving further information than that the money was wanted for the purchase of Great North of England shares. The auditors, again, limited their examination of the accounts to a comparison of the bank-book with the journal and ledger, and never thought of asking for the production of vouchers or original contracts. The secretary of the company (Mr. Close) was a gentleman who, according to his own statement, "managed Mr. Hudson's cash affairs, but not all," and so he was about as ignorant of how these monetary matters went on as anybody else. In short, the Railway King's powers, as sole manager of the concerns of the York, Newcastle, and Berwick Railway Company, were uncontrolled and unchecked.

At a meeting held at York on the 4th of May, 1849, a letter was read from Mr. Hudson resigning the chairmanship. The revelations that shortly followed excited an extraordinary sensation, as well they might. Thus the committee found that their late chairman, though entitled to only 937½ shares in the Newcastle and Berwick Company, had secretly taken, and afterwards sold for his own benefit, 10,894 shares, the committee estimating the profit of this "flagrant abuse of the confidence reposed in him" at £145,704. An increased number of shares had been issued surreptitiously to the extent of 14,000 above that sanctioned by the Act. This was done entirely by the chairman and the secretary, unknown to the other directors, and certainly without any minute or entry of any sort in the books of the company. Of these surreptitious shares Mr. Hudson took no fewer than 9,956½ for his own use.

Nor was this all. In the matter of the Brandling Junction Railway purchase, it came out that his fellow-directors had made Mr. Hudson a present of 2,000 shares, at a time when they were at a premium of £21 each, being equivalent to a bonus of £42,000. Again, it appeared that in January, 1845, Mr. Hudson purchased 10,000 tons of iron on his own account at £6 10s. per ton, and sold 7,000 tons to the company, within a few weeks, at £12 per ton, making a profit of £38,500. Yet further, it was shown that Mr. Hudson took cheques, in 1845, for £37,350, to be applied in payments to landowners and contractors, and that of this money he retained no less than £26,000 in his own hands, down till the date of the appointment of the investigation committee, when he restored it to the company, his habit being to draw money from time to time ostensibly for various purposes, and to place it to his own credit till such time as he found it convenient to replace it. In this manner the construction account was overcharged to the extent of £40,000, which Mr. Hudson also repaid, with interest. On the Great North of England purchase account he was a debtor to the company for £26,855, which he likewise returned. It was discovered also, during the inquiry, that, in order to keep up large dividends and to "make things pleasant" (in the words of the secretary), the books had been systematically falsified, or "cooked," from the day the first entry was made in them on the traffic account. Various ingenious contrivances had been adopted in this "cooking" department, all having the same object in view, namely, to swell up the apparent nett available revenue beyond its real amount, and so enable the directors to pay higher dividends than were actually earned. These increased dividends, the reader will see, again enabled Mr. Hudson to realise increased profits by the sale (at higher prices than he could have obtained otherwise) of the shares which he took from the company, whether legally or surreptitiously, for his own behoof.

There was one particular way in which Mr. Hudson found he could serve his friends materially, though it was at the cost of the general body of shareholders. It was this: The payment of calls on the different classes of shares was so adroitly managed as to give a clear scope to favouritism and jobbery. Calls were allowed to remain in arrear for any length of time certain parties might desire, and, in many cases, it was not even required that they should pay the original deposit on the shares allotted to them. When it served their convenience to sell these shares, however, they were transferred to the purchasers without demur, and the favoured original holders were only charged 5 per cent. interest on their calls for the period during which they remained in arrear, and were allowed, on the other hand, for the same period, the half-yearly dividends payable to the other shareholders. In this way Mr. Hudson and his friends received dividends on their shares at the respective rates of 9 per cent., 8 per cent., and 6 per cent. per annum, while they were only charged interest at the rate of 5 per cent., thus pocketing the difference, often to large amounts, upon an imaginary capital, of which not one shilling had been furnished to the company until after the shares had been sold. All the shares improperly taken from the company by Mr. Hudson himself were dealt with in this manner, and so were the bulk of those distributed amongst his friends and retainers.

The protracted litigation between the North-Eastern Railway Company and Mr. Hudson would take a good large volume to explain. We shall, therefore, not attempt to enter into it. The best accountant in Great Britain would find some difficulty, we believe, in unravelling the tangled skein of claims and counter-claims — debts and sets-off — mortgages and prior incumbrances—that the arbiters in the case, the Chief Clerk in Chancery, the Master of the Rolls, and the House of Lords itself, had to deal with so repeatedly. At one time a "final agreement" was made between the parties, by which, in consideration of an additional payment to be made by Mr. Hudson of £50,000, the company relinquished all further claims upon

him ; but it is clear from what followed that this "final agreement" was not carried out, because, on the 30th of June, 1861, the accounts showed a net balance, at that date, against Mr. Hudson, of £97,948. In the preceding month (May, 1861), the company had sold part of the property mortgaged to them—viz., the house at Albert Gate, so famous during Mr. Hudson's brief reign, when he held his brilliant court therein like any legitimate crown prince—to the French Government for £21,600. Eight years before that (November, 1853) the deeply-mortgaged Newby Park estate had been sold to Viscount Down for £190,000. The Whitby estate was disposed of afterwards. Thus the whole landed property of the Railway King—a splendid accumulation made in the course of a few eventful years—melted away like the fabric of a vision.

Yet we cannot forget that under George Hudson's practical autocracy, disfigured though it was with transactions that could not bear the light of day, the North-Eastern Railway system grew up to a gigantic size, spreading its branches all over the district, and enabling trade and commerce to develop themselves in a way and to an extent that would once have been deemed fabulous. We need not speak of towns which have been in existence for hundreds of years, and which have doubled or tripled in population and wealth since 1845 ; for we have examples in our own neighbourhood of towns absolutely created by the Ithuriel spear of the North-Eastern Railway—witness Middlesbrough, Jarrow, Crook, Eston, &c. And as for great engineering works—will not the High Level Bridge, the Sunderland Docks, the Tyne Docks, and the Royal Border Bridge be for ever associated with the name of Hudson?

The trunks and branches comprised in the York, Newcastle, and Berwick line, with their respective lengths in miles, were thus given in the *Railway Times* for June, 1849 :—

Great North of England	48
Newcastle and Darlington	30¼
Brandling Junction	27½
Newcastle and Berwick	65
Newcastle and North Shields	7¾
Pontop and South Shields	24¼
Extension to Monkwearmouth	0¾
Durham and Sunderland	17½
Hartlepool	26
Richmond	9¾
Bedale	5¼
Boroughbridge	6¾
Total	269

At the same date, the Newcastle and Carlisle and the Maryport Railways were on the point of being amalgamated ; the Washington branch was completed ; and the Thirsk and Malton, Team Talley, Auckland, Pensher, Quayside, Blyth, Barmoor, Kelso, Warkworth, and Alnwick branches were in embryo. This was the kingdom over which Hudson ruled, and which has since grown, by natural increment and transformation, into a republic far greater. For, throwing out of view all that has been added to the North-Eastern system since the date (July 31st, 1854) when the bill received the Royal assent for amalgamating the York, Newcastle, and Berwick Railway with the York and North Midland, and the Leeds Northern Railways, we find that the extent of mileage was then greater than that possessed by any other company in the United Kingdom, embracing 720 miles, while the capital of the undertaking was about twenty-three millions sterling. No less than sixty-eights Acts of Parliament are recited in the Amalgamation Act—the realisation of George Hudson's grand beau-ideal.

Mr. Hudson's connection with Sunderland as its member lasted fourteen years. At the general election in 1852 he was again placed at the head of the poll, as well as honoured with the show of hands. In 1857, when he came forward once more, the show of hands was in his favour, and so was the voting ; but he stood only second at the close of the poll, Mr. Fenwick, who had been at the bottom at the previous election, being now at the top. Finally, in 1857—his last appearance on the hustings—he was rejected by his old constituents in favour of Mr. W. S. Lindsay.

After the loss of his large fortune, Mr. Hudson resided chiefly in Paris, where he was understood to be still engaged in a small way in railway speculations in Spain and other countries. It was a strange reverse of fortune. A man who, on one occasion, at a meeting at Derby, actually raised two and a half millions sterling in the course of a few minutes, was reduced almost to the level of a mendicant. But the fallen monarch was not without friends even to the last. Mr. Hugh Taylor, of Chipchase Castle, interested himself in Mr. Hudson's behalf, with such good effect, too, that he raised in 1868 a fund of £4,800, which was invested in the purchase of an annuity. It even came to pass in 1869 that he was honoured with a banquet in Sunderland. Mr. Hudson died in London in December, 1871, aged 71 years, leaving a widow, two sons, and a daughter.

Our portrait, which shows Mr. Hudson in his prime, is taken from an engraving that appeared in the *Illustrated London News* in 1845.

The White Horses of the Hambleton Hills.

IN the north-eastern side of the great vale of York are the Hambleton Hills, a long mountain range, presenting a bold elevation to the valley at its foot. On the face of this range of hills are two remarkable objects, severally named "The White Horse of Kilburn," and "The White Mare of Whitstonecliff," the first being the figure of a horse cut on the steep hill side, the second a rocky precipice, so

named, on the face of the hill. These two objects can be seen at a great distance from the plain below, from the higher country towards the west and south-west, and from the North-Eastern Railway for several miles of its course.

The derivation of the first portion of the name of "White Mare of Whitstonecliff" belongs to legend, the second to the natural appearance of the precipice. Here is no figure, fancied or real, of a white horse. The tale is thus told by tradition:—A white mare in training at the Dialstone stables had hitherto defied all efforts to break her to obedience, when a wicked jockey swore a terrible oath, that he would either subdue her or ride her to the infernal regions. He mounted, rode her quietly to the training ground, a short distance from the Whitstonecliff, when, as if moved by some sudden impulse to madness, she grasped the bit between her teeth, dashed like lightning to the edge of the cliff, and sprung from it with a bound right into the middle of the "bottomless" lake below. The waters closed over them, and the wild white mare and her wicked rider were seen no more. Hence the name of the cliff. A rhyme current among the hills says:—

When Hambleton Hills are covered with corn and hay,
The White Mare of Whits'oncliff will lead it away.

The front of the precipice is about 200 feet in depth, by 500 yards in length, composed of jagged and fractured limestone, in beds varying from twelve inches to four feet in thickness. Immense heaps of rock have fallen from the face of the cliff at different times, and lie piled in masses at its base. The last and most remarkable fall was in March, 1755, and is thus described in John Wesley's Journal:—"1755. On Thursday, March 25, many persons observed a great noise near a ridge of mountains in Yorkshire, called Black Hambleton. It was observed chiefly in the south-west side of the mountain, about a mile from the course where the Hambleton races are run, near a ridge of rocks called Whiston Cliffs, or Whiston White Mare, two miles from Sutton, about five from Thirsk. The same noise was heard on Wednesday by all who went that way. On Thursday, about seven in the morning, Edward Abbot, weaver, and Adam Bosomworth, bleacher, both of Sutton, riding under Whiston Cliffs, heard a roaring (as they termed it) like many cannons, or loud and rolling thunder. It seemed to come from the cliffs, looking up to which they saw a large body of stone, four or five yards broad, split and fly off from the very top of the rocks. They thought it strange, but rode on. Between ten and eleven, a larger piece of the rock, about fifteen yards thick, thirty high, and between sixty and seventy broad, was torn off and thrown into the valley. About seven in the evening, one who was riding by observed the ground to shake exceedingly, and soon after several large stones or rocks, of some tons weight each, rose out of the ground. Others were thrown on one side, others turned upside down, and many rolled over and over. Being a little surprised, and not very curious, he hasted on his way. On Friday and Saturday the ground continued to shake, and the rocks to roll over one another. The earth also clave asunder in very many places, and continued to do so until Sunday morning."

The Kilburn White Horse is situate only a few hundred yards south-east of Roulston Scar, the most south-western part of the Hambleton range. Here the precipice has become a steep slope, covered with turf, and on this slope the figure of an equine monster, whose profile can be seen at a distance of thirty miles, is cut. The length of the horse is 180 feet, and the height 80 feet; his one great green eye is three yards in diameter; the quantity of land he covers is three roods; and to make a fence around him would enclose two acres. This figure was first formed in November, 1857, by Mr. Thomas Taylor, a native of the village of Kilburn. The land on which the horse stands is, or was, the property of Mr. Dresser, of Kilburn Hall. Six tons of lime were used to give his skin the requisite whiteness, and thirty-three men were at work upon him on the 4th of November, the day on which he was completed. The figure was cut merely to gratify the whim of the projector, not to commemorate any remarkable event. The ground covered by the horse requires to be carefully cleared of breckons at least once a year, or all traces of his existence would soon be obliterated. WILLIAM GRAINGER, Harrogate.

Elsie Marley.

FOR many years about the middle of last century the Barley Mow at Picktree, near Chester-le-Street, was kept by an innkeeper named Marley, whose wife Alice, popularly Ailsie or Elsie, managed the house with great acceptance to all classes, her buxom presence and lively humour being the means of attracting customers of all ranks of society, from the humble pitman to the colliery owner, and from keelmen and sailors to tradesmen and gentlemen. Sir Cuthbert Sharp characterises her as "witty and pretty," and a writer in Mitchell's *Newcastle Magazine*, who saw her in her latter days, describes her as "a tall, slender, genteel-looking woman," about fifty years of age.

The incident upon which the ballad was founded was this:—Elsie, who was a great favourite with her customers, being out on some little business about the premises, perceived that her pocket was lost, on which she hurried into the house where some company were drinking. "O hinnies," she exclaimed, "I've lost my pocket and all my money," when her husband, as if inspired, roared forth—

Di' ye ken Elsie Marley, honey,
The wife that sells the barley, honey?
She's lost her pocket and all her money
Aback o' the bush i' the garden, honey.

To this stanza the rest were afterwards added by an

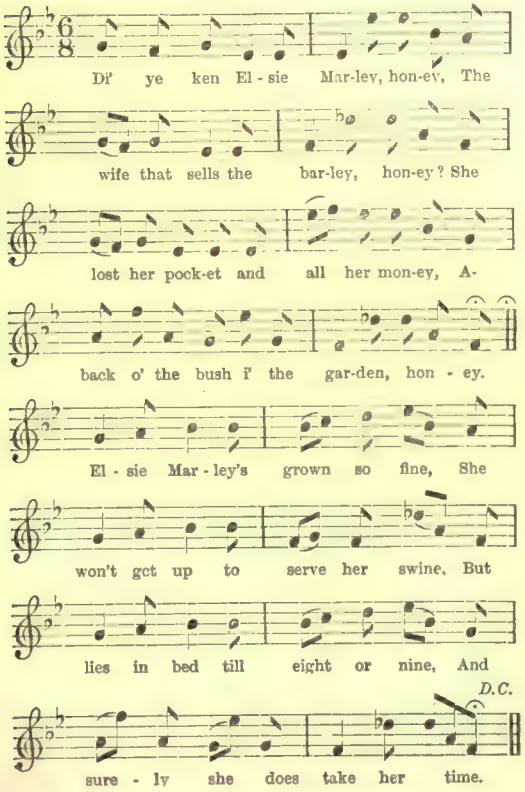
unknown hand, and speedily became so popular all over the district that, when Joseph Ritson published his "Bishoprick Garland," in 1784, he considered it of sufficient importance to include it in that collection.

A happy temperament, a comfortable life, and an extensive circle of friends, did not, however, suffice to save poor Elsie from a melancholy end. In Sykes's "Local Records," under date of August 5, 1768, we read:—"The well-known Alice Marley, who kept a public-house at Picktree, near Chester-le-Street, being in a fever, got out of her house and went into a field where there was an old coal-pit full of water, which she fell into and was drowned."

Sir Walter Scott has, by a singular anachronism, introduced four lines of "Elsie Marley, honey," in "The Fortunes of Nigel," the scenes of which are laid in the reign of James the First.

The tune is an original composition incidental to the ballad, and we have only once met with it under another name in an old manuscript book, where it appears as "Houghton Feast." Mr. Topliffe, the blind Monkwearmouth vocalist, used to sing it in exquisite style at his ballad concerts about forty years ago, and more recently it constituted one of the first favourites at the lectures on Northumbrian music by our venerable friend Dr. Bruce.

JOHN STOKOE.


Di' ye ken El - sie Mar-ley, hon-ey, The
wife that sells the bar-ley, hon-ey? She
lost her pock-et and all her mon-ey, A-
back o' the bush i' the gar-den, hon - ey.
El - sie Mar - ley's grown so fine, She
won't get up to serve her swine, But
lies in bed till eight or nine, And
D.C.
sure - ly she does take her time.

Di' ye ken Elsie Marley, honey,
The wife that sells the barley, honey?
She lost her pocket and all her money,
Aback o' the bush i' the garden, honey.

Elsie Marley's grown so fine,
She won't get up to serve her swine,
But lies in bed till eight or nine,
And surely she does take her time.
Di' ye ken, &c.

Elsie Marley is so neaf,
It's hard for one to walk the street,
But every lad and lass you meet
Cries—"Di' ye ken Elsie Marley, honey?"
Di' ye ken, &c.

Elsie Marley wore a straw hat,
But now she's gotten a velvet cap;
The Lambton lads mun pay for that.
Di' ye ken Elsie Marley, honey?
Di' ye ken, &c.

Elsie keeps rum and gin and ale,
In her house below the dale,
Where every tradesman, up and down,
Does call and spend his half-a-crown.
Di' ye ken, &c.

The farmers as they come that way,
They drink with Elsie every day,
And call the fiddler for to play
The tune of "Elsie Marley, honey."
Di' ye ken, &c.

The pitmen and the keelmen trim
They drink bumbo* made of gin,
And for the dance they do begin
To the tune of "Elsie Marley, honey."
Di' ye ken, &c.

The sailors they do call for flip†
As soon as they come from the ship,
And then begin to dance and skip
To the tune of "Elsie Marley, honey."
Di' ye ken, &c.

Those gentlemen that go so fine,
They'll treat her with a bottle of wine,
And freely they'll sit down and dine
Along with Elsie Marley, honey.
Di' ye ken, &c.

So to conclude those lines I've penned,
Hoping there's none I do offend;
And thus my merry joke doth end,
Concerning Elsie Marley, honey.
Di' yen, &c.

The Debil's Punch Bowl.

SIR WILLIAM BLACKETT, of Wallington, Northumberland, was married to Lady Barbara Villiers, daughter of the Earl of Jersey, on Sept. 20, 1725. When the news arrived in Newcastle, there was ringing of bells, bonfires, firing of guns, and other demonstrations of joy, which continued for two days. At Hexham not only were several barrels of strong beer consumed near a great bonfire, but the inhabitants were so vigorous in ringing that they broke the fray bell, which weighed three tons and a half. Shaftoe Vaughan, a gentleman of the neighbourhood, ordered Shaftoe Crags

* Gin and water sweetened. It used to be smuggled on board ships by the bumboat women: whence the name.

† A drink once much relished by sailors, made of beer, brandy or gin, and sugar. In one of Dibdin's songs the praises are sung of Landlady Bet, of Wapping, "who made such rare flip."

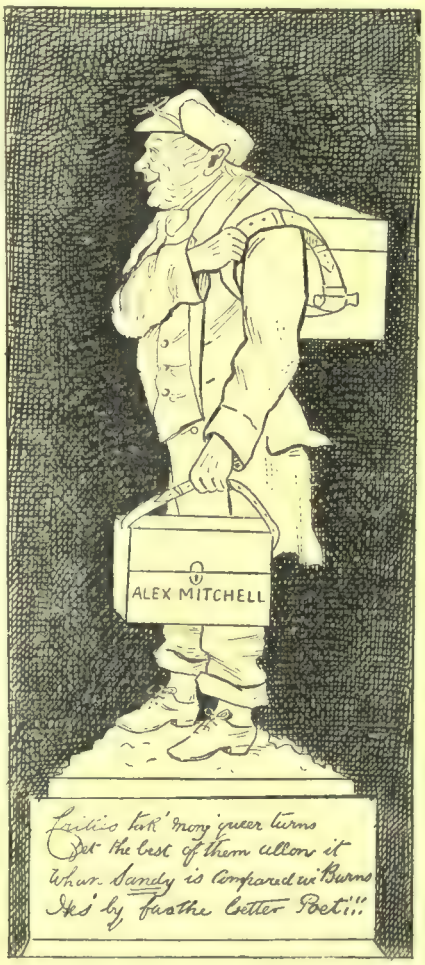
to be illuminated by a great number of large fires, which were placed upon the most conspicuous parts of the crags. A large punch bowl (now called the Devil's Punch Bowl) was cut out in the most elevated rock, which was filled with more liquor than was sufficient for the vast crowd of people who flocked thither, and who drank healths suited to the occasion as merrily as they were proposed by Mr. Vaughan.

JOHN LYNN, Seghill.

Berwick Characters.

A QUAINT, old-fashioned place like the Border town of Berwick, with all its peculiar rights and privileges, has, as a matter of course, a number of "characters" within its precincts. Twenty or thirty years ago their name was legion, but with the advancing times they have now dwindled well-nigh out of sight. Every generation, however, has had its few luckless ones who have been the butt or jest of the community, and many are the rich stories regarding them which have been handed down to the present day. There is no written record of these

worthies, but we have been fortunate enough to discover a series of sketches, by Mr. James Menin, in which the "characters" of at least one generation are cleverly pourtrayed. These sketches are in the possession of Mr. David Martin, Newcastle, with whose kind permission we reproduce the drawings of Hairy Jamie, the miser, and Sandy Mitchell, the poet. Nothing of Hairy Jamie is known, not even his birthplace; while the reason why he dressed in the style depicted is equally obscure. He hung about Berwick bounds for thirty years, begging from house to house, and singing such songs as "Annie Laurie," "At the Farm House," &c., as he jogged along. Whether he had money or not was a mystery, but he was always looked upon as a miser. He invariably wore a hair-net, a Meg Merrilies shawl, and an old apron, and spoke with a strong Scottish


ALEX MITCHELL
Fairies took' many queer turns
Yet the best of them allow it
When Sandy is compared wi' Burns
They' by far the better Poet!!!

accent. His clothing, like his body, was begrimed with dirt, and poor Jamie was universally regarded as not being in his right mind. Sandy Mitchell was a Border poet, in no great estimation but his own. He was well-known in Berwick, and roamed in the neighbourhood, especially amongst the fishing villages, selling the sweetmeats known as

"Berwick Cockles" and odds and ends of groceries, in addition to rhymes of his own composition, which many bought simply for fun. Sandy was also a quack doctor, an astrologer, and a prophet, predicting, in the last-named capacity, the "end of all things" in the year A.D. 2,000. He died a few years ago in the full belief that he was an injured man, that his talent was unrecognised, and that he was held in disdain because of his extreme poverty.

Thomas Paine & Sunderland Bridge.

PROBABLY but few of the many hundreds who daily travel over the noble high level bridge of which Sunderland is justly proud, and read in conspicuous characters upon its balustrades the words "Rowland Burdon, 1796; Robert Stephenson, 1858," are aware of the fact that this bridge is constructed of part of the materials of one built under the direction of Thomas Paine, the author of the "Rights of Man." The history of Paine's bridge, taken from Mr. Smiles's "Life of Telford," and other sources of information, may perhaps interest the reader.

Thomas Paine, who was the son of a Quaker of Thetford, in Norfolk, was brought up to his father's trade, that of a staymaker; but he soon got tired of staymaking and Thetford. Leaving home early in life, he filled, during a few years, the posts of privateersman, exciseman, and schoolmaster.

Dr. Franklin, with whom he had become acquainted, persuaded him to go to America, and there he took an active part in the revolutionary discussions of the end of last century. He dwelt for some time in Philadelphia, and studied mechanical philosophy, electricity, mineralogy, and the use of iron in bridge building. In 1787 he boldly offered to erect an iron bridge of 400 feet span with a single arch across the Schuylkill River; in the same year he submitted his design for the proposed bridge to the Acadamy of Sciences at Paris, also a copy of his plan to the Royal Society of England. Encouraged by the favourable opinions of scientific men, Paine proceeded to Rotherham, in Yorkshire, to get his bridge cast.

In August, 1788, he took out a patent for this bridge, and in the specification he describes it as "a method of constructing arches, vaulted roofs, and ceilings, either of iron or wood, on principles new and different to anything hitherto practised, by means of which construction arches, vaulted roofs, and ceilings may be erected to the extent of several hundreds of feet beyond what can be performed in the present practice of architecture." Paine says the idea was taken from "the figure of a spider's circular web," and other ideas from nature, fully de-

Iron Bridge, Sunderland. 1842

scribed in the specification for the patent, which is No. 1,667 on the list, and is notable as the first patent in our records for arc improvement in bridge construction.

An American gentleman named Whiteside having advanced money to Paine, the castings for the bridge were duly made by Messrs. Walker, of Rotherham, and shipped off to London. The bridge was exhibited to the public at Paddington, where it was visited by large numbers of people.

Whiteside having become bankrupt, Paine was arrested by his assignees; but, two other Americans becoming bond for him, he was liberated. And now, apparently giving up all thoughts of his bridge, he espoused the principles of the French Revolution. Meanwhile, the manufacturers of the bridge agreed to take it back as part of their debt, and the materials were used in the construction of that high level bridge which now spans the Wear at Sunderland.

To the public munificence of Rowland Burdon, of Castle Eden, is due the erection of this bridge, at a cost to himself of about £22,000, in the year 1796. In the previous year he took out a patent for its construction, in which he describes it as "a method of making, uniting, and applying cast iron blocks, to be substituted in lieu of keystones in the construction of arches, the said cast iron blocks being kept in their proper positions, and made to abut against each other, and to support any incumbent structure by means of wrought iron bars and wrought or cast iron braces being affixed to their sides, and passing horizontally between ribs composed of the said cast iron blocks."

Although the names of Rowland Burdon and Robert Stephenson (under whose supervision the bridge was widened and improved) are alone publicly associated with this bridge, "we must not"—to use the words of Mr. Phipps, C.E., in a report to Robert Stephenson—"deny to Paine the credit of conceiving the construction of iron bridges of far larger span than had been made before his time, or of the important examples, both as models and large constructions, which he caused to be made and publicly exhibited."

Several alterations and improvements upon the original design were made in erecting the bridge. Its span is 236 feet, and the roadway is more than 100 feet above high water mark. The bridge was characterised by Mr. Robert Stephenson as "a structure which, as regards its proportions and the small quantity of material used in its construction, will probably remain unrivalled."

CESTRIA, Newcastle.

It is admitted that Rowland Burdon constructed and erected Sunderland Bridge, but this is widely different to inventing it. Let us look at the facts of the case, as far as they are known. Paine's specification of his patent was registered August 26, 1788, and numbered 1,667. No one will doubt that considerable time would elapse in considering and mastering the specification before it was registered. In fact, we know from Paine's memoir, addressed to the United States Congress, that in the September of 1787, about a year before the patent was registered, a model of the bridge was sent to Sir Joseph Banks, president of the Royal Society of England.

In a paper read before the Royal Society, in 1797, Thomas Bowler states that "a plan for an iron bridge, on a new principle, was also invented by Mr. Thomas Paine, and exhibited some time ago near Paddington." There is little doubt that the bridge alluded to was made at Rotherham, and sent to Paddington for exhibition. We now have historical evidence that Paine had a model of his bridge, the specification of his patent being registered seven years before Burdon took out his patent; and we may fairly assume that a bridge was built in accordance with Paine's model and specification, and exhibited about the time Burdon's patent was registered. There can be no doubt that Burdon, when considering and maturing his plans for the construction of such a novel structure as the Sunderland Bridge, would be fully aware of the facts alluded to. Rowland Burdon's specification of patent was registered September 18, 1795, No. 2,066. The foundation-stone was laid 24th September, 1793, and the bridge was opened to the public on the 8th of August, 1796, so that the erection of the structure had been in progress for two years before the patent was entered in the patent office. This looks very much like making the machine first, and drawing the plans afterwards.

I must now call attention to the Rev. William Turner's remarks in a paper read by him before the Literary and Philosophical Society at Newcastle, in 1795, and to Mr. John Rastrick's letter, dated Morpeth, September 8, 1795. Mr. Turner's remarks certainly imply that he was not certain that Mr. Burdon was the inventor. Mr. Rastrick says:—"It has been asserted that Wearmouth Bridge is built on the principles of a model of Paine's which came from London one evening when I was at Castle Eden." We may fairly infer that there must have been some grounds for this report.

An Act of Parliament was obtained in 1857 for the reconstruction, or rather the strengthening, of the bridge, which was carried out under the superintendence of Robert Stephenson. The original structure of the bridge was found to consist of six cast iron ribs. To the surprise and astonishment of all immediately connected with the repairs, the discovery was made that two of the ribs had been made of one pattern, and the other four ribs of a different pattern. The question naturally arose, how had this occurred? The most feasible answer is that the two exceptional ribs were those sent from Paddington, which we have most unmistakeable hints about.

JOHN A. HASWELL, Newcastle.

In 1786 Paine made three models of iron bridges, partly at Philadelphia, but mostly at Borden Town, in the State

of Jersey. One model was in wood, one in cast iron, and one in wrought iron connected with blocks of wood, representing cast iron blocks. He took the last-mentioned one with him to France in 1787, and presented it to the Academy of Sciences at Paris for their opinion of it. In September of the same year he sent a model to Sir Joseph Banks, President of the Royal Society in England, and soon after came to England himself.

The principle he took to begin with, and to work upon, was that the small segment of a large circle was preferable to the great segment of a small circle. The appearance of such arches, and the manner of forming and putting the parts together, admit of many

Thomas Paine.

varieties; but the principle will be the same in all. The architects Paine conversed with in England denied the principle, but it was generally supported by mathematicians.

In order to ascertain the truth of the principle on a larger scale than could be shown by a portable model of five or six feet in length, he went to the iron foundry of Messrs. Walker, at Rotherham, and had a complete rib of ninety feet span, and five feet in height from the cord line to the centre of the arch, manufactured and erected. It was a segment of a circle of four hundred and ten feet diameter; and until this was done no experiment on a circle of such extensive diameter had ever been made in architecture, or the practicability of it supposed. On the success of this experiment, he entered into an agreement with the iron founders at Rotherham to cast and manufacture a complete bridge to be composed of five ribs of one hundred and ten feet span, and five feet of height from the cord line, being a segment of a circle of six hundred and ten feet diameter.

At this time Paine's bridge operations became suspended, and he employed himself on the now celebrated work "The Rights of Man," in answer to Burke's attack on the French Revolution. In 1792 a Convention was elected in France for the express purpose of forming a constitution on the authority of the people, as had been done in America, of which Convention Paine was elected a member. He was at that time in England, and knew nothing of his election till the arrival of the person who was sent officially to inform him of it. So great was Paine's popularity in France that he was chosen about the same time by the people of no fewer than four departments.

During Paine's absence in France, Sunderland Bridge was erected. Paine had a very intimate friend—Sir Robert Smyth, who was also an acquaintance of Mr. Monroe, the American Minister in Paris. Smyth had been a colleague in Parliament of Mr Ralph Milbanke, and, supposing that the persons who constructed the iron bridge at Sunderland had made free with Paine's model, which was at the iron works where the Sunderland Bridge was cast, he wrote to Mr. Milbanke on the subject, and the following was that gentleman's answer :—

With respect to the bridge over the river Wear at Sunderland, it is certainly a work well deserving admiration both for its structure and utility, and I have good grounds for saying that the first idea was suggested by Mr. Paine's bridge exhibited at Paddington. What difference there may be in some parts of the structure, or in the proportion of wrought and cast iron, I cannot pretend to say, Burdon having undertaken to build the bridge, in consequence of his having taken upon himself whatever the expense might be beyond three and four thousand pounds (sterling) subscribed by myself and some other gentlemen. But, whatever the mechanism might be, it did not supersede the necessity of a centre [the writer has here confounded a centre with a scaffolding], which centre was esteemed a very ingenious piece of workmanship, and taken from a plan sketched by Mr. Nash, an architect of great merit, who had been consulted in the outset of the business, when a bridge of stone was in contemplation. With respect, therefore, to any gratuity to Mr. Paine, though ever so desirous of rewarding the labour of an ingenious man, I do not feel how, under the circumstances already described, I have it in my power, having nothing to do with the bridge after the payment of my subscription, Mr. Burdon then becoming accountable for the whole. But if you can point out any mode, according to which it should be in my power to be instrumental in procuring him any compensation for the advantage the public may have derived from his ingenious model, from which certainly the outline of the bridge at Sunderland was taken, be assured it will afford me very great satisfaction.

RA. MILBANKE.

Paine had no patent for his bridge construction in America, but he took care to put the country in possession of the means and of the right of making use of the construction freely. Among the world's inventors he has an honoured place. The iron truss bridge, which he invented, now spans a thousand streams in America, a graceful monument to his mechanical genius. He was

the inventor of the planing machine, which relieves the weary mechanic from much of the severity of his olden toil; and he was the first to suggest steam navigation, although not to practically carry out the idea.

The above summary and extracts are taken from two of Paine's letters—one to Sir George Staunton, Bart.; the other, "On the Construction of Iron Bridges," to the Congress of the United States. T. W., Sunderland.

A long discussion took place in the "Notes and Queries" of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* in 1875 on the subject of the invention of Sunderland Bridge. Immense credit was of course justly given to Mr. Burdon for originating and building the structure; but the curious and varied evidence produced in the course of that discussion conclusively proved that the honour of inventing the principle on which the bridge was constructed belongs to Thomas Paine. It will be sufficient to enumerate here the names of some of the authorities who were shown to have awarded the credit to the author of "The Rights of Man." I mention them in the order in which they appeared in the correspondence:—Ralph Milbanke, the colleague of Rowland Burdon in the representation of Durham; the "Encyclopædia Londinensis"; Kensington Museum of Patents; *Quarterly Review*, July, 1858; J. C. Jeafferson, "Life of Robert Stephenson"; Mr. Murray, engineer of Sunderland Dock; Dr. Smiles, "Life of Telford"; Mr. Phipps, C.E.; Professor Pole; Rees's "Encyclopædia"; Robert Stephenson, "Encyclopædia Britannica."

ERNEST WELLS, Newcastle.

Our sketch of the Sunderland Bridge is copied from an engraving in Richardson's "Table Book." Paine's portrait is a copy of Romney's. It is to be regretted that we have been unable, though we made inquiries far and near, to obtain a portrait of Rowland Burdon also.

Midsummer Bonefires.

BOURNE tells us it was a custom in his time in the North of England, chiefly in country villages, for old and young people to meet together and be merry over a large fire on Midsummer Eve, which was made in the open street, and, of whatever material it was made, called a bonefire, the name having originated because the fire was generally made of bones. Stow speaks of men providing wood and labour; but this can be accounted for in the *Homily de Festo Sancti Johannis Bapistæ*, which states that in the worship of St. John the people waked at home on the eve of that saint and made three manner of fires. One was "clene bones and no woode, and that is called a Bonefyre; another is clene woode and no bones, and that is called a Wodefyre; the third made of woode and bones, and it is called Saynt Johannys fyre."

The reasons assigned for making bonefires on the vigil of St. John (Midsummer Eve) are various, and, owing to want of proper information, cannot be much depended on; but the fires, no doubt, originated in some of the many ceremonies of the Roman Church. In a translation of the fourth book of the "Popish Kingdome" (1570), written in Latin and dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, concerning St. John's Eve, the walking through flowers at the fire, the casting of them formerly into it, and the invocation to the Deity, with the effects supposed to be produced by the ceremonies mentioned in the poem, are circumstances that seem to strengthen the conclusion. "This vigil ought to be held with cheerfulness and piety, but not with such merriment as is shown by the profane lovers of this world, who make great fires in the streets and indulge themselves with filthy and unlawful games, to which they add glotony and drunkenness and the commission of many other shameful indecencies." (Harleian MS.) In the Tynemouth MS., Bonner and Boen Harow occur for ploughing and harrowing gratis or by gift. There is a passage also much to our purpose in Aston's translation of Aubanus:—"Common fires, or, as we call them heere in England, Bonefires." The term may mean a contribution fire—that is, one to which all in the neighbourhood contributed some material, meaning "boon fire" (ploughing days are called "bone days"). May such customs not point to the worship of the sun-gods, as do the appropriation of all sun-like flowers as emblems of St. John?

Bonefires were customary on occasions of public rejoicing at Darlington. In 1688, the parish spent 1s. 6d. on a bonefire, the occasion being King James's birthday (Longstaffe), and many parish books testify to this fact. The diversions were continued until midnight, and sometimes until cockcrowing. In London, in addition to the bonefires on the eve of St. John, as well as upon the eve of St. Peter and St. Paul, every man's door was shaded with green birch, long fennel, St. John's Wort, orpin, and white lilies, and ornamented with garlands of beautiful flowers. The citizens had also lamps of glass with oil burning in them all night, and some of them hung out branches of iron curiously wrought and containing hundreds of lamps burning at once, which gave them a very curious appearance. (Stow.)

The setting of the watch on St. John's Eve at Chester was attended with a pageant, which is expressly said to be according to ancient custom, the procession consisting of "four giants, one unicorn, one dromedary, one luce, one camel, one ass, one dragon (the dragons hattyd nothyng more than the stuncke of brenyng bonys), six hobby horses, and sixteen naked boys.' (Harl. MS., circa 1564.) Leland mentions that the custom is practised in some parts of Lincolnshire, where, on peculiar days, they make great fires in the public streets with bones, in memory of burning their dead. In the Royal Household

Book of Henry VIII., under the date of June 23, we read: "Item to the making of a Bonefayer on Midsummer Eve, xs." It was a custom (in Northumberland) to dress out stools with a cushion of flowers; a layer of clay was placed on the stool, and therein was stuck with great regularity an arrangement of flowers to form a cushion. These were exhibited at the doors of houses in the villages, and at ends of streets and cross lanes of larger towns, where the attendants begged money from passengers to enable them to have an evening feast and dancing. The custom survived through mediæval times in pilgrims' crosses and shrines at the meeting of roads.

T. R. Morrow. Tottenham.

It was a custom in Sunderland when I was a boy to light fires in most of the streets on Midsummer night. The fires were made of coal, wood, and old timber, and of whatever would burn—even unto an empty tar barrel. When lighted it was the custom for women, lads, lasses, and bairns to leap over or through the flames, and continue to do so as long as they had the wherewithal to replenish the fire. The custom arose, I believe, from the Druidical Beltain, which fire was lighted on the 21st June.

Friday, Cullercoats.

Border Thieves.

NORTHUMBRIANS of to-day, it would appear, according to Mackenzie, are the descendants of Saxons mixed with Danes and what remained of the ancient Celtic inhabitants, all enriched by the blood of the warlike Normans. It is wrong to suppose that the Britons were entirely expatriated from Northumberland; for, as few women were brought over from Saxony by the new comers, the latter, who succeeded the Romans, intermarried, of course, with the natives. It was the more warlike part of the Northumbrian Britons only, says the historian, that retired before the Saxons into Wales and Cumberland.

Six hundred years afterwards, in the eleventh century, many of the Saxon, now Anglo-Saxon, families of Northumbria had to fly themselves from the exterminating sword of the Conqueror to the Scottish Borders, with not a few of the Norman adventurers, whom discontent and intestine feuds had driven into exile. They brought with them arts both of peace and war unknown in Scotland, and among their descendants were numbered the most powerful Border chiefs. Actuated by the most implacable hatred against the Norman usurpers, they harassed them with perpetual and wasteful inroads, and hence the Borders became the stage upon which were presented the most memorable conflicts of two gallant nations.

This general feeling of hostility was cherished by such of the aboriginal Britons as still retained possession of their wilds, forests, and mountains. The Celtic system of septs, or clans, for which these districts were distinguished, remained until the Union. The Saxon and Norman settlers seem to have adopted this peculiarity of the native inhabitants with as much readiness as if they had descended from Galgacus or Cadwallader. The riches of a Border chief consisted of his extensive herds and flocks, which were consumed in the rude hospitality of his castle. The youngest and most active warriors of the clan resided constantly with their chief. If any of his clansmen sustained injury, he was obliged to seek revenge and defend "all his name, kindred, maintainers, and upholders." On the other hand, the chief of the clan from whom the injury had proceeded was equally bound in honour to retaliate whatever injury the opposite party might inflict in their thirst for vengeance. This species of ferocious animosity was termed a *deadly feud*.

The martial clans of the Borders were always prepared and eager for war. At the blaze of their beacons they hastened to the place of rendezvous, alike prepared for attack or defence, while the mountains echoed with the *Slogan*, or *Slughorn*, the war-cry, or gathering word, of their clan. Thus in "The Raid of Reidswire"—

> Then raise the Slogan with ane schout,
> Fy, Tindall to it! Jedburgh's here.

Their usual and secret incursions were, however, marked with the desire for spoil rather than for slaughter. Bloodshed was generally avoided, as it occasioned a deadly feud between two clans, whereas the abstraction of property was only considered a trivial provocation.

The Borderers, whether English or Scotch, were equally wily, active, and rapacious. The rapine by which they subsisted they accounted lawful and honourable. Insecurity rendered them indifferent to agriculture, and—

> The tooming faulds, or sweeping of a glen,
> Had still been held the deeds of gallant men.

Their cattle, which was their chief property, being nightly exposed to depredations, robbery assumed the appearance of fair reprisal. Living under chiefs by whom this predatory warfare was countenanced, and sometimes headed, they appear to have had little knowledge of the light in which their actions were regarded by the Legislature, and the various statutes and regulations made against their incursions remained in most cases a dead letter. Indeed, the impolitic severity of the laws intended to change their manners and habits of life seems to have diminished the little affection they might feel for the proper country to which they belonged. So little did they regard their allegiance that it was the same thing to the Borderers whether they preyed upon

the opposing frontier or on their own countrymen. The men of Tindale and Reedsdale, in particular, appear to have been more frequently tempted by the rich vales of the Bishopric of Durham, and other districts which lay to the southward, than by the rude desolation of the Scottish hills.

Men living in so rude a state of society, it may be easily supposed, had little religion. The usurpation of the Scottish Crown by Edward I. augmented the savage spirit of hostility, and various religious houses, which the piety of an earlier age had founded on the Borders, were repeatedly destroyed and laid waste. Thus the administration of religious rites became unusual and irregular in these wild districts. Uncanonical churchmen sometimes attended the warlike Borderers, as Friar Tuck is said to have done upon Robin Hood, partook of their spoils, and mingled with the relics of barbarism the rites and ceremonies of the Christian church. Richard Fox, Bishop of Durham, in a pastoral monition, dated some time between the years 1490 and 1498, complains that the rites and sacraments of the Church were administered by irregular and dissolute clergymen to the thieves, robbers, murderers, and depredators of the Reed and Tyne. Many of the offenders, it seems, of the clans of Charlton, Robson, Tod, Hunter, and others, were excommunicated by the bishop. The penance annexed to their release from spiritual censure was a prohibition from wearing the *jack* and head-piece; riding a horse of above six shillings and eightpence value; and entering a church or chapel fully armed, or conversing in these hallowed precincts. But this was an extraordinary exertion of clerical authority. Cressingham, a priest, never wore any coat but the iron one in which he was killed; and a Bishop of Carlisle was so turbulent that the king, to restrain him, deprived him of the livings of Penrith and Simonburn.

The Northumbrian Borderers were held aliens by the "good men of Newcastle." According to a corporation regulation, no burgess should take for his apprentice a youth from the dales of Reed or Tyne. The wild manners of these dalesmen are thus described by Grey in his "Chorographia, or Survey of Newcastle," published in 1549 :—

There is many dales, the chief are Tynedale and Reedsdale, a country that William the Conqueror did not subdue, retaining to this day the ancient laws and customs (according to the County of Kent), whereby the lands of the father is equally divided at his death amongst all his sonnes. These Highlanders are famous for thieving; they are all bred up and live by theft. They came down from these dales into the low countreys, and carry away horses and cattell so cunningly, that it will be hard for any to get them or their cattell, except they be acquainted with some master thiefe, who for some mony (which they call *saufey-mony*) may help them to their stoln goods, or deceive them. There is many every yeare brought in of them into the goale of Newcastle, and at the Assizes are condemned and hanged, sometimes twenty or thirty. They forfeit not their lands—(according to tenure in gavelkind)—"the father to *bough*, the sonne the plough."

A condemned "cattell thiefe" on the gallows, one of a Border clan, is made by Sir David Lindsay, in a drama, to take leave of his companions in iniquity thus :—

Adieu, my brother Annan thieves,
That helped me in my mischieves;
Adieu Crossars, Nicksons, and Bells,
Oft have we fared through the fells;
Adieu Robsons, Hanslies, and Pyles,
That in our craft have many wiles;
Littles, Trumbells, and Armstrongs,
Adieu all thieves that me belongs;
Taylors, Eurwings, and Edwands,
Speedy of foot. and light of hands;
The Scotts of Ewesdail and the Grèames,
I have na time to tell your names;
With king correction be ye fangit,
Believe right sure ye will be hangit.

N. E. R., Fence Houses.

St. Godric, the Hermit of Finchale.

WHAT remains of the Church and Priory of Finchale stands in a lovely and sequestered spot on the banks of the river Wear, about three miles north of Durham. The river winds round the site, which is a comparatively level haugh, while the opposite banks rise from the water's edge precipitous and steep, and clad with the luxuriant foliage of "the hanging woods of Cocken." The venerable ruins, sleeping in the sun which has shone on them now for some seven hundred years, the adjoining farm buildings with their suggestion of pastoral life, and the beauties of the surrounding landscape, form a scene of rare and pathetic beauty.

The Priory was founded in 1196 by Henry, son of the famous Bishop Pudsey of Durham, the foundation being for a prior and eight monks. The church originally consisted of a nave and side aisles, a chancel and transept. At the intersection of the nave and transept are four massive circular columns, with octagonal capitals, which supported a low tower and octagonal spire on pointed arches. In one of the columns is a winding staircase. The cloisters, refectory, and prior's lodging ranged along the south side of the church, where their remains are still to be seen. In 1436, various alterations were made. The side aisles were removed, the four pointed arches which ran along each side of the nave were walled up, and a window was inserted in each. The masonry of these new parts, as can still be readily observed, was very much inferior to that of the original building. "In September, 1832," says Mackenzie, "an excavation was made in the rubbish (in some places eight or nine feet deep) from one end of the transept to the other, laying bare part of the original floor, as well as the bases of two of the centre pillars, the foundations of three altars, the remains of a tomb of the Norman period, and several specimens of paving tiles of various colours. From this passage another was

made to the high altar, attended with equally interesting results."

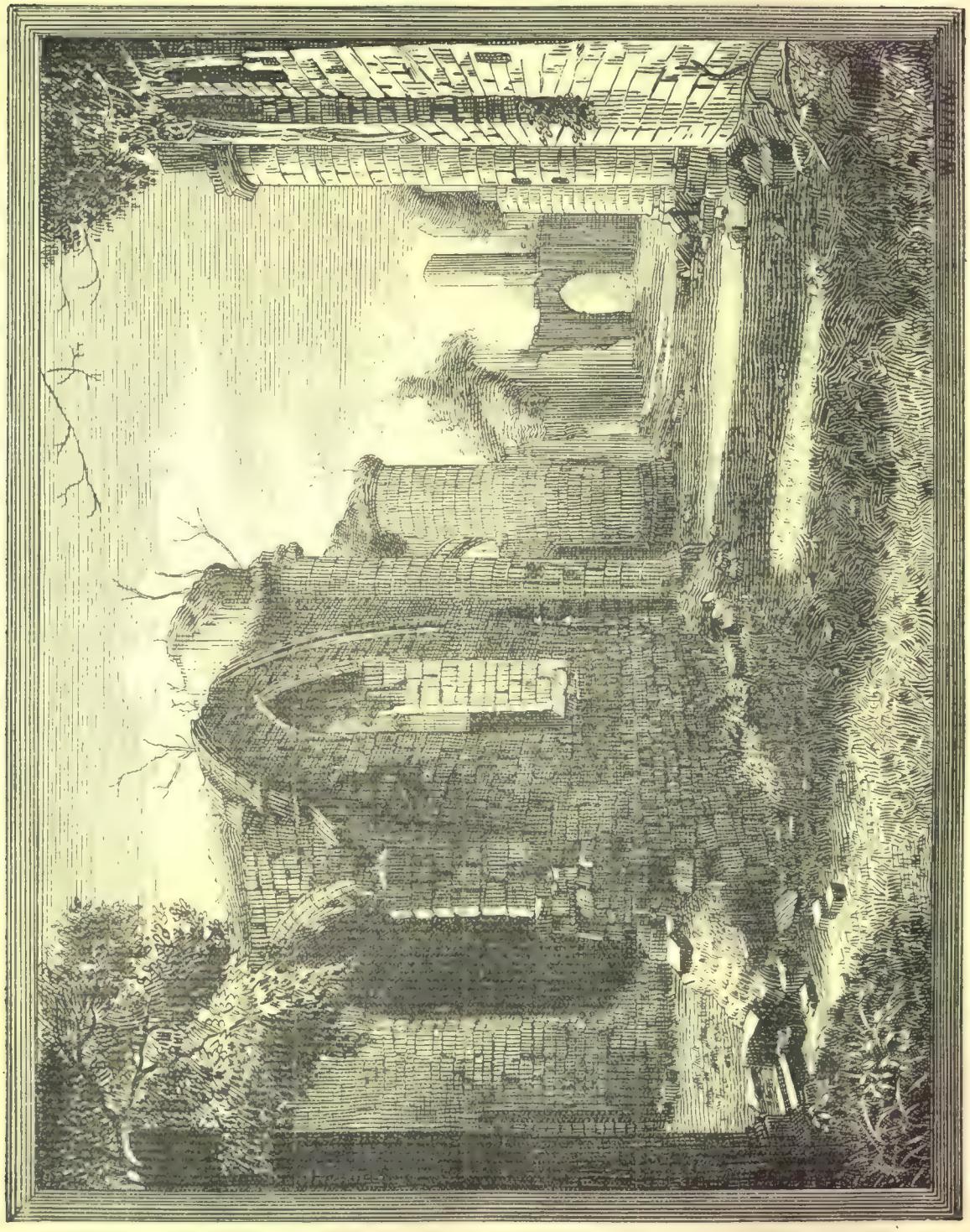
We must, however, go back to a period before the building of the Priory and Church to reach the most interesting part of the history of Finchale. It was a place of some importance in Saxon times, as we read of a Synod for the regulation of Church discipline and manners being held here in the year 792, and of another in 810; but it was not until about 1104 or 1107 that Saint Godric made it the place of his abode, and he is certainly the most interesting personage connected with the place. A native of Walpole, in Norfolk, Godric was in his younger days a pedlar, and travelled with his pack from fair to fair. Being of an adventurous disposition, he not only travelled his native country, but also made journeys into Scotland, Flanders, and Denmark. On his way to and from the latter country, he was accustomed to visit the Abbey of Lindisfarne, the cradle of Christianity in Northumberland, and the tales of the monks concerning the life and miracles of Saint Cuthbert so inflamed his devotion that he made a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre. After his return, it is said he was advised by Saint Cuthbert, in a dream, to repair once more to the Holy Land. This he accordingly did. After washing his feet in the river Jordan, he there left his shoes, and made a vow to go barefoot for the rest of his life. On his return to England, he took up his abode as a hermit at Finchale, where he lived for sixty-three years. About 1118, his hermitage was granted by Bishop Flambard to the monastery of Durham, subject to Godric's life, who should hold it of them, and after his death it was to be inhabited by such of their brethren as they might appoint.

The story of Godric's life here is thus told by Hegg:—"At Finchale, he built his cell of thatch, dedicating it to the Virgin Mary, where he lived 63 yeares, in that heate of devotion that he would stand whole winter nights praying up to the neck in the river that ran by his cell; which so angered the devill that one time he stole away his clothes that lay on the bankside; but, spying him, he brought him back with a *Pater* and an *Ave-Maria*, and, forcing the devill to be just against his will, made him restore them, though his apparell was soe coarse that the devill (the thief) would scarce have worn them; for his jerkin was of iron, of which he had worn out three in the tyme of his hermitage; a strange coat, whose stuffe had the ironmonger for the draper, and a smith for the taylour. Neither was his lodging softer than his coat, who had a stone for his pillow, and the ground for his bed; but his diet was as coarse as either: for to repent both within and without, as his shirt was of sackcloth, soe half the meal that made him bread was ashes. An angell sometimes played the sexton and rang his bell to awake him to his Nocturnes, who, for want of beads, used to number his prayers with pebble stones. The devill, Proteus-like, used to transforme himself into shapes before him, which rather made him sport than affrighted him, which soe provoked the devill that, as he sate by his fyre, he gave Goodrick such a boxe on the ear, that had he not recovered himselfe with the sign of the crosse he had feld him downe. He had the Psalter continually handing on his little finger, which with use was ever after crooked. Thus, after he had acted all the miracles of a legend, he ended his scene in the year 1170." R. J. C.

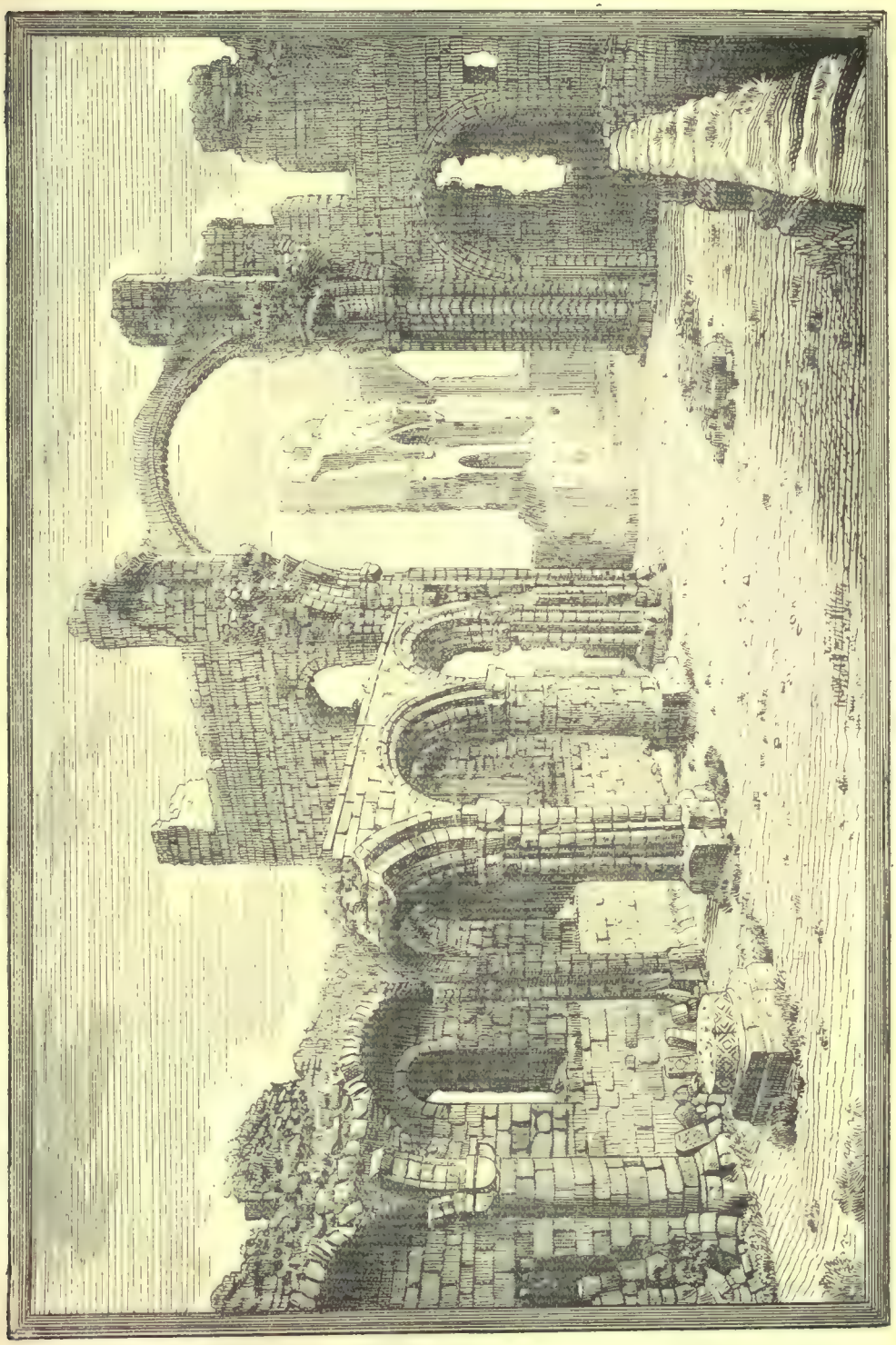
Lindisfarne Cathedral.

VENERATION for the memory of Saint Cuthbert induced Bishop Carilef, in 1093, to pull down the old Cathedral of Durham, and commence the building of the present magnificent structure, because "he thought the church that Aldwin built was too little for so great a Saint." Doubtless the same feeling caused him to destroy Aidan's original Cathedral Church of Lindisfarne, and to erect on its site the stately building whose ruins still grace Holy Island; for, if Durham was sacred (in his eyes) to the memory of the great Northumbrian Saint as holding his body after death, equally so must have been the little island of the North-East Coast as being his abiding place in life and the scene of no small part of his labours.

The ancient Bishopric of Lindisfarne was founded in the reign of King Oswald, who, seeing that Northumbria had lapsed from the state of Christianity established by Paulinus and King Edwin into idolatry, sent to Iona for spiritual aid. Aidan, one of the monks of the western isle, was consecrated bishop and sent to Northumbria to attempt the reconversion of its inhabitants. On the island of Lindisfarne, under the protection of the Royal Castle of Bamborough, he built his monastery and church dedicated to St. Peter, and commenced the work which was continued by his successors. Sixth of these was St. Cuthbert. Bede tells how, as a young man, he became a monk of Melrose, and at length abbot of that famous monastery, which he left to become Prior of Lindisfarne. After holding this latter office for twelve years, Cuthbert retired to a little cell and oratory on one of the Farne Islands, where he led a solitary life of devotion and meditation, totally separated from the world. This lasted for nine years, at the expiration of which he heard, much to his sorrow, that he had been unanimously elected Bishop of Hexham. This see, however, he was allowed to exchange for that of Lindisfarne, having a strong predilection for the latter place. We have no space to tell of his good deeds during the two years of his Bishopric, after which he returned to his lonely island cell to



FINCHALE PRIORY.



LINDISFARNE CATHEDRAL.

die, in the year A.D. 687; but so highly was his memory esteemed that no less than forty chapels and churches were dedicated in his honour, and King Alfred even had his name stamped upon the coin of the realm. He became the patron saint of Northumbria. Often did his name raise the enthusiasm of the men of the North, and often did his banner lead them to victory.

Our illustration shows the present state of the ruins of Lindisfarne Cathedral. There is no trace of Saxon masonry to be seen, the original building having been totally removed by Ædward, the architect sent from Durham by Bishop Carilef to plan and build the new church. In our view, we see the nave and the remains of the beautiful and massive columns dividing it from the north aisle. These columns, it will be observed, are in character very similar to those of Durham Cathedral. We see also the small remaining portion of the centre tower, with one of its transverse ribs still in position. This rib is 24 feet span and 44 feet from the ground, and generally goes amongst the country people by the name of "The Hanging Ruins." Through beneath it we see the chancel. The pointed windows visible were added when Ædward's chancel was lengthened, about the period when Early English was growing into Early Decorated. Great portions of the cathedral have been plundered to supply material for the building of houses in the village. The monastery has disappeared altogether, and from its ruins the present parish church of St. John, which stands a short distance west of the cathedral, has been erected.

R. J. C.

St. Cuthbert and the Fair Sex.

The recent pilgrimage to Lindisfarne, in commemoration of the twelfth centenary of St. Cuthbert, in which ladies took a prominent part, recalls to memory the reputed fact that the saint had a rooted dislike to women, being, in fact, what classical scholars call a misogynist.

It is written in a book entitled "Of the Coming of St. Cuthbert into Scotland [England], taken out of the Scottish Histories," quoted by Patrick Sanderson, in his "Antiquities of Durham Abbey," that the reason why women were not allowed to come within the abbey gates at Durham, or within the precincts of the holy house, was a foul scandal which was raised against the saint during his life, and which he never forgave. The legend is as follows :—

Blessed St. Cuthbert, for a long time, led a most recluse life, in the borders of the Picts, at which place a great concourse of people daily attended him, and from whom, by the providence and grace of God, none ever returned without great comfort and consolation. This caused both old and young to resort to him, as they took great pleasure both in seeing and hearing him. In which time it happened that the daughter of the king of that province was got with child by some young man in her father's house. The king, perceiving her pregnancy, diligently examined her who was the author of that fact; whereupon she made this answer :—"That solitary young man who dwelleth hard by is he who hath overcome me, and by whose beauty I am thus deceived." Whereupon the king, furiously enraged, presently repaired to the hermit's place, with his daughter, attended by divers knights, where he instantly accosted the servant of God in this manner :—"What, art thou he who, under the colour of religion, profanest the temple and sanctuary of God? Art thou he who, under the cloak and profession of an hermit, exercisest thyself in all filthiness? Behold my daughter, whom thou by thy wiles hast corrupted. Therefore, now at last, confess this thy fault, and plainly declare here, before this company, in what sort thou hast seduced her." The king's daughter, marking the fierce speeches of her father, very impudently stepped forth, and boldly affirmed that it was he [Cuthbert] who had done that wicked fact. At which the young man, greatly amazed, perceiving that this calumny proceeded from the instigation of the devil (wherewith he was brought into great perplexity) applied his whole heart unto Almighty God, saying as followeth :—"My Lord, my God, who only knowest and art the discoverer of all secrets, make manifest also this work of iniquity, and by some token disprove the same, which, though it cannot be done by human policy, make it known by some divine token." When the young man, with great lamentations and tears unutterable, had spoken these words, even suddenly, and in the same place where she stood, the earth, making a hissing noise, presently opened, and swallowed her up in the presence of all the spectators. This place is called Corwen, where she for her corruption was conveyed down into hell. As soon as the king perceived this miracle to happen in the presence of all his company, he began to be greatly tormented in his mind, fearing lest for his furious threats he should incur the same punishment. Whereupon he, with his company, humbly craved pardon of Almighty God, with a further petition to that good man St. Cuthbert, that by his prayers he would crave of God to have his daughter again; which petition the holy father granted, upon condition that from thence no woman should come near him. Whence it came to pass that the king did not suffer any woman to enter into any church dedicated to that saint, which to this day is duly observed in all the churches of the Picts which were dedicated to that holy man.

Sanderson tells us that at one of the entrances into Durham Cathedral there was "between the pillar on the north side, wherein the holy water stone stood, and the opposite pillar on the south side, a row of blue marble, in the midst whereof was a cross of the same coloured marble, in token that all women who came to hear divine service should not be suffered to come above the said cross; and if it happened that any woman came above it, into the body of the church, she was instantly punished for certain days, as an example to deter others from doing the like, because no woman should presume to come where the holy man St. Cuthbert was, for the reverence they had to his sacred body."

Hugh de Pudsey, nephew of King Stephen, translated to Durham in 1153, "considering the diligence of his predecessors in building the cathedral church, finished but a few years before his time, and no chapel being then erected to the Blessed Virgin, whereunto it should be lawful for women to have access, began to erect a new work at the east angle of the said cathedral, for which several pillars of marble were brought from beyond the sea; and the work being advanced to a small height, began, through great clifts visible therein, to fall down; whence it manifestly appeared unacceptable to God and holy St. Cuthbert, especially for the access women were

to have so near his feretory; whereupon that work was left off, and a new one begun and soon finished, at the west end of the said church; into which it was lawful for women to enter, there being before no holy place where they might have admittance for their comfort and consolation."

This chapel, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary, received the name of the Galilee. It was used for various purposes in the olden time; public penitents were stationed in it; dead bodies were there deposited previous to interment; religious processions were formed there; and it was only there that the female relatives of the monks were allowed to converse with them, or even to attend divine service. The chapel received its name from the circumstance that when a female made an application to see a monk she was directed to it in the words of Scripture, "He goeth before you into Galilee; there you shall see him!"

The idea that the saint would on no account suffer a woman near where he lay was kept up, we believe, till the Reformation. Many curious incidents concerning it are recorded. Thus we are told that a woman named Sungeona, wife of Gamelus, who passed through the cemetery of St. Cuthbert in order to avoid the puddles of the streets, was so punished for her audacity that she died the same night. Another woman, who also ventured across the cemetery, was so affected that she cut her throat!

Not the least interesting of these occurrences is related somewhat as follows:—About Easter, 1333, when King Edward III. was in Durham on his march northwards into Scotland, to gain the victory of Hallidown Hill, he took up his lodgings in the priory; and when, a few days after, his Queen Philippa came from Knaresborough to meet him, she, being unacquainted with the custom of the church, went through the abbey gates to the priory, and, after supping with the king, retired to rest. This alarmed the monks, one of whom went to the king, and intimated to him that St. Cuthbert had a mortal aversion to the presence of a woman. Unwilling to give any offence to the Church, Edward immediately ordered the queen to rise. Philippa, hastily obeying orders, returned by the gate through which she had entered, went to the castle clad in her under garments only, and most devoutly asked pardon for the crime she had inadvertently committed. According to another version of the story, it was the saint himself who got up out of his grave to protest against the queen's intrusion.

Particulars of a later instance of feminine curiosity and punishment are contained in an order from the Bishop of Durham, dated September 18, 1417, to the parochial chaplains of the churches of St. Nicholas and All Saints, Newcastle, enjoining penance upon two women—Matilda Burgh and Margaret Usher, servants to Peter Baxter—who had entered Durham Cathedral "clad in men's clothes." The chaplain of All Saints afterwards certified that Matilda and Margaret had fully performed the said penance in going around the church "according to the manner and form imposed upon them."

St. Cuthbert's Burial Place.

The following notes upon this subject will perhaps be of value:—

"A curious ancient MS. is now [1806] in the possession of the Rev. Dr. John Milner, F.S.A. (a titular Catholic bishop), whose existence and history have been traced to the time of St. Cuthbert, of Durham, who died in the 6th century; consequently it must be more than 1,200 years old. The existence of this manuscript, and the particulars of the funeral of St. Cuthbert, are contained in a document in the archives of the Antiquarian Society, in which the secret relative to his interment is said to be entrusted to three friars, at the death of one of whom it is to be entrusted to another, and thus transmitted to the latest posterity, but is always to be known only by three friars. The Roman characters of the above manuscript are all in capital letters."—(*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1806.)

"The writer of these pages has been favoured with the following information from one of the monks, the depositories of the secret: that, according to the tradition which has descended to them, the body of St. Cuthbert was buried under the shrine in the reign of Henry VIII., and was taken up again during the reign of Queen Mary; that the Catholic clergy, previous to their expulsion under Queen Elizabeth, buried many things which they esteemed sacred in the vault, under the place where the shrine had stood, but, for greater security, deposited the saint's body in a vault in a different part of the church, and that the secret was communicated to the restorers of the English Benedictine Congregation by some of those who had actually been employed in this removal. The spot itself is distinctly marked in a plan of the cathedral which they keep, but that spot they are under an oath of secrecy not to disclose."—(Dr. Lingard's "Remarks on the 'Saint Cuthbert' of the Rev. James Raine, M.A.," 1828, p. 59.)

In 1850, communications on the subject appeared in *Notes and Queries*, when J. R. N. wrote as follows:—"There is a tradition of the Benedictines (of whose Monastery the Cathedral was part) that, on the accession of Elizabeth, the monks, who were apprehensive of further violence, removed the body in the night time from the place where it had been buried to some other part of the building. This spot is known only to three persons, brothers of the order; and it is said that there are three persons who have this knowledge now, as communicated from previous generations. But a discovery was made in 1827 of the remains of a body in the centre of the spot where the shrine stood, with various relics of a very early

period, and it was asserted to be the body of St. Cuthbert."

A search was made, as lately as in the year 1867, in Durham Cathedral, for the body of St. Cuthbert, under peculiar circumstances. There had been a tradition (as the above extracts show) that the exact burial-place was known to three members of monastic institutions, but the supposed secret gradually became almost public property. A gentleman in Gateshead (Mr. Swinburne) furnished Archdeacon Prest with a copy of an old document recording the tradition in the following terms :—"Infra Saxeos gradus tertio et secundo ducentis et ascendentis ad clochim turram jacet thesaurus pretiosis, corpus Sancti Cuthberti." The dean at once caused a search to be made at the spot indicated, but nothing was found. There is, however, a theory which may yet prove the traditional secret to be correct. In 1540, the bells were hung in the western tower, and forty years after they were removed and hung in the central tower. The reference, "*ad clochim turram*," may indicate that it was the stairs of the north-western tower, and not those of the present central tower, which cover the body of the saint. Mr. Ebdy, the architect, according to the *Durham Chronicle* of September 24th, 1867, found that the stairs leading to the north-western tower are approached by two external steps, about 11 inches by 9 inches. Both of these steps have been cut away in the centre, evidently for some purpose, and afterwards inserted; and the joint appears to have been cut by an unskilled hand in haste; and this, in Mr. Ebdy's opinion (if the secret is not a fabrication), is, in all probability, the exact spot where the remains of St. Cuthbert are interred.—(See *Morning Post*, June 20, 1887, for a review of Archbishop Eyre's "History of St. Cuthbert," which contains an account of the search made in 1867.)

In *Notes and Queries*, during 1874, the subject was further ventilated. D. P., Stuart's Lodge, Malvern Wells, referring to the then supposed divulgence of the secret by the secession from the Church of Rome of Mr. Swinburne, says :—"The very few with whom, from time to time, the secret is lodged, always hold their tongues. *They* never speak on the subject. I have had the happiness to live in friendly and intimate relations with the Benedictine monks of the English province a great part of my life. The secret is kept inviolably, and St. Cuthbert waits his day. I was once in company with one of those who had the secret—long since gone to join his great patron before God. I was afterwards told, by a monk of the order, that his friend and mine had never been at Durham till after he became entrusted with the secret; but his secret directions were so perfect that on entering the building he at once walked to the place."

S. F. L., Norton.

More about Early Booksellers on the Tyne.

By James Clephan.

MARTIN BRYSON, friend of Allan Ramsay, was among the more eminent of the booksellers on Tyne Bridge. Everybody knows the rhyming address written by the author of the "Gentle Shepherd" on a letter which he posted in Edinburgh :—

To Martin Bryson on Tyne Brig,
An upright, downright, honest Whig.

Bryson was admitted to the freedom of the Upholsterers, Tinplate Workers, and Stationers' Company of Newcastle, July 25, 1726. He was standing behind his counter, with the tide ebbing and flowing below his feet, when the restless Jacobites unfurled the standard of rebellion in 1745, and when a quiet householder was opening a "school at the end of Denton Chare, opposite the Pant in the West Gate." The exact whereabouts of his shop is fixed by a newspaper paragraph of 1750, recording the outbreak of a fire in the night of the 24th July, when the bookseller was absent from home. Beginning in a cellar-warehouse in the Close, adjoining the bridge, the flames involved his premises, which must therefore have been on the west side and towards the north end of the thoroughfare over the river. No wharf or quay ran by the side of the river above the bridge; clustering buildings overhung the tide; and to reach the fire for its extinction was as difficult as it was hazardous. The flaming warehouse was under Bryson's house and shop; and his endangered household had hardly escaped into safety before the floors fell into the fiery furnace. It was one of the most destructive conflagrations that had burnt its mark in the annals of Newcastle. Half-a-score houses perished, and many warehouses; and the loss was estimated at £10,000, about a third of which sum was covered by insurance. Bryson had been in business from the early days of George I. In the year 1722, there was "printed by John White, for J. Button, R. Akenhead, and M. Bryson, booksellers on Tyne Bridge," a collection of "Occasional Hymns," made by Benjamin Bennet, minister of the congregation in the Close "without the walls," then meditating a removal to Hanover Square. Martin Bryson also, with William Charnley and James Fleming, published on the bridge the first Infirmary Sermon—that of 1751.

William Charnley,* son of a haberdasher in Penrith, was one of the many apprentices reared by Martin Bryson. On the 8th of January, 1741, at the age of 14, the Cumberland youth was bound for seven years to Joseph Longstaffe, tinplate-worker. No brother of the

* The portrait of William Charnley, taken at the age of 72, is from a miniature by Murphy. (See next page.)

company could take a new apprentice until three years had elapsed from the indenture of the last. Perchance Bryson's youngest had not been with him so long. At any rate, the youthful Charnley was first bound to a tinplate-worker, and then, about three weeks afterwards, turned over to the bookseller with the consent of the threefold company. Such solutions of difficulties arising out of the restrictions of the incorporated companies seem to have been not uncommon in the olden time. "Facts are chiels that

WILLIAM CHARNLEY.

winna ding," but rules and regulations may give way, and the world go all the more smoothly forward for their courtesy. Charnley was to be a bookseller, not a tinsmith; and in the beginning of 1768, having had his apprenticeship enlivened by the revolt of 1745, and his store of remembrances for old age enlarged by its picturesque incidents, he was admitted to his freedom, and thereafter remained with his master as a journeyman. But in 1750 he was received into partnership; and in 1755, after about forty years of bookselling on the bridge, the senior member of the firm retired in his favour, and subsequently went to reside in Stockton-upon-Tees. There, on the 15th of August, 1759, Bryson died, under the roof of the Presbyterian minister, the Rev. Andrew Blackie, at the age of 75 (Mrs. Blackie being the bookseller's niece).

With the year 1757, William Charnley began a circulating library. Preparations had been on foot for the opening day since the middle of November, 1756. The *Newcastle Journal* had had a whisper of Charnley and Company's purpose, and confided the secret to the public ear. "In a commodious shop at the foot of the Flesh Market," which then stretched far away down to the churchyard of St. Nicholas, "two thousand volumes" were to be placed at the command of subscribers of 12s. a year or 3s. a quarter. The enterprise was commendable, but Joseph Barber had led the way. He had lent books on the High Bridge, at the other end of the Flesh Market, in 1746; and now, in 1757, at Amen Corner, near St. Nicholas's Churchyard, he had 1,257 volumes on loan. His was the "old original" library of circulation, and on the appearance of a rival he announced an annual subscription of 10s., and a quarterly payment of half-a-crown. The Charnley library passed eventually into the hands of Richard Fisher, bookseller and parish clerk of St. Nicholas's; and after his death it was purchased by Robert Sands, and added to his already large accumulation in the Bigg Market. Famous was the circulating library of Sands, and much frequented for many years was his well-known shop. But all things come to an end, and the Bigg Market centre of attraction was no exception. The time came when the circulation ceased and the books were dispersed.

There is a story of William Charnley which might well enough be omitted, so universally is it known; and yet, if we were to pass it over, it might be supposed that we formed an exception to the rule, and were unacquainted with the anecdote. Afflicted with deafness, the bookseller of the days of George II. and III. softened his infirmity by the use of an ear-trumpet; and, having one day asked his way, beyond the walls of Newcastle, of a pitman who had never seen the contrivance before, he clapped the instrument to his ear to catch the answer. "Nay, man!" cried the collier, with the air of one too wide-awake to be imposed upon, "thoo's not gan te mak me believe thoo can play that trumpet wi' thy lug!" So the story goes; but it also goes in other ways.

William Charnley conducted his business on old Tyne Bridge till it fell, and by its fall brought embarrassment to the tradesmen who were thus summarily ejected. The flood of 1771 broke down the arches, wrecked the superstructure, and ruined the houses and shops of the narrow thoroughfare. Mercery and millinery, soft goods and hardware, sunk into the waters, and were swallowed up in the inundation. Not until two years had elapsed from the time of the calamity was Charnley in a condition to resume his vocation. In the first week of December, 1773, he apprises his old customers of his readiness to execute their orders once more. Describing himself as of "the Bridge End, Newcastle," he says that "by the kindness of his friends" he has been "enabled to begin business again." In 1777, when James Chalmers was opening his shop opposite the office of the Gateshead postmaster, Charnley was flitting from the northern approach of the bridge to a new shop at the foot of the Groat Market, where he died on the 9th of August, 1803, and was succeeded by his widow, and their youngest son, Emerson

Charnley. In the spring of 1806, "in consequence of the projected improvement in the town" (the construction of Collingwood Street), they removed to the Bigg Market, at the corner of the Pudding Chare. There, on the 28th of March, 1814, at the age of 72, died Mrs. Elizabeth Charnley; and Mr. Emerson Charnley succeeded to the sole proprietorship of a business with which he was so

long and honourably associated in living memory. A member of "the old corporation," he was elected to a seat in the new Town Council in 1835, standing second on the poll in St. John's. Few names were more familiar than his in the public life of Newcastle; "ever conspicuous for his advocacy of Liberal principles; whilst his mildness of manner, his steady friendship and kindness of disposition gained him numerous friends, and caused him to be greatly respected. Forty years passed away from the time of his sole succession; and then, on the 13th of August, 1845, he too died, leaving the business to his son and namesake, who retired in 1860, and was succeeded by Mr. William Dodd, chief manager of the establishment from the death of Mr. Charnley. Twelve years the business adhered to the Bigg Market; and then, in 1872, it was removed by Mr. Dodd, treasurer of the Society of Antiquaries, to a shop in New Bridge Street, where it was conducted till 1881.

The elaborate bookplate of James Fleming, one of the booksellers on the bridge, is headed by the motto, "Audaces fortuna juvat." At the sign of the Bible, and by the side of the Magazine Gate, he sold all kinds of books, with wax and wafers, music and medicines, Roman rings and fiddle-strings, his advertisement closing with "the true spirits of scurvy-grass, golden, purging, and plain." His neighbour, Robert Akenhead, had the Bible and Crown over his door; and "any chapman," entering his shop, "might be furnished with the newest pictures, history books, ballads, and song books, at very reasonable rates." Tigers, Grasshoppers, and Peacocks were among the cognizances of the old printers and booksellers; and when John Linn was established in the centre of Tyne Bridge in the early days of George II., John Locke's Head surmounted his shop.

Tyne Bridge had its many booksellers, and the Low Bridge was not without one. John Harrison, who in 1736 had become free by servitude, established himself in business under the shadows of St. Nicholas's, and sold books "at the Iron Warehouse on the Low Bridge." This ingenious tradesman "composed writing ink after a new method," and also dealt in "paste rolls for blacking shoes," while John Gooding, "at the new printing office in the Side," was advertising in the *Newcastle Journal* (1744) "an excellent chymical wash ball," for "beautifying the face, neck, and hands," "keeping the skin of a lasting whiteness and good colour," and "exceeding good for shaving" of "a most agreeable smell," and "might safely be eaten!" Gooding in the Burnt House Entry, Harrison at his Iron Warehouse by the Netherdean Bridge, and Joseph Barber at his Tea Warehouse in Amen Corner, dispensed literature and stationery to the inhabitants of Old Newcastle. There was also near the Low Bridge, in the reign of George II., the bookshop of Michael Turnbull, a member of whose family, Margaret Turnbull, opened a school for teaching young ladies "all sorts of Dresden, catgut, and plain work, in one of Mrs. Hall's new houses at the east side of St. Nicholas's Churchyard.' On the removal of the Low Bridge for the formation of Dean Street, in 1788, Turnbull's widow, who was still carrying on the book-business, had to quit her premises, and took a neighbouring shop near the Side, in the narrow thoroughfare leading from the old viaduct to Pilgrim Street, where she remained till her death in 1810, and was succeeded, first by one of her daughters, and then by a second. Another bookseller in this part of the town was Henry Reed, whose shop at the foot of the Side was opened on the eve or the morrow of the rebellion of 1745. He was of a literary turn, and in 1754 published a list of the House of Commons in the fifth Parliament of George II., "carefully compiled from the best authorities" by his own hand, copies of which may be discovered by the curious in the libraries of collectors.

James Chalmers, bookseller, flooded out of his shop on Tyne Bridge, had to seek other quarters in common with his fellow-sufferers; and in 1777 he was "fitting up a new shop" at the south end of the restored viaduct, "opposite to the Gateshead post-office." The old proverb, "It's an ill wind," &c., had been verified to the sister borough. Hitherto a postal dependency of Newcastle, when the bridge fell it became necessary that it should have a post-office of its own. The intention was that the arrangement should be temporary; but, once acquired, Gateshead never lost its independent office. We have heard one of the "old standards," an "early bookseller," say, that as

the mail came daily down the long street after the fall of the bridge, the guard threw off the Gateshead bag before diverging to the ferry that crossed over to the Swirle; and there was then an eager scramble among the boys for the honour of bearing away the prize to the post-office by the river. It was a coveted privilege; and our venerable informant did not withhold from us the fact that it had often fallen to his own lot.

In his "Shadows of the Old Booksellers," Charles Knight, where he is speaking of the dawn of a new day—the day in which "the returns and the profits of cheap publications would be twentyfold those of books for the rich and luxurious"—calls before us the shade of James Lackington, author of "The Confessions," and founder of the "Temple of the Muses," at a corner of Finsbury Square, with "above half a million of volumes constantly on sale." The area of the establishment which could make this boast may be inferred not simply from the extent of its stock, but from the tradition of a stage coach having driven in at one door and out at the other! "If," says Knight, "the London booksellers of Lackington's time were afraid of low prices, how much more would the country booksellers dread this disturbance of their old habits of business! He gives us little information about their dealings in new works; but it was not likely to be very extensive, if we may judge from his account of the provincial trade in old books. In 1787, Lackington set off from London to Edinburgh, and was led from motives of curiosity, as well as with the view of making some valuable purchases, to examine the booksellers' shops. His disappointment is thus related:—'Although I went by the way of York, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, &c., and returned through Glasgow, Carlisle, Leeds, Lancaster, Preston, Manchester, and other considerable places, I was much surprised, as well as disappointed, at meeting with very few of the works of the most esteemed authors, and these few consisted in general of ordinary editions, beside an assemblage of common trifling books, bound in sheep, and that, too, in a very bad manner. It is true, at York and Leeds there were a few (and but very few) good books; but in all the other towns between London and Edinburgh nothing but trash was to be found. In the latter city, indeed, a few capital articles are kept, but in no other part of Scotland!' Lackington repeated his journey in 1790, with the same results."

That on Old Tyne Bridge, midway in the reign of George the Third, there was no shop through which Lackington could have been driven in the coach that bore him on his northern way, is more than probable. The old booksellers of Newcastle adapted their stocks to the circle of their customers, and could not vie with the "Temple of the Muses." Yet to say that "nothing but trash was to be found" on the Tyne was to indulge in exaggeration. A generation before Lackington was on his tour, when George the Second was King, the Newcastle booksellers, as we can see by glimpses of their advertisements, were offering for sale the writings of Virgil and Horace, Shakspeare, Sidney, and Milton, Raleigh and Rapin, Clarke and Barrow, Patrick and Lowth, Bentley, Swift, Locke, and Pope. Buffon, Pennant, Evelyn, Cullen, Hunter, Blair, Ferguson, &c., occur among the books on sale at the shop of the proprietor of the *Newcastle Chronicle* in 1785, on the eve of Lackington's first visit to the town; in the year of his return, Bewick was publishing his "History of Quadrupeds," and William Charnley, as incidentally appears from a letter which he inserted in the newspapers in 1793, had among his stock of books "Grose's Antiquities of Scotland, two volumes, elegantly marbled and gilt, which were fixed at £6 16s. 6d. in the catalogue." The contemptuous fling of the London bookseller conveys an erroneous impression to the mind of the reader, and it is well that it should be removed, without substituting any exaggerated picture in its place. Not more than five years from the time of the London bookseller's latest visit, a Newcastle bookseller, John Bell, who had books new and old in store in Union Street, "in various languages, arts, science, &c.," was issuing a catalogue comprising Shakspeare, Evelyn, and Hogarth, with earlier productions of the press, published in 1458, 1479, and 1482, and "a complete collection of the different books printed by the celebrated J. Baskerville, of Birmingham." The traveller, therefore, "from Dan to Beersheba," who saw little but "trash" on the road, must not be taken too literally in his picture of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Harriet Martineau at Tynemouth.

MISS MARTINEAU, who had always been delicate, labouring from childhood under the infirmity of deafness, was possessed of a temperament which caused her to assume responsibilities beyond her physical strength. From an early age, the death of her father having left his widow and family in reduced circumstances, she resolved to make herself independent by literary exertion, and from the date of the appearance of her first important work in 1823, when she had just attained her majority, the series of her writings proceeded with little intermission for sixteen years, when a period of severe illness necessarily interrupted her labours, which, from the first, had been carried on under the disadvantage of constant ill-health. Too long a strain of work and anxiety broke down what little physical strength she had. During a visit which she paid to the Continent, the illness which had been making itself felt for

about a year prostrated her altogether. Kind nurses contrived a couch for her to lie on in the carriage, in which she was brought home by the straightest road. A passage was taken for her to London from Antwerp; and from her mother's house in Fludyer Street she was conveyed without delay to Newcastle-on-Tyne, that she might be placed under the care of her brother-in-law, Mr. Greenhow. Here all possible care was taken of her for six months, during which she felt such an unspeakable longing for stillness and solitude, that it was at length decided that she should be removed to a lodging at Tynemouth.

She was accordingly driven down to Tynemouth on the 16th of March, 1840, and there she remained for nearly five years, till, to quote her own words, obedience to a

newly-discovered law of nature raised her up, and sent her forth into the world again for another ten years of strenuous work. She occupied two rooms on the first floor in the house of an honest woman named Halliday, overlooking the Prior's Haven. For many months after her retreat to Tynemouth, she rarely slept without starting from a dream in which she saw her mother falling from a precipice, or over the banisters, or from a cathedral spire, caused by her fault. These anxious cares wore her down to such an extent that she became subject to frequent attacks of faintness. Her friends urged that she should have recourse to change of scene as frequently as possible; but her habits and likings made moving about irksome. She was not aware how rapidly internal disease was gaining ground and breaking her down. For months or years before she was aware of it, a tumour was forming of a kind which usually originates in mental suffering; and when at last she collapsed completely, and settled in her lodgings at Tynemouth, she felt that the lying down in solitude and silence, free from responsibility and domestic care, was a blessed change from the life she had led since her return from America in 1835.

The offer of a pension, proposed by Government in 1832, and then declined, on the honourable plea that she could accept nothing from a system of taxation which she had condemned, was now repeated by Lord Melbourne, and again declined. After the final settlement of this business, her friends set about raising a testimonial fund for her, and the sum realised, amounting to £1,400, was invested in long annuities. About the same time two generous ladies—sisters—sent, to her amazement, a bank note for £100, saying that her illness had probably interfered with the plans which they knew she had formed of a benevolent and charitable nature. This gift it was impossible to refuse, and the money was spent in such a way as the donors would have thoroughly approved, and was repaid with thanks when better times came round. Almost simultaneously, Lady Byron placed in the bank and at her disposal £100 for beneficent purposes; and, lest any possible injury should accrue to her from her straitened circumstances becoming known, her ladyship made the money payable to another person. These gifts made her, she tells us, "rich and happy." Besides monetary gifts, she was lavishly supplied with comforts and pleasures, such as an invalid can most keenly appreciate. Among other memorials preserved and prized were some presents from Miss Florence Nightingale.

Some dear old friends came one at a time and established themselves at an inn or in lodgings near her for weeks together, and spent such hours of the day with her as she could render fit for converse by means of opiates. Others stopped at Tynemouth in the midst of their journeys and gave her a day or two's pleasant gossip. Among her visitors were Lady Durham, Colonel Thompson, Richard Cobden, Miss Brontë, Henry Hallam, and Robert Chambers.

That her long illness, from 1839 to 1844, was not unfruitful of pure and deep experience to herself, and of a certain kind of wisdom, touching and helpful to those who need its suggestions, we have evidence in a volume published anonymously in 1843, entitled "Life in the Sick Room." This little book shows that she was indefatigable still in the exercise of her mental powers. She had plenty of time, of course, for mental introspection, and, looking out from her solitary sick chamber, she had no lack of sights to see, whether in calm or rough weather, by night or by day. Here is her own description of the view from the sick-room window (of which view we give a sketch, copied from an engraving published in her Autobiography):—

Between my window and the sea is a green down, as green as any field in Ireland; and on the

nearer half of this down, haymaking goes forward in its season. It slopes down to a hollow, where the prior of old preserved his fish, there being sluices formerly at either end, the one opening upon the river, and the other upon the little haven below the Priory, whose ruins still crown the rock. From the prior's fish pond, the green down slopes upwards again to a ridge; and on the slope are cows grazing all the summer, and half-way into the winter. Over the ridge, I survey the harbour and all its traffic, the view extending from the lighthouses, far to the right, to a horizon of sea to the left. Beyond the harbour lies another county, with, first, its sandy beach, where there are frequent wrecks—too interesting to an invalid—and a fine stretch of rocky shore to the left; and above the rocks, a spreading heath, where I watch troops of boys flying their kites; lovers and friends taking their breezy walk on Sundays; the sportsman with his gun and dog; and the washer-women converging from the farm-houses on Saturday evenings, to carry their loads in company to the village on the yet further height.

Miss Martineau was for some time waited upon in her lodging by a poor little orphan girl of fourteen—named Jane. She was the niece and dependant of the hostess, by whom she was scolded without mercy, and, as it seemed, incessantly. Her quiet and cheerful submission impressed Miss Martineau at once; she heard such a report of her from the lady who had preceded her in the lodgings, and who had known the child from early infancy, that she took an interest in her, studied her character from the outset, and eventually, when the girl had recovered her health, took her into her service as cook, in which situation she remained for seven years, when she emigrated to Australia.

About the middle period of Miss Martineau's illness, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton wrote to her earnestly suggesting that she should go to Paris to consult a somnambule about the precise nature and treatment of the disease under which she was labouring, and which no ordinary medical means seemed able to cope with. He said she would probably think him insane, but he would give reasons if she would listen. She replied that she had no need of convincing, and would willingly have taken his advice, but for two apparently insurmountable obstacles—first, she could not move; secondly, the penalty she would have to pay for consulting a somnambule, even if one could be brought to Tynemouth, would not only be the loss of medical comforts, but also that of family peace, so strong was the prejudice on the part of her relatives against mesmerism and everything associated with it. Thus the matter rested till May, 1844, when, in the course of a fortnight, no fewer than three letters of advice arrived urging a trial of mesmerism; and presently afterwards Miss Martineau was astonished to learn what her brother-in-law told her in one of his visits. Mr. Spencer Hall, of whom she had never heard, had been lecturing at Newcastle, and Dr. Greenhow, who had gone to the lecture out of curiosity, had been put into the chair, on the clear understanding that he accepted it only to see fair play, and not at all as countenancing mesmerism, of which, he fairly owned, he knew nothing whatever. Dr. Greenhow told Miss Martineau that he had been deeply impressed and entirely perplexed by what he had seen: only he had a clear conviction of the honesty and fairness of the lecturer. Moreover, he was disposed to Miss Martineau trying the experiment, as possibly it might afford release from the use of opiates, to which she had for years been forced to have constant recourse. Mr. Hall was accordingly communicated with, and agreed to try what he could do. His first visit was on the 2nd of June, 1844, between which time and his sixth or seventh visit he showed her maid how to proceed. Some of the family were sadly annoyed at this; but the new experiment having been proposed by her medical attendant, there was nothing for her to do but to try it.

Therefore, she tells us, she was surprised that recovery by such questionable means should have been made the occasion, as it was, for a family quarrel. A full narrative of her recovery is given in her "Letters on Mesmerism," first published in the *Athenæum*, which carried six numbers of that periodical through three editions. To the last of these letters the editor saw fit to append a string of comments insulting and slanderous in the last degree; and for weeks and months the character of Miss Martineau's mesmeriser, and of her fellow-patient, "the girl Jane," was assailed without mercy.

Mr. H. G. Atkinson, with whom Miss Martineau was afterwards very closely associated, claimed to

have had the management and control of the case throughout, but this was incorrect. After Mr. Hall's departure, the actual operator was the widow of a clergyman, a lady bearing the very highest character in the place, which could not shield her, however, from abuse. As for the poor girl Jane, who was as innocent as a new-born babe, inducements, it was said, were held out to her to confess that she had been shamming. But these efforts availed nothing. When Miss Martineau removed from Tynemouth, in 1845, the sudden cessation of mesmerism, with which she had been treated for sore eyes and other ailments, was alleged to have been disastrous to the girl. Her eyes became as bad as ever. In this plight she was found by a charitable lady who brought over from South Shields a well-known gentleman, Mr. Thomas Hudson, whom Miss Martineau characterises as "a benevolent druggist, accustomed to mesmerise." The aunt refused him admission to her house; and he, therefore, went to the bottom of the garden, where Jane was supported to a seat. At the end of the experiment she could see some bright thing on her lap; moreover, she had an appetite, for the first time for some weeks. The aunt could not resist this appeal to her heart and her self-interest at once; so she made "the druggist" welcome. As soon as Miss Martineau heard all this, she sent for Jane to Ambleside, where she had taken up her residence, and determined thenceforward to take charge of her. The girl, as already stated, lived with Miss Martineau seven years, and then went, with her entire approbation, to Australia. There she married, became blind, and some years afterwards died. At least this is the information supplied by a lady who resided many years in the colony, and knew all about poor Jane Arrowsmith.

Miss Martineau's own recovery had been proceeding during five months under the lady who mesmerised her, when, early in January, 1845, she left Tynemouth in her company, little thinking she should ever return to it. Her purpose was to get a change of scene at Windermere. But no sooner had she gone than the evil spirit broke out again in the medical profession and the discontented part of her family; so she had to go back to quiet it. The sacrifice was great, as she felt a really painful longing to see verdure and foliage. She had not seen a tree for above five years, except a scrubby little affair which stood above the haven at Tynemouth, exposed to every wind that blew, and which looked nearly the same at midsummer as at Christmas. Yet this treeless spot had its attractions, as we have seen. When she left it for good and all, she was forty-three years of age; and it was then for the first time that she began to enjoy life without a drawback.

WILLIAM BROCKIE.

Jonathan Martin and York Minster.

YORK MINSTER had a narrow escape from destruction in the early part of 1829. On the 7th February in that year, there appeared in the *Newcastle Chronicle* the following startling advertisement:—

WHEREAS JONATHAN MARTIN stands charged with having, on the night of the 1st February last, set fire to York Minster, a reward of £100 will be paid on his being apprehended and lodged in one of his Majesty's gaols.

The following is a description of the said Jonathan Martin, viz.: He is rather a stout man, about 5 feet 6 inches high, with light hair cut close, coming to a point in the centre of the forehead, and high above the temples, and has large, bushy, red whiskers; he is between 40 and 50 years of age, and of singular manners. He usually wears a single-breasted blue coat, with a stand-up collar, and buttons covered with the same cloth; a black cloth waistcoat (it was silk) and blue cloth trousers; half boots laced up the front, and a glazed, broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat. Sometimes he wears a double-breasted blue coat with yellow buttons. When travelling, he wears a large black leather cape coming down to his elbows, with two pockets within the cape; across the back of the leather cape there is a square piece of dark-coloured fur, extending from one shoulder point to the other. At other times he wears a drab-coloured coat, with a large cape and shortish skirts. When seen at York last Sunday, he had on the double-breasted blue coat, a common hat, and his drab great coat.

The said Jonathan Martin is a hawker of a pamphlet entitled "The Life of Jonathan Martin, of Darlington, Tanner," the third edition of which was printed at Lincoln, by R. E. Leary, 1828. He had lodged in York about a month, and quitted it on the 27th January last, stating that he was going to Tadcaster for a few days, and thence to Leeds. He returned to York on 31st January, and said that he and his wife had taken lodgings in Leeds. He was not seen in York after February 1.

By order of the Dean and Chapter of York.

The man after whom this hue and cry was made was one of three brothers, all famous in their way. William, the eldest, whose career has already been told in the *Monthly Chronicle* (vol. i., page 343), was born in 1772 Jonathan in 1782; and John, the celebrated painter, in 1789. Jonathan, with whom our present story is concerned, was born at Highside House, near Hexham. It was at Hexham that he served his time as a tanner. In his 22nd year he went to London, and there he was impressed for the navy. His first voyage was made in the Hercules, while serving in which vessel he took part in the bombardment of Copenhagen. Afterwards he engaged in the blockade of the Tagus, and in the relief of Sir John Moore's expedition at Corunna.

Jonathan's sorrows as a pressed man were assuaged by the uprising of a strong religious fervour, which was abundantly developed and gratified, as he relates himself, by a visit to Egypt, on which occasion he says he "was filled with delight at seeing the place where our Lord took refuge from the rage of Herod." When he came back to England he betook himself rather fitfully to his old trade; but he had acquired a love of roving, and

there was also stirring him up from time to time that cerebral excitement which ultimately overmastered him. He wrote a curious narrative of certain portions of his life, of which the chapters were headed: 1. "The Colossus at Rhodes"; 2. "Providential Escape from a Watery Grave in the Bay of Biscay Four Different Times";* and 3. "Providential Escape from the Asylum at Gateshead Fell." But this pamphlet was only published in 1826. The last of the three chapters points to a period when unmistakeable symptoms of insanity had broken out and had taken a type from which they never widely diverged.

While engaged at Yarm, Stockton, Whitby, and Bishop Auckland, in his trade of tanner, he experienced frequent paroxysms of insane rage against the clergy. Not that all his vituperation and remonstrances were characterised by lunacy, but his mode of protesting was often so unusual that it savoured more of madness than of zealous invective. He was turned out of the Methodist Society at one place for his ill-guided and excessive attacks on the clergy. At Norton he concealed himself in the parish church with the view of giving the folks a homily on the sins of the clergy, but was dragged out by the sexton and brought before the magistrates, who, however, acquitted him. On one occasion he was present at South Church, Bishop Auckland, when the minister said in his sermon "that he did not think any man could know his sins were forgiven until he changed worlds," whereupon Jonathan cried aloud, "Thou hast no business in that pulpit, thou whitened sepulchre, thou deceiver of the people! How canst thou escape the damnation of hell?" For this offence he was once more put in peril of his liberty, but he escaped through the testimony of his employer. Shortly afterwards, however, he was accused of contemplating the assassination of the Rev. Dr. Legge, Bishop of Oxford, who was administering the rite of confirmation for the Bishop of Durham in the parish of Stockton. The real facts of the case, as told by himself, would make it appear nothing more than a foolish freak with an old pistol that probably could not have been made to go off at all; but when examined before the magistrates Jonathan almost admitted that, if the bishop had not given satisfactory answers to certain questions he intended to propose to him, he would have finished him in some way. This, coming after his other exploits in the same direction, led to his committal as a lunatic.

At first he was confined at West Auckland, but, at the instance of sympathising friends, he was removed to Gateshead Asylum. After three years' detention here, he escaped, but was recaptured three days subsequently. While he was an inmate of the asylum, he used often to fast for days together, saying that the Lord fasted forty days. He would sit on the ground with two sticks before him, which he said were David's harp. He had a great objection to shaving, and this operation could only be performed when he was put into a strait waistcoat for the purpose.

When he was at length released from the asylum, he appears to have resumed his wandering habits, occasionally working at his trade, and more frequently selling his pamphlet. He used to carry his stock of books in saddle-bags slung over his shoulders, and his dress was at all times peculiar. He had in the course of his journeyings visited Leeds, Manchester, Lincoln, and Boston. At the last-named place he was married on the 19th October, 1828, to Maria Hudson, but he had been married before. At all the places where he sojourned he associated with Methodist congregations, and, according to general testimony, he had a remarkable gift in prayer.

About Christmas Day, in 1828, he found himself in York. Accompanied by his wife, he took lodgings with one Lawn, a shoemaker. It would seem that it was only towards the end of the month he spent in the ancient city that his old madness came upon him. It was his custom during these few weeks to frequent Methodist meetings of all sorts, and occasionally to pay a visit to the Minster. Gradually his railings against the Episcopal clergy became louder and more fierce. As if conscious that some dire temptation was taking shape in his mind, he tore himself away from York. With his wife he went to Leeds; but, leaving her there or else at Tadcaster, he came back alone to the house of the shoemaker in which he had previously lodged.

Jonathan spent Sunday, the 1st of February, in secret preparations for the accomplishment of what he now regarded as a direct commission from heaven. In his bed-chamber he got ready some tinder, and, having already in his possession a piece of flint, he appropriated an old razor as the instrument for striking the fatal spark that was to avenge the insulted majesty of heaven for the dishonour due to its worship in the idolatrous shrine. When the hour for evening service arrived, he was one of the assembled throng. No one who looked upon his dull and stolid face could suspect that it was but the dried crust of a volcano that was on the eve of a most terrible explosion. When the service ended, the gloomy fabric was almost in darkness. It was no difficult matter for Martin to linger unobserved, and to hide himself between a tomb and the Minster wall. There he lay listening with devouring rage to the sweet, sad strains of the organ, murmuring, it might seem, a dirge for the glories of the holy and beautiful house that was to be burned with fire that night, as in the olden days it had been again and again. Did the lurking madman know that his mischievous design was, as to its effects, no novelty in the history of the sacred fane? Eleven centuries before his hour of revenge, the flames had ravaged the then recently-erected structure. In 1069, the whole fabric had been reduced to ashes. In 1137, the new cathedral was

* See William Martin's engraving on this subject—*Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., page 345.

utterly destroyed in a great conflagration which devoured St. Mary's Abbey and thirty-nine parish churches in the city. Perhaps no reflection of these ancient fires lighted up the incendiary's soul as he cowered behind the monument of some long-dead bishop. There he lay and watched till the organist departed and the ringers came down from the belfry.

When at last the huge doors clanged to, and the echoes died away in the fretted roof of each long-drawn aisle, he made his way to the bell-loft, and then made his final preparations. By means of the ropes lying about, and those attached to the bells, which he cut off, he was able to provide for his entrance into any part of the building, and also for his escape when his dire task was completed. It was afterwards told how the dwellers in the Minster Yard and belated citizens passing that way heard strange sounds in the cathedral at midnight. Coupling this with Martin's own account presently to be given, there can be no doubt that as soon as he found himself alone, face to face with the deed of malice he was bent upon accomplishing, he burst out into frantic exultation, making the old sanctuary resound with cries of "Hallelujah! Glory be to God!" With his old razor he cut away the velvet and the gold tasselling and the fringe from the bishop's pew, from the reading desks, and from wherever he could find anything of similar attractiveness or value. Having gathered such combustibles as he could lay hands on, and piled them in three heaps in suitable spots, he fired them. After a brief stay to see that the flames had got well hold of the heaps, and were bidding well for the work he had set them to do, he left the Minster to its fate, scaled his way out by the help of the ropes he had with him, and, once free of the sacred precincts, took to his heels as if the Furies were in hot pursuit of him.

All through the chill winter night he fled, his brow throbbing with the pulse of madness, his frame weakened from long fasting, yet urged to superhuman exertion, not so much by terror as by a sort of raging glee because of what he had done. Keeping the North Road, he was continually meeting, or being overtaken by, coaches and other vehicles; but he hid himself till they passed, and then resumed his journey. His course was to his old home near Hexham. There, perhaps, he dreamed he would be sure of welcome and safe refuge. But the appearance of the advertisement in the *Newcastle Chronicle* was almost sure to lead to his capture.

As soon as the paper reached Hexham, no time was lost in commencing a search for Martin, whose person and haunts were well-known. Soon Mr. Stainthorpe, the sheriff's officer, on reading the advertisement, set off on horseback northwards. Calling at Wall Barns, the residence of Mr. Thompson, a relative of Martin's, where he learnt his retreat, and proceeding to Codlaw Hill, about four miles from Hexham, Mr. Stainthorpe found the delinquent in the house of Mr. E. Kell. The latter, ignorant of the enormities with which his guest was charged, accompanied the officer with his prisoner to Hexham, where, without the least resistance, he was lodged in the House of Correction. Martin seemed to have no consciousness of guilt for the crime he had committed. He was visited by several gentlemen, to whom he was remarkably communicative, not only acknowledging the deed, but defending his conduct, and even expressing his satisfaction that his plan had been so effective.

On Sunday, the 8th of February, Mr. Newstead, of York, arrived in Newcastle, and proceeded to Hexham, from whence he returned with the prisoner in a post-chaise, accompanied by Mr. Stainthorpe and Mr. Richard Nicholson, of Gateshead Fell. The prisoner was lodged in Newcastle Gaol from one o'clock to three o'clock in the afternoon, during which time a great concourse of people collected in the streets adjoining the prison. One of the rooms in the building had been prepared for him, and while there Mr. Sopwith, the governor of the gaol, repressed all attempts to obtain information from the prisoner. Martin wore the double-breasted blue coat with yellow buttons, blue trousers, and half-boots, described in the advertisement; and, though rather jaded with fatigue, he seemed in perfectly good spirits, and quite rational and innocent in his behaviour. The pockets of his drab overcoat contained some pieces of candles, while Mr. Stainthorpe had secured the leather case in which he carried the tinder to the cathedral, and in which were small fragments of stained glass. A white-hafted razor, hacked on the back, with which Martin had struck the fatal spark, and some curtains and tassels which he had abstracted from the cathedral, were also secured. The prisoner and his conductors arrived at York about three o'clock on Monday morning in a post-chaise. The magistrates having been assembled for his examination, the whole of the proceedings were over soon after six o'clock, and he was committed to the city gaol. Few persons knew of his arrival; consequently, all mobbing was avoided at York.

The poor fanatic was brought to trial before Mr. Baron Holbeck, at York Assizes, on the 31st March. He was defended by Mr. Brougham, afterwards Lord Brougham, Witnesses detailed the extent of the mischief. (It cost upwards of £60,000 to repair the Minster belfry and roof.) Others—and these the majority—gave abundant evidence as to Martin's insanity. After a trial of eight or nine hours, he was called upon to speak in his own defence. Speaking in a Northern dialect, and with great energy, the prisoner said:—

> Well, sir, the first impression I had about it was from a dream; and after I had written five letters to those clergy, the last of which, I believe, was a very severe one, and all of which I dated from my lodgings at No. 60, Aldwark, I was very anxious to speak to them by word of mouth, but none of them would come near me. So I prayed to the Lord, and asked him what was to be done.

And I dreamed that I saw a cloud come over the cathedral, and it rolled toward me at my lodgings; it awoke me out of my sleep, and I asked the Lord what it meant, and he told me it was to warn those clergymen of England who were going to plays, and cards, and such like; and the Lord told me He had chosen me to warn them, and reminded me of the prophecies, that there should in these latter days be signs in the heavens. (The prisoner here used several quotations from Holy Writ.) I felt so impressed with it that I found the Lord had destined me to show those people to flee from the wrath to come, when I bethought me that I could not do that job without being out all night, and I considered whether I should let my wife know. I got everything ready, and I took the ring from my wife's finger, and talked to her what I had mentioned—and I told her what I meant to do. She grieved very much, and I had to work to get off. I still stayed a few days, but I could get no rest whatever until I had accomplished the work. It was a severe contest between flesh and blood; and then I bethought me what would become of her and my son Richard, whom I had at Lincoln. Then the Lord said unto me, "What thou dost, do with all thy might." I tore from her, and said, "Well, well, Lord—not my will, but Thine be done." I then left Leeds, taking twenty of my books with me, but I had no money, and went into Tadcaster. There I got a gill of ale. (He then proceeded to state the manner in which he travelled and supported himself to York). On Sunday, Feb. 1. I went to the cathedral service, and it vexed me to hear them singing their prayers and amens. I knew it did not come from their hearts; it was deceiving the people Then, there was the organ, buz! buz! and, said I to my *sen*, "I'll hae thee down to-night; thou *shat* buz no more!" Well, they were all going out, and I lay me down by the side of the bishop, round by the pillar (the prisoner concealed himself behind a tomb), between which and the wall there was a space that more than one person might lie down in. I thought I heard the people coming down from the bells; they all went out, and then it was so dark I could not see my hand. Well, I left the bishop, and came out and fell upon my knees and asked the Lord what I was to do first, and he said, "Get thy way up the bell-loft." I had never been there, and went round and round. I had a sort of guess to the place from hearing the men, as I thought, come down. I then struck a light with a flint and a razor that I had got, and some tinder I had brought from my landlord's. I saw there were plenty of ropes; then I cut one, and then another; but I had no idea they were so long, and I kept draw, drawing, and the rope came up. I daresay I had one hundred feet. Well, thought I to myself, this will make a man rope (a sort of scaling rope), and I tied knots in it. Aye, that's it (pointing to the rope which lay on the table); I know it well enough. So I went down to the body of the cathedral, and bethought me how I should go inside. I thought if I did so by throwing the rope over the organ I might set it ganging, and that would spoil the job. So I made an end of the rope fast, and went hand-over-hand over the gates, and got down on the other side, and fell on my knees and prayed to the Lord, and he told me that, do what I would, they would take me. Then I asked the Lord what I was to do with the velvet, and he told me to take it for my wages; and, in order that no one but me might be suspected, I thought it would do for my hairy jacket I have at Lincoln. I have a very good sealskin one there. I wish I had it with me that I might show it you. Then I got all ready. Glory to God. I never felt so happy; but I had a hard night's work of it, particularly with a hungered belly. Well, I got a bit of wax candle, and I set fire to one heap, and with the matches I set fire to the other. I then tied up the things which the Lord had given me for my hire in this very handkerchief that I have in my hand. (The prisoner then went on to describe his escape by means of the rope, nearly in the same terms as has been stated, and of his proceeding to Hexham, stating that on the road the coaches passed him, but that he laid himself down, and was never seen.) While I was at Hexham—I think I had been there two days—I had been to pray with a poor woman, and the Hexham man came and tipped me on the shoulder. I's tir'd, or I'd tell thee a little more.

This is but a small part of what the prisoner said; but it is sufficient to judge of the nature of his defence. The jury returned a verdict of "guilty of setting fire to the Minster while in an unsound state of mind"—which the judge directed to be changed into a verdict of "not guilty."

The poor mad enthusiast was confined during the remainder of his life in St. Luke's Hospital, London, and there he died on the 1st May, 1838, after about nine years of confinement.

Mr. Baron Graham.

ALLUSION has already been made in the *Monthly Chronicle* to the extraordinary politeness of Mr. Baron Graham, the hero of the well-known local song, "My Lord Size." In fact, some of the stories told of his courtesy, even on the bench, verge upon the ridiculous. On one occasion, it was said he had hastily condemned a man, who had been capitally convicted, to transportation, when the clerk of the court, in a whisper, set him right. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "criminal, I beg your pardon; come back." And, putting on the black cap, he courteously apologised for his mistake, and consigned the prisoner to the gallows. To one guilty of burglary, or of a similar offence, he would say, "My honest friend, you are found guilty of felony, for which it is my painful duty," &c. Among other peculiarities, he had a custom of repeating the answer made to him, as in the following dialogue:—"My good friend, you are charged with murder: what have you to observe on the subject? Eh? How did it happen?" "Why, my lord, Jim aggravated me, and swore as how he'd knock the breath out of my body." "Good! He'd knock the breath out of your body! And what did you reply?" "Nothing; I floored him." "Good! And then——?" "Why, then, my lord, they took him up, and found that his head was cut open." "His head was cut open! Good! And what followed?" "After that, my lord, they gathered him up to take him to the hospital, but he died on the road." "He died on the road! Very good!" This will match the best of Lord Cockburn's many good stories of Scottish judges.

W. W. W., Newcastle.

Candle Superstitions.

CANDLE superstitions are very common in the North. If, when a candle is burning, any of the untrimmed wick protrudes through the flame, it exhibits a lustrous spot or spark. At the time when an ordinary letter cost 10d. on

the average, this was widely regarded as a sign that a letter would reach that house on the next day. This old superstition has been very beautifully commemorated in the first verse of a Border song, entitled "The Shipboy's Letter." I quote it from memory :—

Here's a letter from Robin, father,
A letter from over the sea;
I was sure that the spark in the wick last night
Meant there was one for me.
And I loved to see the postman's face
Look in at the dairy park,
Because you said 'twas so womanlike
To put my trust in a spark.

W. L., Carlisle.

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The following passage occurs in "Domestic Folk Lore," by T. F. Thiselton Dyer :—

In some of the Northern Counties a bright spark in the candle predicts the arrival of a letter, and if it drops on the first shake it is an indication that the letter has already been posted. To snuff out a candle accidentally is a sign of matrimony, and a curious mode of divination is still practised by means of a pin and a candle. The anxious lover, while the candle is burning, takes a pin, and cautiously sticks it through the wax, taking care that it pierces the wick, repeating meanwhile the following rhyme :—

It's not this candle alone I stick,
But A. B.'s heart I mean to prick;
Whether he be asleep or awake,
I'd have him come to me and speak.

She then patiently watches, for if the pin remains in the wick after the candle has burnt below the place in which it was inserted, then the loved one will be sure to appear; but should the pin drop out, it is a sign that he is faithless. C. H. Clarke, London.

Durham Mustard.

JOHN TIMBS gives the following as the origin of the celebrity of Durham in the matter of mustard :—"Prior to the year 1720, there was no such luxury as mustard in its present form at our tables. At that time the seed was coarsely pounded in a mortar, as coarsely separated from the integument, and in that rough state prepared for use. In the year mentioned, it occurred to an old woman of the name of Clements, residing in Durham, to grind the seed in a mill, and pass it through the several processes which are resorted to in making flour from wheat. The secret she kept for many years to herself; and in the period of her exclusive possession of it supplied the principal parts of the kingdom, and in particular the metropolis, with this article. George I. stamped it with fashion by his approval. Mrs. Clements twice a year travelled to London and the principal towns throughout England for orders. From her residing in Durham the article acquired the name of Durham mustard." R. Lyndall, Carlisle.

Dr. Paley at Bishopwearmouth

WILLIAM PALEY, the author of many famous works on philosophy and theology, was born at Peterborogh in 1743. Having entered the church, he held a succession of small preferments in the diocese of Carlisle. Here he wrote his celebrated standard works, "The Elements of Moral and Political Philosophy," "Horæ Paulinæ," and "A View of the Evidences of Christianity." Visiting Cambridge in January, 1795, for the purpose of taking his degree of D.D., he was surprised to receive a letter from the Bishop of Durham, Dr. Barrington, with whom he was not previously acquainted, offering him the valuable rectory of Bishopwearmouth, estimated to be worth about £1,200 a-year. When he waited on his new patron in London soon afterwards, and began to express his gratitude for this unsolicited gift, his lordship curtly interrupted him by saying: "Not one word more of this, sir; be assured that you cannot have greater pleasure in accepting the living of Bishopwearmouth than I have in offering it to you."

Dr. Paley was inducted to his valuable cure on the 13th March, 1795, by the rector of Sunderland, Mr. Farrar, with whom he had been many years acquainted, and who became his successor in the vicarage of Stanwix, near Carlisle, on his vacating it. The rectory at Bishopwearmouth, reckoned one of the best parsonages in the kingdom, had been put into a very improved state by the last incumbent, Mr. Egerton. It stood a little way to the north of the church, surrounded by a walled court and a very extensive garden, and had, with the out-offices and adjacent grounds, much the appearance of an ancient seat-house that had been encroached upon by the neighbouring buildings. It was pulled down many years ago, when the present rectory, in Gray Road, a more fashionable part of the town, was built. There is still to be seen a small building belonging to the old place, a little behind Paley Street; and an ancient arched door, with the knocker attached, was removed to the Mowbray Park, to serve as the door of the gardener's tool-house. A grand old staircase was taken away to be built into the present rectory. The walls of the house were so solid that they had to be blasted with gunpowder. Such as the place was, Dr. Paley was thoroughly pleased with it. Having resigned Stanwix Vicarage, and some other preferments which required his residence in the diocese of Carlisle, he removed from the vicinity of that city as soon as he could make the necessary arrangements; and thenceforward he divided his time principally between Bishopwearmouth and Lincoln, of which he was sub-dean (a living which brought him in about £700 per annum), spending his summers at the former and his winters at the latter of those places.

Soon after Paley's arrival at Bishopwearmouth, some of

the principal landowners in the parish, which then included not only the township of Bishopwearmouth, comprehending Barnes, Pallion, and Bainbridge Holme, but also Wearmouth Panns, Ford, Silksworth, and Grindon, East Burdon, Tunstall, and Ryhope, extending from north to south about five miles, and from east to west about three miles, offered to treat with him for the tithes on the basis of an annual compensation. After inspecting the accounts of his predecessor, the rector demanded £700 a year as a fair equivalent; and on the landowners agreeing to this, he granted them a lease for life. As a writer, he had reprobated tithes as "noxious to cultivation and improvement," and recommended "their conversion into corn-rents as a practicable and beneficial alteration, in which the interest of all parties might be equitably adjusted"; and he now acted in strict conformity to these principles, "leaving to the industry of his parishioners its full operation and entire reward." He also granted long leases of his glebe lands upon very moderate terms; and owing to the great rise in landed property, which took place immediately after, his tenants had very advantageous bargains.

Dr. Paley visited a good deal amongst his neighbours, and entertained company in a handsome but by no means ostentatious style. He frequently mixed in card parties, and was considered a skilful player at whist; but he would at all times readily forego the game for conversation with an intelligent companion. A lady once observed to him that the only excuse for card-playing was that it served to kill time. "The best defence possible, madam," replied he, "though time will in the end kill us." Again, when the run of luck once happened to be against him, and he was carefully making up the cards, one of the party exclaimed, "Why, you shuffle a great deal, Dr. Paley." "Aye, sir," replied he, "when a man grows poor, it makes him shuffle."

From the door of the park which led from the rectory house to the banks of the river Wear, Dr. Paley could give his visitors a striking view of the celebrated iron bridge which had recently been erected at Wearmouth.* He used to enjoy their surprise on first coming in sight of it; and he appears to have been highly pleased with the prospect himself, and to have been led through it to pay particular attention to the construction of the arch, which he introduces very happily, by way of illustration, into one of the latest and most popular of his works, the "Natural Theology."

At the request of the Bishop of Durham, who was also *custos rotulorum* of the county, Dr. Paley undertook to act in the commission of the peace, for which he was equally well qualified by his talents for close investigation and by his knowledge of the criminal law.

Dr. Paley used frequently to take exercise on horseback in the park behind the rectory house. He was a bad horseman, and tradition says that very often the horse dismounted him. It used to be currently told that a wag, one morning, wrote upon the door of the park, "Feats of Horsemanship here every day by an Eminent Performer." Two or three weeks afterwards another legend appeared—"Additional Feats, for a few days only, by a New Performer from Ireland,"—the Bishop of Elphin having arrived on a visit to the rector. Relating this story himself with his usual quiet humour, Dr. Paley used to tell how, when on his first journey to Cambridge, he followed his father on a pony, he fell off seven times! "Every time my father heard a thump," said he, "he would turn round, and calmly say, with his head half aside, 'Take care of thy money, lad.'" "I am so bad a horseman, indeed," he continued, "that if any person at all comes near me when I am riding I certainly have a fall. Company takes off my attention. I have need of all I can command to manage my horse, though it is the quietest creature that ever lived; and at Carlisle used to be often covered with children from the ears to the tail." "You ride just like Dr. Paley," has been heard as a familiar expression, addressed to a slovenly and clumsy rider in Sunderland.

The rector was fond of good eating. He is said to have once finished a shoulder of mutton at a meal, when he happened to be very hungry. One day, when dining out, he was asked by the lady of the house what he would eat. "Eat, madam?" replied he: "eat everything, from the top of the table to the bottom." But another time, when he had declared that he would eat of every course, he stuck at some pork steaks. "I had intended," he said regretfully, "to have proceeded regularly and systematically through the ham and fowl to the beef, but those pork steaks have staggered my brain."

One day the chambermaid and kitchenmaid went up to make the beds in the parsonage. Going into the doctor's bedroom, they saw a bottle of wine and a glass standing on the mantelpiece. The kitchenmaid, filling the glass, drained it, first prefacing the draught with a toast, saying, "Here's to Dolly and Ralph (nicknames for their mistress and master), and may we live with them all their lives!" Whereupon Molly, the chambermaid, poured out a glass, and repeated the toast. They then commenced to draw the bed-curtains, when, to their horror, they found the doctor still in bed and wide awake, so that he must have heard all their conversation. The girls fled precipitately downstairs, and met the butler, who asked them what was the matter. "You'll soon see what's the matter," said they, as they took refuge in the kitchen. When the doctor had had his breakfast, he sent out invitations to some ladies and gentlemen near to come to dinner that day. After dinner, the butler got orders to tell the two maids to come to the dining-room, as their master wanted them. As soon as they came in, the doctor told the butler to put the wine on the table.

* See *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., page 401.

The girls were then told to drink the same toast before the company that they drank that morning in the bedroom. They complied with a very bad grace. This was the good doctor's way of punishing them. "Now," said he, "you may go, and look better about you another time; and except you tell outside what has taken place, nobody shall hear a word of it from me."

Frugal and thrifty as he was from first to last, Dr. Paley always made his wife and daughters pay ready money for everything they bought. "It's of no use," he used to say, with a shrug, "to desire the women to buy only what they really want; they will always imagine they want what they wish to buy; but paying ready money is a check upon their imagination." He always wore a white wig and a court coat, detesting cassocks, which he used to say were just like the black aprons the master tailors

wore at Durham. His gait was awkward, his action ungraceful, and his dialect markedly provincial; but his arch smile was delightful, and redeemed all.

Dr. Paley's life at Bishopwearmouth was unchequered by any events of importance, being spent in the quiet performance of his duties, in the society of friends, and in completing that series of works which will perpetuate his name. In 1800, he was seized with a painful disorder, which, however, did not prevent him writing his "Natural Theology," one of the most delightful books in the English language. One who knew him intimately at this time wrote:—"The man who can bear pain like a stoic may be permitted to enjoy pleasure like an epicurean. Paley could do both. He spoke from his own experience when he dwelt on the power which pain has of shedding a satisfaction over intervals of ease which few enjoyments can exceed." He died on the 25th May, 1805, in the sixty-second year of age, and his body was conveyed for interment to Carlisle, where he lies beside his first wife. There is little or nothing in Bishopwearmouth parish books about the most distinguished man that ever held the living, the minutes belonging to the time he was there having mostly been destroyed or lost. The signature of Dr. Paley appears in them only three times.

Tynedale Apprentices.

INHABITANTS of Tynedale (the district of North Tyne) were in the sixteenth century held in great disfavour by the folks of Newcastle. It was their reiving and thieving propensities that gave rise to the prejudice. Mr. Welford's "History of Newcastle and Gateshead," under date of 1564, contains the following note, contributed by Mr. James Clephan (J. C.):—"The Books of the Merchant Adventurers of Newcastle prohibit any person born in Tynedale, Riddesdale, &c., from being admitted an apprentice, because 'the parties there brought up are known, either by education or nature, not to be of honest conversation.' 'They commit frequent thefts and other felonies,' and no apprentice must be taken 'proceeding from such careless and wicked progenitors.' This Act was not repealed till 1771. A hundred years after its enactment, Gray states in his 'Chorographia' (1649) that every year there were brought into Newcastle from Weardale (misprint for "these dales"), and condemned and hanged sometimes, twenty or thirty persons."

A. DAMAS, Newcastle.

Tanfield Arch.

TANFIELD ARCH, in the county of Durham, of which we give an illustration, copied from Richardson's "Table Book," 1842, was built by Colonel Liddell and the Hon. Charles Montague, to obtain a level for the passage of coal-waggons. It is frequently called Causey Bridge, from its being built over the deep and romantic dell of Causey Burn, near Tanfield. The span of the arch is 103 feet; it springs from abutments about 9 feet high; and, being semi-circular, the entire elevation is about 60 feet. It cost £12,000. The architect was Ralph Wood, a common mason, who, having built a former arch of wood that fell for want of weight, committed suicide from a dread of this beautiful structure meeting with a similar fate. Upon a sun-dial on one of the piers is the following:—"Ra. Wood, mason, 1727." The arch was built for a waggon-way to a colliery, which, however, was set on fire, and has been long unwrought. The structure has been many years neglected, and is now falling to ruins. Our illustration gives some idea of the scenery of Causey Burn, which is very beautiful, and possesses many charms for artists and students of nature generally.

TANFIELD ARCH, DURHAM.

A Gosforth Freebooter.

A STORY of Hendrik, a freebooter, is current in the neighbourhood of Gosforth; but there is little foundation for it. Speaking of Haddrick's Mill, which is a hamlet attached to the township of Fawdon, Mr. Richard Welford, in his "History of Gosforth," says:—"There is a tradition in the neighbourhood that this place took its name from a notorious Danish freebooter named Hendrik, or Hadderick, who made the dene beside the mill his home, and set the authorities at defiance. On what foundation this story rests is not clearly shown, but it is at least a coincidence that Sir Walter Scott gives nearly the same name—Dirk Hatteriek—to his smuggler and pirate in 'Guy Mannering.' It has been said also that the old play of 'The Miller and his Men' was taken from incidents which occurred at Haddrick's Mill."

FRIAR GODWIN, Heworth.

Old News.

A FAC-SIMILE of the first number of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, which commenced its eventful career on the 24th of March, 1764, was lately presented with every number of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. The news supplied to the reading public in the spring of 1764 was of the scantiest character. It is, however, not without interest. Thus we learn that a female spinning race had just taken place at Haydon Bridge; that Sir John Hussey Delaval had given a great entertainment on account of the opening of a new harbour at Hartley Pans, otherwise Seaton Sluice; that cock-fights were to take place at Mr. William Mole's pit in the Bigg Market for prizes of £50 and £20; that proceedings were being taken against the Jesuits in the island of Martinico; that his Royal Highness the Duke of York was in perfect health and greatly satisfied with the manner of his reception in Turin; and that there had been an outbreak among the Creek Indians in South Carolina, resulting in the slaughter of many settlers. Among the other contents of the paper was an advertisement for a middle-aged woman to take care of a single gentleman's house in the country. This advertisement a century later led to a curious incident. The hundredth anniversary of the commencement of the *Newcastle Chronicle* was celebrated by the re-issue of the original number, which was given away with the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* on the 24th March, 1864, precisely in the same way as the same original number was lately given away with the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. The incident to which we have alluded was thus described in an article that appeared in the *Daily Chronicle* of March 25th, 1864:—

When, in 1764, one of the earliest friends of the *Newcastle Chronicle* sent for insertion the following advertisement, he little dreamt over how long a space of time responding applications would be made:—

WANTED, a middle-aged WOMAN (who has been a servant in genteel families, and can be well recommended for her honesty), to take care of a single gentleman's house in the country. She must undertake cooking and setting-out the table. A Gardener is also wanted, who, having but a small garden to take care of, will be expected to assist occasionally in the house or stables. If a man and wife can undertake the above places, provided they are not incumbered with children, it will be more agreeable.—Apply to the printer of this paper.

Yesterday, in celebration of the centenary of the *Chronicle*, we distributed among our subscribers reprints of No. 1, first published on the 24th of March, 1764; and of the nine and twenty advertisements which it contained, the foregoing stood at the head. The sheet had not been re-issued many hours, when a respectable, worthy-looking couple, entering the publishing office, and advancing to the counter, innocently inquired the address of the "single gentleman"! All the establishment was at fault. Its "oldest inhabitant" could not remember the name of the advertiser. The rustic bachelor was unknown. No account stood against him in the books of the office. Time had written over him, *non est*. He was clean gone—he, his genteel house, and his small garden—all were forgotten. And the honest applicants, who offered themselves so unexpectedly in answer to his call, were apprised, to their astonishment, that they were a hundred years too late!

Relics of Captain Cook.

SIR SAUL SAMUEL, Agent-General for New South Wales, who has been for some time in England, recently became the possessor of a very interesting collection of relics of Captain Cook's voyages in the South Seas, which will shortly be despatched to Sydney, for the State House Museum of that place. The relics were discovered so far back as 1859, when a part of Sir Joseph Banks's Museum in Soho Square, London, was pulled down. Some panel doors at the end of a gallery, which had been pasted over with old charts for a long time, were cut away, and inside the panelling the following inscription was written in the handwriting of Sir Joseph Banks:—"Instruments used, and carvings, weapons, and heads, collected by Captain Cook during the voyage of the Endeavour.—J. BANKS." Among the collection then discovered were the following articles:—Old quadrants and other instruments used by Captain Cook on board the Endeavour; two mummied tattooed heads of New Zealand chiefs; two native models of New Zealand canoes, one carved; two large carved canoe paddles; carved spears and war clubs; a native chief's paddle, beautifully worked with idolatrous carving; a very fine stone hatchet with handle; a wooden bowl with lip, used for handing round human blood in the days of cannibalism; and a carved wooden sceptre with the following words scratched on it, presumably by Captain Cook:—"Made for me by Wanga.—J. C." Other relics of the great navigator are in existence. Lord Thurlow, in a letter to the *Times*, says they consist of a

long feather cloak and helmet belonging to the chief or king of the island of Hawaii (or Owhyhee, as it was formerly spelt), who killed Captain Cook, and which came into possession of Lord Thurlow's family in the manner stated in the following inscription on a silver plate on the lid of the box in which these relics have been preserved:—"This cloak and cap did formerly belong to the Chief of Owhyhee, one of the Sandwich Islands, who murdered Captain Cook, the English Traveller, on Sunday, 14th February, 1779. Brought from thence by Henry Lawrie, Esq., Commander of the Surat Castle, of Bombay, by whom it was sent to the museum of his friend James Bruce of Kinnaird, 1st October, 1792." The James Bruce above referred to was, Lord Thurlow points out, the celebrated Abyssinian traveller, from whom Kinnaird, with its museum, has descended to his great-great-granddaughter, Lady Thurlow.

Notes and Commentaries.

AN OLD NEWCASTLE PEDESTRIAN.

Edward Solly wrote as follows to *Notes and Queries* some years ago:—"The death of an old man, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in 1798, named James Palmer, is recorded in the *Monthly Magazine*, of whom it is stated that, at the age of seventy-three, he walked from Newcastle to London and back again in eleven days, one of which he spent in the metropolis. The distance by the coach road was then reckoned 277 miles between the two cities; consequently he must have walked at the average rate of fifty-five miles a day. It is said that he started from Newcastle with only five shillings in his pocket."

FOOTIT, Hexham.

CURIOUS PARTY AT WYNYARD.

On the 18th of January, 1847, the birthday of the late Marquis of Londonderry was celebrated at Wynyard with extraordinary magnificence. Amongst the distinguished company present was Prince Louis Napoleon, afterwards Emperor of France. On this occasion there was a curious card party, which deserves to be made historical. The gentlemen who took a hand in it were Louis Napoleon, Benjamin Disraeli, George Hudson (the Railway King), and J. J. Wright, of Sunderland.

W. B., Bishopwearmouth.

THE HASSOCKS.

The ground between Gateshead and Dunston, from the railway to the cart road, was formerly called the Hassocks. It was a low swamp or marsh in an angle formed by the Tyne and its tributary the Team. This marsh was mostly covered with turfy grass and sedge. According to Dr. Johnson, in his "Botany of the Eastern Borders," these turfy grasses are called hassocks, and afford the botanist a firm footing through the bog. Hassock is a local name for cushion or soft stool; and there can be no doubt that the Hassocks got the name from the cushion-like tufts on the marshy land.

A. S., Newcastle.

THE HELL KETTLES.

The author of "Zig-Zag Ramblings," Mr. R. Taylor Manson, gives an explanation of the origin of the "Hell Kettles," situated between Darlington and Croft, that is somewhat different from that which appeared in the October number of the *Monthly Chronicle*. Writing on this subject, Mr. Manson says:—

Roseberry Topping is, I believe, 1,022 feet above the sea, and a little below the very summit there is a perennial spring of water. Note the fact—that near the very summit of a lofty hill there is a spring. To enter into the details of how it gets there would open up a department of science which might prolong our discussion till the natural feeling of my readers would be that it is as interminable as the Kettles themselves were supposed to be. Suffice it for our purpose to state that water derived from the atmosphere travels far underground, guided in its course by the dip of the strata, altered in it by faults, and confined in it by the nature of the strata above and below. Its progress up or down is arrested by clayey beds, it is absorbed by some rocks more than by others, and the result of all is, that the water of a spring—as at Roseberry Topping—often bursts forth far away from the original source of its being collected, and frequently under considerable hydraulic pressure. I have been told that, when the sinking was made for the new Croft Spa, the water rushed up with such force that the workmen were fain to escape for their lives, and even left their shovels and picks behind them. (Another report says they never saw their wheelbarrows again.) The Dinsdale Spa was discovered in 1789, in searching for coal. At a depth of 72 feet "the spring *burst forth* with a tremendous smoke and sulphurous stench!!" I quote from a published authority, but the italics are mine. The conclusion to which I am irresistibly forced to come is this:—That by percolation of water the magnesian limestone which forms the basis of the deposits at the site of Hell Kettles was so disintegrated or excavated that cavities of considerable size were worn out beneath the overlying red sandstone. The red sandstone would then form the roof or part of the roof of cavities in the magnesian limestone. But the red sandstone, as found at Croft, is a porous and somewhat shaley micaceous kind of rock. It holds a very considerable quantity of water in its interstices, and is not by any means a stone with the coherence of the mountain limestone. It is soft and soon weathers, and is not capable of standing much stress or pressure. A soft, porous stone like this soon falls to pieces, and would form but a bad protection against either upward or downward forces. We have this state of affairs to contemplate. A series of cavities in the magnesian limestone formed by the action of the water, which, as evinced at Dinsdale and Croft, when bored or sunk down to, is under enormous pressure. The roofs of the cavities are formed of a substance which is soon reduced to shaley pulp. What, then, is there above the sandstone? Nothing but clay and gravel of no great thickness. A frail enough barrier against strong internal forces at its best, and still less if its own restraining power was being gradually debilitated, as I think would be the case, for the gravel rests upon the red sandstone, and, given the theory I have so far put forward, when the magnesian and sandstone roofs of the cavities were gone there would only be the gravel and clay between the outer world and the springs from the magnesian limestone beneath. So that during exceptional circumstances, during long continuance of wet weather, so much hydraulic pressure may have been brought to bear upon the gravel and clay roof that it was forced outward by the water and by a preliminary performance

of those compressed gases which caused such consternation among the labourers in 1789 (at Dinsdale). The water charged with salts of magnesia, lime, and soda, still flows from the magnesian limestone, and still wears away the rock it passes through, and more depressions will naturally follow as more rock is worn away; but no more explosions or sulphurous upheavings will occur simultaneously with the later depressions, seeing that the gas has found vent long ago.

Mr. Manson states also that there are in the neighbourhood of Croft and Darlington several other similar pits, "all formed in the red sandstone—the rock we have ascertained to be that which immediately underlies the clay and gravel beds which form the surface strata at Hell Kettles." E.

A SUNDERLAND CHALLENGE.

The subjoined *jeu-d'esprit* was written and circulated in the assize court at Durham during the trial of John Coul Carr, of Sunderland, coalfitter to the Earl of Durham, and Alexander Kirkaldy, of Monkwearmouth, agent to Sir Hedworth Williamson, Bart. John Coul Carr sent a challenge by Kirkaldy to William Snowball, of Sunderland, solicitor, to fight a duel, which Mr. Snowball declined. Carr and Kirkaldy were tried at Durham Assizes, July 25th, 1836, found guilty, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment:—

Mr. John Coul Carr,
You presumed too far,
When you wish'd, in your chivalrous ire,
Whether wrong or right,
Your opponent to fight!
Oh! it was an absurd desire,
For who ever knew,
Since a bullet first flew,
Of a *Snowball* standing fire?

Here is another on the same occasion:—

'Tis plain that Carr
Ne'er meant a war
With pistols to require!
What man or sect
Could e'er expect
A *Snowball* to stand fire!

St. John Crookes, London.

"THUNDER MUTTON."

Mutton is easily affected by hot weather, and often after a thunderstorm is found to be tainted. When in this condition, it is termed "thunder mutton." Even then, however, it is a safer and better food than the "braxy mutton" so often seen in the farm-houses of sheep-farmers. "Braxy mutton" is none other than the carcases of sheep found dead in the field, either from "water in the head," or the disease called "staggers." I have seen both used; but, notwithstanding the term of contempt, commend me to the "thunder mutton" in preference to the "braxy."

A Rustic, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

A HOWICK PIE.

The *Newcastle Chronicle* of January 6th, 1770, described a pie which had never known to have been excelled for size. It was made by Mrs. Dorothy Patterson, housekeeper at Howick, was conveyed from Howick to Berwick, and thence was shipped to London for Sir Henry Grey, Bart. The contents of this remarkable specimen of cookery are thus enumerated:—Two bushels of flour, twenty pounds of butter, four geese, two turkeys, two rabbits, four wild ducks, two woodcocks, six snipes, and four partridges, two neats' tongues, two curlews, seven blackbirds, and six pigeons. It was, at the bottom, nearly nine feet in circumference, and weighed about twelve stones. A neat case was made for the monster, which was placed on four wheels for the purpose of facilitating its passage to the guests who were desirous of tasting the morsel. E. R. Neste, Newcastle.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

EFFECTS OF INSURANCE.

Not very far from Earsdon a poor woman was sadly pestered by insurance agents. At last in despair she insured one of her bairns. Soon after she was heard to exclaim: "Aye! he wes elwis a deein'-luikin' creetur, but since aa 'sured him he's getten as fat as a mackeral!"

ST. ANTHONY'S.

Scene: St. Anthony's Railway Station, near Newcastle. Dick and his mate, Andrew, waiting for a train, fell into conversation. "Man, Andrew, aa had a funny dream last neet." "Whaat was't, Dick?" "Wey, man, aa dreamt that aa had deed, and that aa wes at the gates o' heaven. Aa knocked at the door, and a porter chep shoots 'Whe's there?' 'Me,' aa says. 'Whaat's yor nyem?' he shoots agyen, 'an' whor de ye belang te?' 'Ma nyem's Dick Smith,' aa says, 'an' aa cum fra St. Anthony's!' 'St. Anthony's!' he says, 'whor's that?' 'Doon the Tyne,' aa ansors. 'We knaa Tyneside varry weel,' he says, 'but aa nivvor hard o' St. Anthony's afore. But hould on,' he says, 'an aa'll leuk in the buik.' He leuks in the buik, and aa expect he fund the nyem, becaas he comes agyen and opens the door, leuks us aall ower from heed to foot, an' says wiv a bit laugh, 'It's aall reet, come in. Aa thowt ye wor trying a dodge on, for ye're the forst yen that's ivvor come here from St. Anthony's!'"

A QUESTION OF PAYMENT.

A few days ago, two men in Gateshead were indulging in a little friendly chaff. "Mind," said one to the other, "aa can pay ye," meaning of course that he could thrash him. "Had away," retorted his companion, "ye cannot pay the menage man!"

THE TRAMP'S MISCONCEPTION.

The other evening a tramp in a half-intoxicated condition wandered into a Salvation Army meeting not a hundred miles from Gosforth. He sat down on a seat, and

soon fell asleep. The preacher dwelt on the beauties of heaven and the horrors of hell, concluding his sermon by asking all present who wished to go with him to heaven to stand up. Of course, all the congregation rose except the tramp. "If any wish to go to hell," said the preacher, "stand up." Just at this moment the intruder awoke, and hastened to his feet. The preacher and the tramp stood for some time looking at each other. At last the latter said, "Aa divvent knaa whaat we are voting for, mistor; but ye and me's in a hopeless minority!"

THE POINTER DOG.

A Northumberland miner had a noted pointer dog, which was so perfect in his drill, and so unerring in his instincts for spotting game, that he sold it to a nobleman for a high price. The purchaser soon brought it back to Geordie, and told him it was a fraud. He said that it seemed to find game fast enough, but neither he nor his gamekeeper could either force it, or coax it, to lie down. The pitman observed: "It's varra queer that he should se syun hev forgettin' his mannors.' Then he invited the nobleman to a test in his presence. They had not wandered far in the fields before the dog's nose "pointed," and its tail poised like that of the Percy lion; when the gentleman shouted "Down, dog, down!" But the dog stood and moved not. "Didn't I tell you?" said the nobleman to the pitman. "Wey, man alive," said Geordie, "wad any dog unnerstand language like that? Wait till aa tell him." Then in a low growling voice, like a he bear, he said:—"Coil up, ye beggor!" The dog obeyed immediately.

North-Country Obituaries.

Mr. Thomas Routledge, of South Hylton, Sunderland, managing director of the Ford Paper Works Company, died on the 17th of September, at the age of seventy years. The deceased gentleman had long been widely known in connection with the paper-making trade, and he was the first to take out a patent for manufacturing paper from Esparto grass in 1856.

The death was announced, on the 20th of September, of Mr. John Forster Trotter, senior partner in the firm of Messrs. Thomas R. Trotter and Son, ship store merchants, North Shields, and one of the oldest merchants in that town.

Mr. Andrew Guthrie, who for many years carried on business as a tobacconist in the Side, Newcastle, died on the 21st of September, in the seventieth year of his age. The deceased gentleman was identified with the Chartist movement in Newcastle, and was among the men arrested for taking part in the riots in the Forth in 1839, but was ultimately acquitted.

On the 23rd of September, Mr. C. M. Green, ship-merchant and shipbroker, Quayside, Newcastle, was accidentally killed on the railway at Barnes, in London. Mr. Green, who had been for a long period connected with Quayside business, was about fifty years of age.

Mr. John Forster, assistant inspector of schools, died shortly after an attack of paralysis, at his residence, Western Hill, Durham, on the 25th of September, at the comparatively early age of thirty-eight years.

The death took place on the 26th September, at his residence, Littletowne, near Durham, of Mr. Thomas Crawford, colliery agent and viewer for the Earl of Durham, and chairman of the Durham Board of Guardians. The deceased gentleman, who was also the owner of Elvet Colliery, Durham, was aged seventy-eight years.

At the age of seventy-two years, Mr. Thomas Allan, a well-known agriculturist, and land agent for Lord Armstrong, died at Snitter, near Rothbury, on the 29th of September. Mr. Allan was also, for many years, chairman of the Rothbury Board of Guardians, on his retirement from which position he was presented with a massive silver candelabra.

Mr. George Arthur Crow, for many years in the employment of Messrs. Robert Stephenson and Co., engineers, Newcastle, having served through the various grades of workman, chargeman, foreman, and works manager, died on the 2nd of October, in the seventieth year of his age.

Mr. John Smith Peters, well known throughout the North of England as a medical rubber, died at his residence in Picton Place, Newcastle, on the 6th of October, at the age of sixty years.

Mr. Edward Reid, of the firm of Reid and Hall, merchants, Side, Newcastle, died at his residence, Bentinck Villas, in that city, on the 8th of October. Mr. Reid was well known and highly respected in commercial and other circles. The deceased gentleman, who was fifty-three years of age, was a brother of Mr. Andrew Reid, printer and publisher, Newcastle.

On the 12th of October, the death occurred at her residence, Springfield House, Shotley Bridge, of Mrs. Richardson, widow of Mr. Jonathan Richardson, the founder of the Consett Ironworks. The deceased lady, who was upwards of ninety years of age, was a member of the Society of Friends, and was of a philanthropic and charitable disposition.

On the 13th of October, Mr. George Maw, solicitor, Bishop Auckland, died from the effects of a serious accident with which he had met a few days previously. The deceased gentleman was clerk to the Spennymoor Local Board.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

SEPTEMBER.

16.—The draw for prizes in connection with the Newcastle Art Union took place in the Theatre of the Exhibition. The number of tickets sold was 11,830.

17.—The foundation stone of a new chapel for the Primitive Methodist Connexion was laid at New Seaham by Mr. John Coward, J.P., of Durham.

—The strike of miners at Felling, Usworth, and Wardley Collieries was brought to an end by the liberation of the imprisoned men on the previous evening;

and on the 19th work was resumed at Felling and Usworth, operations at Wardley being delayed by some official business connected with the mine. (See under date September 14, page 384.)

—The final meeting of the shareholders of the Newcastle Industrial Bank (Limited), which for a considerable time past had been in course of liquidation, was held under the presidency of Mr. John Nixon.

—The Northumberland College of Music, which is intended to provide a series of superior classes for the study of music among amateurs, about this date commenced operations in premises above Messrs. Alderson and Brentnall's, in Northumberland Street, Newcastle.

18.—Dr. Henry O'Callaghan, Rector of the English College at Rome, was appointed to the vacant Roman Catholic Bishopric of Hexham and Newcastle.

—The Rev. H. Batchelor preached his farewell sermon as pastor of St. James's Congregational Church, Bath Road, Newcastle, previous to his departure for a new charge, at Weston-super-Mare.

19.—Colonel C. E. S. Scott, Royal Artillery, half-pay, was appointed colonel on the staff to command the Royal Artillery of the Northern district.

—A dividend of 5 per cent., £1,652 2s. 5d. being carried forward, was declared at the annual general meeting of Hawthorn, Leslie, and Co., Limited.

20.—Great excitement and alarm were created by the doings of a mad bullock, which, after rushing headlong through several thoroughfares in Newcastle and injuring a man named James Johnson, made its way to the Blyth and Tyne Railway Station in New Bridge Street. The animal was eventually shot near the "blind bridge" on that line at West Jesmond.

—Father Matthews, of St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church, Gateshead, on the occasion of his "silver jubilee," was presented with a beautifully illuminated address and a purse of money.

21.—The foundation stone of St. Hilda's New Church, in Parkgate, Darlington, was laid by the Bishop of Durham.

—A largely attended conference was held at Ryton by the North of England Temperance League.

—The first general meeting of the Durham Ratepayers' Association was held under the presidency of Mr. J. A. Longden, Official Receiver in Bankruptcy.

22.—In the Theatre of the Royal Jubilee Exhibition, Newcastle, a public meeting was held to inaugurate the adoption of what is known as the affiliation scheme of lectures in connection with Cambridge and Oxford Universities. The Marquis of Ripon presided, and Mr. John Morley, M.P., took part in the proceedings. Newcastle was the first provincial town thus practically to embrace the scheme.

23.—At Sunderland, a fortune-teller named Scrafton, of Hartlepool, and Eliza Foxall, a young married woman, were committed for trial, on the charge of conspiring to murder, under extraordinary circumstances, the husband of the latter, a barman, at Sunderland. Foxall and his wife had been living apart, but the woman returned to him, and the allegation was that Mrs. Scrafton supplied her with poison, which she administered to her husband. The man became ill, and medical evidence proved the presence of poison. In defence, it was pleaded that what was administered was merely a love charm, for the purpose of enabling Mrs. Foxall to regain the affection of her husband.

—The result of the ballot among the Northumberland miners, as to whether any portion of the funds of the Union should continue to be devoted to political purposes, was made known. (For the terms of the ballot-paper see September 6, page 386.) There voted in the affirmative, 3,387; and in the negative, 4,806.

24.—Mr. John Morley, M.P., and Mr. James Craig, M.P., addressed a meeting of their constituents in the Town Hall, Newcastle.

—A meeting to promote the objects of the National Labour Federation was held in the Lower Central Hall, Newcastle, the chair being occupied by the Rev. W. Moore-Ede.

—The foundation stone of a new place of worship for the Methodist Free Church at High Southwick was laid by Miss Ethel Storey.

—The stall-holders in the Newcastle Corn Market passed a resolution expressing the desirability, unless the Corporation granted a reduction of rent, of vacating their stands on the 4th of October. On that date, twenty-eight of the tenants terminated the tenancy of their stands, but arranged to continue to hold them pending the further consideration of the question by the authorities. At a meeting of the City Council on the 12th of October, it was reported that the corn merchants offered £6 per annum free of rates, whereas they had been paying £9 a-year and rates. The Corporation offered to accept £8 per annum, but this the corn merchants deemed excessive, and offered to pay £7 if extra accommodation and conveniences were added to the Exchange. The Council ultimately referred the whole matter to the Finance Committee.

—The first of a course of twelve lectures to be delivered in connection with the Cambridge University Scheme was given by Mr. Arthur Berry, M.A., in the Institute of the Literary and Philosophical Society, Newcastle, the subject being "The Forces of Nature: An Exposition of the Conservation of Energy."

28.—News was received of the wreck, off Cape Finisterre, of the steamship Matthew Cay, of South Shields, accompanied by the loss of ten of the crew.

29.—A dividend of 10¼ per cent. was declared at the annual meeting of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Company, Limited, and the shares of the company were converted into stock.

—The foundation stone of new Town Hall Buildings for Sunderland was laid by the Mayor (Mr. Edwin Richardson), on the Shrubbery site, Fawcett Street, in that town, the cost of the erection being estimated at £25,000.

—The foundation stone of a new bridge to cross the river Wear at Lambton was laid.

—Mr. Wilson, "psychographic medium," gave a select slate-writing seance in Newcastle, a spiritualist who was present declaring that the spirit of the venerable John Wesley was in the room.

30.—Mr. Thomas T. Clarke resigned his position as borough accountant and committee clerk of Tynemouth Corporation, after having been associated with that body for thirty-five years.

OCTOBER.

1.—A miner named Wilson Makepeace, aged 23 years, was so seriously injured through jumping from a train in

motion, at Whitburn Colliery, near South Shields, that he died a few hours afterwards; and his mother, a woman 61 years of age, received such a shock on hearing of the occurrence that she fell to the floor and expired.

—A new Wesleyan chapel was opened at Halton-le-Gate, near Haltwhistle, in Northumberland.

2.—All Saints' Church, Gosforth, the corner stone of which was laid on the 18th of June, 1886, was consecrated by the Bishop of Newcastle.

3.—The seventeenth session of the Newcastle College of Physical Science was inaugurated under the presidency of the Mayor, Sir B. C. Browne.

—The Gosforth Young Men's Institute and Reading Room, situated in High Street of that village, was opened by Mr. Richard Welford.

—The fifteenth annual conference of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants was opened in Newcastle, under the presidency of Mr. P. S. Macliver, of Bristol, but formerly part proprietor of the *Newcastle Guardian*. The proceedings extended over four days.

—The trial of potato-raisers in connection with the Royal Agricultural Society's Show at Newcastle took place at Gosforth.

4.—The winter session of the Newcastle College of Medicine was opened by an address, delivered amid much interruption, by Sir Isaac Lowthian Bell. As the result of the unseemly conduct of the students, three undergraduates were afterwards sentenced by the college authorities to expulsion, while nine others were suspended from attending any lectures for the space of six months. The students thus dealt with subsequently expressed regret for their conduct, and tendered apologies to Dr. Heath (president), and the other officials of the College, the Sheriff of Newcastle (who had also taken part in the proceedings), and to Sir Lowthian Bell. This action resulted in the withdrawal of the sentences and reinstatement of the offenders.

5.—The Corporation of Newcastle declined to negotiate with the Executive Council of the Exhibition for the purchase of any of the buildings connected with that undertaking, apart from the model dwelling, but referred to the Town Moor Management Committee the propriety of taking over any of the walks, shrubberies, or band-stands.

—The nineteenth annual Wesleyan Service of Song took place in the Town Hall, 1,051 singers taking part in the entertainment.

—A new Presbyterian Church of England, erected at a cost of £2,300, was opened at Wallsend.

—Sir John Swinburne, M.P., of Capheaton, sailed as one of a deputation from the Peace Association for New York.

6.—Miss Frances Mary Fitzherbert, eldest daughter of Captain Nicholls, Chief-Constable of Newcastle, was married, amid much rejoicing, to Lieutenant Robert George Strange, R.A.

7.—An amicable settlement was effected of the dispute with the joiners employed at the Elswick shipyard of Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., Limited.

—Having satisfied themselves as to the means of exit provided in the building proposed to be converted into a theatre in High Street, Gateshead, the magistrates of that borough granted the necessary license to the lessee, Mr. Frederick Jules Stein.

8.—The Bishop of Durham consecrated the newly-erected church of All Saints at Langley Park, and the burial ground adjacent to it.

10.—A new building, to be occupied as a free library and newsroom, was opened at Middlesbrough.

—The joiners who had come out on strike from the Elswick shipyard of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., returned to work to-day, an amicable settlement of the dispute having been effected.

—The annual meetings of the Church of England Temperance Society were held in Newcastle, under the presidency of Dr. Wilberforce, Bishop of the diocese.

—At an extraordinary meeting of the directors of the Durham Race Meeting, held in that city, it was officially announced that the University authorities declined to renew the lease of the race-course, which expires in September next. The directors, it was added, had earnestly endeavoured to obtain a renewal, but without success, and they were compelled to recommend a voluntary winding-up of the company. The report was adopted, and liquidators were appointed.

11.—A bricklayer, named Peter Toner, was remanded by the Gateshead county magistrates on a charge of having caused the death of Catherine Toner, his wife, 28 years of age. It appeared that on the 9th the prisoner had asked his wife for some money to get drink. As she refused, he struck her on the head with a poker, fracturing her skull, death resulting in about an hour afterwards. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of manslaughter against Toner.

12.—A banksman named James Appleby, aged fifty years, was killed by falling from the cage down the shaft at Eltringham Old Colliery, near Prudhoe.

—The Bishop of Durham opened a new mission hall and institute at Tudhoe Grange, Spennymoor.

—At a meeting of the Newcastle City Council, it was resolved that the remuneration to the Mayor for the current year be and is hereby increased by the sum of £1,030 8s. 4d., to meet the extraordinary expense incurred by the Mayor in making suitable arrangements for the reception of the Duke of Cambridge on his visit to Newcastle in the month of May last, and for the reception of the Prince of Wales on his visit to Newcastle in the month of July last.

—William and Robert Chapman, brothers, who are charged with fraud in connection with the Gateshead borough rates, were arrested in New York, pending the arrival of English detectives.

—New stores, erected at a cost of about £7,000, were opened by the Co-operative Industrial Society at Durham.

—Great fears were entertained about this time for the safety of her Majesty's ship Wasp, which was built at Elswick by Sir W. G. Armstrong and Co., and which sailed in May last for Hong Kong. The vessel, which should have reached her destination several weeks ago, and has not yet been heard of, was commanded by Captain Bryan John Husthwaite Adamson, son of Major Adamson, of Cullercoats.

13.—Mr. Gainsford Bruce, Q.C., the new Chancellor for Durham Palatine Court of Chancery, took his seat in court for the first time.

—The magnificent Northumbrian estate of Hesleyside, associated with the family of the Charltons for 800 years, and consisting of upwards of 20,000 acres, was offered for sale by auction, by Mr. M. Walton, of the firm of Walton and Lee, at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, London. The

auctioneer expressed his belief that it was the largest English estate ever offered to public auction at the Mart —certainly it was the largest in the last twenty years. It was situated in the parishes of Bellingham, Greystead, and Wark, Northumberland, in the valley of the North Tyne. The noble family mansion was a most substantial structure, built of native freestone, in the early English style of architecture. The mansion, grounds, and park, with shooting over 13,000 acres, were let at the apportioned rental of £1,040 per annum. The shooting over the remainder of 7,000 acres was now in hand. The whole estate produced an annual rental of over £5,000. The outgoings amounted to £9 17s. 2d. per annum for land tax, and £5 7s. 7d. for tithe on lands in hand. Offers for the property having been invited, the first bid was £80,000, followed by others for £85,000, £90,000, £95,000, £96,000, £97,000, £98,000, and £100,000. The two next offers were £102,500 and £105,000, followed by others of £106,000, £107,000, and £110,000. The biddings then increased by £1,000 each to £119,000, at which the property was withdrawn, the auctioneer pointing out that to pay 4 per cent. it was worth £125,000. The last bid was offered by Mr. Jacob Wilson.

—Several persons were seized with illness after partaking of a wedding cake at Jarrow, and an investigation into the affair was instituted by the police.

14.—The sawmill of Messrs. Watson and Ferguson, at Dunston, was destroyed by fire.

15.—The Bishop of Durham opened a new Lecture Hall and Workmen's Institute at Ouston, near Birtley.

General Occurrences.

SEPTEMBER.

16.—A terrible accident occurred near Doncaster Railway Station, when about 25 persons were killed and about 40 injured. A Midland train, laden with excursionists, was run into by a Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Company's ordinary train, and completely wrecked. Inquests were afterwards held, the evidence disclosing culpable neglect on the part of the driver and fireman of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire train, who were committed for trial for manslaughter.

23.—Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., was prosecuted for delivering, at Mitchelstown, on the 9th and 11th of August, speeches which were alleged to incite to resistance of sheriffs and bailiffs. The court sentenced Mr. O'Brien to three calendar months' imprisonment. Right of appeal being admitted, the defendant was liberated on bail.

24.—An officer of the French army and his servant, while in pursuit of game on the Franco-German frontier, were fired on by German forest guards, who supposed they were poachers, the servant being killed and the officer wounded. Although the matter appeared very serious for a time, it was eventually settled amicably by the Governments of France and Germany.

25.—A serious disturbance occurred at Fermoy, Ireland, between the police and civilians, many persons being injured.

27.—An International Shorthand Congress was held in London, being attended by representatives of the stenographic art from all parts of the United Kingdom, and from some Continental countries. The Earl of Rosebery presided. Many papers on shorthand were read, and amongst the contributors was Mr. Isaac Pitman, the inventor of phonography.

—The first race for the America Cup, between the American yacht Volunteer and the British yacht Thistle, took place near New York. The Thistle was hopelessly beaten, and in a second race the following day she met the same fate. The greatest interest was taken in the event on both sides of the Atlantic.

OCTOBER.

1.—A terrible tragedy occurred at Cretingham, Suffolk. The Rev. William Meynott Farley, vicar, 73 years of age, was murdered by his curate, the Rev. Arthur Cooper, who, in the presence of Mrs. Farley, deliberately cut his throat from ear to ear. A coroner's jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against the curate.

2.—Two Englishmen who had been captured by brigands at Smyrna were released on payment of a ransom of £750.

6.—The Lord Mayor of Dublin, Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P., and Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., were summoned under the Crimes Act for having, in the *Nation* and *United Ireland*, respectively, published reports of the meetings of the suppressed National League, with the view of promoting the objects of the organisation. The representatives of the Government were unable to prove their case, and the prosecution collapsed.

9.—The elections to the Bulgarian Sobranje resulted in favour of the Government of Prince Ferdinand.

11.—An important conference of miners' delegates from England, Scotland, and Wales was held in Edinburgh, for the purpose of considering the question of the limitation of the output of coal and other matters. Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P., presided. The conference adopted a series of resolutions, which were to be submitted for the approval of the miners of the country.

12.—Mr. Joseph Chamberlain paid a visit to Ulster, where he delivered political speeches.

—Death of Mrs. Craik, formerly Miss Mulock, authoress of "John Halifax, Gentleman," and other popular novels. She was 61 years of age.

—News received from Capetown that Lady Brassey, authoress of "Voyage in the Sunbeam," had died at sea, from fever. At the time of her death the yacht Sunbeam was seven days' sail from Port Darwin, about a thousand miles, and the remains of the deceased lady were, therefore, committed to the deep.

—Verdicts of wilful murder were brought by a coroner's jury, sitting at Mitchelstown, Ireland, against County Inspector Brownrigg and five constables, in connection with the disturbances at that place.

13.—General Boulanger, of the French army, was arrested by order of General Ferron, Minister of War. It had been discovered that General Caffarel, who occupied a post at the Ministry of War, had been selling the decoration of the Legion of Honour, and General Boulanger had made some strong remarks on the subject, reflecting on General Ferron.

Printed by Walter Scott, Felling-on-Tyne.

The Monthly Chronicle

OF

NORTH-COUNTRY·LORE·AND·LEGEND

VOL. I.—No. 10. DECEMBER, 1887. PRICE 6D.

John Martin, R.A.

JOHN MARTIN was a member of a remarkable family. William, the eldest, was an eccentric character, who called himself the "Philosophical Conqueror of All Nations," and whose career has already been sketched in the *Monthly Chronicle* (vol i., page 343). Jonathan, the second brother, made himself conspicuous by attempting to burn down York Minster (see *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., page 418). John, the youngest of the brothers, was born in a house called East Land Ends, Haydon Bridge, near Hexham, on the 19th of July, 1789. His parents removed to Newcastle while he was yet a boy. There his father taught the sword and single-stick exercise, at the Chancellor's Head Inn, in Newgate Street. As John grew to the age when it was necessary to settle his career in life, his taste and inclinations were so decidedly towards art that his father, adopting a somewhat practical application of it, determined to make the lad a herald painter. We shall let him tell his own story as he told it to the editor of the *Illustrated London News*, in a letter dated Lindsey House, Chelsea, March 14, 1849 :—

Upon the removal of my family to Newcastle, I was, when 14, apprenticed to Wilson, the coachbuilder, of that town. I worked with him for a year, in no small degree disgusted at the drudgery which, as junior apprentice, I had to endure, and at not being allowed to practise the higher mysteries of the art; when, just previously to the expiration of the year (from which period I was to have received an increase of pay) one of the senior apprentices told me that my employer would evade the payment of the first quarter, on the grounds that "I went on trial," and that "it was not in the indentures." As it had been foretold, so it turned out. Upon claiming the increase, I was referred to my articles, and the original sum was tendered. This I indignantly rejected, saying, "What! you're soon beginning, then, and mean to serve me the same as you did such an one? But I won't submit." And, turning on my heel, I hastened home. My father highly approved of my conduct—declared that I should not go back—and immediately furnished me with proper drawing materials, the most satisfactory reward I could receive. I worked away to my heart's content for some days; when, at length, while so employed, the town-sergeant came to take me off to the Guild-hall to answer charges brought against me by my master. I was dreadfully frightened, the more so as none of my family was within call to accompany me, and, on entering the court, my heart sank at sight of the aldermen, and my master, with lowering face, and his witnesses. I was charged on oath with insolence

John Martin.

—having run away—rebellious conduct—and threatening to do a private injury. In reply, I simply stated the facts as they occurred. The witnesses produced against me proved the correctness of my statement in every particular; and the consequence was a decision in my favour. Turning, then, to my master, I said, "You have stated your dissatisfaction with me, and apprehension of my doing you a private injury; under these circumstances you can have no objection

to returning my indentures." Mr. Wilson was not prepared for this, but the alderman immediately said, "Yes, Mr. Wilson, you must give the boy his indentures." They were accordingly handed over to me; and I was so overjoyed that, without waiting longer, I bowed and thanked the court, and running off to the coach factory, flourished the indentures over my head, crying, "I've got my indentures, and your master has taken a false oath; and I don't know whether he is not in the pillory by this!" My family were delighted with the spirit I had displayed, and at my emancipation from an occupation they saw was uncongenial, and my father at once took measures to place me under an Italian master of great merit, and some reputation in Newcastle, named Boniface Musso, the father of the celebrated enamel painter, Charles Muss. I remained under his instructions about a year, when Mr. C. Muss, who was settled in London, wished his father to come and reside with him, and M. Musso urged upon my parents the advantage of my accompanying him. After much cogitation, many misgivings on my mother's part, and solemn charges to our friend, it was ultimately agreed that I should join him in London within a few months. I accordingly arrived in London at the beginning of September, 1806.

After residing some time with Muss, Martin became dissatisfied with his accommodation in the family, and removed to Adam Street West, Cumberland Place. Having, as he tells us, resolved never more to receive pecuniary assistance from his parents, who had already done enough in providing means for establishing him in London, he worked hard during the day to support himself, while at night he diligently studied architecture and perspective, by the knowledge of which he was afterwards to achieve so much of the reputation he enjoyed. Muss had introduced Martin to Collins, a glass manufacturer, who resided at 106, in the Strand, and much of Martin's employment at this time consisted in painting on glass and china.

At the age of nineteen, as the painter has himself recorded, he got married, and, his employment at Collins's being irregular, he says he had to use every available means for his support—teaching, painting small oil pictures, glass and enamel painting, water-colour painting, &c.

In 1811 we find him for the first time an exhibitor at the Royal Academy. The work thus exhibited, which had been rejected the year before for want of room, is described as landscape, a composition. Speaking of the year 1812, Martin says:—"Having now lost my employment at Collins's, it became indeed necessary to work hard, and, as I was ambitious of fame, I determined on painting a large picture, 'Sadak,' which was executed in a month. You may easily guess my feelings when I overheard the men who were placing it in the frame disputing as to which was the top of the picture? The work, however, though hung in the anteroom of the Royal Academy, received, to my inexpressible delight, a notice in the newspapers, and was eventually sold, under interesting circumstances, to the late Mr. Manning, Director of the Bank of England, for 50 guineas."

The next year he produced "Paradise: Adam's First Sight of Eve." It was exhibited the same year, and sold for seventy guineas. Martin tells us he sent it for the inspection of Mr. West, who received him with great urbanity, and introduced him to Leslie, saying the two young painters should be acquainted, as he prophesied they would reflect honour on their respective countries. The "Paradise" was exhibited in the great room of the Royal Academy; but when in the following year (1814) "Clytie," and in 1815 "Joshua Commanding the Sun to Stand Still" (the last a great success in point of popularity), were hung in the ante-room, he considered himself insulted by the place allotted to them. The "Joshua" was afterwards exhibited at the British Institution, and obtained one of the prizes of a hundred guineas, but continued unsold for many years. With regard to it, Martin says:—"I had been so successful with my sepia drawings, that the Bishop of Salisbury, the tutor to the Princess Charlotte, advised me not to risk my reputation by attempting the large picture of 'Joshua.' As is generally the case in such matters, these well-meant recommendations had no effect; but, at all events, the confidence I had in my powers was justified, for the success of my 'Joshua' opened a new era to me."

Certain it is that Martin early began to entertain a high opinion of his own abilities, leading him to think that he was entitled to rank in the Royal Academy as R.A. Seeing that this was not to be accorded to him, he withdrew his name from the Academy books as a candidate, forfeiting thereby all chance of academic rank, the only kind of professional distinction which falls to the lot of the English artist. He continued, however, to exhibit at the Academy, but sent his more important works to the British Institution. A conversation with Allston, in which Martin wholly differed from that painter, led him to paint "Belshazzar's Feast," an elaborate work, which occupied him a year. Leslie, he says, spent a morning in attempting to convince him that his treatment was wrong; but he persevered, and in 1821 completed his picture, and exhibited it in the British Institution. On this occasion he was rewarded with a prize of two hundred guineas. The work was considered a new mode of treating such subjects, and created a sensation among the general public.

Martin had, in 1817, been appointed "Historical Landscape Painter to the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold," but artists objected to such pictures as his being classed as historical. In historical paintings, they said, the principal source of interest must ever lie in the action and expression of human beings with whom the painter peoples his canvas; but Martin's pictures were a cross between architecture and landscape, in which the human figures told only by their quantity, the architecture serving rather to contribute to perspective immensity than being necessary to the ex-

pression of the subject. It was sneeringly, perhaps enviously, said that the painter's works could be reckoned "sublime" only by the same sort of people who thought Montgomery's "Satan" and Pollok's "Course of Time" equal to "Paradise Lost." These opinions, however, were not held by many all. Some of the best artists thought highly of the genius of Martin. Wilkie, for instance, writing to Sir G. Beaumont in 1821, says :—"Martin's picture is a phenomenon. All that he has been attempting in his former pictures is here brought to maturity, and, although weak in all those points in which he can be compared with other artists, he is eminently strong in what no other artist has attempted. 'Belshazzar's Feast' is the subject; his great element seems to be the geometrical properties of space—magnitude and number, in the use of which he may be said to be boundless. The contrivance and disposition of the architecture is full of imagination."

The painter made use in this picture of all the properties at his command—the hanging gardens, the tower of Babel, range upon range of massive columns, and terraces one above the other. The light shed on the impious feast is derived by the painter from the letters of fire, the handwriting on the wall, which the prophet is explaining to the terrified king. The artist, who was still connected with glass-painting, repeated the subject on a sheet of plate-glass. This was shown in the Strand, inserted in a wall, so that the light was really transmitted through the terrible handwriting; the effect was startling, yet, judged by any recognised canon, it was surely allied more to the diorama than to the fine arts.

Though Martin quarrelled with the Academy about the hanging of the "Clytie" and the "Joshua," and sent his "Belshazzar" to the British Institution, he did not wholly secede from the former. Between 1819 and 1821, he exhibited six works there—in the latter year his "Revenge," from Collins's "Ode to the Passions." He further exhibited, in 1823 and 1824, the "Seventh Plague" and "The Paphian Bower." Martin soon found, however, that even the British Institution did not use him so well as he thought he deserved. He says in his evidence before a committee of the House of Commons in 1836, that there was some connection between the directors of the Institution and the Academy that made them give the Academicians the best places, so that he rarely hazarded sending a large work to Pall Mall. He then became an exhibitor at the Society of British Artists; but but for a time only, for after 1836 we find him again at the Royal Academy, pretty constantly exhibiting there works of minor interest. In all, between 1836 and 1852, he exhibited sixty-seven pictures, an average of more than four per annum.

After the production of "Belshazzar's Feast," which many thought his best picture, Martin continued to paint poetical and Scriptural subjects, such as "Adam and Eve Entertaining the Angel Raphael," "The Creation," "The Eve of the Deluge," "The Deluge," "The Fall of Nineveh," "The Fall of Babylon," "The Destruction of Herculaneum," "Pandemonium," &c. Many of these works were engraved, and as that art was peculiarly suited to display his pictures, the impressions had a large sale both at home and abroad, and greatly spread his reputation. Some of the plates he engraved himself, spending no little time in trying various processes; and he complained before a committee of the House of Commons of the injury that he, in common with other artists, sustained by the insufficient protection against piracy afforded to such works. His popularity led to his being engaged to illustrate the poems of Milton. For these illustrations he received £2,000.

Martin had an eye to other subjects besides art. He says in his autobiography already quoted :—

I have scarcely room to account for the last twenty years of my life; suffice it that some portion was devoted to engraving, which I was eventually obliged to abandon, owing to the imperfect laws of copyright, my property being so constantly and variously infringed that it became ruinous to contend with those who robbed me; and I was, therefore, driven from the market by inferior copies of my own works, to the manifest injury of my credit and pecuniary resources, while I may without vanity affirm that even art itself suffers by the non-circulation of the engravings, for, of course, neither my own plates nor the pirated copies will sell without the impulse of novelty. In consequence of the strong interest I had always felt in the improvement of the condition of the people and the sanitary state of the country, I turned my attention to engineering subjects; and two-thirds of my time, and a very large portion of my pecuniary means, have, since 1827, been devoted to the objects I had at heart, though even here I have been obstructed and injured by the same objection of the inefficiency of the patent laws, and, indeed, total absence of real protection for original designs in engineering and mechanics. My attention was first occupied in endeavouring to procure an improved supply of pure water to London, diverting the sewage from the river, and rendering it available as manure; and in 1827 and 1828 I published plans for the purpose. In 1829 I published further plans for accomplishing the same objects by different means, namely, a weir across the Thames, and for draining the marshy lands, &c. In 1832, 1834, 1836, 1838, 1842, 1843, 1845, and 1847, I published and republished additional particulars—being so bent upon my object that I was determined never to abandon it; and though I have reaped no other advantage, I have, at least, the satisfaction of knowing that the agitation thus kept up, constantly, solely by myself, has resulted in a vast alteration in the quantity and quality of water supplied by the companies, and in the establishment of a Board of Health, which will, in all probability, eventually carry out most of the objects I have been so long urging. Among the other proposals which I have advanced is my railway connecting the river and docks with all the railways that diverge from London, and apparently approved by the Railway Termini Commissioners, as the line they intimate coincides with that submitted by me, and published in their report—the principle of rail adopted by the Great Western line—the lighthouse for the sands appropriated by Mr. Walker in his Maplin Sand lighthouse—the flat anchor and wire cable—mode of ventilating coal mines—floating harbour and pier—iron ship, and various other inventions of comparatively minor importance, but all conducing to the great ends of improving the health of the country, increasing the produce of the land, and furnishing employment for the people in remunerative work.

In view of his water supply scheme, Mr. Martin visited all the sources in the country round about London within a circle of twenty or thirty miles. Besides his labours towards giving London a supply of pure water, for which, if unsuccessful on the definite plan he advocated, he deserved the gratitude of the citizens, since the attention on all hands called to the subject led to the eventual adoption of remedial methods, the Thames Embankment scheme was just a modification of John Martin's idea.

Martin was yet labouring assiduously at his art, with large pictures in various stages of progress on his easel, when, on the 12th of November, 1853, during a visit to the Isle of Man, he was struck with paralysis, which rendered him speechless and deprived him of the use of his right hand. From the first there was no prospect of his recovery. He seemed, however, to have entertained an idea that abstinence was a remedy for his complaint, and to have resisted taking sufficient food, so that he sank rapidly, and died on the 17th of February, 1854, at Douglas, aged 65.

The three immense pictures on which he was engaged almost up to his death—"The Last Judgment," "The Great Day of Wrath," and "The Plains of Heaven"—have been diligently exhibited in every important town in the kingdom, and engraved on a large scale. Many of our readers must have seen the originals, and most of them the engravings. It is not on them that Martin's admirers will base his reputation. His best works are undoubtedly his earlier ones. In them he has shown originality, imagination, and earnestness, and that material sublimity which results from the littleness and feebleness of man being brought into immediate comparison with the magnitude and might of nature.

The title of K.L. means Knight of the Order of Leopold—an honour conferred on Martin spontaneously by the King of the Belgians, his old patron, Prince Leopold. He also received compliments, presents, and honours from the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and the reigning families of France. Besides enjoying these distinctions, he was a member of the Academies of Antwerp and Brussels, and an honorary member of the Royal Scottish Academy.

Our portrait of John Martin is copied from a crayon drawing by his son Charles, a photograph of which has been kindly lent us by another of his sons, Leopold Charles Martin. The original portrait was drawn three weeks before the great artist died.

The Martin Family.

John Martin was one of five children (four boys and one girl). William and Jonathan are well known. Richard, the third son, entered the army when young, passed through the Peninsular War, became quarter-master of his regiment, married, and had one daughter, who became wife to George Bullen, a chief librarian and keeper of the printed books in the British Museum, an appointment he still holds. My father's sister married a Mr. Atkinson, and had one daughter, who married Henry Warren, K.L., president of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours. John Martin, my father, had a family of eight children. Two died young. The first, Isabella, was for long his secretary, but subsequently became joint manager with Joseph Bonomi of Sir John Soane's Museum. She died in 1879. Alfred was chief superintendent of Income Tax in Ireland : *ob.* 1872. Jessie married Joseph Bonomi. Charles was known as an artist in New York. Zenobia married a son of Allan Cunningham, the poet—Peter Cunningham, chief clerk of the Audit Office, Somerset House, well known as author of "London, Past and Present," and other important works published by John Murray. Leopold Charles, your humble servant, named after Prince Leopold, first King of the Belgians, his godfather, was for over 36 years in the public service, and is author of "Illustrations of British Costume from William I. to George III.," "Gold and Silver Coins of All Nations," "The Literature of the Civil Service," "Guide to Cardiff," "Handbook to Swansea," contributions to the *Society of Arts Journal*, &c. He married a sister of John Tenniel, the distinguished contributor to *Punch*.

LEOPOLD CHARLES MARTIN, London.

Epitaph on an Engineer.

OSWALD GARDNER, the driver of a locomotive engine, lost his life near Stocksfield Station, on the North-Eastern Railway, on August 15, 1840. The following epitaph is inscribed on his tombstone in Whickham Churchyard :—

My engine now is cold and still,
No water does my boiler fill ;
My coke affords its flame no more,
My days of usefulness are o'er ;
My wheels deny their wonted speed,
No more my guiding hand they heed ;
My whistle, too, has lost its tone,
Its shrill and thrilling sounds are gone ;
My valves are now thrown open wide,
My flanges all refuse to guide ;
My clacks, also, though once so strong,
Refuse their aid in the busy throng ;
No more I feel each urging breath,
My steam is all condensed in death.
Life's railway's o'er, each station's past,
In death I'm stopped, and rest at last.
Farewell, dear friends, and cease to weep,
In Christ I'm safe—in Him I sleep.

It is said that the lines were written by Thomas Codling of Wylam, left at Blaydon Station, and afterwards printed as a memento of Gardner. But the same epitaph is used to commemorate one Thomas Scaife, who was killed at Bromsgrove Station, near Birmingham, on November 10, 1840.

The Delavals of Delaval Hall.

MIDWAY between Tynemouth and Blyth stands the now ruined but still beautiful seat of the Delavals. The race is extinct in the male line, and the grand estates which once called them lords have passed, through marriage, to the Norfolk Astleys. Still the memory of the daring and splendour of the Delavals lingers around the spot, investing the stately palace by the sea with all the interest of legend and romance.

The family first figures in history when its representative married a relative of William the Norman. This Delaval distinguished himself in the subjugation and settlement of the Saxon land, and it was but following the good old rule of spoil for the strong when twenty knights' fees were assigned to him as his share in the conquered country. The energy of Norman rule showed no signs of slackness in his hand. Casting about for a site on which to erect his feudal fort, he found he had scarcity of choice. There was no rising ground on that far-reaching plain except Earsdon and Seaton. It would never do for a Border lord to build his home in a lowly situation, as if he either feared or neglected his prowling foes. He was of the mind of the royal eagle, and must have his eerie where he could scour the country round, and whence at will he could swoop down upon his prey. Seaton was conveniently near the shore, and though it lacked the boldness of Earsdon, it gave command of the landscape from the Priory of Tynemouth to the foot of the Cheviots. Here, then, he built his castle, while around it were clustered the cottages of serfs and retainers. Of this original structure not a vestige remains, except the Chapel of Our Lady, which, by the help of many renovations, has survived every trace of the secular stronghold, and still serves its sacred purpose. The magnificent hall which now crowns the highest point in the park was erected more than a hundred and sixty years ago by Admiral Delaval, from the designs of the famous builder of Blenheim and many other seats of the English nobility, Sir John Vanburgh. Seaton Delaval will advantageously compare with the best works of the same master, and is undoubtedly one of the most striking stone structures in the North of England.

The Delavals were related to the Norman Conqueror by the marriage of Guido or Guy de la Val to Dionysia, William's niece. Sir Hendrick de la Val, Guy's second son, carried one of the principal banners when the Duke of Normandy invaded England. The family got large possessions in Northumberland and also in Yorkshire, and Gilbert Delaval was one of the twenty-four barons sworn to see the Magna Charta and the Charta de Foresta confirmed by the Pope. Robert Delaval represented Northumberland in the Parliament of Charles II., and was created a baronet. Sir Ralph Delaval, who belonged to a younger branch of the family, was a distinguished naval officer, who fought gallantly at La Hogue, rose to be Vice-Admiral of the Red, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Sir Ralph, the second baronet, formed the harbour of Seaton Sluice, at a great expense, and was even appointed collector and surveyor of his own port, as a sort of reward for his labour. Admiral George, a cadet of the family, who built Seaton Delaval Hall, distinguished himself both in

CHAPEL OF OUR LADY, SEATON DELAVAL.

arms and in the Cabinet, and was sent, in 1710, by Queen Anne, as Ambassador or Plenipotentiary to the King of Portugal and the Emperor of Morocco. He was killed by a fall from an unruly

horse, as he was riding out after dinner near his own house, in the month of June, 1723. His elder brother, Edward, had issue, by Mary, daughter of Sir Francis Blake, of Ford Castle, one son, viz., Francis Blake Delaval, Esq., who died in 1753, having married Rhoda Alfreece, a Huntingdonshire lady, by whom he had eight sons and five daughters, the former of whom all died without any legitimate male issue. Sir Francis Blake Delaval, the eldest son, is said to have been the gayest and most accomplished Lothario of the age. Having dissipated his fortune, he entered into an arrangement with his brother, Sir John Delaval, who allowed him £4,000 a year till his death in 1771. He had endeared himself so much to the inhabitants of Newcastle by his zeal for public liberty, after the violation of the Middlesex election, that when his remains were brought down from London in grand funeral solemnity, and laid in state at a Mr. Nelson's, they crowded in such numbers to see the body, surrounded with banners, escutcheons, &c., that many people were much injured in the crush. Sir Francis's brother, John Hussey Delaval, was created a baronet in 1761, and raised to the peerage, as Baron Delaval, in 1783. Lord Delaval died without male issue in 1808, aged 80 years, and his entailed estates devolved on his brother, Edward Hussey Delaval, of Doddington; but his other estates and personal property were bequeathed to his relict, with remainder to his lordship's granddaughter, the Marchioness of Waterford, of Ford Castle, where Lady Delaval died in 1822. Edward Hussey Delaval, who was an excellent classical scholar, a good linguist, and an adept in several sciences, died without issue in 1818, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. At his decease, the valuable estate of Seaton Delaval descended to Sir Jacob Astley, of Melton Constable, Norfolk, in right of his grandmother Rhoda, the first and last Lord Delaval's eldest sister, who was espoused to Sir Edward Astley, grandfather of Sir Jacob. Sir Jacob was summoned to the House of Lords, in 1841, as Baron Hastings, being one of the heirs of Sir John de Hastings, summoned to Parliament by the above title in the 18th Edward I., (1290). The present Lord Hastings, George Manners Astley, who was born in 1857, succeeded to the title in 1875.

It was especially during the time of Sir Francis Blake Delaval and his brother, the first and last lord, that the family acquired their almost world-wide reputation for courtly splendour, profuse living, and open-house jollity. Sir Francis was on intimate terms with all the exquisites of the day, a friend of John Wilkes's, and an acquaintance of Foote the actor's. Cook, in his Memoirs of Foote, gives the following character of the baronet :—

This gentleman was born with very superior advantages of person and fortune. The former he availed himself of in the prosecution of his pleasures; the latter he employed alternately as a means of dissipation and of generosity. In modern honour and modern gallantry he vied with the first fashionables in Europe. He had not a grain of Nero's cruelty, but, had he been born in his court, would have rode with him as a charioteer, fiddled with him as a musician, fenced with him as a gladiator, and spouted with him as a player. Though indolent in his business, he was active in his pleasures; and so strongly did he possess the spirit of emulation, that he would be the leading showman of his day, whatever species of frivolity was the fashion. Yet, with all these drawbacks on his character, he was not deficient in either wit or learning, or in the ready application of both. He excelled sometimes in repartee, and once replied to the late Lord Chatham, in the House of Commons, with a point and promptitude which for a time abashed even that celebrated statesman.

One of Sir Francis's freaks was to carry on, in conjunction with Foote, the mystery of a fortune-teller, which they did with prodigious reputation and success, assuming the requisite disguises. Carrying out this fascinating whim during a whole season, they are supposed to have broken off, or brought on, more matches in fashionable life than all the dowagers in town could accomplish or frustrate. Sir Francis's great object, it is said, was to secure his own union with Lady Paulet, and upon the accomplishment of that feat the magician suddenly disappeared. Miss Edgeworth's somewhat pompous and pragmatical father, Richard Lovell Edgeworth, gives the following account of this fortune-telling experiment in his memoirs :—

Some years before I was acquainted with him, Sir Francis, with Foote for his coadjutor, had astonished the town as a conjuror, and obtained from numbers vast belief in his necromantic powers. This confidence he gained chiefly by relating to those who consulted him the past events of their lives; thence he easily persuaded them that he could foretell what would happen to them in future; and this persuasion frequently led to the accomplishment of his prophecies. Foote chose for his scene of new necromancy a large and dark room in an obscure court, I believe in Leicester Fields. The entrance to this room was through a very long, narrow, winding passage, lighted up by a few dim lamps. The conjurer was seated upon a kind of ottoman in the middle of the room, with a huge drum before him, which contained his familiar spirit. He was dressed in the Eastern fashion, with an enormous turban and a long white beard. His assistant held a white wand in his hand, and with a small stick struck the drum from time to time, from which there issued a deep and melancholy sound. His dragoman answered the questions that were asked of him by his visitants, while the conjurer preserved the most dignified silence, only making signs, which his interpreter translated into words. When a question was asked, the visitant was kept at a distance from the drum, from which the oracle seemed to proceed. The former habits and extensive acquaintance of Sir Francis Delaval and his associates, who, in fact, were all the men of gallantry of his day, furnished him with innumerable anecdotes of secret intrigues, which were some of them known only to themselves and their paramours. Foote had acquired a considerable knowledge of the gallantries of the City; and the curiosity which had been awakened and gratified at the west end of the town by the disclosure of certain ridiculous adventures in the City, gave to the conjuror his first celebrity. It was said that he had revealed secrets that had been buried for years in obscurity. Ladies, as well as gentlmen, among the fools of quality, were soon found to imitate the dames of the City in idle and pernicious curiosity, and under the sanction of fashion the delusion spread rapidly through all ranks. Various attempts were made to deceive the conjuror under false names, and by the substitution of persons; but, in general, he

succeeded in detecting these; and his fame stood at one time so high as to induce persons of the first consideration to consult him secretly. His method of obtaining sudden influence over the incredulous was by telling them some small detached circumstance which had happened to them a short time before, and which they thought could scarcely be known to anybody but themselves. This he effected by means of an agent, whom he employed at the door as a porter. This man was acquainted with all the intriguing footmen in London; and while he detained the servants of his master's visitants as they entered, he obtained from them various information which was communicated by his fellow-servants, through a pipe, to the drum of the conjuror.

Lady Paulet's vast fortune became wholly Sir Francis's by his marriage with that foolish old lady. He contrived, it was said, to dissipate the greater part of it during the short time they lived together; and a remnant of it was secured for the lady's own use only by the divorce which took place before it was wholly gone. Foote was very generally accused, as we learn from Doran's "Annals of the Stage," of having earned an annuity from Sir Francis by bringing about this unhappy match with the wealthy widow, who had been a very intimate friend of the player's.

On the night of the 7th March, 1751, Drury Lane Theatre presented a strange appearance. It had been hired by some noble amateurs, who acted the tragedy of "Othello." Here is the cast of the principal characters :—

Othello	Sir Francis Delaval
Iago	John, subsequently Lord, Delaval
Cassio	Edward Delaval
Roderigo	Captain Stephens
Desdemona	Mrs. Quon (sister of Sir Francis, and later the wife of Lord Mexborough)
Emelia	Mrs. Stephens

Macklin superintended the rehearsals, and Horace Walpole was present, for he says of the amateurs, in his characteristic way :—

They really acted so well that it is astonishing they should not have had sense enough not to act at all. The chief were a family of Delavals, the oldest of which was married by one Foote, a player, to Lady Nassau Paulet, who had kept the latter. The rage was so great to see this performance, that the House of Commons adjourned at three o'clock on purpose. The footman's gallery was strung with blue ribands. What a wise people! What an august Senate!

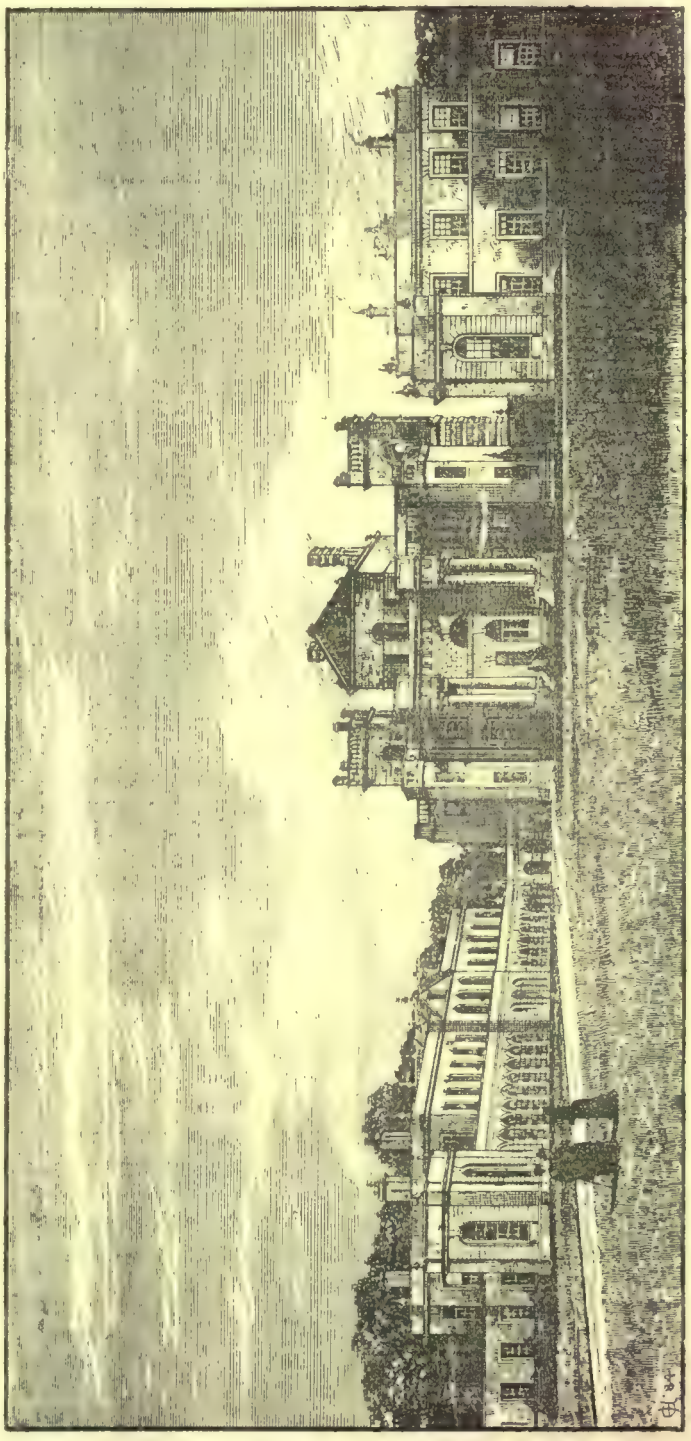
The Prince of Wales and other members of the royal family occupied the stage box on this occasion; and the presence of blue ribands, in place of livery tags, in the footman's gallery, was owing to the circumstance that enough tickets were issued to completely fill the house, but without indicating to what part of it the bearers would be admitted. The first who arrived took the best places; and tardy peers, knights of the garter, their wives and ladies, were content to occupy the gallery for once, rather than have no places at all. Ten guineas were offered and refused for a ticket. Such an audience was never seen in Drury Lane before, and has never been seen there since. Foote was intended for one of the party; but, either from accident or design, he did not attend till the play was finished; and then he entered the great green-room as the company were all taking refreshments. "O Foote! where have you been? What have you lost? Such a play you'll never have another opportunity of seeing!" was the general buzz from one end of the room to the other. To this the wit bowed contrition, disappointment, and so forth; after which, slyly approaching the place where Garrick sat, he asked him in a whisper, loud enough to be heard by the whole company, what he *seriously* thought of it. "Think of it!" said Garrick, equally wishing to be heard, "why, that I never *suffered* so much in my whole life?" "What, *for the author?* I thought so," retorted Foote. "Alas, poor Shakspeare!"

Some time afterwards, another scheme for a play was got up, and in this acted no less a personage than his Royal Highness Edward Augustus, afterwards created Duke of York and Albany, who was in love with Lady Stanhope, one of Sir Francis's sisters. The play was the "Fair Penitent," and the actors and actresses were Sir Francis, as Horatio; Mr. (afterwards Lord) Delaval, as Sciolto; Sir J. Wrottesley, as Altamont; Prince Edward, as Lothair; Lady Stanhope, as Calista; and Lady Mexborough, as Lavinia. After the play, which was performed in a theatre in Westminster, the party adjourned to the King's Arms, Covent Garden. Here the company, says Edgeworth, were still in fact performing amusing parts, though they were off the stage; and amongst them in great glory was Macklin, who, throwing off his wig, called for a night cap, which was his sign that he meant to be very interesting. Edgeworth and Sir Francis carried on, by concerted signs, one of their juggling schemes, by which they defeated Macklin, who had declared that no man alive could make the slightest difference apparent to an audience between the three words in italics in this sentence—"*Pare* me a *pair* of *pears*."

The versatile baronet next appeared upon a different stage, having entered as a volunteer on board the fleet under Commodore Howe, destined to make a descent in the bay of Cherbourg, on the French coast, in the year 1758. Prince Edward volunteered on the same occasion, in order to learn the rudiments of the sea-service. After a tedious passage from Calais with contrary winds, a landing was effected without opposition, Cherbourg was occupied, the harbour and basin and all the forts in the neighbourhood were destroyed, and a contribution of three thousand pounds was levied on the inhabitants, who had no other alternative but to pay it. Another descent was then made at St. Cas, on the coast of Brittany, a few miles west of St. Malo, and here a sanguinary engagement took place, in which the British were routed and driven on board their ships, with the loss of a thousand chosen men killed and

wounded and taken prisoners, but not before they had performed prodigies of valour against overwhelming odds. In this battle, which was not a great one only because the numbers engaged in it were but small, Sir Francis displayed the most romantic bravery; but he came out of it unhurt, although he had been in the thickest of the fight. The shore was covered with dead bodies. When our hero returned home, which was in 1761, he was created a Knight of the Bath.

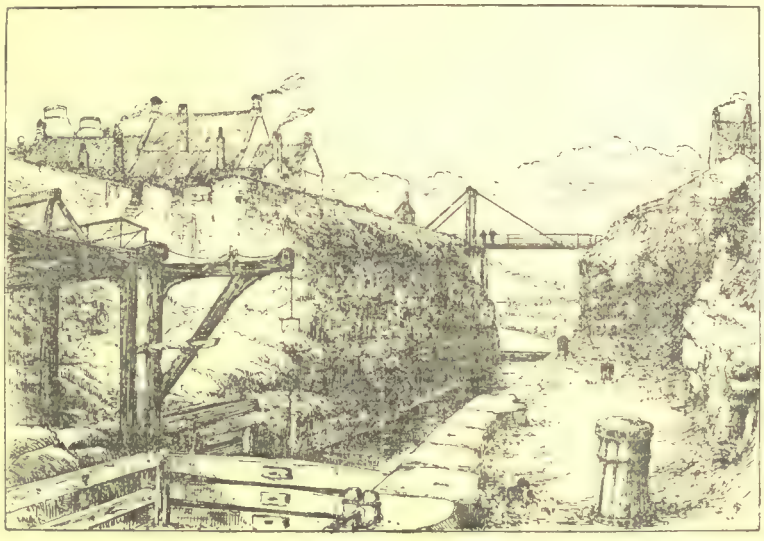
Having determined to go into Parliament, he went down to Andover, which then sent two members to the House. A perfect stranger to the place, he obtained his election by a singular manœuvre. On the nomination day, he discharged from a culverin five hundred guineas over the heads of the multitude assembled round the hustings, which soon determined the choice of the free and independent voters. After this, he became a patriot, and a member of the Society of the Bill of Rights, along with John Wilkes and others. This seems to have raised doubts in the minds of the Andoverians as to his eligibility to sit as their representative any longer. At any rate, Mr. Edgeworth tells us that an opposition was got up (we believe at the general election in 1768), and the members of the Corporation, which was understood to sway the constituency, were so closely divided between the "Liberty Men" and the "No Blasphemers," that it was a nicely drawn battle between Sir Francis and his competitor. One sturdy fellow held out against all applications. He declared that he would vote for neither of the contending candidates. Sir Francis paid him a visit, and with much address endeavoured to discover some means of softening him. He knew that the man was unassailable by plain bribery; he therefore tried to tempt his



DELAVAL HALL, NORTHUMBERLAND.

ambition, his love of pleasure, his curiosity, in short every passion that he thought could actuate this obstinate common councilman. He found that all the public spectacles of London were familiar to the man, who had often gone to town on purpose to see them. This seemed, indeed, to have been his favourite relaxation. Sir Francis at last discovered that he had never seen a fire-eater, and that he did not believe the wonderful stories he had heard of fire-eaters; nor could it, he said, be imagined that any man could vomit smoke, flame, and fire out of his mouth like a volcano. Sir Francis proposed to carry him immediately to town, and to show him the most accomplished eater of fire that had ever appeared. But as the wary burgess of Andover could by no means be prevailed on to go up to town, Sir Francis instantly despatched a trusty servant to London, to request Angelo, then in the height of his fame, to come to his assistance. Among his various accomplishments, Angelo possessed the art of fire-eating in the utmost perfection. A few hours after he received the request, he thundered into Andover in a chaise and four, express, to eat fire for Sir Francis Delaval's friend. When the obdurate voter saw this gentleman come down, and with such expedition, on purpose to entertain him, he began to yield. But when Angelo filled his mouth with torrents of flame that burst from his lips and nostrils, and seemed to issue even from his eyes—when these flames changed to various colours, and seemed continually to increase in violence and intensity — our voter was quite melted. He implored Angelo to run no further hazard. He confessed that he "did not think the devil himself could cast out such torrents of fire and flame, and that he believed Sir Francis had his Satanic Majesty for his friend, otherwise he never could have prevailed upon him to break the vow which he had made not to vote for him."

For this time Sir Francis succeeded in his election, but on the next occasion he found his interest still lower than before in Andover. When he commenced his canvass, he went to the house of the Mayor, who had hitherto been his friend, and with whom he usually lodged. The Mayor's lady had also been on his side formerly, but Sir Francis now perceived by her averted glances that he had lost her favour. As he paid her some compliments while she made tea, the lady scornfully replied that "his compliments to her were no more genuine than his tea canisters." Now, it seems that on the former occasion a promise had been made to her of a handsome tea chest, with silver canisters, in place of which she had received only plated canisters. Sir Francis was struck dumb by this discovery. When he recovered himself, he protested in the most energetic manner that a trick had been put upon him as well as upon her by the person whom he had employed to buy the tea chest. He offered to produce his order to his agent; he pleaded his own character as a gentleman, and his known habits, not only of generosity, but of profusion. All would not do; the enraged Mayoress treated his apologies with disdain, and his professions as counterfeit coin. What was to be done?



SEATON SLUICE

With the Mayor's vote he lost other votes. The Corporation openly declared that unless some person of wealth, and consequence, and honour appeared from London, and proposed himself as a candidate, they would elect a gentleman in the neighbourhood who had never canvassed the borough. Next morning an express arrived early in Andover, with an eloquent and truly polite letter from Sir Robert Ladbroke, Knight, alderman of Bridgewater Without, and Father of the City of London, declaring his intention to stand candidate for the free and independent borough of Andover, intimating that his gouty state of health required care, and begging the Mayor, with whom he had some acquaintance, to secure for him a well-aired lodging.

Mrs. Mayoress, in high exultation, had a bed prepared for the infirm Sir Robert in her best bedchamber; supper was ready at an early hour; but no Sir Robert appeared. At length a courier arrived with a letter excusing his presence that night, but promising that Sir Robert would breakfast next morning with the Mayor. In the meantime, the neigbouring gentleman who had been thought of as a rival candidate to Sir Francis, not finding himself applied to, and seeing no likelihood of success, had prudently left home to avoid being laughed at. The morning came, the breakfast passed, and the hour of election approached. An express was sent to hurry Sir Robert. The express was detained on the road. And when the writ was to be read, and the books opened, the old member, Sir Francis Delaval, appeared unopposed on the hustings; his few friends did not even need to go to the poll; and in default of the expected millionaire from the City, who, for the best of reasons, never made his appearance, Sir Francis Blake Delaval was duly elected.

But with this unscrupulous trick the honourable baronet's electioneering success at Andover ended. His attorney's bill for these elections was enormous, and was brought before the King's Bench. One item stood thus:—"To being thrown out of the window of the George Inn, Andover—to my leg being thereby broken—to surgeon's bill, and loss of time and business,—all in the service of Sir Francis Delaval, £500." It appeared, when this curious item came to be explained, that the attorney had been attempting to imitate the jokes of his patron, but in a very clumsy fashion. He had sent cards of invitation, in the name of the Mayor and Corporation, to the officers of a regiment in the town, to dine and drink his Majesty's health on his birthday, and similar cards from the officers to the Mayor and Corporation. The two parties met, dined, and enjoyed themselves. When each began to thank the other for the hospitable entertainment, the trick came out; and the unlucky attorney, who had the folly to be present, was hoisted through the window by the enraged company!

The result of the extraordinary freaks we have detailed was that Sir Francis Blake Delaval quite dissipated his fortune, which, upon the death of his father, was about £9,000 a year; and he was obliged, as already stated, to enter into an arrangement with his brother, Sir John, afterwards Lord Delaval, who allowed him £4,000 a year. But his end was near. One morning he was found dead in bed. The *Annual Register* for 1771 thus records the fact:—

Aug. 7.—Yesterday, the Hon. Sir Francis Blake Delaval, K.B., in the 48th year of his age. He dined the day before with his brother, Mr. Thomas, at Clapham, whence returning in perfect health he went to Dover Street to pay a visit to his sister, the Countess of Mexborough, was observed to be as well as ever, only towards bedtime complained of a small giddiness in his head, which he expected soon to go off. In this persuasion he composed himself to rest, but, after a few groans, expired as represented.

Nineteen years after Sir Francis's demise, the play of the "Fair Penitent" was enacted at Seaton Delaval, in an elegant theatre which had been fitted up in the house. This was on the 29th December, 1790. An after-piece, entitled, "You May Like or Let it Alone," had been composed for the occasion. This piece consisted of a number of songs, selected from other pieces, and introduced in an original plot. The performers were Lord Delaval, Lord Tyrconnel, his brother-in-law, Mr. Spearman, Mr. Williams, Mr. Francis Foster, Lady Tyrconnel, Mrs. Abbs, Miss Daniel, Miss A. Daniel, Miss Ferry, and Master Taylor. An epilogue, written and spoken by the lord of the mansion, is said by Sykes to have contained much humour and good point. The tragedy was "performed in a manner that would have done credit to a regular theatre," at least so it is set down in the "Local Records."

Strange tales used to be told by the old people of the neighbourhood of the mode of life of the Delavals in these extravagant days. All the members of the family, male and female, were models of grace and beauty, the men perfect Adonises, the women worthy to contest the palm with the Cyprian goddess herself. They lived for luxurious enjoyment, love, and gallantry, the gayest of the gay, the wildest of the wild. Lord Delaval entertained an almost perpetual crowd of company at Delaval Hall. The frequent fêtes and masquerades that were given converted the house and gardens into a perfect fairyland, with throngs of gay and lively creatures frolicking and flirting about, as in the fabled isle of Calypso. The most extraordinary pranks used also to be played, to the amusement of all but the actual sufferers. The house was fitted up with strange contrivances for performing practical jokes. Beds were suspended, for instance, by pulleys over trap-doors, so that when the guests had retired after a carouse, and were just dropping asleep, they were rapidly let down into a cold bath! Another contrivance was that of partitions between sleeping rooms, which could be suddenly hoisted up into the ceiling, so that when ladies and gentlemen were retiring to rest, and had doffed all their finery, and were in various stages of undress, they were astonished to see the walls of the rooms disappear in a moment, as if by enchantment, the guests finding themselves (as William Howitt remarks) in a miscellaneous assembly of both sexes in the oddest and most embarrassing plight imaginable.

One of the scandalous tales yet current is that Lady Tyrconnel, Lord Delaval's sixth daughter, *née* Sarah Hussey Delaval, "a lovely woman to look at," with hair of such luxuriance that when she rode it floated on the saddle, used to strip to her nether garment, like Nanny and her sisterhood in "Tam o' Shanter," and dance with the officers from Tynemouth Barracks. Her

husband, George Carpenter, second Earl of Tryconnel, took her as his second wife (3rd July, 1780), and had issue by her two sons and one daughter, Lady Susan Hussey Carpenter, who, marrying Henry, second Marquis of Waterford, in 1805, became the mother of the third marquis, of royster-doyster memory, who inherited from the Delavals not only Ford Castle, on the Northumbrian river Till, but no doubt also his strong penchant for practical jokes. The Earl of Tyrconnel was a dissipated man, and kept several mistresses; but her ladyship, on the other hand, to be upsides with him, was said to have stooped to be the mistress of Prince Frederick, Duke of York and Bishop of Osnaburg, the brother of George IV. Still, if we may believe the statement of one old woman who was conversant with all her mad ongoings, Lady Tyrconnel was only "a foolish hoyden." There is a portrait of her ladyship at Ford Castle; and an arch and most lovely creature, says William Howitt, she must have been. Lady Tyrconnel, the last survivor, we believe, of Lord Delavel's lovely daughters, died at Seaton Delaval on the 7th of October, 1800, after an illness of many months. She had left her husband, or been separated from him, for some time; but it is not true that she was ever divorced. It was the earl's first wife, Lady Frances, daughter of the Marquis of Granby, from whom his lordship procured a divorce, by Act of Parliament, in 1777. Lady Tyrconnel's two sons, George and John, succeeded to the earldom one after the other, and, both dying without issue, the title became extinct. The elder of the brothers was an officer in the Russian service, and lost his life from excessive fatigue, at Wilna, in Lithuania, where a monument was erected to his memory by the Russian commander, Prince Kutusoff Smolenski.

Delaval Hall was partly destroyed by fire in January, 1822. Folks in the neighbourhood did not hesitate to ascribe the disaster to Sir Jacob Astley himself, who, as we have seen, inherited the estate in right of his grandmother, Rhoda, the first and last Lord Delaval's sister. The story went that he did not want to live in it, and therefore caused the building to be burnt in order not to be taxed for it.

The harbour of Seaton Sluice, constructed at great expense by Sir Ralph Delaval in the reign of Charles II., was greatly improved by Lord Delaval, who cut a passage through the solid rock 900 feet long, 54 feet deep, and 30 feet wide. But the place has long since fallen into decay. It is generally thought that Sir Walter Scott borrowed his description of the little port of Ellangowan, in "Guy Mannering," from the real port of Seaton, more especially as to the hardness of the rock out of which the canal or sluice was cut. Sir Walter also alludes to the Hall in "Marmion," in the lines—

> I marked amidst the trees the Hall
> Of lofty Seaton Delaval,

although the Hall had not at the supposed date of "Marmion" replaced the ancient castle.

Our view of Delaval Hall is taken from a photograph, while the sketches of Seaton Sluice and of the Chapel of Our Lady have been kindly lent to us by the Society of Antiquaries.

The Dicky Bird Society.

By Uncle Toby.

THE history of the Dicky Bird Society is the history of a wonderful success. It is the history of a movement which was certainly initiated by Uncle Toby, but which has from the very first been carried on almost solely and wholly by the boys and girls who have gathered themselves around him. It is, in fact, the history of as genuine and as wholesome a society as was ever suggested or brought into existence. It is this history, then, that Uncle Toby is about to relate.

THE BEGINNING.

The 7th of October, 1876, ought to be, and, indeed, will be, a memorable date in the annals of humane teaching in the North of England. It was on this date that the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* opened its columns to Uncle Toby—the very same Uncle Toby who has ever since, week by week, tried to instil into the minds of the young people who have read his contributions the duty of kindness to all living things. The first number of the Children's Corner explained a good many things—who Uncle Toby was, how he proposed to do his work, what help he expected from the little folks, how he had made the acquaintance of Father Chirpie, what a cowardly thing cruelty is, how much misery is inflicted on the feathered tribe by the robbing of nests, and how delightful it would be if children would pledge themselves to treat birds and animals with tenderness and affection. All these and a good many other things besides were explained in the first column Uncle Toby wrote for the *Weekly Chronicle*.

WHO IS UNCLE TOBY?

As a matter of course, Uncle Toby introduced himself to the children by explaining who he was. Years and years before he had ever thought of making for himself a household name among the boys and girls in all parts of the world, he had read a book called "Tristram Shandy." This book was written, as thousands of the children whom he has addressed have since learnt, by a celebrated author of the name of Laurence Sterne. An important character in "Tristram Shandy" is "My Uncle Toby." One story therein related of "My Uncle Toby" is so touching, so full

of tenderness, and so delightful and impressive in all that it implies, that the memory of it has never faded, and is never likely to fade, from his recollection. It was a story that showed more clearly than anything he had ever read before, or has ever read since, how tenderly and lovingly it is possible to treat even the creatures which sometimes torment and annoy us. "My Uncle Toby" is represented to have been sitting at dinner one hot summer's day when a big blue-bottle fly came buzzing around him. The fly made him so uncomfortable, caused him so much annoyance, and vexed him to such a degree, that he, "after infinite attempts," caught it at last as it flew by him. Did he crush it in his anger? No, he was too humane for that. It occurred to him that it was not the fly

that was at fault, but the place it occupied in relation to himself. What, then, did "My Uncle Toby" do? Instead of killing his tormentor, he carried it to the window, lifted the sash, and drove the fly from the room, saying, as it passed out into the sunshine: "Go, poor fly; get thee gone! Why should I hurt thee? This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me." It was My Uncle Toby's action, so considerate and so inspiring, so completely in harmony with the everlasting doctrine of kindness, that led the editor of the Children's Corner, when he commenced his weekly contributions on the 7th of October, 1876, to adopt the name which has year by year ever since become more and more famous among the young. Thus it came to pass, too, that Uncle Toby is represented, in the picture which has for so long a time stood at the head of the Children's Corner, in the garb and habit of the last century—the garb and habit of Tristram Shandy's dear old relative. The original Uncle Toby wore a cocked hat, knee breeches, and a wide-skirted coat; moreover, he was accustomed to smoke a long pipe. And so it is that the Uncle Toby of our own day is pictured in the dress of the period when Laurence Sterne wrote his history of Tristram Shandy, wearing his cocked hat, smoking his long pipe, and listening to the lively prattle of the children who hang about his knees.

THE NAME OF THE SOCIETY.

Uncle Toby intimated in the first number of the Children's Corner that he had a plan to propose to all his little friends. It came about, he said, in this way:—A wise old bird, once upon a time, used to come and explain all his troubles to him. This wise old bird was none other than Father Chirpie. "There were two things," Father Chirpie said, "that made his life very unhappy. First of all, in the snowy winter time, he could not get enough to eat; then, in the spring time, when he and his little wife had built a small house for their small bird babies, some cruel boys would sometimes come and steal it away." Father Chirpie's complaints so affected his friend that he made up his mind, as sure as his name was Uncle Toby, that he would some day form a society of little people who would help to feed the birds in winter time, and also promise not to take their nests in the spring. Uncle Toby added that he would in the following week tell everybody what the name of this society should be, how it should be managed, and what should be the rules and regulations for keeping it in order. Meantime, he asked the children to write to him, to tell him what they thought of his plan, and to draw on the left hand corner of their envelopes the picture of a bird. There was no need for Uncle Toby to invent a name for the society; the children themselves invented it for him. It was they who gave it the name it has ever since borne, and ever will bear—that of the Dicky Bird Society. And it was they who soon after abbreviated it into the well-known D.B.S.

AN AMUSING EPISODE.

One of the funniest letters printed in the Children's Corner in the early days of the Dicky Bird Society was from a Newcastle lad, who was so earnest in protecting the birds that he and his brother actually thrashed another lad whom they saw cruelly torturing a sparrow. Here is the letter:—

Newcastle, December 19, 1876.

Dear Uncle Toby,—My brother and myself have made up our minds to protect all the little birds. We started on Saturday, when the punching my brother Charley gave Tommy Smith, who lives in our street, was awful. The cruel boy had a sparrow tied by the leg to a

bit of string, which was hung over a lamp-post, and was dangling the poor bird before his dog and frightening it nearly to death. I chased the dog with my mother's clothes prop, while my brother settled Tommy Smith, and has promised to give him more unless he joins your Dicky Bird Society.—Yours truly,

WILLIAM JOSEPH TAIT.

Uncle Toby, very naturally and properly, while commending the good intentions of his young friend, delivered a homily on the new system of propagandism, adding advice which all the readers of the Corner were asked to take to heart. The homily was so effective that the enthusiastic young gentleman who had blacked his neighbour's eyes in the cause of mercy wrote to say that he intended to follow Uncle Toby's counsel. Perhaps more interesting even than this statement were others to the effect that Tommy and William Joseph had become "first-class friends"; that Tommy was now "dead nuts on anybody who tortures our dicky birds"; and that both were resolved to keep "a sharp look-out on the lads in our street." A week or two later Tommy Smith, having become a member of the society, wrote a long letter to the Corner himself—a letter in which he declaimed with great indignation against the pigeon shooting he had seen on the Town Moor. This curious and interesting episode, however, did not end here; for the lads who had come into conflict about the ill-treatment of a bird undertook a mission of kindness on their own account. "Tommy Smith," his friend wrote on the 10th of March, 1877, "is going on the war-path as soon as his toothache is better. He has heard tell of a boy at Benwell who traps sparrows, and, after ploating their heads, ties a piece of flannel round their necks and sets them off." The enterprise, however, to which Tommy Smith devoted himself, as soon as he had recovered from the toothache, ended in a sad catastrophe. William Joseph, writing on the 31st of March, thus described what had happened to him:—

Poor Tommy Smith has finished his crusade; but as he has not succeeded he is afraid to let you know about it, so I will do so for him. Tommy, after coming out of school, hurried home and gobbled up his tea, and then marched off to New Benwell. He there soon found the lads he was seeking, and pulling out a piece of paper and a pencil asked them all to sign it; but they would not, and pelted poor Tommy with clay. But Tommy would not give in, and followed them to a pond and saw them all upon rafts. Tommy sat down upon the edge of the pond, and was thinking how to get them to sign the paper, when one of the boys had got slyly off the raft and went behind poor Tommy and shoved him in. Poor Tommy was all over yellow clay, and you would not have known him from the Yellow Dwarf in the pantomime. After that, Tommy thought it best to come away, but is determined to go again. His toothache is worse; the ducking he got at Benwell did him a lot of harm.

Notwithstanding the unfortunate result of Tommy's missionary efforts at New Benwell, no two members did more in the early days of the movement to make the Dicky Bird Society popular in the West End of Newcastle than Tommy Smith and William Joseph Tait.

EARLY MEMBERS OF THE D.B.S.

As we have just seen, Uncle Toby, in the very first column he ever wrote for the *Weekly Chronicle*, declared his intention to form a society of little people, all of whom would pledge themselves to feed and protect the birds, besides behaving with kindness to all living things. The following week he announced that he had opened a Big Book, in which he intended to keep the names of all the members of the new society. Very soon the names of young people began to reach him in great and increasing numbers. With Father Chirpie's help, these names were duly entered in the Big Book. The first list of entries in the Big Book was published on the 21st of October, 1876; the second a fortnight later. Then the lists were published regularly, and new lists have been printed every week since. After the lapse of so many years, it may interest old and new members alike to read the earlier names inscribed in the Big Book. Here, then, are the first twenty-five:—

1. Kate Dodd, Newcastle.
2. Edward C. Scott, Barnsley.
3. William Alexander Birkbeck, Middlesbrough.
4. Ernest W. Adams, Newcastle.
5. Isabella McLea, South Shields.
6. Maggie McLea, South Shields.
7. Minnie Scott, Barnsley.
8. Lucy Ironsides, Lamesley.
9. Albert Ernest Hillary, Tow Law.
10. Eveleen Mary Soppet, Newcastle.
11. Alice Hanning, Newcastle.
12. Fred Hanning, Newcastle.
13. Tom Hanning, Newcastle.
14. James Moore, Newcastle.
15. George Joy Cogan, Hartlepool.
16. Elizabeth Ann Robson, Toronto, Durham.
17. Cora Eveleen West, Ferryhill.
18. Lilian Richardson, Newcastle.
19. Amy Richardson, Newcastle.
20. J. T. Fenwick, Newcastle.
21. Esther Louisa Mornington, Stokesley.
22. Edith E. Palphramond, Bishop Auckland.
23. W. H. Henzell, Heaton.
24. David Ainsley, Chester-le-Street.
25. Mary Birkbeck, Middlesbrough.

Then came the names of thirty-nine school children at St. Ives, Cornwall, which Miss Jane Dinning, the kindly teacher of the school in that town, had collected for Uncle Toby. After these thirty-nine names from Cornwall came the following, which made up the first hundred members who joined the D.B.S.:—

65. Marion Henzell, Heaton.
66. Leila Henzell, Heaton.
67. Elizabeth J. Nicholson, Gateshead.
68. H. G. Nicholson, Gateshead.
69. Fred. Nicholson, Gateshead.
70. Leila Allhusen, Newcastle.
71. Frank Allhusen, Newcastle.
72. F. W. Whitworth, Sunderland.
73. Meggy Patterson, Ryton.
74. Mary Patterson, Ryton.
75. David Mackie, Newcastle.
76. T. Henry Fawcett, Glasgow.
77. A. E. Fawcett, Glasgow.
78. Rosa E. Fawcett, Glasgow.
79. William B. Towers, Newcastle.
80. Isaac S. Towers, Newcastle.

81. Emma Towers, Newcastle.
82. Susan Tindale, Hartlepool.
83. Martin B. Tindale, Hartlepool.
84. Patty Larbottom, Bradford.
85. E. Lee Simpson, Newcastle.
86. Edward Mackie, Newcastle.
87. J. Smith, Newcastle.
88. Ada Eveline Adams, Newcastle.
89. Agnes A. King, North Shields.
90. R. M. Sims, Newcastle.
91. R. H. Watson, Barrington Colliery.
92. Kate Darkin, West Hartlepool.
93. Ada Mary Brough, Newcastle.
94. James Maitland, Newcastle.
95. Harry Harnett, Houghton-le-Spring.
96. Sidney Allen.
97. Ada E. Hawthornthwaite, Newcastle.
98. John Best, Newcastle.
99. Mary Ann Muse, Spalding.
100. Willie Stafford, Newcastle.

THE GROWTH OF THE SOCIETY.

The hopes of Uncle Toby, when he first began the Dicky Bird Society, were of a moderate character indeed. Neither he nor anybody else connected with the movement could foresee the magnificent dimensions to which it would extend. "We have now," he wrote on January 20, 1877, "nearly four hundred members; that is, there are four hundred little hearts and eight hundred little hands determined to be kind to the birds." And then he went on to speculate as to the number of birds these four hundred members could feed. "But, though we are getting on so well," he continued, "we must not grow tired of doing well. Uncle Toby has set his whole heart and whole mind on having 5,000 members in the society. And when we grow up to this, and, supposing each member only feeds with crumbs ten birds, we shall have 50,000 pensioners." These modest expectations of the founder of the Dicky Bird Society were not long in being realised. A thousand members had been enrolled on March 10, 1877; five thousand on May 19, 1877; ten thousand on July 14, 1877; twenty thousand on February 7, 1878; thirty thousand on March 1, 1879; forty thousand on February 7, 1880; fifty thousand on April 2, 1881; sixty thousand on May 27, 1882; seventy thousand on August 18, 1883; eighty thousand on July 12, 1884; ninety thousand on October 10, 1885; and one hundred thousand on July 24, 1886. Since that time the numbers have increased at a still more rapid rate, so that now (December, 1887) there have been enrolled considerably more than 130,000 members of the D.B.S.

A GREAT DEMONSTRATION.

When one hundred thousand members had been enrolled, Uncle Toby considered that it would be appropriate to hold a great gathering and entertainment in celebration of the event. The day fixed was the 26th of July, 1886. Major Blenkinsopp Coulson kindly undertook to marshal the procession. Assembling in the Town Hall, the children marched in order to the Tyne Theatre. Unfortunately the rain poured down all day, so that this part of the demonstration was shorn of much of its effect. The Mayor of Newcastle (Sir B. C. Browne) took the chair in the theatre, while the Vicar of Newcastle (the Rev. Canon Lloyd), the Sheriff of Newcastle (Mr. Thomas Bell), Mr. W. D. Stephens, and other gentlemen took part in the proceedings. The late Mr. R. W. Younge had organised a series of special performances, which were received with great delight. Songs composed for the occasion were sung at intervals by the children themselves. Such was the success of the gathering that not only was the theatre crowded to its utmost capacity (admission being by ticket, issued to members beforehand), but large numbers were unable to find accommodation. Hence it was there and then resolved to repeat the entertainment three days later. Again was the theatre crowded from floor to ceiling. The number present at the two entertainments amounted to about 8,000. And the arrangements were so excellent that this vast assembly of little folks, coming from all parts of the North of England, was gathered and dispersed without a single accident of any kind.

EXTENT OF THE SOCIETY.

Although the Dicky Bird Society was initiated in the North of England, it very soon extended to all parts of the civilized world. The name of Uncle Toby, as the founder and president of a great organization of children intended to promote the principles of kindness and humanity, is almost as well known in Cumberland, Lancashire, Cheshire, and Yorkshire, as it is in Northumberland and Durham. Nor is that name much less familiar in the British colonies. Even in foreign countries, and among children who do not speak our language, it is not by any means unknown. It is, in fact, a name that has become a synonym for tenderness. The first branch of the Dicky Bird Society established outside of the British Isles was commenced in Norway on the 3rd of February, 1877. A few weeks afterwards, a branch was established in Victoria, Australia. Then the cause was taken up in Nova Scotia, in New Zealand, in Tasmania, in South Africa, and in other of our distant colonies. Besides all these widespread localities, as the pages of the Big Book show, the D.B.S. can boast of members in France, Germany, Italy, Sweden, Gibraltar, Constantinople, Hong Kong, Ceylon, South America, various parts of the Indian Empire, and almost all parts of Canada and the United States. Indeed, it may be said that there is scarcely a district in any quarter of the globe in which English people have settled that does not contain members of the Dicky Bird Society.

THE PLEDGE OF THE SOCIETY.

When the Dicky Bird Society was first commenced, Uncle Toby drew up two pledges—one for girls, and another for boys. While the girls promised to be kind to all little birds, to feed them with crumbs, and to teach all their friends to be kind to birds too, the boys promised, in addition, never to take a nest or kill or hurt the young ones. Both boys and girls pledged themselves further to try and get all their

companions to join the society. Slight alterations were subsequently made in both the pledge of the society and the general rule relating to the members, until at last all were required to make and sign the following declaration :—

I hereby promise to be kind to all living things, to protect them to the utmost of my power, to feed the birds in the winter time, and never to take or destroy a nest. I also promise to get as many boys and girls as possible to join the Dicky Bird Society.

With the view of making the organization as simple as possible, so that the youngest child might be able to understand what to do and how to do it, Uncle Toby framed a general rule, which rule reads now, and has done for some years past, as follows :—

Every boy or girl is admitted a member on taking the above pledge. Each new member must sign his or her name on the list sent to Uncle Toby. The lists must be accompanied by a letter attesting the genuineness of the signatures signed by officers or other members of the society, by the teachers of the school which the proposed members attend, or by the parents or relatives of the boys and girls who wish to join our society. In case the new member cannot write, his or her mark must be witnessed in the same way as the signature. The names, when thus guaranteed, will be entered in the Big Book, and printed in the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. All letters, which should be addressed to "Uncle Toby, *Weekly Chronicle*, Newcastle-on-Tyne," must be written on one side of the paper only. Every envelope should bear outside it, at the top left hand corner, a drawing or picture of a bird.

CHILDREN'S DRAWINGS.

Complying with the last injunction in the general rule of the society, the children have every week sent Uncle Toby elaborately ornamented envelopes, &c., one specimen which is here reproduced.

THE BADGE OF THE SOCIETY.

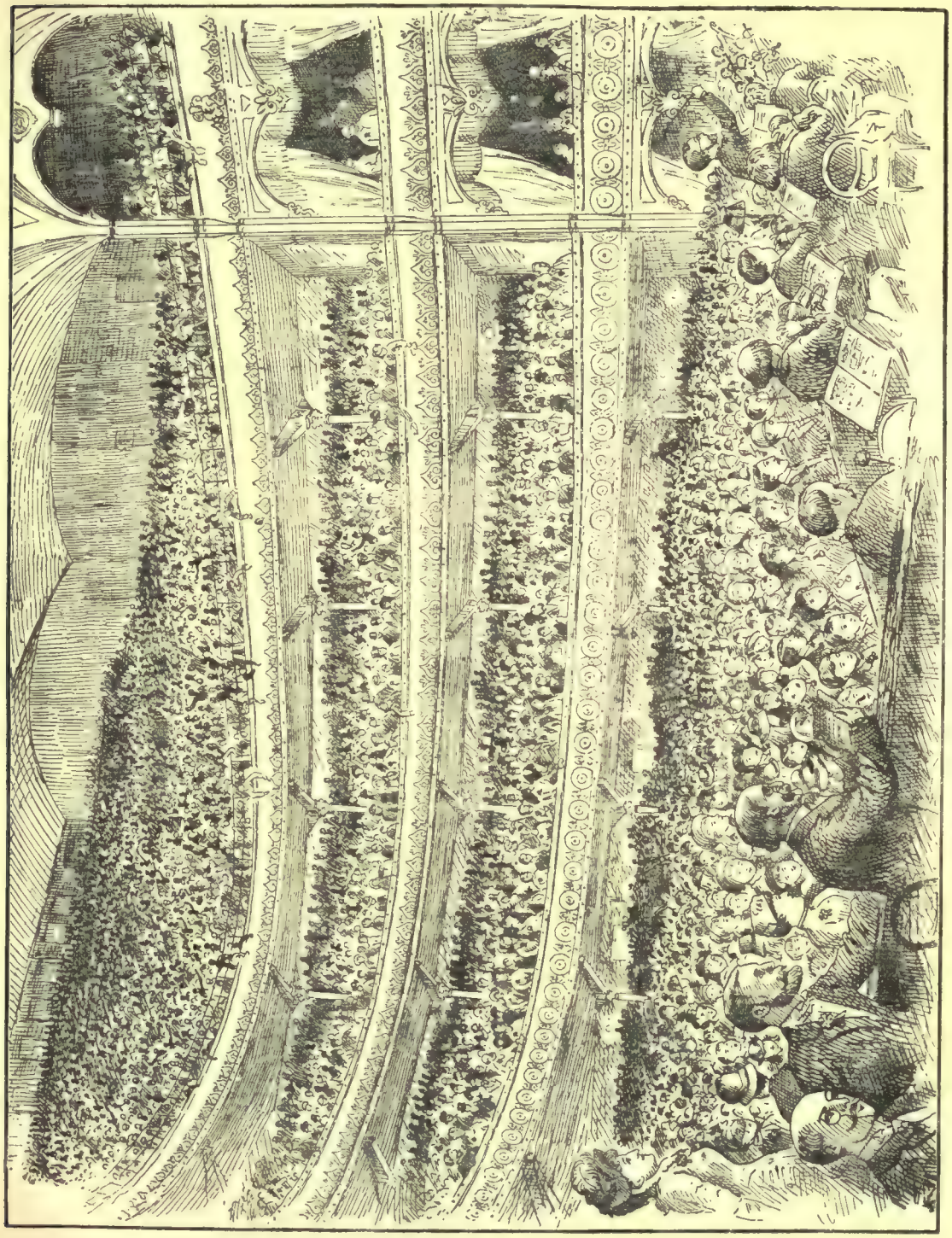
The D.B.S. had not been long in existence before the little folks began to inquire what they should wear in order to distinguish themselves. To meet what appeared to be the general wish of the members, Uncle Toby explained a few weeks after he had commenced operations that the badge of the society would be a yellow ribbon or rosette, worn by boys and girls alike. This badge has never been altered. Members of the Dicky Bird Society who wish to show that they are pledged to feed and protect the birds, and to be kind, besides, to all living things, wear in their button holes or attached to their dresses bits of yellow ribbon or rosettes made of the same colour and material.

CAPTAINS AND COMPANIONS.

It occurred to Uncle Toby, before the movement was many months old, that it would be desirable to distinguish in some appropriate manner those members of the Dicky Bird Society who had exerted themselves to promote its interests. A system of appointments was therefore devised which would advance the welfare of the society, and at the same time please the little folks themselves. Uncle Toby announced in the spring of 1877 that he proposed to confer on active and diligent members the rank and title of captain or companion—boys to be captains and girls companions—of the Dicky Bird Society. These dignities were intended to be both a reward for past services and an incitement to future exertions. The children who received them were expected to watch over the interests of the society in their respective districts, to see that the members kept faithfully to their

UNCLE TOBY'S PROCESSION, 1886, PASSING ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

From Photo by F. M. Laws.



UNCLE TOBY'S ENTERTAINMENT, 1886, TYNE THEATRE, NEWCASTLE.

pledges, to recruit the ranks of the society, and generally to become among the boys and girls of the neighbourhood veritable missionaries of kindness. The institution thus devised has realised all the advantages that were expected from it. Uncle Toby knows for a fact that children in certain districts where our officers are most active hesitate to commit cruelties to which they would otherwise be prone, lest our captains and companions should get to learn about them. The appointments to the high and important dignities mentioned have never been made without careful consideration: and after the children have been duly nominated by their friends and acquaintances in our ranks, Uncle Toby has taken special care to ascertain that the nominated members are worthy of the distinctions proposed. When he has satisfied himself on this subject, the appointments are formally announced in the Children's Corner. It goes without saying that the honour of holding office in the Dicky Bird Society is highly appreciated by those who acquire it, especially as it carries with it the privilege of adding the letters C.D.B.S. to the communications they forward to the Corner.

UNCLE TOBY'S POPULARITY.

The popularity of Uncle Toby has been attested in hundreds of ways during the years that the D.B.S. has been in existence. Songs in his praise began to be written and sung within a few months of the announcement of his enterprise. Since that time waltzes and galops have been dedicated to him; poems have been composed in his honour; and handsome coloured almanacs have shown him at large in the habit as he lived. Moreover, tradesmen and others have manufactured Uncle Toby Tobacco, Uncle Toby Albums, Uncle Toby Glasses, Uncle Toby Sweets, Uncle Toby Cakes, Uncle Toby Medals, Uncle Toby Brooches, Uncle Toby Suits, and Uncle Toby Antimacassars. All these evidences of the honour and estimation in which Uncle Toby and his movement are held, while gratifying to himself personally, are all the more gratifying as testimonies of the power and influence the Dicky Bird Society has acquired.

IMITATORS OF THE D.B.S.

The great and surprising success of the movement has naturally led other humane people to follow Uncle Toby's example. It has thus come to pass that Bands of Mercy, Bands of Kindness, and societies with similar names and objects, have been commenced in connection with large numbers of newspapers in various parts of the kingdom and of the world. The honour, however, of beginning this beneficent enterprise belongs to Uncle Toby. Although he claims that honour, he is none the less gratified to learn that others have followed in his footsteps—an Aunt Maggie here, an Uncle Robert there, and a Cousin Peter elsewhere. But the imitation of Uncle Toby was in one instance so palpably unfair that he found it necessary, on his own account and on behalf of the thousands of children who had associated themselves with him, to enter a protest. A newspaper in Cheshire not only adopted our methods of organization, but actually appropriated the design which has for so many years ornamented the head of the Children's Corner. It is only fair to add, however, that the misappropriation was withdrawn, with sufficient apologies, when Uncle Toby pointed out the evident wrong that had been done to him and to the society.

A GREAT HONOUR.

A great and special honour befell Uncle Toby and the Dicky Bird Society in the August of 1879. Uncle Toby on the 29th of that month explained what it was.

"You know," he said, "that there is in London a distinguished association called the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. I say you know this, because I have told you something about the society before. It is composed of many hundreds of kind and humane people in all parts of the country. You would be amazed if I were to give you the names of the lords and ladies who belong to it. But when I say that it is called Royal because Queen Victoria is the patron of the society, you will quite understand what a splendid society it is. The object of all these ladies and gentlemen in uniting together is precisely the object which the members of the Dicky Bird Society have in view—only, of course, they do their work on a grander scale than we can do ours. They seek, as we of the D.B.S. do, to promote kindness to all living creatures. But they do more, for they try to prevent cruel men from ill-using poor dumb animals. And they have agents in all parts of the country—there is one in Newcastle—who, when cruel things are done, bring the people that are guilty before the magistrates. I need not tell you how much good is produced by the work of the ladies and gentlemen I have named. Well, this great society has sent to Uncle Toby, 'Founder and President of the Dicky Bird Society,' as they call him, a magnificent diploma in recognition of what they are pleased to call his 'valued assistance to the cause of humanity to animals.' I can't describe the beauty of the diploma, which is nearly as large as the *Weekly Chronicle* itself; but I may mention that it is signed by the Earl of Harrowby, the president of the society; by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, the most famous philanthropic lady in Europe; and by the Rev. John Colam, the energetic secretary of the society. I must add, too, that Mr. Colam informs Uncle Toby that the diploma is the highest honour the society can bestow, and that the committee is so sparing of bestowing it that Uncle Toby's is only the forty-first that has been issued. Considering that the society has been so many years in existence, the honour is certainly unique. Uncle Toby is, of course, immensely proud of the distinction he has received; but he is not vain enough to believe that he is entitled to it all. Every one of his thousands of nephews and nieces shares it with him. It is to them even more than to himself that the honour has been done. For what could he have achieved without the willing and earnest help of the vast army of little folks in all parts of the country, and even in distant regions of the globe, who have joined the Dicky Bird Society?"

This, as has just been said, is what Uncle Toby wrote in August, 1879. The *Weekly Chronicle* was at that time one of the biggest sheets published; but it has now for some time past been altered in form and increased in number of pages, so that the diploma which Uncle Toby wrote about, is larger than two pages of the *Weekly Chronicle* of its present size. It will be seen that the diploma was signed by the Earl of Harrowby. That nobleman, however, is now dead, and his place has been

taken by Lord Aberdare. The inscription on the document is of course surrounded with beautiful designs of horses, dogs, birds, goats, lambs, and other creatures which the great society protects.

No. 41.

HONORARY DIPLOMA.

PRESENTED to UNCLE TOBY, Founder and President of the Dicky Bird Society, for his valued assistance to the cause of humanity to animals.

Signed,

HARROWBY.
BURDETT-COUTTS.
JNO. COLAM,
Secretary.

London:
105, Jermyn Street, St. James's,
August 16th, 1879.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE D.B.S.

The Dicky Bird Society has been so long in existence that many of its early members have now become the fathers and mothers of other little members. During the years they have been propagating the great doctrine of kindness to all living things, Uncle Toby and his little friends have been the means of producing a marked change in the character and habits of young people. It is impossible to calculate the vast amount of cruelty that has thus been prevented. Certain it is that the lives of millions of birds have been saved through the influence of the D.B.S. Boys are no longer the little savages many of them were before we commenced our operations; girls have learnt that it is their duty to interpose and remonstrate when evil is being done. Cruelty is now recognised by both boys and girls as a cowardly sin—not only a sin against humanity, but a sin which justly brings into contempt all who commit it. Children who have early learnt the great principles which Uncle Toby has been week by week inculcating for so many years have necessarily become, when they have grown up, better husbands and wives, better fathers and mothers, better men and women in all the relations of life. It may safely and honourably be claimed, in fact, that Uncle Toby's vigorous and successful propaganda has been the means of making the world a sweeter and lovelier place for all that inhabit it.

Men of Mark 'Twixt Tyne and Tweed.

By Richard Welford,

AUTHOR OF "A HISTORY OF NEWCASTLE AND GATESHEAD," &c.

John Wykeham Archer,

ARTIST AND ANTIQUARY.

THE name of "J. Archer" appears upon four of the steel plate engravings which help to illustrate the "History of the County of Durham," projected and begun by Eneas Mackenzie, and completed by Metcalf Ross. This was the signature of John Wykeham Archer, a native of Newcastle, who from small beginnings rose to be a famous engraver on steel and wood, and a no less celebrated painter in water colours. He was born on the 2nd of August, 1806, and, after his school days were over, was sent to London, and bound apprentice to an old pupil of Thomas Bewick, John Scott, who had settled in the metropolis, and was carrying on a large business in book illustration. At the expiration of his apprenticeship, in the hope of finding an opening for his skill, Archer returned to his friends in the North, and it was at this period that the four plates above named, and a series of views of Fountains Abbey from drawings by Carmichael, were produced. Prospects of employment here did not prove to be sufficiently promising, and in 1831 he went back to London, and joined the staff of the Messrs. Finden. He also plied the brush, and became an expert painter, selecting as his subjects, for the most part, relics of antiquity in and about London. Some of his water colours attracted attention, and a connoisseur in the Temple arranged with him for the production of twenty drawings a year. The commission was undertaken, and the pictures, full of architectural detail, are now in the British Museum—the property of the nation. Subsequently he became an Associate of the the New Society of Painters in Water Colours. When Algernon, fourth Duke of Northumberland, succeeded to the estates of his ancestors in 1847, Mr. Archer was one of the many artists he commissioned to assist in restoring and beautifying Alnwick Castle, and in preserving the memorials of the past which are scattered up and down the wide-spreading domains of the Percy family. Mr. Archer's share of the work was sketching in regular order, and upon a uniform scale, for preservation and reference, ruins, curios, and other objects of antiquarian

interest upon the ducal estates between Tyne and Tweed. He refers to the undertaking in a series of gossipy articles, illustrated by H. G. Hine, which he contributed to *Once a Week* in the summer of 1861. Thus:—

It was about the end of August in the year 18— that my friend H—— [H. G. Hine] and I passed by the good ship City of Hamburgh from the Thames to coaly Tyne, and landing at Wallsend—a place of fame wherever a sea coal fire is appreciated—we trod Northumbrian ground, for the first time on the part of H——, but not so on mine, for there are few portions of that picturesque and historic land with which I am unacquainted. The object of our journey was that of a sketching tour, H—— having in view the wild moorland scenery of Tyneside, I the vestiges of antiquity in which the county abounds.

Some of Mr. Archer's work on steel may be seen in the *New Sporting Magazine*, many of his wood engravings are in the *Illustrated London News* and Blackie's "History of England," while thirty-seven of his etchings were issued in a folio volume by David Bogue, London, in 1851, entitled "Vestiges of Ancient London, a Series of Etchings from Original Drawings, with Descriptions and Historical Notes." Mr. Archer died in London on the 26th May, 1864. A small volume of his poems was published in 1873 by his son.

Adam Askew, M.D.,

THE WEALTHY PHYSICIAN.

The Infirmary of Newcastle was instituted in 1751, and first upon its roll of physicians—elected on the 13th April in that year—occurs the name of Dr. Askew. Bourne, writing his history of the town a few years earlier, and making honourable mention of the last official town's physician, adds: "Whilst I am on this, and commemorating a worthy physician of this great town, I must not omit to observe that this place was probably never better served this way than at present. The following gentlemen, viz., Adam Askue, M.D. [and three others] are men most eminent in their profession, and shine among the crowd of those who always frequent a place so populous."

Adam Askew was a son of Anthony Askew, a physician at Kendal, and a descendant of an ancient and honourable Cumberland family. He was born there in 1694, adopted his father's profession, graduated M.D. at St. John's College, Cambridge, came to Newcastle in 1725, and by remarkable skill and good management acquired a practice that extended over the four northern counties, brought him great wealth, and gave him the reputation of being "one of the most eminent physicians in the kingdom."

In 1740, the doctor purchased the ground overlooking the Close and the river upon which the convent of the White Friars stood, and built a handsome house, in the kitchen of which some vestiges of the windows of the ancient edifice were allowed to remain. His country residence was at Whickham. He had also the beautiful mansion of Redheugh, on the Gateshead side of the Tyne, facing Elswick, which he bought in 1748 from Lady Mary Radcliffe for his son Henry. On the death of his father the estate of Storrs Hall, in Lancashire, came to him; it was the inheritance of his mother, Anne, daughter of Adam Storrs, of that place. Some of his increasing wealth he invested in the purchase of the Widdrington lands at Ellington and Linton, near Morpeth, forfeited by Lord Widdrington in the Rebellion of 1715; the manors of Nettlesworth, Holemyres, and Brodemyres, near Chester-le-Street; and the estate of Middleton Hall, near Kirkby Lonsdale. Thus he became a considerable landed proprietor in several counties. So rapid a rise to fortune had seldom been seen even in Newcastle, where by lucky speculations in coal or corn sudden affluence was not altogether a phenomenon.

Dr. Askew was a man of marked individuality of character, with a genius for making money and great foresight in investing it. During his career in Newcastle, and for long after, many amusing anecdotes were told respecting him. They all tend to show that he was a strong-minded and strong-speaking man, "full of life, pleasantry, and bustle, very prompt and decisive in all his proceedings, but no way remarkable, when he chose for urbanity of manners or choice of words."

Lord Eldon, in his "Anecdote Book," tells the following story about the doctor, and the acquisition of one of his estates:—

There was an attorney at Newcastle when I was a boy at school, not of a very popular character for integrity. The leading and eminent physician of that day, there, was Dr. Askew. A gentleman in extreme bad health came into that country to sell an estate before he died. He sent for the attorney upon the business of selling the estate—first about advertising it for sale, and adopting all other proper means for obtaining a reasonable price. The attorney, who, it was said, well knew the estate and its value, told the gentleman he was willing to give him a sum he named, which he assured him was its full worth, and if he would take that sum he would give it him, and all further trouble might be saved. This was agreed to, and the attorney went to his office to prepare articles to be signed and sealed. The gentleman, having thus taken care of his estate, turned his attention immediately to the care of his diseased body, by sending for Dr. Askew, and desiring his immediate attendance. The doctor came quickly, and after asking a few questions as to the state of the gentleman's health, inquired what had brought him in such a state into that country. This led to the doctor's learning that he had come there to dispose of the estate, which was in Northumberland. The doctor said he should be very glad to buy the estate; but he was informed by the patient that it was sold to the attorney. "Then," said the doctor, "thou art probably cheated. I'll give without a word more £2,000 beyond what the attorney has offered." The gentleman was scrupulous about accepting this second offer, but he overcame his scruples. The doctor then took pen and ink and paper and wrote himself a short but sufficient article of sale and purchase, and both signed it. Soon after the attorney entered the room, with his intended written contract; but, finding himself too late, he began to abuse the doctor most unmercifully for cheating him out of the benefit of his bargain. "Scold on," says the doctor. "Do you imagine that anybody will think

that I have done wrong if I have cheated thee, a lawyer, who has cheated all the rest of mankind?"

Dr. Askew resigned his office of physician to the Infirmary in 1771, and died at his house in Westgate Street, Newcastle, on the 15th of January, 1773, in the 79th year of his age. He was buried at St. John's Church with much ceremony, the pallbearers being Sir Walter Blackett, Bart., Christopher Fawcett (Recorder of Newcastle), Matthew Ridley, Ralph William Grey, Edward Collingwood, Matthew Waters, Gawen Aynsley, and Charles Thomas Bigge.

By his marriage with Anne, daughter and co-heir of Richard Crackenthorpe, of Newbiggin Hall, Westmoreland, the doctor had four sons and two daughters. The daughters died unmarried; his eldest son, Anthony, inherited great part of his father's fortune; his second son, the Rev. Adam Askew, rector of Plumbland, near Maryport, obtained the Middleton property; Henry, the third son, retained Redheugh; and John, the fourth son, married an heiress and settled at Pallinsburn, near the Border.

Anthony Askew, M.D.,

PHYSICIAN AND BIBLIOPHILE.

Three years before Dr. Adam Askew and his wife came to Newcastle to settle, the first son of their marriage, named, after his grandfather, Anthony, was born. Anthony's early education was conducted partly at Sedberg and partly at the Royal Free Grammar School of Newcastle, of which latter institution, when the boy was sixteen years of age, Richard Dawes became head master. A few months' study under the tutelage of that eminent Grecian developed a strong bias which he had already shown towards classical literature, and he became an excellent Greek scholar. His father, on presenting him to the schoolmaster, "marked those parts of his back which Dawes, who was celebrated for his unsparing use of the birch, might scourge at his pleasure, excepting only his head from the discipline," and Askew was accustomed to relate in after life the terror with which he saw for the first time that famous pedagogue. In due time he proceeded to Emanuel College, Cambridge, where his proclivities were encouraged, and he began to collect books and manuscripts relating to his favourite studies. In 1745 he graduated B.A.

Dr. Askew was realising, in the practice of medicine in Newcastle, as we have seen, Dr. Johnson's definition of a very different calling:—"the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice," and he determined that his heir should share in the good things that fell to a successful practitioner's lot. As soon, therefore, as he had finished his colligate course at Cambridge, Anthony was sent to the University of Leyden. While there, in 1746, he issued proposals for publishing a new edition of Æschylus, and printed a specimen of his intended work n a small quarto pamphlet. It consisted of 29 lines of the Eumenides, with various readings from his MSS. and printed books, and was dedicated to Dr. Mead, the celebrated physician.

Having studied a year at Leyden, Mr. Askew went in the suite of the British Ambassador to Constantinople. He remained abroad till 1749, visiting Athens and Hungary, and returning home through Italy and France. In Paris, where he was elected a member of the Academy of Belles Lettres, he had an opportunity of purchasing several MSS., early editions of the classics, and valuable books in various branches of science. In 1750 he took the degree of M.D. at Cambridge, and commenced practice there. Soon afterwards, having been admitted a Fellow of the Royal Society, he removed to London; was a candidate of the College of Physicians, 25th June, 1752, and a fellow 25th June, 1753. The following year he was elected physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. He delievered the Harveian Oration of the College of Physicians in 1758, was censor in 1756, 1761, 1764, and 1767, and registrar from 1767 to his death.

Upon Dr. Askew's settling in London he was visited by all who were distinguished for learning or curious in the fine arts. His house in Queen's Square, we are told, was crammed full of books from cellar to garret, and the wags of the day used to say that half of the square itself would have done so before the book appetite of Dr. Askew would have been satisfied. He was the first, or one of the first, who brought bibliomania into fashion. The eager delight with which he produced his rare editions, his large paper copies, his glistening gems and covetable tomes would have raised him high in the estimation of the Roxburgh Club. Some, indeed, were of such great rarity that he would not suffer them to be touched, but would show them to his visitors through the glass cases of the cabinet of his library, or, standing on a ladder, would himself read aloud portions of these inestimable volumes.

The year after Askew's death, which occurred at his house in Hampstead on the 27th February, 1774, his valuable library was sold by auction. The king bought to the amount of £500, Dr. Hunter the same. De Bure, who had commissions from the King of France, and many foreign collectors, purchased to a similar extent, and the trustees of the British Museum bought extensively. A curious and valuable account of the sale appears in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xiv., p. 284.

Dr. Askew married, first, Margaret, daughter of Cuthbert Swinburne, of Longwitton, by whom he had no issue. His second wife, Elizabeth, was a younger daughter of Robert Holford, Master in Chancery, a woman described by Dr. Parr as possessing "celestial beauty and celestial virtue." She died on the 2nd of August, 1773, aged 38, leaving him with twelve children. When he himself

died, the year after his father, the oldest of his family was under twenty years of age, and his brother, Henry Askew, of Redheugh, became their guardian. The paternal care which Henry exercised over his nephews and nieces is commemorated upon the beautiful monument which they erected in his honour in the church of St. Nicholas, Newcastle.

A fine portrait of the doctor, engraved by Hodgetts, from the original in Emanuel College, Cambridge, is published in Ames's "Typographical Antiquities." From this engraving our copy is taken. There is also a

clay model of him (made by a Chinaman under somewhat whimsical circumstances) in the Royal College of Physicians, presented by his daughter, Lady Pepys, widow of Sir Lucas Pepys, Bart., M.D. On a marble tablet in Hampstead Church is his epitaph, "Sacred to the memory of Anthony Askew, D.M., F.R.S., who exchanged this life for a better, the 28th day of February, 1774, in the 52nd year of his age."

Sir Henry Askew, K.C.B.,

A PENINSULAR WARRIOR.

John, fourth son of Dr. Adam Askew, married Bridget, only surviving child and heiress of John Watson, of Newcastle and Goswick, by Elizabeth, daughter of John Craster, of Craster, and widow of Christopher Blackett, of Newham. By this marriage he acquired the greater part of the manor of Goswick, which, united with Pallinsburn, his own property, gave him a considerable estate, and enabled him to carry out schemes of agricultural improvement that excited considerable interest among the landowners and farmers of his day. He died in October, 1794, aged 62, and was buried at Holy Island; his wife survived him till 1823, and was buried beside him at the age of 81. Their family consisted of seven sons and two daughters. The eldest, George Adam Askew, married his cousin, Elizabeth, one of the twelve orphan children of Dr. Anthony Askew. He and his wife erected the monument in St. Nicholas' Church to the memory of their uncle Henry of Redheugh. Another son, Richard Craster Askew, barrister-at-law, resided for many years in Newcastle as a chamber counsel and conveyancer, and for a short time was Recorder of the borough. The third son, Henry, whose name heads this sketch, entered the army.

Henry Askew was born on the 7th of May, 1775, and, upon leaving school, at the age of 18, joined the First Regiment of Foot Guards. He was promoted to be captain on the 18th of May, 1795, lieutenant-colonel on the 22nd August, 1807, colonel on the 4th of June, 1814, major-general on the 19th July, 1821, and lieutenant-general on the 10th June, 1837. He served with credit in Holland and Flanders from July, 1794, to April, 1795, in Sicily and the Mediterranean during 1806 and 1807, and with the expedition to Walcheren in 1809. Embarking for the Peninsula in September, 1812, he was at various engagements in Spain, Portugal, and the south of France, commanded the 1st Battalion of the Grenadier Guards at the passage of the Bidassoa, and distinguished himself at the battles on the Nivelle and the Nive (for which he obtained a medal), at the passage of the Adour, and the blockade of Bayonne. He was also prominently engaged in the campaign of 1815, and was severely wounded at Quatre Bras, where he commanded the 2nd Battalion of the Guards, and won a Waterloo medal. On the 25th July, 1821, the king conferred upon him the honour of a Military Knight Commander of the Bath. He died at Cologne, without issue, on the 25th of June, 1847, and was buried at Ford on the 14th July, where there is a stained glass window to his memory.

Sir Henry Askew's estate of Pallinsburn, which he inherited by the death of his elder brother in 1808, descended to his younger brother, Richard Craster Askew, the Newcastle barrister, who, dying there in 1851, was succeeded by his nephew Watson Askew, Esq., the present proprietor.

Sir Aymer de Athol,

LORD OF JESMOND AND PONTELAND.

Through the long reign of Edward III., past that of Richard II., and into the early years of the monarchy under Henry IV., lived Sir Aymer de Athol, a Scottish knight, owning extensive possessions in Northumberland, and filling various offices of State there. David, eleventh Earl of Athol, was his father; his mother, the countess,

was a daughter of John Cumin, claimant to the Scottish Crown, whose murder by Robert Bruce led to the expedition against Scotland in which Edward I. died. Hodgson, in compiling a pedigree of the Lords of Mitford, found among the Rolls of Scotland several notices of Sir Aymer's early and middle life. Among them were entries showing that in 1344 he was put at the head of the men of Tindale, and had a ship allowed him at Newcastle to convey provisions for them to the seat of war in Scotland; in 1345 was in the commission of array in Northumberland; in 1347 was made Sheriff of Dumfries, authorised to receive Scotchmen into fealty with Edward III., and empowered to repair the castle of Dalswinton; and that in 1352 the English monarch, styling him "beloved cousin," gave him a protection for persons he was about to send into Ireland to purchase provisions for his household, then resident in Scotland. From other sources it is known that in 1381 he was Sheriff of Northumberland, that in the same year he and Sir Ralph Eure were elected knights of the shire for the same county, and that during their attendance in Parliament, they each received four shillings a day out of a rate levied upon the several townships of the county for the special purpose.

Sir Aymer de Athol was twice married, first to Eleanor (widow of Robert Lisle, of Woodburn), sole daughter of Sir Robert Felton, Kt., and Eleanor, daughter of Sir Thomas Greystock; second, to a lady whose Christian name was Mary, but whose maiden name is unknown, though it is believed she was a daughter of the Countess of Pembroke. When, in 1386 or the beginning of 1387, he lost his lady, he buried her within the church of St. Andrew, in Newcastle. On the 9th of July, in the latter year, Bishop Fordham issued from Gateshead an indulgence of forty days to every one who, confessing his sins in contrition and penitence, should contribute towards reparation and emendation of St. Andrew's, or should present to the chapel of the Holy Trinity, in the northern part of that church, gold, silver, vestments, books, chalices, and any other ornaments, or who, before the altar of the Holy Trinity, should pray for the health of Sir Aymer de Athol, Knight; for the soul of Mary, his wife, whose body reposed there; and for the soul of Aymer, his son.

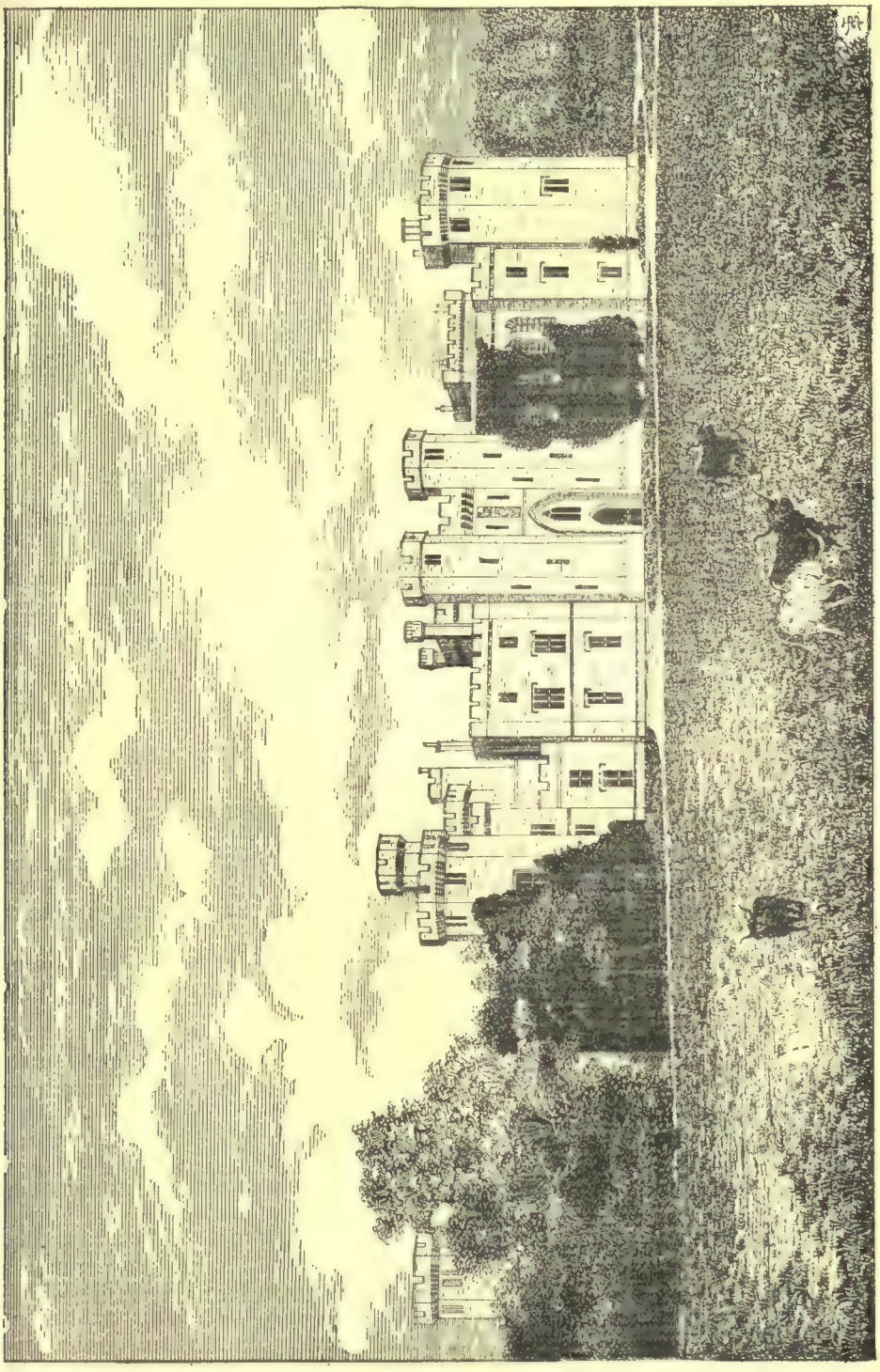
The year following the indulgence at St. Andrew's was one of disaster to the fighting men of Northumberland, and to Sir Aymer de Athol. In the month of August, he was living in his fortalice at Ponteland, when, in the early morning, he found himself besieged by the Scots under Earl Douglas, then on their way from Newcastle to Otterburn. He and his retainers made a gallant defence, but they were overpowered by numbers, and, "after a sharp assault," the tower was captured, and Sir Aymer taken prisoner. With their captive in safe custody, the Scots marched to Otterburn, and fought the fight which a dozen ancient ballads have rendered famous. When the battle was over, Sir Aymer was one of the numerous knights who were held to ransom,—one of those unfortunate persons who had to purchase their freedom at a price which was measured by their means. How he accomplished his freedom is not known, for after the battle history is silent respecting him. He lived for fourteen years, and at his death (in 1402) was buried beside his second spouse in the church of St. Andrew. Over their remains was placed a massive monument, upon which their effigies were depicted in brass—hers in appropriate costume, his as a knight in armour, with a sword in his left hand, and a dagger in his right, and his feet reposing upon the back of a leopard. Whosoever cares to learn the fate of the monument may turn to the 93rd page of the "Life of Ambrose Barnes," and read what Mr. Longstaffe and Mr. Clephan have written about it.

By his second wife Sir Aymer had a son and two daughters. The son died, as we have seen, before his mother; the daughters were married—Isabella to Sir Ralph Eure, and Mary to Robert Lisle of Felton. Upon them and their husbands he entailed the manor of Felton, granted to him in reversion after the death of the Countess of Pembroke. The manor of Ponteland he held for life only, the reversion of it belonging to Sir John Scrope, Knight. About his Jesmond property there is no evidence. He held only a part of the manor, and perhaps, as at Ponteland, had but a life interest in it. Gray, in the "Chorographia," states that "Adam de Athol of Jesmond" gave the Town Moor to Newcastle, and Bourne devotes a page of his history to prove that Gray's statement is incorrect.

Ford Castle.

LELAND describes "Foord Castle, in Glyndale, upon the east syd of Tille," as "metely stronge, but in decay." It was the seat of Odonel de Ford in the time of King Edward I.; and Odonel's daughter and heiress, Mary, becoming the wife of one of the Herons of Hadstone, carried it into the hands of a junior branch of that old Northumberland family, who continued to hold the vill and manor for many generations. Sir William Heron embattled his mansion-house of Ford (built, it is said, in the year 1287) by virtue of a licence obtained in the twelfth year of Edward III. (A.D. 1338), and that prince, two years afterwards, granted to him and his heirs to hold it "by the name of a castle" for the defence of those parts against the Scots. He also acquired a grant from the Crown of a weekly market and an annual fair at Ford; likewise liberty of free warren in this and his other lordships of Crecum (Crookham), Kynmerston (Kimmerston), and Hetpole (Heathpool). The same personage was captain of the castles of Bam-

FORD CASTLE, 1887.



RAVENSWORTH CASTLE, 1887.

borough, Pickering, and Scarborough, also warden of the forests north of Trent, and high sheriff of Northumberland, for eleven years together, in the same reign. One of his successors was summoned to Parliament among the barons; several of them filled the office of high sheriff of the county; others suffered considerably in the Wars of the Roses; and the last of the male line, William Heron, having been killed by John Manners, of Etal, his nearest neighbour, his daughter, Elizabeth, who became the wife of Thomas Carr, of Etal, brought Ford Castle and manor into her husband's possession, but not without a bloody feud with George Heron, of Chipchase, who set up a claim to them under an alleged deed of entail, but was worsted in the plea. Thomas Carr's daughter and heiress married Sir Francis Blake, knight, whose daughter, Mary, married Edward Delaval, grandfather of Lord Delaval (Sir John Hussey Delaval, Bart.), who bequeathed Ford to his relict, Lady Delaval, with remainder to his grand-daughter, Lady Susan Carpenter, whose mother, his sixth daughter by his first marriage, Lady Sarah Hussey Delaval, had married George Hussey, second Earl of Tyrconnel, but had no male issue. Lady Susan became the wife of Sir Henry de la Poer, second Marquis of Waterford, in 1805; and her mother having died in 1822, Ford came into the Waterford family.

From its situation so near the Scottish Border, Ford Castle was frequently assaulted, during the old troublous times, by invaders from the North. In the year 1385, the Scotch, under the Earls of Fife, March, and Douglas, crossing the Western Border, plundered and laid waste the country as far as Newcastle, and are said to have taken and demolished the castles of Ford, Cornhill, and Wark, on their return home. Previous to the battle of Flodden in 1513, James IV.'s troops assaulted and took Ford Castle, wherein, unhappily for himself, the King of Scots found Elizabeth, the wife of the castellan, Sir William Heron, who was then a prisoner in Scotland, together with their daughter, a lady of great beauty; and the amorous monarch was so fascinated by the charms of this fair Northumbrian Circe that he stayed inactive in the castle for several days, enjoying the company of the ladies, and thus gave the Earl of Surrey time to come up by forced marches to bar his further advance and seal his fate. In 1549, the Scotch, under the command of D'Esse, a French general of great military skill, made an incursion into Glendale with a considerable army, carrying with them four fieldpieces. In this expedition Ford Castle was once more attacked, and the greater part of it taken and burnt; but Thomas Carr, its governor, retired into one of its towers, where he defended himself so bravely that the besiegers were obliged to retire, leaving it unreduced.

In the year 1761, Sir John Hussey Delaval commenced the building of the present edifice, and completed the work within three years, preserving in it as much as possible the ancient architectural style and taste. Indeed, the two towers, respectively on the east and west fronts, belong to the mediæval mansion, and the restorations were so skilfully managed as to create a nearly harmonious whole. The centre of the front, which is towards the south, is formed by a semi-hexagonal projection, and its terminations are square turrets, from whence, on each hand, a regular wing is advanced. On the west side of the area in front is an old square tower of a singular form, composed of two turrets, one rising above the other, and the upper one so much less than that which supports it as to afford a spacious battlement. The castle commands a fine prospect of the valley of the Till as far as Wooler southward; and to the westward there is a near view of the heather-crowned hill of Flodden, at the foot of which King James and his nobles fought against fate, "till the enclosing night hid foe from foe." A dozen miles to the south-west the prospect is closed in by the lofty Cheviots. Standing in the midst of a finely cultivated plain, upon a bold ascent about a mile in length, the situation of the castle is commanding and dignified, "in the centre," as William Howitt says, "of a most exhilarating natural environment, consisting of lofty, wild, and rugged hills and fine belts of wood."

The interior presents many objects of interest, including portraits of Lord Delaval and Lady Delaval; their grand-daughter, Lady Tyrconnel; her cousin, Lady Audley, daughter and co-heiress of the second Lord Delaval; Admiral Delaval; Sir Ralph and Lady Milbanke, the parents of Lady Noel Byron, connected with the Delavals by the marriage of Sir Ralph's grandfather with a lady of that spendthrift family. The room is shown in which the unfortunate King of Scots is said to have slept during his fatal few days' sojourn at Ford. It had been shut up, we are told, ever since the battle of Flodden till opened out some twenty or twenty-five years ago.

Ravensworth Castle.

RAVENSWORTH CASTLE, near Gateshead, the residence of the Earl of Ravensworth, stands on the side of a hill which slopes gradually towards the river Teams. The original structure seems to have consisted of four towers, connected by a regular curtain, and probably including a keep or central tower. Buck's View, in 1728, exhibits the towers with a perfectly modern building betwixt them. But in 1808 nearly the whole of the old house was taken down, except two of the towers, which are incorporated in the offices. One of them is covered with ivy, and has a fine effect as seen through the adjoining plantations.

The present edifice was erected on a plan furnished by

John Nash, the builder of the Pavilion at Brighton. It consists of a selection from the castle architecture of various periods, not unskilfully brought into contact. The most incongruous part of the combinations seems to be the introduction of the square-headed windows belonging to the time of James and Elizabeth. But the principle of utility perhaps justified this obvious deviation from purity of style. The castle has three fronts, and the various towers and façades have a pleasing effect.

A number of valuable pictures are distributed amongst the chief apartments, including a battle piece by Salvator Rosa, a Magdalen by the daughter of Carlo Dolci, a portrait of a lady by Sir Peter Lely, a landscape by N. Poussin, &c. Amongst the other curiosities which abound here are a model of the castle itself by Dodds, a model of St. Peter's Church at Rome, and another of St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

The castle is sheltered on the north by a fine forest of oaks and evergreens, which cover the rising grounds and impart to the whole a rich and warm appearance. Some fine specimens of the cedar of Lebanon are to be found in the park, while a venerable oak, twenty feet in girth, and an old stone cross of great antiquity, grace the lawn.

The Early Press of York.

By James Clephan.

THE civil war of the seventeenth century brought the printer to Newcastle; but in an earlier era, when the press was unknown on the Tyne, it was in motion in other parts of England. York, for example, had associated itself with the new art even in the lifetime of Caxton. The admirable "Memoir of the York Press," by Robert Davies, F.S.A., which was published in the year 1868, establishes the fact.

It need hardly be repeated that the art was brought into England in the time of Edward the Fourth. The short reign of his brother was also made memorable by the encouragement which it gave to the printing press. "In what sort Italian Merchants may sell Merchandise," occupied the thoughts of the first and only Parliament of Richard III. With its "Restraints of Aliens," the statute of the last of the Plantagenets (1 Richard III., cap. 9), made in 1483-84, was far from being a measure of Free Trade; but it closed with a proviso that its enactments should not operate "in prejudice, disturbance, damage, or impediment to any artificer, or merchant stranger," of whatever nation or country soever, "in bringing into this realm, or selling by retail or otherwise, any books, written or printed," "or any scrivener, alluminor, reader, or printer of such books." The produce of their art they might "sell by way of merchandise"; and they should also dwell in the land "for the exercise of their occupations."

Thus did Parliament legislate in the year 1484, at a time when printed books had risen up in competition with those that were written. Mr. Davies informs us, in his "Introduction," that in the reign of Edward III., "at least a century and a half before the art of printing was introduced into the city of York, the number of secular persons who, under the denomination of *scriptores*, *escriveners*, or text writers, were there engaged in the production of manuscript books, had become so considerable, that they obtained from the governing body of the municipality the privilege of forming themselves into a separate company or incorporation, and of framing their own ordinance or code of bye-laws. The conventional *scriptoria* had long ceased to be the only places where books were made and multiplied."

Artisans whose occupations were connected with the mechanical parts of literature settled in York, and acquired the city franchise. There were also many others by whose skill and taste the manuscripts were to be decorated. Limners or enluminers, notours (who introduced the musical notation), turnours, and flourishers, were admitted to the incorporated society of text-writers. "During the fifteenth century the business of the text-writer continued to prosper at York. When a taste for the external adornment of books began to prevail, the craft of the bookbinders increased in number and importance, and they were allowed to become a separate company, and to be governed by their own code of bye-laws" (their "ordinance" being confirmed by the Corporation in 1476). From one of their rules "it is obvious that they were booksellers as well as bookbinders."

In the spirit of the proviso of 1 Richard III., Frederick Freez was enrolled in 1497 as a freeman of York. His designation was that of a "Bokebynder and Stacyoner," but he afterwards occurs as a "Buke Prynter." "A Dutchman and an alien," he had kindly welcome in his adopted city. Unhappily, however, the two sons born to him there, Valentine and Edward, were both of them "the victims of religious persecution." Valentine, a "cordyner," admitted to the freedom of the city by patrimony in 1539, was burnt for heresy at Knavesmire, he and his wife dying at one stake! Gerard Freez, or Wanseford, brother of Frederick Freez, dealt in books at York on a large scale.

Hugo Goez, said to have been a son of Matthias Goez, or Vander-Goez, an eminent printer at Antwerp, also established a press in York during the reign of Henry VII. In the time of Henry VIII., "Ursyn Milner, Prynter," was admitted to the freedom of York (1516), and followed the craft of a bookbinder. At the same period, John Gaschet, or Gachet, originally a stationer at

Hereford, opened a shop in York as bookseller, carrying on business in the Cathedral Close. "Copies are extant of six service-books printed for the use of the church of York, and published by John Gachet," from 1516 to 1530.

In the chapter of Mr. Davies's "Memoir," headed "1530-1640," he observes:—"It is not known that any books were printed or published at York for more than a century after the date of Gaschet's latest publication. From the period of the Reformation until far into the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it appears to have been the object of legislation, as well as the policy of the Government, to discourage the exercise of the art of printing in the provincial towns, and to limit as much as possible the circulation of printed books throughout the country. In the year 1533, the Parliament of King Henry VIII. repealed that clause of the Act of the 1st Richard III. which had largely contributed to the general diffusion of literary knowledge in England during the preceding fifty years." Printing was exercised in Ipswich, Worcester, Canterbury, and Norwich, from 1548 to 1568; but "these are almost the only known examples of the existence of provincial presses in England between the passing of the Act of the 25th Henry VIII. and the close of the reign of Elizabeth, except those of the two Universities, to which the privilege of printing was granted by a decree of the Court of Star Chamber in the year 1585." The statute of Henry (1533) declared that since the making of the Act of Richard III. there had come into the realm a marvellous number of printed books, and many of the king's natural subjects had given themselves so diligently to learn and exercise the craft of printing that there were now in England a great many persons as cunning and expert therein as any strangers elsewhere. A policy of exclusion, restriction, and monopoly now set in. By injunction of 1539 none must print English books unless first examined and licensed by the Privy Council or others appointed by the king; and the charter of 1556, granted to the Company of Stationers in London, made it unlawful for any one not a member or authorised by the Crown to set up a press in any part of England. In 1567, two members of the London Company were sent down to York, and cited four stationers before the Archbishop and others, to answer as to the possession of Roman Catholic books. Some of those named in the interrogatories were found on their premises, and forfeited. No severer penalty befell the offenders; but "that this display of the suspicious and arbitrary temper of the Government operated as a discouragement of the trade of book-selling at York, is evident from the fact that not more than four or five stationers were admitted to the civic franchise during the remaining part of the reign of Elizabeth." Early in the reign of her successor, Thomas Gubbyn, an able and eminent London stationer, was admitted to the freedom of York; and, by way of encouragement, twenty nobles of the twenty marks forming the price of his enfranchisement were abated. The authorities were laudably anxious to promote a revival of the trade in books within their jurisdiction; and in the course of the next few years they allowed other stationers, not freemen, to establish places of business in the city. Shops had also been opened, in the latter years of Elizabeth, by two or three booksellers, within the Cathedral precincts, where they could carry on their vocation without being free, and without being liable to municipal burdens.

"About the middle of the reign of King Charles the First, that mighty engine of liberty, the printing press," says Mr. Davies, "was again introduced into the Northern Counties of England; and, strange to say, it was planted there by the hands of the arbitrary monarch himself. In his progress to Scotland in the year 1639, Robert Barker, the king's printer, was in the royal suite, and took with him his press and types. Before the king advanced farther north, he spent nearly a month at York, and from thence he issued his famous proclamation 'for the suppression of various monopolies.' Although no evidence of the fact has hitherto appeared, it is highly probable that the royal press was employed at York in publishing to the world this proof of the king's 'care and providence for the public good of the people.' The king proceeded from York to Newcastle, and a few tracts are yet extant which show that the royal press was at work there for a short time."

Since the date of Mr. Davies's "Memoir" (1868), the Calendar of State Papers (1873), comprising six months of the year 1639, makes us aware that the king had arrived in York without a press, and that, by his Majesty's instructions, the Earl of Arundel and Surrey (Thomas Howard), Lord General of the Army in the North, wrote thence to Sir Francis Windebank, Secretary of State, on the 20th of April, that "a printer with a press" might be sent down "with more than ordinary diligence, the want being daily found so great." This was done; but Charles had left York, and passed Durham, before "the printer, with all his trinkets," was ready for the royal service. It was at Newcastle, early in May, that the press of 1639 was first at work. (*Archæologia Æliana*, vii., 271, N.S.)

In the spring of 1642, Charles and his Court were established in York; and near the royal residence the king had his press set up, and it was in constant requisition during his stay. "The tracts which issued from the royal press at York are specimens of neat and accurate printing. A distinction is uniformly made between those parts of which his Majesty was the author, and those which were the production of the Parliament, the former being always set up in a tall, well-formed black-letter." In the autumn, the king's press was transferred to Nottingham; but, some time previous, Stephen Bulkley had appeared in York as a

printer. Bulkley exercised his art in Newcastle also. Thither he was summoned in 1646 by the king; and there he printed, in 1649, Grey's "Chorographia."

After Marston Moor, the Puritan party set up in York a printer and a press of their own. This was Thomas Broade. He was succeeded by Alice Broade, presumably his widow, who "occupied the printing office opposite the Star Inn in Stonegate, where he originally practised his art, in the year 1644. The city of York had the good-fortune still to enjoy the privilege of being the only place out of London (except the two universities) in which a printing press was allowed to be set up. An Act passed in 1662, 'for regulating of printing and printing-presses,' contained a proviso that it should not extend to restrain the keeping and using of a printing-press in the city of York, so as all books of divinity there printed should be first licensed by the Archbishop of York for the time being, or such person as he should appoint; and all other books whatsoever there printed should be first licensed by the person to whom the licensing thereof did appertain according to the Act." (13 and 14 Charles II., cap. 33.)

Stephen Bulkley, who had returned from Newcastle to York after the Restoration, died in that city early in 1680; and before the end of the year, John White, "late of London," was setting up his press near the Minster. "On the 9th of November, 1680, he was married, at the church of St. Michael-le-Belfrey, to Hannah Broade, of that parish, who was most probably," as Mr. Davies conjectures, "a daughter of the York printers, Thomas and Alice Broade. The prospect of succeeding to an established business had, doubtless, some influence in bringing the London printer to York, and inducing him to enter into the holy state of matrimony after he had passed the period of middle life." Of John White, who died in January, 1715, we have written so recently that we need say no more here. (See *Monthly Chronicle*, vol. i., p. 317.)

Grace White, widow of John White the elder (who was twice married), "is entitled to be held in grateful remembrance by the people of York." Succeeding her husband in his business, "she was the first to introduce to them that 'all-powerful instrument of modern civilization,' the newspaper—

> . . . . . that map of busy life,
> Its fluctuations and its vast concerns.

She was probably encouraged to embark in this novel enterprise by the example of her late husband's son, Mr. John White, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, who, in the year 1708, had established himself in that thriving seaport as a printer and bookseller, and in the year 1711 set up a weekly newspaper there, which he denominated the *Newcastle Courant*." Mrs. Grace White's journal, the *York Mercury*, made its first appearance February 23, 1718-19. Associated with her in the imprint is "Thomas Hammond, jun., bookseller," who was a member of the Society of Friends.

Charles Bourne, on the death of Mrs. Grace White in 1720-21, succeeded her in the business, under the will of his grandfather, her husband, made in the year 1714; and within a few months of her death, he married her hand-maiden, Alice Guy, who had been kindly remembered in death both by John and Grace White. Bourne not did long survive. He died in August, 1724, bequeathing all his property to his "dear and beloved wife, Alice Bourne."

Now comes Thomas Gent, "whose name has obtained wider celebrity than that of any other York typographer. Author, printer, and artist, his labours extended over more than half-a-century; and during that period many of the numerous publications of his pen, both in prose and verse, were printed at his own press, and embellished with engravings executed by his own hand. His works are, for the most part, below mediocrity; yet they possess a certain quaintness and eccentricity of character which are not without their charm." So great, indeed, is the charm of his autobiography, that with difficulty we refrain from following him through his varied fortunes. It was in the spring of 1714 that he journeyed from London to York, "walking the greater part of the way." His amusing account of his first introduction to the venerable York printer, John White, has (as Mr. Davies states) been often quoted:—"The door was opened by the head-maiden, who is now my dear spouse. She ushered me into the chamber, where Mrs. White lay something ill in bed; but the old gentleman was at his dinner by the fireside, sitting in a noble arm-chair with a good large pie before him, and made me partake heartily with him. I had a guinea in my shoe-lining, which I pulled out to ease my foot, at which the old gentleman smiled, and pleasantly said it was more than he had ever seen a journeyman save before." The thrifty workman was at once engaged for a year, "and lived as happily as he could wish in this family," of which "Mrs. Alice Guy, upper-maiden to Mrs. White," was a member, who not only caught the fancy of the young printer, but "had captivated others, and particularly (he says) my master's grandson, Mr. Charles Bourne, who was more deserving than any." At the end of his year, Gent, declining a further engagement, left York for his native Ireland, parting from the "lovely young creature" that remained behind, and "receiving a little dog from her as a companion on the road." He "had the honour to be accompanied as far as Bramham Moor by his rival"; and other companions, also, escorted him on the way. Would space permit, we would accompany him to the end of his pilgrimage; but those who would know more of Thomas Gent must read his "Life," written by himself in 1746, and published in 1832, and turn also to the "Memoir of

the York Press" by Mr. Davies. They will there learn the history of a printer who died about a hundred years ago, at the age of 86, a citizen of London and of York; and they will see how it came about that Mrs. White's comely maiden first married her master's grandson, and then became the wife of the young printer for whom she had opened the door.

Elihu Burritt in the North.

ELIHU BURRITT, the learned American blacksmith, wrote a very readable and entertaining book (published in 1864) entitled, "A Walk from London to John o'Groat's, with Notes by the Way." It had been the author's intention, on his first visit to England in 1846, to make a pedestrian tour from one end of the island to the other, that he might become better acquainted with the country and people than he could by other modes of travelling. This idea was not carried out at the time; but on Mr. Burritt again visiting us in 1863, he took his long-deferred pedestrian journey. Believing, as he says, that many English people would be interested in the views of an American on English scenery, industries, and social life, he published the very pleasant book we have mentioned.

It will be understood, then, that Mr. Burritt walked from London to John o'Groat's, with no other encumbrance than a knapsack. "I hastened on to Newcastle-upon-Tyne," he writes, "in order to attend, for the first time in my life, the meetings of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. I reached that town on the 25th of August, and remained there a week, enjoying one of the greatest treats that ever came to my lot. I will reserve a brief description of it for a separate chapter at the end of this volume, if my notes on other matters do not crowd it out."

We are sorry to find that "notes on other matters" must have crowded out the opinions on Newcastle and its people that the author intended to give. Mr. Burritt left Newcastle on the 3rd of September, 1863, and proceeded next to Hexham. From this ancient town he faced northward, following the picturesque and romantic valley of North Tyne, studded with parks, castles, and baronial residences. Two more days' walking brought our tourist into the midst of a wild region, having all the solitary grandeur of "heather-haired hills," with only here and there a shepherd's cottage to be seen. "My walk," says Mr. Burritt, "now lay over the most inhospitable and unpeopled section I ever saw. Calling at a station on the railway that passes through it, I was told by the station-master that the nearest church or chapel was sixteen miles in one direction and over twenty in another. It is doubtful if so large a churchless space could be found in Iowa or even Kansas."

Weary and worn-out, Mr. Burritt was very glad to reach Hawick, where he rested a couple of days. In noticing the staple trade of the district, he states that the fabric "Tweed" came by the name in a singular way. The clerk of the factory made out an invoice of the first lot to a London house under the name of *twilled* goods. The London man read it *Tweeds* instead of twilled, and ever since the stuff has gone by that title. The mistake turned out a lucrative one to the manufacturers of the article.

Mr. Burritt, during his stay in Newcastle, was the guest of the late Henry Richardson. B. B.

Notes on the Sword Dancers' Song and Interlude.

By John Stokoe.

WITH the advent of Christmas each year there comes a revival of some of the quaint and curious customs which marked the Yule Tide of our forefathers, and which are now only slowly dying out. The play or interlude of the Sword Dancers (or guizards), which is still exhibited at this season in the streets of towns on the Wear and Tyne, is of ancient origin, and has been practised and played in all parts of Great Britain, from Cornwall to the remotest islets of Shetland; and it is curious to find one play with unimportant variations preserved traditionally by the common people in parts of the island so distant from each other and in many respects so different.

Of the origin of this antique custom little is known. One antiquary (Wallis) thinks the Sword Dance is the Antic Dance or Chorus Armatus of the Romans. Brand supposes that it is a composition made up of the gleanings of several obsolete customs anciently followed in England and other countries. The Germans still practise the Sword Dance at Easter; and Sir Walter Scott gives an account of a similar play, in notes to his novel of "The Pirate," as performed in Shetland.

The performance in Northumberland and Durham is chiefly undertaken by pitmen, who, during the holidays, in parties of a dozen or more, each with a sword by his side, and clad in white shirts profusely decorated with ribbons of various colours, resort to the towns to perform this play, accompanied by song and music. The Captain of the band, who usually wears a cocked hat and peacock's feathers in it by way of cockade, is attended by a Clown, or Bessy, who acts as treasurer and collects the money.

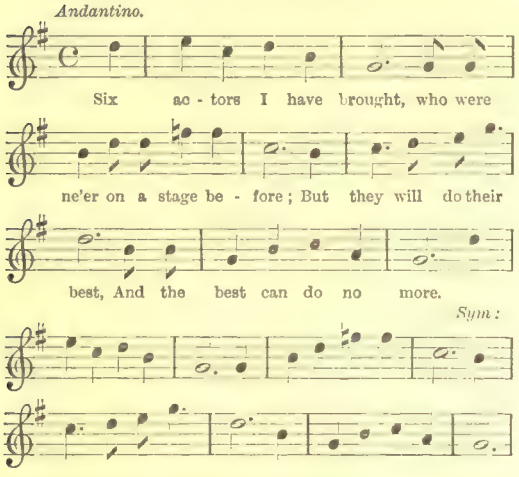
The Captain forms a circle, round which he walks;

the Bessy opens the proceedings by singing the first verse, the Captain following by introducing the various characters personified in singing the succeeding verses. The fiddler accompanies the song in unison with the voice, repeating the air at the end of each stanza, forming an interlude between the verses, during which the characters as introduced by the singer make their bow, walk round, and join the circle.

The Bessy chants :—

Good gentlemen, all, to our Captain take heed,
And hear what he's going for to sing ;
He's lived among music this forty long year,
And drunk of the elegant* spring.

Andantino.



The Captain then proceeds with the

SWORD DANCERS' SONG.

Six actors I have brought who were ne'er on a stage before,
But they will do their best, and the best can do no more.

The first that I call in, he is a squire's son ;
He's like to lose his sweetheart, because he is too young ;
Although he be too young, he has money for to rove,
And he will freely spend it all before he'll lose his love.

The next that I call in, he is a tailor fine ;
What think you of his work ? He made this coat of mine.
So comes good Master Snip his best respects to pay ;
He joins us in our trip to drive dull care away.

The next that I call in, he is a soldier bold ;
He's come to poverty by spending of his gold ;
But though he all has spent, again he'll plough the main,
With heart both light and brave, to fight both France and Spain.

Next comes a keelman bold ; he'll do his part right weel ;
A clever blade, I'm told, as ever puoyed a keel ;
He is a bonny lad, as you must understand ;
It's he can dance on deck, and you'll see him dance on land.

To join us in this play here comes a jolly dog
Who's sober all the day when he can get no grog ;
But though he likes his grog, as all his friends do say,
He always likes it best when he hes nowt to pay.

Last I come in myself, the leader of this crew,
And if you'd know my name, my name it is True Blue.

Here the Bessy gives an account of himself :—

My mother was burnt for a witch,
My father was hanged on a tree,
And it's because I'm a fool
There's nobody meddled wi' me.

The dance then commences. It is an ingenious performance, and the swords of the performers are placed in a variety of graceful positions so as to form stars, hearts, squares, circles, &c. The dance is so elaborate that the performers require frequent rehearsals, a quick eye, and a strict adherence to time and tune. Before it concludes the actors become disorderly, and are seen fighting. One character, who rushes in to make peace, receives his death blow, and is laid on the ground, while the others walk round singing the following verses in slow time :—

Alas ! our Parson's dead, and on the ground is laid ;
Some of us will suffer for't, young men, I'm sore afraid.

I'm sure 'twas none of me, I'm clear of that crime ;
'Twas him that follows me that drew his sword so fine.

I'm sure it was not me, I'm clear of the fact ;
'Twas him that follows me that did this dreadful act.

The Bessy sings :—

Cheer up, cheer up, my bonny lads, and be of courage brave ;
We'll take him to his church, and bury him in the grave.

Captain :—Oh ! for a doctor, a right good doctor—a ten pound doctor, oh !
Doctor :—Here am I.
Captain :—Doctor, what's your fee ?
Doctor :—Ten pounds is my fee ;
But nine pounds nineteen shillings and elevenpence three farthings
Will I take from thee.

Doctor (sings) :—

See here—see here—a doctor rare,
Who travels much at home ;
Come, take my pills—they cure all ills,
Past, present, and to come.

The plague, the palsy, and the gout,
The devil within and the devil without—
Everything but a love-sick maid
And consumption in the pocket.

Take a little of my nif-naf,
Put it on your tif-taf ;
Parson, rise and fight again,
The doctor says you are not slain.

The Parson gradually recovers, which is the signal for general rejoicing and congratulation.

Captain (sings) :—

You've seen them all called in, you've seen them all go round,
Wait but a little time, some pastime will be found.

Coxgreen's a bonny place, where water washes clean ;
And Painshaw's on a hill, where we have merry been.

Then, fiddler, change thy tune, play us a merry jig ;
Before I will be beat, I'll pawn both hat and wig.

Our play is at an end, and now we'll taste your cheer,
We wish you a merry Christmas, and a happy New Year.

The Bessy—

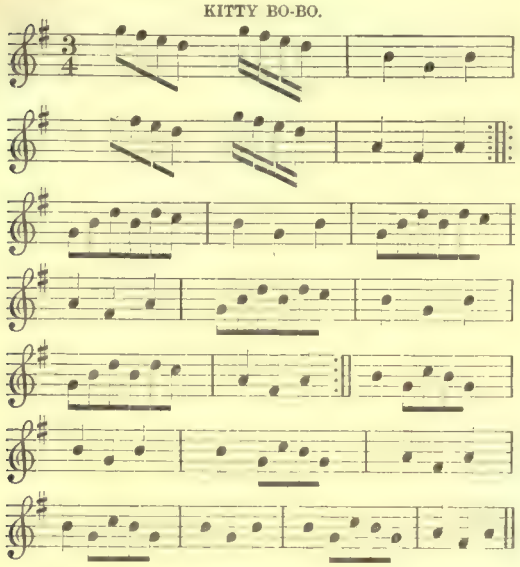
And your pockets full of brass,
And your cellars full of beer.

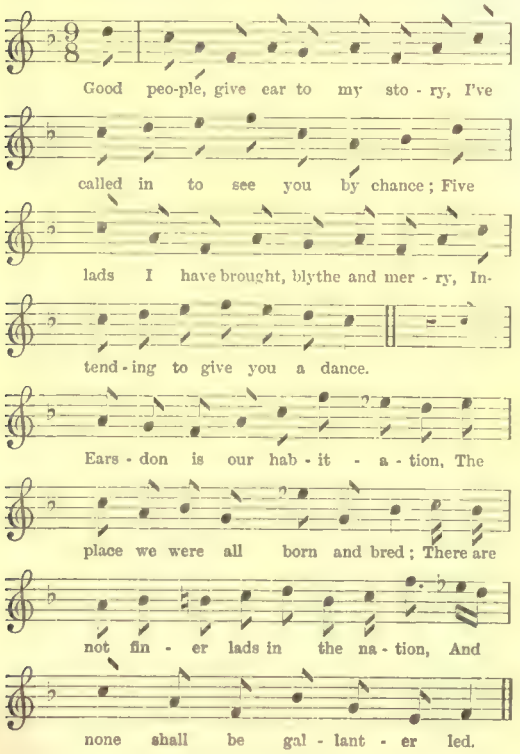
The ceremony concludes with a general dance to the tune of "Kitty Bo-Bo." Our version is collated with Topliffe's and with that in Sir Cuthbert Sharp's "Bishoprick Garland," and the music is from the

* "Helicon," observes Sir Cuthbert Sharp, "is of course the true reading."

From a Painting by Ralph Hedley
The Sword Dancers.

"Northumbrian Minstrelsy" published by the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries in 1882.

KITTY BO-BO.

The version given below is the one now commonly sung by the pitmen from Earsdon, who have for above thirty years been accustomed to visit Alnwick Castle at Christmas. The rhythm of the verses requires a different tune to the one anciently used, and is not incidental to the song.


Good peo-ple, give ear to my sto - ry, I've
called in to see you by chance; Five
lads I have brought, blythe and mer - ry, In-
tend - ing to give you a dance.
Ears - don is our hab - it - a - tion, The
place we were all born and bred; There are
not fin - er lads in the na - tion, And
none shall be gal - lant - er led.

'Tis not for your gold or your silver,
Nor yet for the gain of your gear,
But we come just to take a week's pleasure,
To welcome the incoming year.
My lads they are all fit for action,
With spirits and courage so bold;
They are born of a noble extraction,
Their fathers were heroes of old.

Now this is the son of brave Elliott,
The first youth that enters the ring;
So proudly rejoice I to tell it,
He fought for his country and king.
When the Spaniards besieged Gibraltar,
Bold Elliott defended the place,
Soon caused them their plans for to alter;
Some died—others fell in disgrace.

Now my next handsome youth that does enter
Is a boy there are very few such;
His father beat that great De Winter,
And defeated the fleet of the Dutch.
His father was the great Lord Duncan,
Who played the Dutch ne'er such a prank,
That they from their harbours ran funkin',
And they fled to the great Dogger Bank.

This one is the son of Lord Nelson,
That hero that fought at the Nile;
Few men with such courage and talent,
The Frenchmen he did them beguile.
The Frenchmen they nearly decoyed him,
But the battle he managed so well,
In their fortress he wholly destroyed them,
Scarce one got off home for to tell.

Now my next handsome youth that does enter
Is a boy of ability bright;
Five thousand gold guineas I'd venture
That he, like his father, would fight.
At Waterloo and Tarryvary,*
Lord Wellington made the French fly;
You scarcely can find such another,
He'd conquer or else he would die.

Now my last handsome youth that does enter
Is a boy that is both straight and tall;
He is the son of the great Buonaparte,
The hero that cracked the whole all.
He went over the Lowlands like thunder,
Made nations to quiver and quake;
Many thousands stood gazing in wonder
At the havoc he always did make.

Now you see all my five noble heroes,
My five noble heroes by birth,
And they each bear as good a character
As any five heroes on earth;
If they be as good as their fathers,
Their deeds are deserving records.
It is all the whole company desires,
To see how they handle their swords.

The Sword Dance then follows as in the older version, usually to a tune in 6-8 time, selected from the fiddler's repository.

The sketch which accompanies this article is copied by the kind permission of the artist from Mr. Ralph Hedley's picture of "The Sword Dancers." Here we see the performers going through their evolutions in the snow outside the Rectory gates at Tanfield, while the Captain pays his respects to the rector, and the Bessy solicits patronage from the onlookers.

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* *Query:* Torres Vedras.

The Cotton-Ball Duel.

THE following skittish poem was the work of William Chappel, who wrote under the *nom-de-plume* of Peter Flint, and who was born at Houghton-le-Spring, though he resided for many years in the neighbourhood of Sunderland. The occurrence to which allusion is made in the rhyme took place on May 14, 1842. The parties to the duel were Richard Spoor, of Whitburn, a retired draper and grocer, and Joseph Wright, a well-known Sunderland solicitor. The "old Booth," mentioned by Peter Flint, was Richard Booth, a gunsmith, whose shop was near the Exchange. "Sir Murdey" is intended to indicate Willam Murdey, surgeon, who resided in John Street, opposite the Post Office. The author makes reference to "old Snuff, of Diamond Hall"; for Snuff, read Snowdon. "Sir Miller" was Dr. Miller; "St. George, the noble Bum," George Whitfield, bailiff; and "Marlborough," John Marlborough, mattress-maker, and a well-known local vocalist.

ST. JOHN CROOKES, London.

CANTO I.

Now, lythe and listen, gentlemen,
A tale to you I'll tell.
The battle of the Tory knights
At Marsden Rock befell.

Sir Rich'd de Spurr, of Whitburn Town,
A challenge sent to Joe,
Saying, "Coward, meet me on the rock,
Or on the sand below!

"Why did you tell Lord Derry-down
That I was half-and-half?
I am a faithful Tory Knight—
You're but a legal calf!

"Now, I demand, Sir Joe de Wright,
Submission from your hand,
Or from old Booth hair-triggers get:
Your blood shall stain the sand!"

Sir Joe, he sent the challenge back;
"I'll make Sir Richard run!
I'll meet him in the mountain glen,
With pistol, pike, or gun;

"I'll make him tremble every limb,
I am no sneaking cur;
I'll soon blow off the curly head
Of great Sir Rich. de Spurr!

"Go, get a scribe to make his will,
His days are nearly o'er—
This day I'll slay Sir Dick de Spurr;
His blood will stain the shore!"

CANTO II.

'Twas on a lovely May-day morn,
The lark was mounting high,
Sir Richard pulled his nightcap off,
And wiped his tearful eye.

He kissed his children o'er and o'er,
With many a heavy sob:
"No bard shall write my epitaph—
This is an awful job!"

"Cheer up, my friend," Sir Murdey cries,
"I've Esculapian skill
To drown the pups and bring to life;
And save thee, sure I will."

Sir Richard grasped the Doctor's hand,
His heart was beating sore:
"Oh! use thy great galvanic skill,
I'll pay thee o'er and o'er."

Out spoke the hardy Railway Knight,
"Before the sun goes down,
Sir Richard sends his pistol ball
All through Sir Joseph's crown!

"Yea; thou hast dined with England's Queen,
And lords of high renown;
Go! and defend thy country now,
The altar, state, and crown."

"I will, I will!" Sir Richard cried,
"I am resolved to fight!
This very day, I sure will slay
The great Sir Joe de Wright!"

CANTO III.

'Twas even-tide, the stars shone bright,
And all was calm and still;
Sir Joe de Wright he wander'd forth,
And stood on Boyling Hill.

He gazed upon the glorious scene,
Now slumbering in repose,
And from his pouch a kerchief drew,
And then he blew his nose.

With martial strides he marched along,
And wrapp'd his cloak around;
"And am I doomed to die," he cried,
"To-morn by pistol wound;

"No! I will like a hero stand!
I'll rather die than yield—
I've stood 'mongst thousand British hearts
That met at the Pan-Field.

"'Twas there I spoke in patriot strains,
That all men should be free;
I said that liberty would sound
O'er every land and sea.

"This cursed gold! It changed my tongue,
But never changed my heart;
With slaughtered babes and famed Job Swailes,
I played a Tory part.

"I hate the foolish Tory crew—
Old Pestle, Potts, and all;
There's one who pesters out my life,
Old Snuff, of Diamond Hall.

"I hate the spiteful Whiggish beaks
(They Judas called my name);
I'll now go to the people's ranks,
And gain a Patriot's fame!"

CANTO IV.

In musing mood Sir Miller sat,
All lone in Bachelor Hall,
Arrayed in morning gown and wig
When lo! on him did call

Sir Crawford, who, with railway speed,
Then laid a paper down.
Sir Miller stared; Sir Crawford wheel'd,
And left him with a frown.

All tremblingly Sir Miller took
The paper in his hand:
"Sir Joe he shall Sir Richard meet,
This morn on Marsden sand!"

Sir Miller a prescription wrote
All for a lady fair,
But, in mistake, the challenge sent.
The lady tore her hair.

She rushed into a balcony,
The milk-white hands did wring:
"O, woe is me! My love is gone;
This day his death will bring!

"Go! bring St. George, that noble Bum,
Tell him to come with speed;
And mount him on an Arab steed
To stay the bloody deed!"

St. George he came, with his brown wig,
And gold ring on his hand.
With tears the lady cried, "Sir Bum,
Go, ride unto the sand!"

She said, "A thousand pounds I'll give,
If thou my love wilt save;
I would not lose, for all the world,
My beautiful—my brave!"

"I'll save my master!" cried St. George,
"I'll save him, now, this day:
Dick Chilton! go, get me a horse,
And I will ride away."

St. George and Chilton onward went
To Marlborough's yard along;
"Bring out thy aud brown yad," said Dick,
"Thou noble son of song!"

St. George, he mounted on his steed,
And with his cane did thresh.
Said Dick, "Your horse is high of bone,
And rather low of flesh."

Away! Away! St. George, the Bum,
On winged Pegasus rode;
He made the donkeys, pigs, and geese,
All fly from Whitburn Road!

He halted soon at Merriman's,
And then drew out his purse:
"Some whiskey, here!" A bumpkin grinned:
"Oh! maister! What a horse!"

Onward still, St. George he rode,
The villages to raise;
He soon o'ertóok Sir Joe de Wright,
And stopp'd him in his chaise.

Sir Joseph found, St. George did say:
"What's all this work about!
Don't fight to-day, but run away,
Your mother knows you're out!"

Sir Richard here was passing by—
Sir Crawford's eyes did roll;
He cried, "If Whitfield stops Sir Joe,
We'll fight at the North Pole!"

Sir Miller cried, "St. George, the Bum!
Now, get thee home I pray,
We've plasters, lint, and bandages—
Sir Joe they ne'er can slay!"

CANTO V.

Adown the glen rode armed men,
Sir Miller scratched his wig;
Sir Joseph rode within his chaise,
Sir Richard in his gig.

They landed by the battle plain,
Beside the beating surf,
With Peter Allan from his cave,
Jack Winter from the Turf.

Sir Murdey is a glorious wag,
In cottage or in hall;
And to himself he said, "I'll load
Their arms with cotton-ball."

He called Sir Miller to his side—
A Tory of renown—
And, knowing he was deaf and blind,
He ramm'd the cotton down.

And, at ten paces distant, there
These noble warriors stood;
And each was quivering every limb,
To shed each other's blood.

They took the pistols in their hands,
And turned them back to back;
"Now, fire!" was given; Sir Richard wheeled,
And fired off in a crack.

Sir Joe stood like a monument,
With fear, I do declare,
And when his senses came again
He fired into the air.

Sir Richard's bullet, it was found,
Near Peter Allan's ass;
And Peter's got it now preserved
Within a spirit-glass.

Sir Joseph's ball, it soared away
Among the stars aboon;
They've seen 't through Herschel's telescope,
Now sticking in the moon!

These warriors all went home again
As wise as ere they came.
So all the knights got roaring full
Of wine and mighty fame.

Now when you go to Marsden Rock,
On Peter Allan call;
He'll point you out the battle-field,
And show the COTTON-BALL!

Cobbett in the North.

SYKES, whose Local Records close with the month of October, 1832, does not devote a single line to the visit to Newcastle in the preceding month of that celebrated politician, William Cobbett.

Cobbett, who was a few months afterwards elected member for Oldham, left Bolton on the 18th of September, 1832, and travelled, the first day, through Bury and Rochdale, to Todmorden. All next day he stayed at the latter place to write and to sleep; and the day after that he set off for Leeds by the stage-coach, through Halifax and Bradford. He got to Leeds about four o'clock, and "went to bed at eight precisely." At five on the morning of the 21st, he came by coach to Newcastle, through Harrogate, Ripon, Darlington, and Durham. Early next forenoon (Saturday), a deputation of gentlemen, with Mr. Charles Larkin, surgeon, at their head, waited upon him with an address, printed on white satin, which was put into his hands in due form, and which, says he, in his account of his tour, "I received with greater pride than I ever received anything in my life." Mr. Larkin's speech on this occasion was as follows :—

I am deputed by the gentlemen who have signed this address—an address of congratulation on your arrival in this town—to present it to you. To me this is an office which I perform with sentiments of pride and gratification which language is inadequate to express; and I embrace with eagerness the opportunity it affords of acknowledging the deep debt of gratitude which, as a Catholic, I owe to the Historian of the Protestant Reformation. Sir, you conclude your English Grammar with the following sentence of advice to your son :—"Never esteem men merely on account of their riches or their station. Respect goodness, find it where you may. Honour talent wherever you behold it unassociated with vice; but honour it most when accompanied with exertion, and especially when exerted in the cause of truth and justice; and, above all things, hold it in honour when it steps forward to protect defenceless innocence against the attacks of powerful guilt." We, sir, on this occasion, are actuated precisely by the sentiments you have so well expressed in these beautiful lines. In you we honour talent not only unassociated with vice, but attended with great virtues; not only attended with great virtues, but accompanied with great exertions; not only accompanied with great exertions, but with exertions that have uniformly been in the cause of truth and justice; and, above all things, we honour you because you have never failed to step forward to protect defenceless innocence against powerful guilt. To us it is peculiarly pleasing to have this opportunity of laying before you our unaffected sentiments of admiration and esteem, because in addressing you we cannot be suspected of flattery nor accused of hypocrisy. You, sir, have not riches, nor places, nor pensions, nor honours, nor stars, nor ribands, nor garters, at your disposal: what motive, then, can we have in presenting an address to you but that of giving expression to our feelings in the simplicity and sincerity of our hearts? You have made, not only individuals, but a nation your debtor. There is not one of us who has not personally experienced the advantages of your exertions. In your admirable grammars of the French and English languages, what useful instruction and how pleasingly conveyed! In your "Advice to Young Men," what excellent lessons and what incentives to virtue and independence! In your agricultural works, what knowledge of rural affairs! In your "Cottage Economy," what knowledge of domestic concerns! In your *Political Register*, what knowledge of the economy of nations! In these works what a versatility and variety of talent do we behold—what evidence of a mind at once comprehensive and minute in its views, embracing things of vast and gigantic magnitude, and not disdaining those that appear little and unimportant! We are proud of you as our countryman, and regard with admiration a genius that has elevated you from the guidance of the plough to fitness to guide a kingdom.

The address, after adverting to the great utility as well as unrivalled talent of Mr. Cobbett's writings, "especially regarding them as directed to better the condition and improve the minds of the labouring class—that class which, if honours were rightly distributed, ought to be held the highest, as all the rest depend upon it," went on to speak of his strictures upon the then much agitated paper money *versus* gold currency question. "In your views on this most momentous matter," it said, "you have, in our opinion, been right from first to last, and so deeply and thoroughly convinced are we of the truth of your doctrines, that we embrace the opportunity of declaring that on one essential point we will take your advice. We declare, sir (and your reasonings are the cause of the declaration), that if any alteration in the currency be attempted, every one of us who have moneys either lodged in savings banks or otherwise similarly invested, will, on hearing of such attempt, immediately turn such money into gold, and keep it so." Mr. Cobbett was further congratulated on the passing of the Reform Bill, inasmuch as it would inevitably bring about, in the fulness of time, the success of those great measures of which he, during a long life, had been the most able and most unwearied advocate. "We have no doubt," said the addressers, "that your admission into Parliament will be one of the consequences of that bill, and we shall esteem your advocacy in Parliament of those great measures which you have so long advocated out of it as the surest evidence that the reform, which we have hailed as real is real indeed." Finally, they said :—"We wish you, sir, health and happiness, and that you may have the perfect felicity of witnessing, and carrying into effect, that full consummation of national regeneration, to the success of which you have been, by your writings, in our opinion, the greatest contributor."

Appended to the address were 682 signatures of persons, mostly shopkeepers, who seemingly all belonged to Newcastle, except two, viz., Luke Haslam, of Widdrington, where he was a schoolmaster, and Henry Hart, who hailed from Hexham, where he carried on business in the Market Place as a wool-comber and worsted manufacturer. Foremost on the list are the names of Thomas Doubleday, the author of "The True Law of Population," and other works; Thomas Jonathan Wooler, editor of the *Black Dwarf;* Eneas Mackenzie, son of the editor of the popular histories of Newcastle, Northumberland, and Durham; and Charles Larkin,

whose speech we have quoted. Among the subscribers were Thomas Gee, town surveyor; William Garrett, bookseller; William Hymers, ironfounder; Isaac Tucker, licensed victualler; John Ramsay, M.D.; the Rev. William Beattie Smith, United Secession minister; Thomas Barkas, painter and glazier; Thomas Waters, engine builder; and John Eldridge Wilkinson, superintendent of Westgate Lunatic Asylum.

The day after receiving this address, Mr. Cobbett went down to Shields. He was astonished as he passed along at the stir and bustle he observed on the banks and on the river, such as, says he, never was seen, except at London itself. Newcastle, North, Shields, Gateshead, and South Shields seemed to him to be the exact counterparts of London, Wapping, Southwark, and Deptford; for "all these are so precisely like the big thing in Middlesex and Surrey that it would almost make one believe that the former place had bred, and that this was a young one." He has a hard hit in one of his letters at the old unreformed Corporation of Newcastle, with its Mansion House and its profligate expenditure of the public money on private purposes. He next visited Sunderland, with its main street, "a mile and three-quarters long," and admired its "innumerable shops, finer, on the average, than those of the Strand, Fleet Street, and Cheapside." Burdon's famous iron bridge, stretching from shore to shore in one gigantic arch, of course called forth his wonder, as well it might, seeing that at that time it was unequalled in the world as an engineering triumph. But "the most interesting and valuable products in this part of the country" he deemed to be the people, of whom it was "impossible to speak too much in praise." From Sunderland, where also he received an address, signed by 87 inhabitants, including Sir Cuthbert Sharp, James Dunn, John Kidson, John Lindsay, Thomas Reed, Thomas Rippon, Thomas Robson, and other well-known gentlemen, Cobbett went to Durham, making pertinent remarks by the way on the collieries. He lectured in all the five large towns on the Tyne and Wear to crowded audiences, finishing off with Newcastle, where he was presented with a copy of Mackenzie's "History of Newcastle," elegantly bound in morocco, in presence of an audience of nearly nine hundred persons, "among whom were many, of both sexes, of the first figure in the town"—Mr. Doubleday being the spokesman. From Newcastle he went north to Morpeth, thence west to Hexham, afterwards back to Shields and Sunderland. At Tynemouth, the address presented to him contained no fewer than 835 names, among which figure those of John Carr, J. A. Drury, William Hansel, Thomas Haswell, Dennis Hill, John Peacock, Robert Pow, John R. Proctor, &c., all men of local mark and consequence. From Alnwick, to which the tourist next proceeded, he went forward to Belford, and thence to Berwick, where he arrived on the eve of a fast-day, and therefore hurried away from it. And so on past Ayton, Cockburnspath, Dunbar, and Haddington, to Edinburgh, the headquarters, as he dubs it, of the "pestiferous Scotch feelosophers."

The *Newcastle Chronicle* of September 29, 1832, and subsequent dates, gives particulars of Mr. Cobbett's visit. "On Friday, the 21st inst.," says the report, "Mr. Cobbett arrived in this town, and on the following day a hand-bill was issued announcing Mr. C.'s intention of giving two lectures at the Theatre (Mosley Street) on the present state and prospects of the country. A numerous and respectable audience accordingly assembled at the Theatre on Saturday evening, and after some delay Mr. Cobbett appeared, and was received with great applause." Referring at the outset to the

Reform Bills, and the effects which they were likely to bring about, he advised that in the choice of proper representatives the people should not select any who had been in Parliament before. He remarked:—"It was said that they must choose gentlemen, men of rank, station, and family, or, as the unprincipled, profligate, and bloody Castlereagh called it, the 'education' of the country. The people had done that already, and what had been the result? He would say now, try the 'ignorance' of the country, for he was sure they could not be worse than their predecessors." Proceeding to matters of detail, Cobbett spoke as follows:—"Our new representatives must pledge themselves to do all in their power to take off the taxes and abolish tithes both in England and Ireland. The Corn Bill must be utterly

abolished, and the stamp taxes taken off. If they took off the taxes and abolished the tithes, there would be no occasion for the Corn Bill at all; the land would be better tilled, and we should hear no more of fires. The pension list should be reformed. Then there was the expense of the standing army. There was no standing army in America, and there ought to be none here. The standing army was no use but for the collection of the taxes, and the taxes ought to be taken off. He would allow the king forty times as much as the President of America gets; and the queen should have a thousand times as much as the President's wife, for she got nothing." The second lecture was chiefly devoted to the defence of the proposed abolition of tithes. Mr. Cobbett maintained that tithes were not for the purpose of religion, and expressed his opinion that the clergy were "a very hypocritical and profligate" set of men. "He was satisfied, he declared, that the remedies he had advocated were for the honour of the Church and the harmony and tranquillity of the country; and if he had the power to attempt them he would, so help him God!" Being then exhausted, the lecturer deferred some remarks which he had intended to make upon the National Debt until the subsequent Friday—Sept. 28. That day he put before the meeting his views on the question, as they had been stated in his *Register* twenty-nine years previously. Alluding to the proposal of Sir James Graham, in 1827, to take off a third of the debt, he contended that, if it was right to take off a third, it could not be very far wrong to take off the whole amount. He maintained that, if ever there was a debt, it had been long since paid off, together with interest upon interest. Cobbett's fourth and final lecture in Newcastle was delivered on October 5.

Cuddy Alder's Goose Pies.

A STRIKE of keelmen occurred on the Tyne in March, 1709. After it had lasted a short while, and long before it ended, the unemployed people found themselves hard put to it for bread and cheese; for there was no trades union to assist them in those days, and they were not individually much more provident then than folks in a similar station are now.

It happened that a certain kind old gentleman, named Cuthbert Alder, who resided near Long Benton, had laid up for Christmas a plentiful store of toothsome viands and dainty dishes, particularly goose-pies. Some of the keelmen had already begun to thieve in a small way, and a gang of them, who had got to know what goods the gods had provided for Mr. Alder's family and friends against the forthcoming festive season, fixed on that gentleman's larder as a likely prize. They accordingly one night attacked the house, which was in a secluded situation at Low Weetslade, when something in the shape of a battle ensued. The first enemy they met was overthrown without difficulty, being nothing more formidable than a company of working tailors, who were lodging at the time with the lord of the mansion, engaged in making old clothes look as good as new. Mr. Alder had thus to meet the robbers alone; but he was, before many seconds had elapsed, ably seconded by an Amazonian servant. This woman proved a valiant ally, dealing about her so stoutly as to draw upon herself the main violence of the attacks, until she was compelled to retire from the scene with a broken arm.

The owner of the goose-pies might now have been slain, for the keelmen were exasperated by his long-protracted defence; but he was saved through the awakened conscience of one of the assailing party, who had experienced some kindness at his hands on a former occasion, and who felt that the work in which he was engaged was something like black ingratitude. This man, therefore, now interposed to save Mr. Alder's life. He had—the more shame to him—previously pointed out a short and easy way to the larder, which his comrades soon effectually cleared of its contents; and no doubt, repentant sinner though he was, "He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man." And so the robbers managed to clear off with their savoury booty before the hinds and other male servants, who were asleep in a detached outhouse, were awakened.

Vigorous efforts were of course made to find out who the plunderers were, but for some time rewards for their apprehension were all in vain. When all other detective agents had failed, however, Mr. Alder himself, at a lucky hour, came upon a clue. He received some change in silver one day at a shop on Newcastle Quay, and one of the coins particularly attracted his notice. From a private mark upon it, or some other peculiarity, he recognised it as having been part of the property stolen from his house. Questioning the shopkeeper as to whom he had got it from, he soon found out the person in whose possession it had last been. This led to fresh discoveries, the result of which was that the whole set of depredators were by-and-by found out, severally apprehended, arraigned, tried, and found guilty of burglary with personal violence; and in due course two of the ringleaders were hanged upon a gallows erected on purpose on Newcastle Town Moor, where none had been executed for thirty years before.

Mr. Alder had now a right to the money which had been offered for the detection of the burglars; but, a noble sense of delicacy determining him not to keep it, he gave the whole amount to the poor. This was done by buying about four acres of land, known as Dacre's Close, situate in the township of Murton and parish of Tynemouth, and devising the close by will, dated 23rd May, 1736, to the vicar and churchwardens of Long Benton for the use of the poor of that parish. Mr. Alder died in 1736, at the

venerable age of 88; and his mortal remains were deposited on the west side of the porch of Long Benton Church, where his monument is still to be seen.

The siege of the Low Weetslade larder was long the subject of a joke amongst the Newcastle keelmen. Soon after the midnight raid the force of the joke was increased by the outcome of another robbery. In the early spring of 1710, many of the Tyneside farmers missed their lambs, which disappeared so mysteriously and hopelessly that the owners began to look at one another in astonishment, as if there was some witchcraft in the wind. After a time, however, one of them, while crossing a field beside the river, caught sight of a set of keels floating down towards the sea. Suddenly he heard the bleating of a lamb, and found to his astonishment that it came from the keels. Getting together what he deemed a sufficient force, he boarded the tiny fleet. And there, sure enough, in the huddock of one of the keels, was a live lamb, affording presumptive proof that the keelmen had been in the habit of adding to their ordinary occupation that of purveyors of their own live provisions. The thieves, we are told, were punished in due process of law; and a strict watch was afterwards kept, so that the keelmen had no favourable opportunity of indulging their lawless appetite at other people's expense. Moreover, the rigour of the law was succeeded by the lash of the tongue, and saucy taunts and sarcasms, gibes and jeers, about goose pies and spring lambs were, for a couple of generations at least, constantly cast in the teeth of the burly keel bullies. "Hoo did ye like Cuddy Alder's gyuse pies?" and "Hev ye onny lamb iv yor huddock?" were questions which were the fell cause of many a fight between watermen and landsmen for years after the occurrence of the last of the depredations which gave rise to them. "Sometimes," says Mr. Richardson, who compiled his version of the story in the "Local Historian's Table Book" from communications sent him by various residents of Weetslade, "the keelmen were driven, amid the jeers and laughter of the idle bystanders, to hide their diminished heads in the deep recesses of a huddock. But more frequently the keelman, if he had any number of his brethren at hand to back him, was not slow in putting to silence the curiosity of inquirers by a sound thrashing."

A Tale of the Press Gang.

THE following quotation records an incident connected with the days of the press gang :— "In April, 1804, while the kidnapping was being actively carried on, a young seaman named Stoddart jumped into the Tyne, to escape from the press gang, who had hunted him down the Broad Chare, Newcastle, and attempted to swim across to Gateshead. But, one of the gang threatening to fire at him if he did not return, he lost his presence of mind, and, becoming quite powerless, sank, and was drowned. We do not know whether an inquest was held on the body, but, if there was, the coroner would most likely instruct the jury to return a verdict of 'Accidentally drowned.'"

G. J. NAGOL, Heaton Junction.

The Bewcastle Cross.

SEVERAL examples of runic memorials exist in this country. The most famous in the North of England is the pillar or cross at Bewcastle, near Brampton and Carlisle. I have frequently visited it during my summer holidays in North Cumberland. The figures on the cross, apart from the so-called runes, remind me much of those of the Ruthwell (pronounced Rivall) Cross in Dumfriesshire, the pleated figures, if they may be so called, on the Runic Crosses in Whalley and Winwick churchyards, Lancashire, and that in Kirk Braddan churchyard, Isle of Man. A late rector of Bewcastle, the Rev. John Maughan, A.B., published in 1857 a most learned and interesting "Memoir of the Roman Station and Runic Cross at Bewcastle." From this brochure,* it seems that the cross was taken down (it must have been subsequently returned and restored) by the famous Belted Will Howard, a zealous antiquary and scholar, according to his lights and time. It (the cross, it is to be presumed) was sent by Belted Will to his relative, Lord Arundel, by whom it was transferred to Camden, the learned author of the "Britannica." A copy of the inscription on the cross was forwarded by Sir Henry Spelman to one of the earliest runic scholars, Olaus Wormius, who read it as "probably signifying the monument, or cross, or sign of a mighty lord."

Though various readings on the Bewcastle Cross, or Pillar, have been given, it is now generally conceded by runic experts that the Bewcastle Memorial was erected over the body of Alfrid, or Alcfrid, who probably became King of Deira about the year 650, when his father Oswy (King of Northumbria) slew Oswin, who was at that time King of the province of Deira. The late rector of Bewcastle (Mr. Maughan), whose residence on the spot gave him great facilities for studying the inscriptions on the pillar, thus translates the runes into four alliterative couplets, the peculiar feature of Anglo-Saxon poetry :— "Hwætred, Wæthgar, and Alwfrool erected this slender pillar in memory of Alcfrid, one King, and son of Oswy. Pray for them, their sins, their souls." Another reading, more favoured by archæologists, is given by the Rev. H. D. Haigh, of Erdington, near Birmingham, in a

* An old gentleman, who printed the book at Carlisle, informs us that Mr. Maughan engraved all the drawings for it himself, with no better instruments than his own penknife.

paper on the subject printed in the "Archæologia Æliana"—a gentleman reported to be well skilled in Anglo-Saxon dialects and idioms. It must, however, be recollected that the last-named gentleman, according to the statement made by the rector of Bewcastle, only cursorily examined the pillar, and that his reading is given from imperfect rubbings. Mr. Haigh also reads the runes in alliterative couplets:—"This beacon of honour set Hwætred, in the year of the great pestilence, after the ruler, after King Alcfrid. Pray for their souls." Mr. Maughan, while elaborately setting forth his objections to the above translation, observes:—"A very interesting question arises whether this Bewcastle specimen of Anglo-Saxon poetry is not the oldest on record, being nearly 1200 years old. My own impression is that no earlier example has been discovered. This circumstance considerably enhances the value and importance of this ancient cross."

Bewcastle, once a Roman station, afterwards, it is believed, a Saxon royal residence, and subsequently a stronghold to keep in check the Liddesdale moss-troopers, is one of the wildest and most secluded districts on the Cumbrian Border. The modern church and the ruins of the Border peel—in the old fighting days the uneasy residence of the Captain of Bewcastle—stand on the site of the Roman station, which has been explored and described by the late Mr. Maughan. Many Roman inscriptions have been found here, as well as coins, jewellery, and other objects. About the year 1845, a gold ring set with brilliants was found in the garden of the manor house, and came into possession of a farmer's daughter. When I last visited Bewcastle, a few years ago, the runes and the curious floral or lingual decorations could be fairly well traced. The cross is a square, weathered stone, about fourteen feet in height, tapering towards the top. "This pillar," says Mr. Maughan in a foot-note, "which may be properly classed among the most celebrated of archæological monuments, is nearly the frustrum of a square pyramid, measuring 22 inches by 21 at the base, and tapering to fourteen inches by thirteen at the top of the shaft, being fourteen and a half feet high above its pedestal. The pillar has been fixed with lead in a shallow cavity, which has been cut on the crown of a nearly cubical block of stone four feet square, and three feet nine inches high, which stone is now sunk three feet into the ground, and has been tooled off at the upper corners so as to assume the appearance of an unequal-sided octagon. On the top of the pillar was formerly placed a small cross, which has been lost for a considerable period; and hence the pillar is now merely an obelisk. The traditions of the district say that a king was buried here, and also point out the locality where the shaft of the pillar was procured; and the traditions are probably correct in both respects."

HENRY KERR.

Mr. Rd. Oliver Heslop, in the course of a series of elaborate articles he is contributing to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*, states that the inscriptions on the Bewcastle and Ruthwell Crosses "give us undoubted examples of the writing which was in use amongst the Northumbrian Angles of the seventh century, which had been used by them for centuries before, but which were on the eve of being superseded by the Roman alphabet, introduced by Christian missionaries." The long inscription on the Bewcastle Cross begins thus:—

Mr. Heslop prefers the following translation:—"This beacon of honour Set Hwætred In the year of the great pestilence After the ruler After King Alcfrid Pray for their souls." The interlined Roman letters are, of course, added to the above as a key to the runes. EDITOR.

BEWCASTLE CROSS.

Highest Habitations in Great Britain.

IN Kirkstone Pass, a public-house, bearing on its sign an inscription stating it to be "The Highest Inhabited House in England," instances one of the many frauds practised upon tourists. The enterprising publican who first hit upon the expedient of calling his house by this lofty title lived before the days of ordnance maps. In the "Transactions of the Northumberland and Durham Natural History Society," new series, vol. ii., page 94, Mr. George Tate, F.G.S., in his "Physical Geography of Northumberland and Durham," says:—"At the head of West Allendale there is a village of perhaps thirty houses, called Coal Cleugh, at a height of from 1,600 to 1,700 feet above sea level." In a foot-note he protests thus: "We may remark, in passing, that an idea which we found generally diffused, even amongst educated people, that the little inn at the top of Kirkstone Pass is the highest inhabited house in England, is quite incorrect. The height of this is 1,473 feet, and there are dozens of houses higher through the east side of the North of England." It is specially worthy of note that we have in the south-west corner of Northumberland a whole village which stands some two hundred feet nearer heaven than the Kirkstone inn, two hundred to three hundred and forty feet higher than the mining office at Allenheads (which is 1,360 feet above sea level), and nearly two hundred feet above the height given of the Scottish mining village of Leadhills. The village of Coal Cleugh clings to the side of the valley through which runs the West Allen, and slopes upward from its lower end at 1,600 to its highest point at 1,700 feet. Its mean height, therefore, may be said to be 1,650 feet above sea level.

PETER PIPER, Newcastle.

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According to "Picturesque Europe," the inn at the highest point of Kirkstone Pass is situated at an elevation of 1,481 feet. But the highest house in Great Britain is stated to be Carour House, in Perthshire—1,740 feet above sea level. Both these places, however, must yield the palm to two houses between Nenthead and Garrigill in the parish of Alston—namely, Fairview and Priorsdale. Priorsdale stands at a marked elevation of 1,766ft. 6in. above sea level. I am unable to give the *exact* height of Fairview; but as a point on the road leading to it, and apparently on a level with the house, is marked on the Ordnance plans as 1,882 feet above sea level, one may take this to be the elevation, thus placing it more than 400 feet above the house in Kirkstone Pass, and 142 feet above Carour House. There are several other houses near Nenthead situated over 1,500 feet above the sea level and so also above Kirkstone Pass. I may instance several houses at Dykeheads, and also Hardedge, the latter over 1,750 feet. Nearer Alston we have Foreshield Grains and Blagill Head, both over the 1,500 feet line, and there may be others. I have never heard it stated that Alston is the highest market town in England. It ranges in elevation from 900 feet

KIRKSTONE PASS INN.

at the foot of the town to 1,061 feet at the town head, the Market Cross standing at an elevation of 963 feet above sea level. I may state that the heights I have given are all (with the exception of Kirkstone Pass) taken from the plans of the Ordnance Survey.

JOSEPH DICKINSON, Jun., Alston.

The Helm Wind.

AN interesting note on the Crossfell Helm Wind has been supplied to the Science Gossip of the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* by J. J. E., a correspondent at Slapewath. This singular natural phenomenon has given rise to a good deal of speculation as to its cause. The writer, who was brought up in the Crossfell part of Cumberland, describes the approach of the wind like as the roaring of the sea in a storm, and mentions a current statement that it never crosses the river Eden. The Helm forms upon the brow of the mountain, extending from the summit of Crossfell to the right and left, and generally as far as the range of the mountain is of any considerable height. Though occasionally more confined in area, the highest part of Crossfell is invariably the centre of the Helm, which can be observed at the summit of the mountain in clear and well-defined form, and has at twilight an imposing and majestic appearance. The Helm appears at different seasons of the year, and is entirely independent of eastern winds or any other regular currents. It is generally accompanied by what is known as the Helm Bar, a cloud which is formed in the air parallel to the wind itself. Beyond this bar the wind rarely extends, being met there by an opposing current of wind from the west; but on rare occasions when there is no bar the wind travels further across the country, where it gradually loses its velocity and force, and, mixing with contrary currents, assumes an erratic and undecided course. The most reasonable explanation of this peculiar phenomenon is that the wind is generated by the attraction of the mountains, the vapours being condensed along the summit. This condensation may be witnessed frequently upon the summits of Skiddaw, Scawfell, Helvellyn, Saddleback, and others; but these do not form one unbroken chain, and therefore are less favourable for the purpose than Crossfell. The atmosphere from its elasticity is capable of great compression—a fact which is apparent to all who have ascended to any great height, where the air is always lighter and more buoyant than that at a low level. But the density of the air is not always the same, heat causing it to expand and cold to contract. The earth itself being one of the principal causes of heat, the air in the valleys or at the foot of a mountain will be warmer and more expanded than that at the top, and the wind which forms the Helm, on being separated from the water, becomes contracted by the cold. Being heavier than the atmosphere below, which has been rarefied by the heat of the earth, it rushes violently down the declivity of the mountain, becoming more and more expanded in its downward course. Having commenced its overwhelming career, the wind rages into the valley beneath, where the air, being warmer, offers little resistance to the furious element. It, however, gradually becomes expanded itself, and, ascending, is often met by a current from the west, when the two together form what is known as the Helm Bar. The natives believe that this bar is so placed to stay the further progress of the wind; but instead of the bar causing any effect on the Helm Wind, it is itself the effect of the wind and the western current already mentioned. The Helm has sometimes been formed, and a loud roaring noise heard, as if in the Helm, and yet there has been no hurricane. This is due, it is assumed, to the nature of the condensation, to the state of the atmosphere in different parts, and to opposing and contrary currents of wind. Generally the Helm Wind rages for from two to four days, but it occasionally continues to blow with terrific violence for ten days at a stretch, causing great damage to crops and property within its area.

St. Cuthbert's Native Place.

DIFFICULTIES almost insuperable appear to lie in the way of fixing accurately the birthplace of our great Northern Saint. Mr. A. C. Fryer, in his "Cuthbert of Lindisfarne," says that, according to the romances of the twelfth century, St. Cuthbert was regarded as a native, not of England or Scotland, but of Ireland; and the place of his nativity is fixed at Kells, in County Meath. Monsignor Eyre, however, in his "History of St. Cuthbert," p. 4, says:—"The origin and value of the evidence furnished in the 'Irish Life of St. Cuthbert,' and quoted from it by other writers, is discussed by the Bollandists, who have shown it to be full of anachronisms. Without rejecting it as fabulous, the author would suggest that the mistake has arisen from confounding the name of St. Cuthbert with that of St. Columba. St. Columba was born of noble descent at Kells, in Meath, where his house is still shown, and where no tradition of any kind connected with St. Cuthbert is known to exist." Count Montalembert, in his "Monks of the West," inclines to believe in the Irish extraction of St. Cuthbert, but without giving the place of birth. Mr. Fryer seems disposed to agree with his Saxon biographers in representing Cuthbert as a native of the Scottish lowlands. He says: "In some rude hut on the slopes of Earlston, or on the southern skirts of the Lammermuir Hills, the apostle of the Lothians was probably born. Modern writers have associated his birth with the village of Wrangholm, which lay along the base of a hilly ridge, nearly facing Smail-

holm Tower. Of this hamlet every vestige has disappeared."

J. W. CRAKE, Hull.

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In the life of St. Cuthbert, by the late Rev. Provost Consitt, we are told that "it is most probable he (St. Cuthbert) was born in Lauderdale, a district then annexed to Northumbria, which had just been delivered by the saintly King Oswald from the yoke of the Mercians and Britons, and near the spot where the Leader mingles its waters with the Tweed." Mr. John Richard Green concurs in the above, for he speaks of him as "born on the southern edge of the Lammermoor." It was here, on the 31st August, A.D. 651, that the young shepherd saw the vision of angels, descending from heaven and ascending again, "bearing with them a resplendent soul which they had gone to earth to meet." This was at all events the spiritual birthplace of St. Cuthbert, and with his spiritual birth his biographers begin their history.

PETER PIPER, Newcastle.

A Newcastle Institution.

NEWCASTLE readers will readily recognise the accompanying sketch of one of the present street institutions. The peculiar, but sensible, upright cradle-like arrangement, in which the old lady protects herself in all weathers, "rain or shine," is seen every day, near the Central Station,

A Newcastle Orange Woman.

and opposite the end of West Grainger Street. Originally a native of Hexham, where she began her trade of hawking at seven years of age, Ann Ratcliffe came to seek her fortune in Newcastle at the age of fourteen, and has sat here, and elsewhere, in the streets of this city, following her vocation, since the year the Queen ascended the throne. She has sons in another hemisphere; her husband has long been troubled with the "bornkitis"; and she and her daughter have, of course, a struggle to make ends meet. If Ann Ratcliffe had been able to describe what has passed during her fifty years of hawking experience in the streets of the "canny toon," we should have had a chapter of reminiscences of very considerable interest. It would have been simply invaluable material for the future Brands, Sykeses, and Mackenzies who are to furnish us with the further instalments of "Local Records."

Ralph Ward Jackson.

MR. RALPH WARD JACKSON was born on the 7th of June, 1806. His father was Mr. William Ward Jackson, of Normanby Hall, near Middlesbrough. Mr. Jackson was trained to the law, and settled at Stockton. He married, in 1829, Susannah, daughter of Mr. Charles Swainson, of Preston—one son, William Charles Ward Jackson, being

Ralph Ward Jackson.

the issue of the marriage. Mr. Ralph Ward Jackson, as the chief of the old Stockton and Hartlepool Railway, and the chairman of its successor, the West Hartlepool Harbour and Railway, is well known as the founder of West Hartlepool, in whose early career he took the keenest interest, and for the success of which he laboured early and late. In his zeal for its promotion, he outstepped the legal powers of the company, and in the end

retired from the directorship. He was elected first member for the borough of the Hartlepools in 1868, was defeated in 1874, and then retired into private life. Mr. Jackson died on August 6th, 1880.

Jenny Lind in Newcastle.

JENNY LIND, the Swedish Nightingale, whose death, at the age of 67, took place at Malvern on Nov. 2, 1887, paid her first visit to Newcastle in September, 1848. On the evening of the 20th of that month, she appeared at the Theatre Royal in the opera of "La Sonnambula." The greatest enthusiasm was shown by all classes, and the theatre, notwithstanding the high prices of admission (dress boxes, a guinea and a half; upper boxes and pit, a guinea; and gallery, half a guinea), was densely crowded. The receipts were upwards of eleven hundred pounds. Her second visit was in April, 1856, on the 11th of which month she appeared at a grand concert in the Assembly Rooms. The audience, as might have been expected, was an overflowing

one. A number of her ardent admirers in Newcastle purchased and presented to her a beautiful gold enamelled watch, with gold chatelain and seals, which had originally belonged to the Duchess de Montpensier. It was understood that the fair vocalist received nearly eighty thousand pounds during the short tour she made through England and Scotland at that time; but of this enormous sum she returned a considerable part to the public in the shape of gifts to the charitable institutions of every place she visited, to the amount altogether of several thousands of pounds. Jenny Lind, who had in the meantime become Madame Goldschmidt, paid a third visit to Newcastle on Nov. 7, 1861, when she sang in Haydn's "Creation" in the Town Hall, supported by Mr. Sims Reeves and Signor Belletti, her husband acting as conductor. On the following evening she gave her services at a miscellaneous concert in the same place. Our engraving is copied from a portrait which was taken when Jenny Lind was in the full flow of her remarkable career.

Muckle Jock Milburn.

NORTH TYNEDALE, in the days of the Tudors, was, upon the whole, the wildest and most barbarous district in the North of England. The principal surnames then in the dale were the Charltons—the chief family—who might be considered a half of the population; the Robsons, a quarter; and the Dodds and Milburns, another quarter. They could raise altogether six hundred men, horse and foot, the population being much denser in those free-booting days than it is in our comparatively staid and quiet "piping times of peace," when even a casual "start and owerlown" is held to be an indictable offence, and the "rash bush" on every man's land has to keep his cow. The Robsons are now, we believe, the most numerous sept in the dale, the Dodds ranking next, the Charltons after them, and the Milburns last—we mean of the four old surnames.

Irrespective of their relatively smaller number, the Milburns could never be said to fall short of their fellow-dalesmen of other clans in any of those qualities which distinguished old-fashioned Tynedale men. During the last three or four generations, indeed, most of them appear to have neglected and forgotten the tales of daring enterprise and deadly feud and combat which were rife among their fore-elders down to the middle of last century, when the utter failure of the last Jacobite rebellion led to the permanent pacification of the countryside. These tales once constituted, doubtless, the staple folk-lore of the district; and it is rather remarkable that so few anecdotes have been preserved of the exploits of the gallant Borderers, either by Ridpath, or Scott, or their pleasant garrulous forerunner, Froissart, or in the memory of their lineal descendants.

The late Dr. Charlton, who took great delight in gathering and noting down such traditions as he found still afloat in his native district, communicated, many years ago, to the Antiquarian Society of Newcastle, a curious account of a gigantic man of the name of Milburn, who was one of the last of the real old Tynedale type. He was as famous for the strength of his lungs as

for his prowess in clearing a fair or emptying a keg of whisky. In spite of whisky drinking all his life, he was past his eightieth year when gathered to his fathers. He lived at Bellingham, and his common designation, by which he was widely known, was Muckle Jock Milburn. Dr. Charlton, who knew him personally, has preserved one or two anecdotes which he used to tell. Here follows one of them, as near as possible in the language he used :—

My fore-elder, wi' twa others, gaed yence ower the Borders to lift sheep on the Scottish side; for the Scots thieves had of late been harryin' sair i' Tynedale. They gaed ower by the Coquet hede, and lifted some sheep near Yetholm, and drave them doon by Reedwater hede, when the Scots cam' after them, three to three. My fore-elder an' the other twa made a stand upon the Fell, an' the Scots cam' bravely up. Ane of our side fell at the first foregatherin', an' anaither was woundit; but ane o' the Scots fell, too. My fore-elder was then sore beset wi' the twa Scots, till he gat a straik at ane o' them wi' his swaird, an' garrd his hede spang alang the heather like an ingan! An' then the third Scot tuke aff ower the hills, an' my fore-elder drave the sheep ower into Tynedale.

Another anecdote of the Milburns was obtained by Dr. Charlton from the same source. It fell out, it seems, that one of the family, a celebrated fighter, quarrelled in Bellingham with another Borderer, and, of course, the difference was to be decided with the broadsword, or with the whinger or dagger then commonly borne. As the parties stripped to their shirts in the street, Milburn suddenly turned to his wife, who was a spectator of the combat, and cried out, "Wife, bring me out a clean sark. It s'all never be said that the blude of the Milburns ran down upon foul linen!" How the fray ended is not recorded.

Jock Milburn was one of the bailiffs of the barony of Wark for the Duke of Northumberland. Mr. William Brandling, a receiver of Greenwich Hospital during the time when that charity held the barony, occasionally took Jock with him when he went a-shooting on Hareshaw Common, close beside Bellingham; and the Rev. Ralph Brandling, of Gosforth, being one day of the party, fancied that Jock was a little too free. He therefore roundly rebuked him, using sundry uncanonical oaths. Milburn listened awhile with perfect equanimity, but at length he broke in upon the commination service, exclaiming with a characteristic grunt—"Hech, man! they mun hae been verra short o' timmer when they myed thee a pillar o' the chorch!"

Churchill at Sunderland.

CHARLES CHURCHILL, the author of the "Rosciad," the "Prophecy of Famine," the "Candidate," and other satirical poems, was for a short period of his short life a resident in Sunderland. Having become acquainted with a young lady named Scott, whose father lived in the vicinity of Westminster School, he fell violently in love with her, and, with true poetic want of consideration, precipitately married her, within the rules of the Fleet, to the great annoyance of both his parents and hers. At last, however, his father, who was much attached to him, was reconciled to the clandestine match, and kindly took the young couple home. After spending one quiet domestic year with his wife under the paternal roof, Churchill found it absolutely necessary to prepare himself to earn an independent living. For the Church he had no inclination; but he saw no other outlet for his abilities, nor any other way of pleasing his father. So it was arranged that he should retire to Sunderland (the Rector of Sunderland, the Rev. Richard Swainston, M.A., had been a college chum of his father's), and there spend some time in the study of theology, preparatory to taking orders. Here he seems to have applied himself quite as enthusiastically to the study of poetry as of divinity, though he did not neglect the latter altogether. He remained in the North till the year 1753, when he went back to London to take possession of a small fortune which accrued to him through his wife. He was at this time twenty-two years of age, and had been three years married. The fortune, such as it was, was soon dissipated. Churchill's career came to an abrupt close in the month of October, 1764. He had gone over to Boulogne to pay a visit to John Wilkes, and while there was seized with fever, which carried him off in his thirty-third year.

St. Cuthbert's Burial.

THE subjoined legendary poem, by John Graham Stuart, appeared under the above title in vol. iii. of the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1869). So singularly relevant to the moment—in this, the twelfth centenary of the death of St. Cuthbert—do the verses appear, that, in perusing them, one might imagine they had been suggested by the late pilgrimage to Lindisfarne :

High mass was said in Lindisfarne,
And, o'er the moonlit wave
The outline of the hallowed fane,
Cloister and arch and tinted pane,
A bright refulgence gave.

The *De Profundis* rolls on high,
And solemn dies in rest,
As from the porch that opens wide
The monks, like stately spectres, glide,
Hands crossed upon their breast.

Fitful and low the chant ascends,
As two by two they file;
The abbot, with his mitred brow,
Leads forth the bier with stole and bow,
And mutters Aves the while.

Down where the waters seething break
Upon the pebbly strand,
They put to sea with prayer and praise,
The corpse beneath its sable dais,
The breeze from off the land.

The flaming torches borne aloft
Fade silent out of sight,
Save where St. Cuthbert, in his shrine,
Irradiates the phantom line
That follows in his flight.

Slow past the towers of Bambrough,
Where eddying seamews shriek,
Past many a fisher's distant gleam—
Like specks upon their weather beam—
A phosphorescent streak.

At dawn of day the watchers spy
Them from the rocky coast;
All through the darkness and the deep,
Pale with the vigil that they keep,
A wan funereal host.

Sad toll the bells of Coldingham,
A mournful dirge profound,
As, safely moored, they disembark
St. Cuthbert's bones from out their ark,
And lay in sacred ground.

His amulet slipped overboard,
Which grieved the brethren sore;
But pilgrims, I have heard, declare
St. Cuthbert's beads are everywhere,
Along that rugged shore.

And chroniclers there are affirm,
With more belief than guile,
That, in his coffin'd shroud of stone
The saint oft steers his course alone
Towards the Holy Isle.

N. E. R., Fence Houses.

North-Country Wit & Humour.

THE HAUNTED PUBLIC-HOUSE AT GATESHEAD.

Scene, near High Level End, Gateshead, during recent ghost scare. Woman (to policeman): "Whaat dis the ghost come back for?" Policeman: "Oh! she comes te see if she can get the license transfarred to the plyace whor she has gan te!"

THE SCOTTISH GIANT.

Mr. Campbell, a very fat person, known as the Scottish Giant, occuped a public-house in the High Bridge, Newcastle, some years ago. A number of miners visited the giant on one occasion, and several questions were asked Mr. Campbell as to his height, weight, &c. One among the rest asked him his measurement around the waist, when a companion observed, "Weyst, man? thoo can see ne weyst aboot him, aa's sure!"

PLEDGES.

Early one morning, while the workmen from the Newcastle factories were proceeding to work, one of them entered the Cocoa Rooms in Marlborough Crescent. While partaking of some cocoa, his attention was drawn to a large card bearing the following words on it:—"Pledges taken at the bar." After reading it, he exclaimed in a tone of surprise, "By gox! aa never thowt this was a pop-shop before!"

FISHING.

A miner belonging to one of our Northern collieries started off one morning for a day's sport with the rod. A clergyman overtook him on the way, and began an exhortatory conversation by remarking that he supposed our friend was going to have a day's fishing. "Aye, aa is," was the reply. "I go fishing, too," said the clergyman; "but I am a fisher of men." "Aye," rejoined the miner, "and what dis thoo use for bait?"

A NOVEL MASTER-WASTEMAN.

As a party of miners were discussing the temptation and fall of man, it was mentioned that the serpent, as the tempter, was condemned to crawl on his belly and eat dust all the days of his life. An old pitman, who had been listening, spoke up. "Men," he said, "whaat a forst-rate maister-wasteman he wad have myed. He cud have craaled throo aall the aad retorns wivoot either being scumfished wiv stoor or stopped wiv falls!"

RESTRICTION.

At a Sunday-school tea party at Pelton Fell, a few years ago, a bright-eyed, curly-haired "driver-lad," who had been doing full justice to the good things set before him, was observed to stop suddenly, and big tears began to roll down his cheeks. Fearing he was ill, the superintendent went to him, and said kindly, "Wey, Harry! thoo's surely not gan to leave off already! What's the matter?" Harry replied with a sad smile, "Ma dickey strings is ower tight!"

TENT-PEGGING.

During one of the tent-pegging competitions at the Newcastle Exhibition, a competitor struck the wood with his lance and whirled it round his head. "By gox," exclaimed a pitman who was looking on, "he's getten a fish; luik, luik, he's getten a fish." "Get oot, ye fond gimmer," cried a man standing near at hand, "that's not a fish; that's a peg-top!"

THE BUTCHER'S LAD AND THE DOG.

A butcher's lad went to deliver some meat at a certain house in Newcastle, where a fierce dog is kept. The lad entered the backyard, and as soon as the dog saw him he pinned him against the wall. In a short time the mistress of the house ran up and drove the animal away. "Has he bitten you?" she asked. "Noa," said the lad, "aa kept him off us by giving him yor suet, and ye just cam in time te save the beef!"

North-Country Obituaries.

Mr. George Bell, one of the oldest and most respected tradesmen of Hexham, died at his residence, Hainingcroft, near that town, on the 17th of October, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

On the 17th of October, Mr. Richard Kelly, who for many years carried on the business of printer and stationer in South Shields, died at his residence, Market Place, in that town, having attained the ripe age of eighty-one years.

The death took place, on the 19th of October, of Mr. John Stephens, formerly chief-constable of Newcastle, and subsequently for a long period superintendent of the River Tyne Police Force. Mr. Stephens became a member of the Metropolitan Force so long ago as 1828, and while in London he took an active part in the formation of the Rotherhithe division of police. In 1835, he came down to Newcastle to organise the police force of that borough—a work in which he was so successful that he was appointed first chief-constable, having under him between eighty and ninety men of all grades. A few years afterwards, the memorable riot known as the "Battle of the Forth" took place, and the comparatively new constables and their officers were put to a severe test. Their capacity and forbearance, however, proved equal to the occasion, and Mr. Stephens was highly complimented upon the manner in which he restored public order. In 1845, he entered upon the work of the formation of the river force, still continuing to discharge his duties as chief-constable of Newcastle. From the latter position he retired in 1854, but he retained his control of the river force until 1884, when he resigned on a pension equal to his full salary. The deceased gentleman, who was the oldest chief-constable in the kingdom, and who began life as valet to Sir Robert Peel, the founder of the police system as it now exists, was upwards of eighty years of age.

On the same day, at an advanced age, died Mr. H. H. Blair, proprietor of the *Alnwick Mercury*.

Also, on the 19th of October, Mr. John Miller, mineral water manufacturer, of Hexham, died very suddenly in the house of his sister, to whom he was on a visit, at Leith.

The death was announced on the 22nd of October of Mr. Charles Seely, for many years representative in the House of Commons of Lincoln. He had been married to a daughter of Mr. Hilton, who many years ago was an extensive baker and flour dealer in the Sandhill, Newcastle, another daughter having been the wife of the late Mr. R. P. Philipson, for many years Town Clerk of Newcastle. Mr. Seely, who entertained Garibaldi on the occasion of his last visit to England, was eighty-two years of age.

At the comparatively early age of forty-four years, Mr. Herman Ferdinand Nielsen, of the firm of Nielsen, Andersen, and Co., merchants, died at his residence, Elesmere Villa East, Granville Road, Newcastle, on the 26th of October. The deceased gentleman, who was a native of Denmark, having been born at Thistead, in Jutland, came to Newcastle about twenty-three years ago.

The Rev. William Motley Hunter, for many years one of the ablest and most prominent ministers of the United Methodist Free Church, and president of the Conference in 1880 at Leeds, died at his residence, at Jarrow, on the 26th of October. He was sixty-four years of age.

Mr. James Pyman, who, as a member of the firm of Pyman and Bell, had been intimately connected with the trade of the Tyne for about eighteen years, died at his residence in Newcastle, on the 28th of October.

The Rev. John Walters, a minister of the Wesleyan Methodist denomination, who had formerly held appointments at Berwick, Blyth, and South Shields, died at Leeds, on the 29th of October, at the age of seventy-six years.

Record of Events.

North-Country Occurrences.

15.—The foundation stone of new barracks for the Salvation Army, estimated to cost £3,150, and capable of accommodating 1,800 persons, was laid on the main street, Northgate, Darlington.

—A breechloading howitzer exploded at the works of Messrs. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co. at Silloth, five men being seriously injured.

17.—Mr. Fred. Jules Stein, as lessee, opened the new Theatre Royal, Gateshead, with the performance, by Mulholland's Anglo-American combination, of the Trans-atlantic drama, entitled "The Unknown."

19.—The fourth session of the North-East Coast Institute of Engineers and Shipbuilders was opened by the president, Mr. W. T. Doxford, of Sunderland.

—Peter Toner, bricklayer, aged 36, was committed to Durham Assizes for trial, on the charge of having caused the death of his wife at Felling. (See under October 11, page 431.)

—Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill, accompanied by Mr. Nicholas Wood, M.P., arrived on a brief visit at the Hermitage, Chester-le-Street, as guests of Mr. Lindsay Wood. On the night of the 20th, his lordship addressed a large meeting under the auspices of the Sunderland Conservative Association in the Victoria Hall, in that town. On the afternoon of the following day, he received addresses at the Hermitage, and in the evening he addressed an open-air meeting in front of the Conservative Club at Chester-le-Street. On the afternoon of the 22nd, Lord Randolph, having meanwhile become the guest of Sir Matthew White Ridley, M.P., at Blagdon, addressed a large Conservative gathering in the Circus at Newcastle; and in the evening he delivered an address on art and science, on the occasion of presenting the prizes to the successful students at the School of Science and Art in Bath Lane, in the same city, the chair being occupied by the Mayor (Sir B. C. Browne). His lordship afterwards proceeded to Wynyard, the seat of the Marquis of Londonderry, and on the evening of the 24th he brought his political tour in the North to a close by addressing a large meeting in the Exchange Hall, Stockton-on-Tees. The reception accorded to Lord Randolph and Lady Churchill was throughout very cordial and enthusiastic.

—The new Baptist Church erected in Osborne Road, West Jesmond, Newcastle, at a cost, exclusive of the site, of about £6,000, and affording sitting accommodation for 700 persons, was opened for public worship.

21.—A man named Horton, about 54 years of age, who had, for about twenty years, performed the duty of bell-ringer at the church of St. Mary the Virgin, Ryehill, Newcastle, was found dead in the belfry of that church, in which, while in a depressed state of mind, he had committed suicide by hanging.

—The Chief-Constable of Newcastle (Capt. Nicholls) was instructed by the Watch Committee to communicate with other large towns to obtain as much information as possible on the subject of Sunday trading.

—A fine young shark, eight feet long, which had been captured off the Tyne, was landed at the Fish Quay, North Shields.

—Judge Holl, presiding at the Newcastle County Court, made an order for the winding up of the Central Permanent Building Society, Mr. Thomas Gillespie, chartered accountant, being appointed liquidator.

—At a meeting of the Newcastle Board of Guardians, it was reported that over £400, in Bank of England notes, had been found secreted in the clothing of Sarah Burdekin, on her removal as a pauper lunatic.

22.—The personal estate of Ald. John Williams, J.P., late of Westoe, South Shields, a summary of whose will was published to-day, was sworn at £45,263 1s. 7d.

—Newbrough Park estate, situated on the banks of the South Tyne, and comprising about 530 acres of rich feeding pasturage, was offered for sale by auction, at Newcastle, but on £25,000 being reached the property was withdrawn. Allerwash Farm, containing 447 acres, with a rental of £745, was also similarly submitted, but was withdrawn at the bid of £18,000.

24.—An explosion of gas, immediately after the firing of a shot, occurred in the Brockwell seam of the Ann Pit, belonging to the Walker Coal Company, situated about three miles to the east of Newcastle, by which six men lost their lives, while three others were seriously injured. The names of the killed were :—John Pickard, 55, mastershifter, leaving a widow and nine children; William Richardson, 35, stoneman, widow and family; John Cockburn, single; Anthony Hogg, wife and one child; James Mullen, wife and family; and John Hylton, wife and one child. Cockburn had only just entered the pit on his first working shift, and Hogg had joined the pit only about a fortnight previously. Two of the injured men, Robert L. Wilson and Henry Defty, died on the afternoon of the 26th, bringing the deaths up to eight,

—Mrs. William Riches, the wife of a chemical worker at Jarrow, was safely delivered of three sons.

—At Morpeth, Fanny Isabella Wright, aged 26, a widow, was committed for trial at the Assizes, charged with the murder of her infant child.

25.—The Bishop of Durham laid the foundation stone of a new church, dedicated to St. Ignatius the martyr, at Hendon, Sunderland, which his lordship has undertaken to build at his own cost, as a thank-offering for the blessings that have been vouchsafed to him during the past seven years of his episcopate.

—At Chevington station, on the main line of the North-Eastern Railway, between Newcastle and Berwick, an express goods train from the north ran into an uncoupled engine belonging to a goods train from Newcastle. Shunting operations were going on at the time, and the uncoupled engine in turn ran into a standing passenger train from Amble. A fireman named Charles Watson, residing in Byker Street, Heaton, was seriously injured, and several passengers were severely shaken. The damage to rolling stock was very great, and the line remained blocked for five or six hours.

28.—The autumn assizes for the county of Northumberland and the city and county of Newcastle-on-Tyne, were opened by Lord Chief Justice Coleridge.

—Lord Cross, Secretary of State for India, addressed a meeting in the Armoury at West Hartlepool, under the auspices of the South-East Durhem Conservative Association.

29.—Shortly after ten o'clock to-night, the Royal Jubilee Exhibition on the Town Moor, Newcastle, was closed without any formal ceremony. The attendance on the final day, having reached 54,716, was the largest number recorded on any single day since the opening on the 11th of May. The total number of persons who had passed the turnstiles during the continuance of the Exhibition was 2,091,646.

—At the workshops and factories on Tyneside to-day, and on the following day (Sunday) at the various churches and chapels of the city and district, the annual collections on behalf of the local medical charities were made. Of places of worship, Jesmond Parish Church headed the list for the third time in succession, the sum realised being £104 2s. 4d., or an increase of nearly £10 on the previous year. Brunswick Place Wesleyan Chapel, with £73 0s. 11d., indicating a slight falling off from last year's amount, occupied the second place.

General Occurrences.

OCTOBER.

17.—A splendid drinking fountain, the gift of Mr. G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, as a memorial of the Queen's reign, was inaugurated at Stratford-on-Avon.

18.—Mr. Gladstone visited Nottingham and delivered political speeches.

20.—Death of James Alexander Beresford Beresford-Hope, M.P. He was the author of three books relating to Church matters, two novels, and numerous pamphlets, papers, and articles, and was proprietor of the *Saturday Review*. It was to Mr. Hope that Mr. Disraeli applied the famous phrase, "Batavian grace."

22.—Mr. William Pickard, miners' agent, died at Wigan, Lancashire.

23.—Mr. Wilfrid Blunt was arrested at Woodford, Ireland, for endeavouring to hold a meeting which had been proclaimed by the Lord Lieutenant. He was subsequently sentenced to two months' imprisonment, but was liberated pending an appeal against the sentence.

—An agreement was concluded between England and France as to the Suez Canal and the New Hebrides, a convention being signed a few days afterwards. The settlement of these questions was hailed with satisfaction in both countries.

—Death of Sir H. W. Gordon, brother of General Gordon.

25.—The French Government was defeated on a motion to inquire into certain scandals about the sale of decorations. The names of General Caffarel, General d'Andlau, and M. Wilson, son-in-law of the President of the Republic, were mixed up in the affair.

26.—William Hunter, a tramping blacksmith and street vocalist, was sentenced to death at Carlisle for the murder of a female child about four years of age.

30.—A terrific gale swept across the English Channel, when much damage was done to property, several ships were driven ashore, and many lives were lost.

31.—Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., having appealed against a sentence of three months' imprisonment for delivering speeches at Mitchelstown, on the 9th and 11th of August, which were alleged to incite to resistance of sheriffs and bailiffs, the case was heard at Midleton, in county Cork. The sentence was confirmed, and Mr. O'Brien was immediately arrested by the police, amidst a scene of much excitement.

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Printed by Walter Scott, Felling-on-Tyne.

THE JUBILEE CHRONICLE

OF THE

NEWCASTLE EXHIBITION,

BEING A REPRINT OF THE

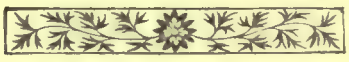
Newcastle Daily Chronicle's

Report of the Proceedings at the Opening of the Exhibition,

WITH DESCRIPTIONS OF ITS CONTENTS.

AND SPECIAL CONTRIBUTIONS ON ITS PRINCIPAL SECTIONS

BY EMINENT EXPERTS.



LONDON: WALTER SCOTT, 24 WARWICK LANE,
AND FELLING, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

1887.

PREFACE.

THE object of the *Monthly Chronicle* was to rescue from the comparative oblivion of a newspaper file much valuable and interesting matter that was deemed worthy of permanent record in the more easily-accessible volume form.

In like manner, the Publisher now offers to his readers the *Jubilee Chronicle* as a permanent embodiment of the valuable and interesting reports which the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* presented as a record of the proceedings connected with the opening of the Jubilee Exhibition.

On previous great occasions, the reports of the *Daily Chronicle* have been summarised and thus presented to the public in volume form, but in the present instance the Publisher is enabled to present the complete series of reports through the courtesy of the Proprietors of the *Chronicle* in placing at his disposal the whole of the matter in type.

He is thus enabled to present, as a candidate for public favour, a readable volume at an unusually cheap rate, which he trusts will be useful to readers abroad as well as to those at home.

FELLING-ON-TYNE, *May* 1887.

THE JUBILEE CHRONICLE

PART I.

A JUBILEE OF INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS.

Reprinted from "The Newcastle Daily Chronicle," of May 10, 1887.

"Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day.
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."
—"Locksley Hall."

"Better fifty years of Europe" is the song of the Lord Laureate. But few can imagine what are embodied in the "fifty years." Herbert Spencer, going from one civilisation to another, was struck with "the immense development of material civilisation" which he saw in the United States. And the change is trifling between the continents to what it has been in this land in half a century. It is difficult to conceive that fifty years only separates us from a period when travel and transit were slow and difficult, quick communication impossible, when the hand was little aided by machinery, when flails thrashed much of our corn, when gas had not ousted the candle or the oil lamp from many towns, when corporations were often self-elected, corn was heavily taxed at our ports, and dissent was tabooed in many a council, alike for local and Imperial purposes. Glancing back, prominent points of difference may bulk out, but the difference between then and now is so great that in the words of a picturesque historian we should not recognise "one landscape in ten thousand." And in the North the changes are even greater than they are in the general, for the North has been in mining and engineering the pioneer, and thus its works are most evident in its own locality. In many of its branches engineering —"the devising or forming engines or machines, and in directing their applications"—in many branches engineering is the outgrowth of the half-century; and remembering the development in all branches in that time, and the manner in which mining has been systematised, and other arts have grown and been widened in area and application, it is not too much to claim that this year is a *jubilee year in the industrial development of the North.*

A GLANCE BACKWARDS.

Half a century enables us to withdraw, as it were, from the deafening din of change, and to observe impartially the effects, as well as to ascertain with a little more accuracy than is possible in the midst of the turmoil, the extent of the movements and the results that follow. The projectors of these changes have mostly passed away from the scene; but if they rest from their labours, there are those who knew what the works were, what the condition alike of the land and the locality were before the fifty years had begun their course, and thus, near enough to ascertain the cause and the effect, yet distant enough to escape the blinding dust, we may look at the changes in fifty brawling years. Look for a moment at points in the contrast that spring at once to the memory. Gateshead had not a fourth of its present population; South Shields a third only; West Hartlepool was undreamt of; Middlesbrough was a small town, without dock, ironworks, or factory, and with not a twelfth part of its present population. Again, glance at the condition of rivers and ports. Less than forty years ago the depth of the channel of the Tyne, over the bar, was less than 6 feet 8 inches; sands and other obstructions were many between Newcastle and the sea; and the old bridge obstructed navigation and the flow of the tide. In the river Tees, again, though the "Cut" of the Tees Navigation Company had shortened the course of the river from the sea to Stockton, yet in the estuary the navigation grew worse, and there were shifting, shallow, and tortuous channels. Hartlepool old dock had been opened, but, not so many years before, the inner harbour had been "enclosed for agricultural purposes." There was scarcely a steamer owned at the North-Eastern ports, though one or two sailed to and fro. The Northern coal trade was just emerging from dependency on the old system of working with gin and corf, and in the manner pictured in the "Pitman's Pay." In the lead mining districts, ancient machinery was in use, but there was not the competition that there is now with the rich lead of other nations. In agriculture, the olden style prevailed, and a few farmers in Northumberland were credited with continuing the use of oxen for ploughing. The sickle and the scythe were used instead of the reaper and the mower; there was no steam plough, and want of communication had much to do with the prices for produce the farmer received. The harvest of the sea was also taken in olden methods, and limited and few were the "catches" to those of to-day. Northumberland had, in 1831, a population of 236,959; and Durham one of 239,256; the former county had for the decade previous added to its population at the rate of 2,394 persons yearly; and the latter county had in the same time increased 4,615 yearly. What the rate of increase has been since we shall later find; and if the cause

of that increase and of the ability to supply the increased population with its food and its fuel, its clothing and its multifarious needs,—if that cause be sought, we shall have to look largely to the locomotive, the steamship, and the power which generates steam and propels on land and sea. With limited communication, the two counties of the North which hold most of that carboniferous treasure practically slept fifty years ago ; along the courses of the rivers there was a semblance of life, and a miniature industry. Little mines brought their coal to the surface, and barges and keels conveyed it to vessels down the rivers. Lead was brought on the backs of asses to the ports. The rivers were the highways for what trade there was, and to some extent for the passengers also. Towns fifty miles apart were remote from each other as are Newcastle and Norwich now. Harvests plentiful in one place and precarious in another caused the price of food to be widely different with distances of not many miles between the markets. The coally treasures of the Tyne supplied the Thames, but it was by a fleet of sailing vessels, and thus a storm or a contrary wind had much to do with the price of coal in London, and with the amount of work at the pits in the North. Collieries, trades, and towns in the two counties were dwarfs to what they now are. The familiar sights of today were then undreamt of : the railway station, the public park, the free library, the telegraph, and the post office as we know it had no part in the landscape. Looked at from the distance of half a century, the men who moulded what was to them the future, recall the idea that "there were giants in the land" in those days. John George Lambton, Earl of Durham, in the local political world ; the Stephensons in engineering ; John Scott, Earl of Eldon ; the Loshes, the Bells, the Allhusens, the Bolckows, and the Pattinsons in commerce ; the "clipper shipbuilders" of the Wear—these are amongst the men whose names spring into the memory as having had their share in that great development of North-Country life which began fifty years ago. It was hard work in those days to build up industries ; and it was only by one faculty that these industrial changes were wrought. It was the genius of endurance and perseverance ; the faculty of labour almost continuous, and the intent plodding work which built up the commerce of the North.

NEWCASTLE HALF A CENTURY AGO.

Coming to the town of Newcastle, we find it was then circumscribed in its boundaries, limited in its number of inhabitants, and yet having begun to know its subterranean riches and its needs. Its cattle market had been established ; it was dreaming of lines of steamers ; on the site of the town house of the Earls of Westmoreland it had built the home for its Literary and Philosophical Society. Grainger was stretching out the town, and had bought and was building on Anderson Place and its grounds ; but still the town was—compared to what it now is—dwarfed and small. In itself, in its institutions, and in the people employed, it was but a tithe of what it has now grown to. The new borough police, 85 persons in all, were taking charge of Newcastle ; omnibuses had recently begun to run between Newcastle and North Shields ; letters from Newcastle to London cost 8d. each by the Menai steamer ; and the "new road, leading from Westgate Street to the Scotswood Road, near the Infirmary," had been recently opened. The denes were rural sights, outside the city. There was no railway into Newcastle in those days. In 1835 that part of the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway between Blaydon and Hexham was opened, but "passengers from Newcastle were conveyed to Blaydon by omnibus." The part from "Elswick Shot Tower to near Blaydon" was opened in 1839 ; and in the same year the Newcastle and North Shields Railway was opened.

There were few or no steamships regularly plying from the Tyne then. The Vesta, 300 tons register, began in May, 1837, a weekly service to Leith ; and a company for promoting the trade between the Tyne, Hamburg, and Rotterdam began a little later, in 1839. At the Post Office not a dozen persons were employed ; there was no telegraphic communication ; and thus, with the absence of railways and of telegraphs, with slow communication by coach or sailing vessel, many of the facilities of modern civilisation were absent. There was not one cab in Newcastle fifty years ago. There are about 190 now, in addition to some 40 tramcars.

INDUSTRIES FIFTY YEARS AGO.

The industries of Newcastle and district had begun that remarkable increase which may be attributed in large extent to facility of communication and of transmission of supplies for the needs or the wants of the world. There was a vend of coals in 1835 of about 3,290,000 tons coastwise, and 494,485 tons foreign—in all, some 3,784,996 tons. There were two blastfurnaces at Birtley ; two at Lemington ; and one at Wylam. The Longridges had rolling mills at Bedlington ; the Walker works were begun in 1827 by Losh, Wilson, and Bell ; and Hawks, Crawshay, and Co. were iron manufacturers years before at Gateshead. At Newburn the Spencers, and at Derwentcote the Cooksons, were steelmakers. The chemical works at Walker, Bill Quay, Felling, Jarrow, and Friar's Goose were at work ; glass was largely made on the Tyne ; the earthenware trade had been planted at St. Peter's and the Ouseburn ; shipbuilding on the river was of wood. Engineering is a trade of old date on the Tyne ; and fifty years ago at Gateshead, Walker, and Forth Bank the Hawkses, Bells, and Hawthorns were at work, whilst it would be unpardonable to forget that in South Street there had been established by Stephenson, Pease, and Richardson the first locomotive factory in the world. In this northern district, there were also then the repairing and engine-building works of the Stockton and Darlington Railway at Shildon, and the private works of Mr. Hackworth ; whilst Darlington had benefited by that primal line, and its foundries had grown, and waggon and engine works were contemplated, if not begun. Wooden shipbuilding had intermittent activity on the Wear and the Tees ; the whale fishery gave lessening work

to fleets of Whitby vessels ; and whilst the coal trade was declining at Stockton, it was growing lower down the river. On the northern bank, though the furnaces had not been built, or perhaps dreamt of, there was an industry which has long since died out—that of glass ; and there was an attempt at other industries at the village of Haverton Hill, though none seemed to imagine that wealth in salt was deep below its surface.

These are prominent points in the comparison between the North-east fifty years ago and now ; but we have to take more than this mere surface view if we have to learn the extent of the change, and the causes of that industrial development which locally and nationally has in that period been known. Industrial exhibitions serve several ends, not the least of which is that they direct the mind to the growth of local and national industries. Its has been well said, "that vast national benefits have sprung from exhibitions, in all technical respects, in the improvement of industry, in the expansion of art, cannot be for a moment disputed. We have the proofs before our eyes and in our hands. If the social profits of exhibitions are less apparent, less positively ascertainable, there is room here at least for faith and a cheery view of the matter." And when we turn to fifty years ago, and find that in the opening year, half a century ago, there was issued that pamphlet "Post Office Reform : Its Importance and Practicability," out of which penny postage sprung ; and that in the same year the electric telegraph was invented, and steam communication with America established, these great national developers of commerce give ground for the description of the present year as the *jubilee year in industrial development*, as well as in that of the reign of the Queen.

THE COAL TRADE.

In the endeavour to trace the progress and the extent of the industrial development of the North, there cannot be much doubt as to the point of commencement, for there is one industry which is the groundwork of the commerce of the North, the cause of construction of its railways and harbours, and the stimulator of its engineering, its naval, its chemical, and its general industries. That industry is—coal. The coalfield of the North encloses in an irregular triangle much of that potential energy which has given life to the commerce of the district. There are in the total area some 800 square miles, or from that to 840, according to estimates of different authorities. Taking the latter figure, we have then the division, 594 square miles to the county of Durham, and the remainder to Northumberland. For more than six centuries that coalfield has been drawn upon for fuel and power. And as for years that production increased, the reserve of strength and heat was largely drawn upon, though the authorities have not agreed upon the amount of the remainder. The latest estimate was that furnished to the Royal Commission by Sir George Elliot and Mr. Forster. Their conclusion was that there were in 1871 in Northumberland and Durham, at depths not exceeding 4,000 feet, and in seams of not less than 12 inches, some 10,036,660,236 tons of coal unworked. We may take these figures as sufficient for our purpose, without going back to the differing estimates of Greenwell, Hall, Hull, or Taylor. And as we have tolerably accurate statements of the quantity worked in the years since that estimate was made, we are able approximately to draw some deduction as to the unwrought coal in the great Northern coalfield now. Since the date referred to the output of coal in the North has been one which has increased on the whole, but with fluctuations. It has varied from 29,000,000 tons in round numbers to 36,000,000 tons ; and, therefore, if we take the figures of Sir G. Elliot and Mr. Forster, and deduct therefrom 500,000,000 tons, we shall find that the "available coal" in our coalfield may be put approximately as about 9,536,660,236 tons, so that the large output of the present time could be kept up for a long period. And there are certain possibilities which might indefinitely prolong that period—the working of coal further under the sea, for instance. But there are other contingencies adverse. The period of exhaustion has been put at "331 years" by Greenwell, whilst Mr. T. Y. Hall assigned a still shorter period, and in the valuable address of Sir W. G. Armstrong given to the British Association in 1863, there occurs the passage "it is generally admitted that 200 years will be sufficient to exhaust the principal seams even at the present rate of working." And it is in this direction that the danger of the future lies. Long before the bulk of the coal is wrought out, certain seams and kinds of coal will have gone, and that left may be less cheaply worked, or may be of a quality not so valuable or fitting for distinct purposes. But, on the other hand, the resources of science may in degree meet that difficulty. For instance, a large tract of the coking coalfield of Durham has been worked out, but in recent years it has been demonstrated that other qualities of coal, disintegrated and treated, will furnish coke as suitable as that from the famous seams of South Durham ; and with the larger use of the coal that is drawn—a larger use made possible by better engines, more economically working machinery, and less wasteful use of the fuel—the period of the duration of coal might be greater than has been supposed.

Coming next to the changes which fifty years have seen in the coal trade of the North, at the outset we are met with the difficulty that there are no official statistics of the coal output of the North before 1854. Prior to that we have scattered and not uninteresting records of the coal trade. But, a little over fifty years ago, Mr. Hugh Taylor gave evidence before a committee of the House of Lords. He estimated the vend of coals then for the coalfield of the North at about 3,500,000 tons yearly. That was for the year 1829. There was a comparatively rapid growth in the shipments of coal from some of the ports during the next few years ; and that continued, as is evident by the fact that when we arrive at official statements of output we find that in 1854 the coal production of Northumberland and Durham was 15,420,615 tons, and after that time it advanced slowly. There was a period then of rapid increase, and then one in which the coal output was stationary ; and thus, from various causes, the output of coal in the North-east of England has varied—

rising with more or less rapidity for some years, and then falling off again for two or three years. But the following statement, showing the output of coal from Northumberland and Durham for several illustrative years, will have great interest, and it may be taken as the first of the proofs of the industrial development of the North in half a century of remarkable growth. The coal output for the years named may be thus put :—

NORTHERN COAL OUTPUT.

Year.	Authority.	Output. Tons.
1829...	Taylor's estimate	3,500,000
1854...	Official report	15,420,615
1875...	,,	32,097,323
1882...	,,	36,299,000
1883...	,,	37,400,000
1886...	,,	34,780,000

Although there have been fluctuations, and the last three years have reduced the production in the North, yet it will still be seen that the diminished output of the last year was considerably more than double that of the year when the official returns began to be published, and may be assumed to be about seven-fold what it was 50 years ago. The railway and the steamship have opened up new markets for the use of coals, and have themselves become very large users of that fuel. The upgrowth of the iron trade has demanded coal and coke to supply its needs ; and the consumption for gas, for household purposes, and for manufacturing needs generally, has contributed to the enlargement of the use of coal, which the figures above show has been met by the mines of the North. But other considerations than the mere coal have had play—miners, machinery, and modes of working have all had their influence on that enormous development of the output of coal. In speaking of the persons employed about the mines, we have to remember that whilst at the end of last century it was computed by Dr. McNab that about 17,000 persons were employed at the collieries "of the Tyne and Wear," yet there were included in that number the many keelmen, fitters, and trimmers employed in shipping the coals. Not till 1854 have we really reliable data to estimate the number of miners of the two counties ; but from the figures obtainable since that time we may compile the following table, showing the number of persons employed in and about the coal mines of Northumberland and Durham :—

NORTHERN MINERS.

Year.	Authority.	Number of miners.
1854...	Hunt	38,801
1863...	I. L. Bell	47,300
1879...	Inspector's Return	89,539
1884...	,, ,,	92,359
1886...	,, ,,	100,777

The largest number employed at the mines was in 1885, but the number for the past year is only slightly less than that of the preceding year. This enlargement of the number of the miners whilst the output has been stationary or receding, is one of the facts that need the attention of the producers of coal in the North. But what at the present concerns us is that there is an enlargement of the output of coal to a very large extent. The production has been more than doubled since the commencement of the authentic records, and the number of persons employed in and about the mine has been enlarged much more rapidly in the same interval.

It is well worthy of record that in the half-century that increase in production of coal has been stimulated and made possible by the improvement in the machinery for raising the fuel, and for the needed improvement of the working and ventilation of the mines. A little over fifty years ago the cage was introduced into Durham by Mr. T. Y. Hall, and the corf has long ago been banished. Steam power, compressed air, and other methods of cheapening the cost of the conveyance of coal below ground have been adopted, and the "endless haulage" system has had its part in the same direction, so that an enlarged production has been made possible even when the coal has needed to be drawn from deeper pits, and longer distances in the mines. The ventilation of the mine has necessarily had to be greatly increased, by an enlargement of the furnace power, and by mechanical ventilation ; whilst the larger dimensions and numbers of the air courses, and the division of the main current of air into separate "splits" or currents, has rendered possible the better division of the air. In some mines increasing working has brought larger volumes of water, and vast "feeders" have had to be pumped out, the volume of water so drawn being twenty or twenty-five times the weight of coals, in some instances. Hetton Colliery proved the existence of coal worth winning under the magnesian limestone in 1821 ; Murton extended the area of the workings a few years later, and the feeders of water met with were such as could scarcely have been dreamt of. Murton sinking is said to have cost £400,000—an amount contrasting strangely with pits sunk last century near Newcastle at a cost of "about £55." And, at times, the occurrence of large volumes of water has necessitated the use of other methods of sinking the shafts—the Belgian system having been adopted at Whitburn. Attempts have been made to introduce mechanical coal-hewers, but as yet with only partial success. Very considerable changes have been made in the manner of bringing down the coal, and others are in course of trial ; and, generally, it may be said that the change in the methods of quarrying coal, of its transit under ground, and of raising it to the surface, with all the changes which have been needful in connexion therewith, have been at least as important and as full as those of the production of coal and of its disposal.

MINES AND MINERS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

It is nearly fifty years since the commencement of a little fortnightly paper printed in the Side, Newcastle, and intended to advocate the claims of the miners. It is worth referring to that old paper to obtain an idea of the position of the mines and miners half-a-century ago—remembering that the statement is made by a friend of the miners, sometimes a friend more zealous than judicious. Fifty years ago, when Martin Jude kept the "Three Tuns, Manor Street," and Daniels, the editor of the

Advocate, had his office at "4, Picton Terrace," the Union of the miners had its agent lecturing in various parts of the country. There were strikes in those days, as now—"Thornley Colliery" was on strike, the men complaining that "their coals were weighed by a fraudulent machine." The bond was put in force, and six men were sent to prison, and some of the men were writing letters to "wipe off the blasting censure which a "pusillanimous scribe" had in Durham put upon them. There had been an outrage in the village, there were charges of complicity by the men, and the Pitmen's "Attorney-General" was being brought down to test the strength of the bond. The first Conference of the Miners' Association had been held at Newcastle; the miners of Haswell Colliery were complaining of the "set-out tubs;" the Seaton Burn men had been paid "7s. 6d. per score with 4d. per score double;" there was an awful explosion at West Moor, and the jury "composed of butchers and shoemakers" returned a verdict of accidental death. Then came a great meeting in Newcastle, in which speakers from Thornley complained of the "masters' monthly bond," others complained of the "tax on export coals," and an aggregate meeting was held on the Town Moor attended by "from 12,000 to 14,000 persons," which concluded with the voting of thanks to "Sir John Fife for his kindness in granting the use of the ground." The employers contended, at the time of that strike, that the men could earn "3s. 8d. per day of eight hours," but this the men contested. In that strike the men believed that "22,000 men and some 10,000 boys" took part in Northumberland and Durham; it caused the receipts of the Durham and Sunderland Railway to fall off for a time about three-fourths; evictions began, and after a nineteen weeks' strike, the want of public support, and the "great influx of strangers to supersede the native miners," brought the dispute to an end without result. The strike, however, broke out again at 27 of the Tyneside collieries, but "sheer necessity" compelled the return to work at last. There was a trial at Durham, which illustrates the feeling of the miners in those days — that which was known amongst pitmen as the Wingate wire rope case, and in which the men at the colliery at that place objected to work because they were let down by a wire rope. And thus the records run—of strikes, generally unsuccessful; of small pay and scant work, of accidents, offences, conferences, and of trials in which the strong words of the "Pitmen's Attorney-General" usually brought rejoinders as strong to Mr. Roberts. Most of the actors of those days have passed away, but the few who remain will acknowledge at least that the pits are safer now, that accidents are less frequent, that ventilation is better, and that there is some attempt to meet the needs of the miners for light and air and better appliances below, whilst schools are more abundant, conditions of hiring less harsh, and there are other signs of progress, industrial and social. In the mine, there are better means of overcoming the evils of water and of marsh gas; in the homes of the miners, there is more of the comforts of civilisation, and for the table of the miner the world is scoured—beverages from the East, the products of the far lands of the West, the dairy produce of Ireland and the Continent; light is from the oil wells of America and Russia, and there is as much contrast between the mine of to-day and that of fifty years ago as there is between the modes of work of the pitman in the two periods.

DURHAM COKE.

"Durham coke" may be said to be known in metallurgical circles all the world over. Durham is the chief coke-producing district of Great Britain, it is claimed that its quality makes it "superior to anything that can be produced in Great Britain, or indeed in any part of the world;" and, it is to this pure coke that the North owes its iron trade; produced in such vast extent from "a very inferior and imperfect ore." Over a large part of the North, from Tyneside to Shildon, the coke manufacture shows its traces: that hard, compact, and silver-grey fuel shows itself on all the Northern railways, and row after row of ovens throw fierce pencils of light on the path of the traveller by rail, river, or road in the North. The coke manufacture is comparatively modern, but it is one which has had rapid growth. For locomotive use it was for some time imperative under certain conditions, but it is to the iron trade that the demand owes its present largeness of volume. A short time ago figures were compiled from authentic records which substantially trace the position of that great industry of coke which, from the Tyne to the Tees, exerts so vast an influence on the coal trade of the North. Quite recently there was coke kept in store for use on railways in case of scarcity of other fuel, but practically coke has ceased to be used for locomotives in the North, though some attention has been given to proposals to use it for marine boilers. The statement we have referred to in relation to coke production is as follows:—The coke trade has within the last few years become one of the most important, furnishing, as it does, a very considerable portion of the raw material for the iron manufacture, and consuming in its own manufacture no inconsiderable part of our output of coal. Within a comparatively recent period the industry has acquired large dimensions, stimulated in a very great degree by the growth of the Northern iron trade. Less than thirty years ago the production of coke in the kingdom was estimated at 2,500,000 tons; twenty years ago the output was about 3,500,000 tons; but now it is believed that in the County of Durham alone over 4,000,000 tons of coke are annually manufactured. In South Durham, where the largest part of the coke is made, it has been estimated that over 16,000 coke-ovens have been erected, and that the consumption of coal at these has exceeded 30,000 tons daily. This, it is true, is a mere estimate; but there are authentic figures which go to support it. There are, it is known, about 1,700 coke "drawers" in the Durham district, and the quantity of coke "drawn" yearly by each may be taken as about 2,800 tons. The chief part of the coke is made from coal extracted from the western part of Durham, the area of the field being over 250 square miles; but it has been supposed that it is unable to afford coal for much more than six score years at the present rate of consumption, and that rate is

increasing. Hence more than mere local importance attaches to the efforts now being made to utilise for the coke manufacture large quantities of coal, in the eastern part of the county, by its disintegration and washing. At a cost of about one halfpenny per ton coal can be reduced to powder, and so improved as to fit it for the manufacture of coke, and thus to lengthen the life of what may be called the "coking coalfield." For the very large proportion of coke used in the manufacture of iron purity is essential ; but the area of the field of coal fit for the purpose is very small, and many and costly experiments have been unsuccessfully attempted to enlarge it. The plan of disintegration has attained more than experimental success, and its trial on a scale of great magnitude will be watched with interest by all interested in the use of the pure fuel so necessary to manufacturers and on locomotives. To this it may be added that coke made by the method hinted at is now generally sold, and that the total output of Durham coke may be stated as about 4,500,000 tons yearly now. Of this it is computed that about 3,500,000 tons are used in the iron trade of the North and West Cumberland and Furness. Lincolnshire and the South are the chief users of the rest, though a not inconsiderable quantity is sent abroad, Spain being an especially large user of the coke of Durham. Very many attempts have been made to improve the process of manufacture of coke—the Carves' oven being one of the most successful. It had, however, another object in view—that of the utilisation of the waste products evolved in the manufacture. But the fall in the price of the product has lessened the desire to extract and utilise these waste products. Under this head, also, the attempts of the Jameson process have been successfully made—one of its difficulties, that of the securing of ovens which were air-tight, having been at last overcome. The growth of the coke trade in Durham is one of the results of the enlargements of the iron manufacture, and its fate is largely bound up with the latter industry. But there is an increased work obtained now from the coke, and an increased smelting power from other sources, so that the production of coke in Durham does not now rise concurrently with the output of pig iron. The old and wasteful method of manufacture still largely prevails.

IRON MINING.

The story of the iron mining trade of the North has often been told, and it is not needful to do more than outline the growth of the industry. Fifty years ago the iron industry was in existence, but it was on a miniature scale. Bewick tells us how the industry commenced, how searches were made in Cleveland and in the Esk valley especially. Finally, iron was struck at Eston, but those who discovered it had no conception of the development which would result, for they anticipated "1,000 tons of ironstone would be weekly taken from Eston," whereas the output is more than tenfold that quantity. When the first of the "mineral statistics series" was issued, Cleveland yielded not less than 650,000 tons of ironstone, but that is a slight part of the production now, though the maximum yield has not been maintained. In 1860, the production was over 1,000,000 tons ; in 1865 it doubled that quantity, and in years of intense demand there was a later enlargement, which, with the figures for the latest year, we may thus tabulate :—

YEAR.	OUTPUT OF IRONSTONE.
1868	2,875,307 tons.
1869	3,094,677 ,,
1870	4,072,888 ,,
1871	4,581,901 ,,
1872	4,974,950 ,,
1873	5,435,233 ,,
1874	5,428,497 ,,
1875	6,085,541 ,,
1876	6,571,968 ,,
1877	6,280,000 ,,
1878	5,316,477 ,,
1879	4,714,535 ,,
1880	6,441,783 ,,
1886	5,370,779 ,,

The declension in late years is due to the fact that the demand for iron is now largely for the qualities which are fit for use in the steel manufacture. In the years which the above figures cover, the area from which the ironstone of Cleveland has been drawn was widened, and the mines to the east of Eston now supply a larger part of the total production than they did a few years ago. For a long period the ores of Cleveland were unused in the production of steel—their unsuitability, owing to the presence of phosphorus, being well known. Efforts to use the ores for the purpose were made by Sir I. Lowthian Bell, but in the years 1878 and 1879 the Thomas-Gilchrist method of dephosphorising the ores was perfected, and in 1880, the large converters which had been constructed for the work were tried. In the words of Mr. E. W. Richards, who has done so much to bring forward the process, "the basic process has been brought to a technical and commercial success at the Cleveland steel works of Bolckow, Vaughan, and Co.," and to that success is due, in considerable degree, much of the later enlargement of these works. And at these works, and at those of the North-Eastern Steel Company, the process is actively carried on, on a scale of some magnitude.

CRUDE IRON.

If, next, we look at the crude iron trade, we shall find that half a century has witnessed the upgrowth of that trade in the North-East of England; and, as is well known, there are few stories that have more of romance than that of the development of the long hidden iron deposits. The trade fluctuates—moving its seat from place to place as supplies of ore or fuel need. As the years have rolled on, the needs of the world for crude iron have been enlarged, the railway system widened the area of use, and so did the transfer of shipping from wood to iron. Iron has been made cheaper by that larger demand bringing more and more makers into the field, and enlarging the produce of different districts. It was thus that the earlier producers of iron in the North built their furnace to use local ores, and it was these considerations which built up great works on the Tyne, in Durham, and on the Tees. This latter development in Cleveland at a time when more and more crude iron was needed

was remarkable, and it gave rise to the creation of allied and contributory industries. The "advantages of the position of Cleveland appreciated, and after the first obstacles had been overcome, there were many who were ready to follow. The men who erected the pioneer furnaces thirty years ago, Bolckow and Vaughan, Bell Brothers, Samuelson, and others, were the pioneers not alone of the iron trade, but of other industries that followed the creation of that great trade. Iron shipbuilding, within a very few years after the blowing in of the first furnace in Cleveland, was commenced at Stockton, at West Hartlepool, and at Middlesbrough; engine building had preceded that erection, but engineering on a larger scale followed it." But all this was within the half century now under review. We have no exact record of the output of the furnaces of the North in the early days of the art, but we have records of the number of furnaces themselves, and we may give the statement now fittingly.

BLAST FURNACES IN THE NORTH-EAST.

Year.	Authority.	
1836	Bell	5
1849	Bewick	37
1863	Bell	108
1881	Cleveland Ironmasters	166*
1887	" "	155

* Including several old ones at Norton, Stockton, and elsewhere, now dismantled.

But it is not only in the number of the smelting furnaces that the change has taken place; it is shown much more fully in the dimensions of the furnaces, in their mode of working, and in the general economy of the furnace. The first blast furnaces built in Cleveland followed the dimensions which were general in the trade—they were 42 feet high, and the cubical capacity was about 4,500 feet. Enlargement was slow at first, but in 1860 Messrs. W. Whitwell and Co. erected their Thornaby furnaces 60 feet high, and made their boshes 20 feet in diameter. Messrs. Bell Brothers, Bolckow and Vaughan, and others gradually increased the height, the diameter, and the dimensions; and all the old furnaces were one by one enlarged, so that, in the words of the late Mr. Thomas Whitwell, "the average Cleveland type of furnace is now about 80 feet in height, and 23 feet to 25 feet bosh." This has proved to be, when supplied with air heated to a given temperature, "as economical a form as can be devised for smelting the ironstone of Cleveland." There are furnaces in the North larger than these, for at Ferryhill there are "monsters over 100 feet" high, and thus this district has attained the honour of building the largest furnaces in the world. Substantially, the output of iron in the North-East may now be put at 2,500,000 tons, but an increased quantity of this is obtained from the rich ores imported from Spain and the South of Europe.

The Cleveland district has surmounted the difficulties connected with the attempt to utilise what were waste gases escaping from the furnaces, and now "every furnace in the district distributes its gas to the boilers and hot-air apparatus attached to the works," so that little or no coal is needed for that purpose. More powerful hot-air stoves have been introduced, more regular heat attained, and a large reduction in the consumption, with a vast increase in the production of iron in a given time, is the result. It is the general belief that all that can be hoped for in reducing the consumption of coke has been effected; but the fact that there are "twenty different varieties" of furnaces, varying not alone in height, but in dimensions of bosh and hearth, in the grade of bosh angles, in the number of the tuyeres, show that experience is slowly determining the most economical form and order, and deciding in what degree gases are to be heated, and to what extent coke is to be used in the smelting operation. Difficulties have shown themselves from time to time—difficulties chiefly attributable to the nature of the ores of Cleveland, and in the later years there has been needful the importation of large quantities of the richer ores of Spain, and thus there is produced in the North still the yearly two and a half million tons of crude iron which feed the forges, foundries, and mills of so many iron and steel manufacturing districts. There has been a change in the mode of using that iron. In early years of the period under review, the use of it for the forges was enlarged, and that enlargement increased in ratio, but has had in the last decade a serious check, for a newer competitive form of metal is crowding puddled iron out of the race. And, in consequence, the production of manufactured iron has in recent years decreased with some rapidity in the North-Eastern district. The fact may be very clearly shown by a few figures, and the citation need not be burdensome or long. The output of manufactured iron is thus indicated for specific periods in the half century and for the North-Eastern district approximately :—

Year.	Tons.	Year.	Tons.
1836 about	50,000	1883	700,000
1863	340,000	1886	350,000
1873	670,000		

The declension in late years is mainly attributable to the change of the demand f om iron to steel for rails and shipbuilding material. That declension has affected the number of works rolling iron, for whilst there were ten years ago 43 works in operation, that number had been reduced to 19 last year. There used to be, for instance, 320,000 tons of iron rails annually produced, but there are only 3,000 tons yearly now, whilst the output of iron plates has fallen as remarkably. This declension in the production of manufactured iron, and the manner in which it has been brought about, leads us to the consideration of the changes in the

STEEL MANUFACTURE.

In the North of England the steel trade dates far back, for three centuries ago Germans settled on the banks of the Derwent, and there established sword and edge-tool factories. But the industry passed into other phases, and fifty years ago it was carried on in more modern methods at Newburn and Derwentcote. We have no early records of the industry to enable its extent to be outlined; and it is chiefly in the last dozen years that the change in the demand for railway and shipbuilding

use has given to the North a prominent position in the steel manufacture. It is now one of the largest producing districts in the kingdom, alike for Bessemer and open-hearth steel, and for the latter its output is yearly increasing. By the Bessemer process, the North-East of England produced 326,000 tons of ingots in a year, and by the open-hearth system its yield last year was 124,100 tons, and such an upgrowth of industry in a dozen years must be looked on not only as a proof of the vitality of the district, but also as an indication of the tendency of the trade and of the kind of metal asked for by the users. Hence the decay in the demand for manufactured iron has to set against it a larger production of steel in the two forms now being substituted for the older form of the metal. Ebbs and flows in the price of malleable iron may alter the rate of decay of the latter, but the unmistakable preference has been shown for the newer forms of metal, and it will continue. And the vast steel works at Consett and at Eston are known to be marvels in the mechanical ingenuity displayed to lessen labour and to economise fuel.

SHIPBUILDING.

One of the industries of the North which is the most distinctive in its change, and which has had and still has the largest influence on the commercial prosperity of the North. Half a century ago it was carried on in miniature, and in its olden guise. The building of wooden vessels was carried on on the Tyne, the Wear, and the Tees, as well as at Hartlepool. Not till 1842 was the first iron vessel launched on the Tyne, and ten years elapsed before the Wear built its first vessel of iron. On the Tees, the first iron ship was built at South Stockton in 1854, and at West Hartlepool iron shipbuilding began in 1856. But wood and iron were used concurrently for years, and it was not till one-half the period had gone that the industry was established on a scale of any magnitude. In 1862, the iron vessels launched on the Tyne amounted to 32,175 tons only, or a tenth part of the output in some later years. But the records of the Tyne are incomplete as to the tonnage launched, and therefore all that can be done is to give a comparison of the output at the local ports for years in which reliable data are obtainable. The following statement will show the growth of the shipbuilding industry at some local ports over a period not without its difficulties, and in which there were in consequence many fluctuations :—

	1862.	1886.
Tyne	32,175 tons	82,760 tons.
Wear	15,608 tons	56,713 tons.
Tees	9,660 tons	20,476 tons.
West Hartlepool	11,000 about	15,293 tons.
	68,443 tons	175,242 tons.

Last year was, as far as the extent of the tonnage produced is concerned, the worst year known for a long period in the shipbuilding industry, yet it will be seen that the tonnage produced is much more than double that of a brisk year in an earlier decade. If the comparison were taken with the year 1884, the result would be still more surprising, for in that year 315,000 tons of vessels were launched at the four ports named. Last year one-half the productive capacity was unemployed, so that the comparison is unfair to shipbuilding now. But the change is not alone in the volume of trade done ; it is in its value, its kind, and its material. Fifty years ago wood was the invariable framework of our ships, and twenty-five years ago it lingered in use. Ten years ago iron was as invariably used, but now steel competes often, and it is probable that this year will see the newer form of metal occupying the preponderating position. It is only within recent years that steel has been largely used at the North-eastern ports, but in 1885 the tonnage of steel built vessels was larger than that of iron on the Tyne and also at West Hartlepool, whilst on the Wear it was a third of the iron tonnage, and on the Tees it attained respectable though smaller dimensions. In 1886 there were further advances, and in 1887 it is expected that the total of the North-eastern ports will be mainly steel. Wood is occasionally used for vessels for special purposes, and last year there were vessels built of this older material both on the Tyne and at Whitby. In other things than the material there has been change ; the trade of the country in this particular has come more fully to the North-eastern ports, for fifty years ago there was only a limited construction on the three Northern rivers, whilst the bulk of the constructive operations in shipbuilding were carried out at other and more distant ports, some of which have almost ceased to compete with us. But there is another important change in the half-century in shipping, and that is the change from sailing vessels to steamships. Few departments of industry show more striking advances than that of

MARINE ENGINEERING.

In twenty years only out of the fifty, marine boilers have been altered much in design and in the pressure they have to bear. Pressures of from 20lbs. to 30lbs. have given place to pressures from 80lbs. to 180lbs. ; the varieties of type have increased, and the old rectangular boiler is now little used, but the technical details need not be here dwelt upon. We have first to show the change in the method of propulsion, and to point out how the mercantile navy of this district has been gradually changing from one chiefly wind-impelled to one propelled by steam. A comparison of the vessels owned at two periods in the time under review will first of all indicate the nature of the change. In 1852, there were only 237 steamships owned at the Tyne, Wear, and Tees ports, and at the Hartlepools, but in thirty years the number had increased to 1,115. On the other hand, the sailing vessels fell numerically between 1852 and 1882 from 2,674, for the ports named, to 661. The tonnage statistics are interesting. In the first place, the steamships at the ports rose from 5,141 for the year 1852, to about 536,000 tons for 1882—an enormous growth, maintained in later years, as we shall find. But the sailing tonnage fell from 573,400 tons to about 183,000 tons. And there was more than this mere change in the gross tonnage. A larger class of ships became a demand of the Northern owners. An analysis, published in 1852, shows that in the whole North of England there

were only 56 vessels over 500 tons register, and three over 1,000 tons (all of them sailers), whereas in 1862 the numbers had risen to 136 over 500 tons, and seven over 1,000, and to these have to be added 11 steamers over 500 tons, and two over 1,000. The two steamers over 1,000 tons were the Rangoon, 1,333 tons, and the Malacca, 1,354, both the property of Mr. (now Sir) C. M. Palmer. It may be interesting to know that the only three vessels registered in the North as being over 1,000 tons in 1852 were the Hotspur, 1,142 tons, and the Gloriana, 1,056 tons, both the property of Messrs. T. and W. Smith, Newcastle, and the Coriolanus, 1,176 tons, belonging to Messrs. J. and J. Watts and Co., of North Shields. All were "merchantmen" well known to Tynesiders. As will be seen from a tabular statement below, the desire for ships of heavier burthen, which may be said to have commenced with the rush caused by the demands for carrying power during the Crimean war, and the subsequent development of commerce with the American Republic, steadily kept progress with the years :—

	Steamers.		Sailing.	
1852.	500 tons and over.	1,000 tons and over.	500 tons and over.	1,000 tons and over
Newcastle	0	0	26	2
Sunderland	0	0	23	0
North Shields, and in which South Shields is included	0	0	7	1
Hartlepools	0	0	0	0
Totals	0	0	56	3
1882.				
Newcastle	152	54	32	19
North Shields	82	34	18	1
South Shields	15	4	20	4
Sunderland	133	43	22	0
Hartlepools	139	47	0	0
Totals	521	182	92	24

In 1852 the great bulk of the steamers of the North were tug boats of from 8 to 30 tons each. Steam tonnage did not increase with great rapidity at the Northern ports in the first of the decades covered by the comparison above ; the chief enlargement began in the second of these periods of ten years, and continued down to a year or so ago, when the intense dulness in shipping checked the growth. It is noticeable the total tonnage of vessels at several of the ports had a check in growth in the years we have hinted at, and that the aggregate tonnage is not so much above that of thirty years ago as could have been expected, but this is because the steam tonnage is much more "effective" than sailing, and by it greatly increased cargo is carried. We give now a comparison of the tonnage held for the three first decades :—

Sailing and steamship and gross tonnage registered in the North-east ports :—

Ports.	No. of Vessels. Sailing.	Tonge.	No. of Stmrs.	Tonge.	Total. Vesls.	Total. Tonge.
1852.						
Newcastle	736	155,562	118	2,583	854	158,145
Shields	628	155,260	58	1,333	686	156,593
Sunderland	1,044	213,817	32	598	1,076	214,415
Hartlepools	103	21,019	3	68	106	21,087
Stockton	163	27,751	26	559	189	28,310
Totals	2,674	573,409	237	5,141	2,911	578,550
1882.						
Newcastle	191	45,819	319	154,983	510	200,802
*No. Shields.	135	38,913	238	86,863	373	125,776
So. Shields	72	28,839	64	15,321	136	44,160
*Sunderland	202	55,485	219	136,207	421	191,692
Hartlepools	46	10,478	167	127,922	213	138,400
Middlesbro'	15	3,503	49	24,680	64	28,183
Whitby	115	18,112	55	43,632	170	61,744
Scarbro'	25	10,749	4	2,722	29	13,471
Totals	801	211,898	1,115	592,330	1,916	804,228

This comparison in decades is convenient, and we may now give the figures for a later year, dismissing the sailing vessels, which have still continued to dwindle :—

	Tons.
Tyne	329,090
Wear	202,319
West Hartlepool	204,871
	736,280

It is difficult in dealing with the shipping industry to do more than name some of those who are its leaders. On the Tyne, the names of Palmer and Mitchell, of Leslie and Readhead are noted ; on the Wear, Laing and Doxford, with others, keep up the repute of that old river ; at West Hartlepool, Gray and Withy are prominent ; and on the Tees, Richardson at Stockton, and Dixon at Middlesbrough, lead the van. And it is well worth while referring to the completeness of one of the Tyne yards : not only is Palmer's Shipbuilding and Iron Company a builder of vessels, but it is also a marine engineering establishment, an iron smelter, a steel maker, a rolling mill owner, and also a mine owner. And it has thus built vessels for the world :—

PALMER'S SHIPPING OUTPUT.

Year.	Tonnage.	Year.	Tonnage.	Year.	Tonnage.
1852	920	1864	22,896	1876	8,635
1853	3,539	1865	31,111	1877	16,235
1854	7,469	1866	18,973	1878	23,470
1855	5,169	1867	16,555	1879	36,080
1856	7,531	1868	15,842	1880	38,117
1857	6,816	1869	11,900	1881	50,192
1858	7,625	1870	26,129	1882	60,379
1859	11,894	1871	19,267	1883	61,113
1860	4,653	1872	12,810	1884	28,911
1861	4,751	1873	21,017	1885	25,057
1862	21,493	1874	25,057	1886	20,725
1863	17,096	1875	15,819		

Thus in less than half a century there has been an increase in the carrying capacity of the vessels at the North-eastern ports, and that to an enormous extent ; and it has been mainly brought about by a change from sailing to steam vessels. These returns are incomplete, for they only go back a portion of the half-century. For the United Kingdom, as a whole, we find that in 1840, out of 2,724,107 tons in the merchant navy, only 87,539 tons were steam vessels ; but now, out of about 7,250,000 tons, some 4,250,000 tons are steamers. And the work done by the steamers is as 40 to 47. These figures enable us to appreciate the fulness of the dependence on the work of steamships and the effect that the marine engine has had on the world's commerce. The use of steam, too, in the merchant navy through various machines, has lessened—not the number of men employed in the total, but the proportion of men to the tonnage. It was, in 1854, the first year for which we have the records, about 4·36 per 100 tons ; it is now under 2·80 per 100 tons.

Fifty years ago we shall find that marine engineering had attained comparative prominence : the Hawthorns, Hawks, Crawshay and Co., and Mr, T. D. Marshall having been engaged in the industry at that early time on the river Tyne. Now, on the Tyne there is full capacity to engine the steamers built there in the throngest time ; and on the Wear, at the Hartlepools, and on the Tees this branch of the engineering industry has attained high place alike in the history of the trade and in local industrial enterprise. Other changes in marine engineering press for notice : the development of the engine itself—the varied stages of the old "jet" engines, the compound surface condensing ones, the triple expansion, and that which is now under trial, the quadruple expansion engines —the use of steel for boilers, with the higher pressure therein, these are amongst the changes known. And as it was in 1837 that Ericsson and Smith brought out their experimental vessels with propellers, it is worthy the note that this year is the jubilee year of that instrument of propulsion.

THE LOCOMOTIVE.

But if the North-East of England has had interest and credit in the development of the marine engine, it has had more in railway engineering, for it is the home and the birthplace of the locomotive. Wylam, Killingworth, Newcastle, and Shildon are the spots where the locomotive has known the earliest of the stages of its growth. It is needless to discredit Trevethick, "the inventor of the locomotive," nor is it desirable to settle the claims of Hedley, of Stephenson, and of Hackworth to the credit of priority as to certain points in the invention. Out of the waggonway the railway sprang ; and from the Wylam engine of William Hedley in 1813, and those of Stephenson in 1814, there sprang the locomotive, in idea as we know it, but smaller, less weighty, less compact, less effective. Before 1837 the usefulness of the locomotive had been demonstrated : the Wylam and Killingworth engines were not only doing good work on colliery lines, but the Stockton and Darlington, the unfortunate Clarence, the Liverpool and Manchester, the Canterbury and Whitstable, the Whitby and Pickering, and other railways were open, and on them locomotive engines were doing good work. The first locomotive factory in the world had been established by Stephenson, Pease, and Richardson in South Street, Newcastle, the first repairing shed had been built at Shildon, and other works had been begun. As far as can be learned, our railway system fifty years ago was only a thirteenth part of the extent that it now is, and the passengers were numbered then by the thousand instead of by the hundreds of millions in a year. Here from the file of forty-seven years ago is the railway share list of that day, and it shows sparsely to that of to-day.

		RAILWAYS.	Div.	Amt. Paid.	Price.
3,000	100	Newcastle and Carlisle,	4	100 0	104 10 0
2,400	50	Newcastle and North Shields,		50 0	50 0 0
2,400	50	Brandling Junction,		50 0	50 0 0
1,500	100	Stanhope and Tyne,	5	100 0	100 0 0
2,000	100	Hartlepool Dock and Railway,		100 0	145 0 0
10,000	100	Great North of England,		65 0	0 0 0
25,000	100	London and Birmingham,	7	90 0	140 0 0

It is a curious fact that all the lines named have lost their name, and all but the last are now merged in the North-Eastern Railway Company. For some cause we are not able to discern the primal railway in the list, but it would have compared well with most of those included therein. Before coming to the railway system as a whole, the further remark may be made as to the locomotive, that fifty years ago its weight was about 8 tons—now the weight frequently exceeds 40 tons ; the gross load then was about 40 tons, now it is over 130 tons ; the speed was from 6 to 20 miles per hour, now it is nearer 60. Finally, fifty years ago there were probably 40 locomotives in work in this the parent district, but the North-Eastern Railway has alone, some 1,506 at work now. Fifty years ago, the railway system had begun its growth, but it was still limited to a few lines in coal countries, and near the sea as far as the North was concerned ; there sprang up in time in this locality vaster lines than the primal one from Stockton to Darlington, but at last the words of Robert Stephenson proved true : "Combination is possible," and competition was not probable long. So the Newcastle and Carlisle, the Stockton and Darlington, the West Hartlepool, the Cleveland, and others were all swallowed up by the great company formed by the amalgamation of the York, Newcastle, York and North Midland, and Leeds Northern lines ; and now from Newcastle to York, and from Saltburn to Tebay, all the lines, except two small companies, are merged in the great North-Eastern Railway. And that company, with its 1,537 miles of line, its capital of £60,061,000, its annual receipts of £6,250,000, and its capacity of carrying 37,000,000 passengers yearly—that line, undreamt of in its magnitude fifty years ago, is no unfit indication of the industrial development of this district in the period the jubilee covers. It is worth while citing here a fact which will be new to all readers, and which in itself shows the service that the railway system is to the North. We have already stated the number of passengers who travel on the North-Eastern system, but we may give now a fact of some local interest. During the year 1886, the following numbers of passengers were booked at the three railway stations in Newcastle—the numbers being, of course, exclusive of season ticket holders, and thus representing the persons who have paid for tickets in the year :—

	Passengers.
Newcastle—Central	2,089,977
Newcastle—Manors	236,092
Newcastle—New Bridge Street	180,735

The figures do not represent the persons using the stations, or arriving there ; nor do they represent the fulness of the work these stations have in busy seasons. On one day in June, twenty-four years ago, 35,343 persons arrived at and left the Central Station, and that number has since been more than once exceeded. And the Central Station is still a credit to the design of Mr. Dobson, and serves the nine or ten lines that there terminate just as well as it did when with great acclaim it was opened. Near to it in the High Level Bridge is another indication alike of railway enterprise and engineering genius, the bridge on which £491,153 was spent. It had been dreamt of before the rail-

way system, but it was long after the half century had been entered into that the bridge was brought into use ; and in that magnificent connexion between two counties there is a proof of the benefits that the railway system has conferred on the North. And although it is nearly sixty-two years since the opening of the first public railway in the district it forms a part of, there are worlds yet for the locomotive to conquer. This year a part of Northumberland is to be opened out by it ; upper Weardale has its extended line in contemplation, and there are dales which still need cheap communication with consuming centres, whilst some of the shipping ports of Durham complain of the scanty and circuitous communication they have with the coal districts ; so that large as has been the advance of the railway in a little more than threescore years, there remains much yet to be done by it.

ENGINEERING.

But marine engines and locomotives do not exhaust the productions of the Northern engineers. In 1747, the "Gateshead Iron Works" were begun, in 1809 the Walker Works, in 1817 the Forth Banks Engine Works, in 1847 the Elswick Engine Works, and others have followed that lead. In stationary steam engines the North has attained long ago high repute, whilst the production of winding and blowing engines has followed naturally the growth of the coal trade in the North ; whilst in hydraulic machinery and in the many machines needed on shipboard there has been an enlarged trade which is almost the concomitant of that activity in machine constructional works to which we have referred. In bridge building the district has been foremost since the time when Hawks, Crawshay, and Sons erected the High Level. In all parts of the world, almost, the bridges of this firm stand steadfast ; and not least remarkable in extent or in the rapidity with which it has been built is one of the later Indian viaducts from the noted Gateshead firm. Robert Stephenson and Co. have been bridge builders of note from the days when they built a memorable way over the Nile. Sir W. G. Armstrong and Co. (under the old title) were builders of many bridges —swing, draw, and fixed ; and at Middlesbrough and Darlington there has been turned out work of note in this class. One other branch of trade invites remark—that carried on at Elswick "Supplementary Arsenal."

THE ELSWICK WORKS.

Prior to 1845 Elswick was practically remote from Newcastle, its "works" unmade, its guns undreamt of, and its hydraulic machinery undesigned. There is in the outgrowth of the Elswick Ordnance and Engineering Works a telling testimony to the industrial change in Newcastle itself. Established in 1847, and occupying only a comparatively small space of ground, about the middle of the present extensive range of buildings, the progress of the place is a history of the introduction of hydraulic machinery into common use in industry. The application of water pressure as a motive power for machinery met with a very cold reception and some amount of dogged opposition, but in time the value of the invention became too patent to be rejected, and was as warmly welcomed as it had been previously coolly received. In 1858 the ordnance department was added, and this gave a further need for extension, and now over seventy acres are occupied by the works, and there are yearly extensions, until a completeness is being attained which has no parallel in this country. But the story of the growth of works in which hydraulic engineering was cradled, in which gunnery has been greatly developed, and wherein 12,000 men are employed is too long to tell here.

LEAD MINING AND MANUFACTURE.

For generations, lead mining has been one of the most distinctive industries of the North. It is believed that some of the Northern lead districts were known to and worked by the Romans, and it is certain that four centuries ago lead mines in Northumberland were wrought. Allendale, Blanchland, Weardale, and Teesdale have mines that have been explored for centuries, and long before this century there were works of magnitude carried out, such as that of the Neut Force Level, with the intention of developing the lead mining district. Durham and Northumberland have long been extensive producers of lead ore and of lead, and much of the lead manufacture gravitated to the banks of the Tyne. In 1845, indeed, the Durham and Northumberland district produced not less than 10,248 tons of lead, and that comparatively large output was for years increased. In addition to this, the Tyne was the centre of the imported lead trade. The desilverising process of the late Mr. H. L. Pattinson, and the improvements of Dr. Richardson and of Mr. Burnett, drew the Spanish lead to this district, and thus whilst the imports of lead into the Tyne were only 213 tons in the year 1844, in less than twenty years they had risen to more than 12,000 tons, and they are now 30,000 tons. Thus, from the mines in the counties of Northumberland and Durham there are now drawn 16,300 tons of lead ore, in addition to large quantities just outside the borders of these counties. The lead obtained from these ores is supplemented by 18,000 tons of lead imported into the Tyne, so that there is a large quantity of raw material for the factories on the Tyne to work upon. More than a century ago, the manufacture of lead was commenced on the Tyne, and on its banks many are the tokens of the works for the manipulation and the desilverising of lead. Of white lead, red lead, litharge, sheet lead, piping, and shot, it is believed that over 30,000 tons are annually made at the Tyne works, and some of the processes for the production of pipes and of "lead fibre" are exceedingly ingenious, interesting, and delicate. In recent years there has been very little enlargement of the output of the lead mines of the North, but none the less is the trade one of great importance to the mining dales and to the river Tyne ; and the conditions under which it is carried on, as well as the thousands of dependents on it, give to this olden industry value and attraction. The rich leads from

other lands may interfere with the development of the mines of the North ; but there is still profit in some of these, and mines such as those of Allendale and Weardale have made fortunes for past proprietors, whilst others, such as the Green Hurth, have yielded them for owners in the present day.

THE CHEMICAL TRADE.

In the chemical trade we have an industry which, as far as the Tyne is concerned, is in an extensive phase, the outgrowth of a little less than a century. And if the story of the struggles of those who began it on this river could be told, it would be as interesting as a fairy tale ; but the Dundonalds, Loshes, and Doubledays have passed away, and few and scanty have been the records left. The first alkali works of note in the North were established about the year 1796, at Walker—the original partners being Lords Dundonald and Dundas, Messrs. Aubone and John Surtees, and John and William Losh. The works of Doubleday and Easterby, of Cookson, Allen, Attwood, Clapham, Pattinson, and others followed ; and "about 1816, Mr. Losh brought from Paris the present plan of decomposing sulphate of soda, which he immediately introduced into his works at Walker ;" and thus we have the father and the birthplace of the modern alkali trade in this country. It has been said that the site at Walker was chosen to utilise a salt spring there, and also that the salt there produced was free from duty as far as it was used for the manufacture of soda. Some sixty years ago the supply of salt began to be drawn from Cheshire, and thence the bulk of it was drawn until three years ago. In the last fifty years the chemical trade of the Tyne has known its largest growth, but the growth in the last decade has been arrested. Many of the old alkali works on the Tyne were begun in that period ; in it bleaching powder was first made on the Tyne,—at Walker, and by Losh, Wilson, and Bell, we believe;—and just in it, the year 1838, pyrites were used as a substitute for Sicilan sulphur. In the period the adoption of the newer method of making bleaching powder has become general, and machinery is in some important particulars beginning to supersede hand labour. There has been a further change which is of much more importance, and to which we shall have to refer a little more at length. And there has been what may be called the consolidation of the industry into larger concerns—companies and firms—and, concurrently, the lessened waste of what were once bye-products. Another change that may affect it greatly is the utilisation of the salt deposits of South Durham. Hitherto, as we have remarked, salt has been procured mainly of late from Cheshire ; but the conditions of the trade would be greatly altered if an adequate supply were procurable in Durham. The change we have hinted at has forced upon the attention of the manufacturers economies of working—economies that have led to the introduction of mechanical furnaces—the Jones furnace at the Newcastle Chemical Works, the St. Bede furnace at East Jarrow, and the Mactear furnace at the works of Messrs. Tennant. Gradually the proportion of labour employed has been reduced, and the coal consumed is less, in proportion to the produce. As to that great change in the manufacture in recent years, we may quote the words of that eminent authority, the late Mr. Walter Weldon, who said that for the "manufacture of soda by the Leblanc process, recent years have been years in many cases of loss, and, in not a few cases, of disaster." The cause has been the rapid growth of the ammonia soda manufacture. The production of soda by the newer process was trebled in three years in this country ; and as it is capable of being cheaper carried on than is that on the Tyne, the competition pressed so severely on the latter, that despite the economy observed many of the older alkali works on the Tyne have been crowded out of the trade. A remarkable expedient was had resort to a few years ago, which has been thus described in our columns : — Whilst the ammonia process has unquestionably the power to produce soda ash cheaper than the process common on the Tyne, there is produced by the Leblanc process what was a waste product, and what is now a most valuable product—bleaching powder, which is not yet producable by the ammonia process. As the latter mode of manufacture was slowly crushing out the former, it would have lessened the total yield of bleaching powder, but the makers by union decided to limit the extent of the yield of the latter, but at the same time to utilise the waste by commencing at the initial process, and there restricting the work. Concurrently with that attempt, and largely through it, the price of bleaching powder rose with such rapidity that from £4 per ton it shot up in a few months to over double that price, and though the full extent of the increase has not been maintained the price is still much above the figure named. Indeed, so remarkable has been the rise in price that it is said that instead of producing soda as the main product, and bleaching powder as the by-product, the latter is becoming the chief article sought, and the soda is now nearly a by-product ! A series of internal changes at the works has followed this combination—in some the production of soda ash has ceased, the crude product of sulphate being sold instead, and others have added to the make of the article that has risen in price, whilst the general production has been limited. Steps have also been taken to procure cheaper sulphur—another of the raw materials ; attempts have been made to use gas producers in place of coal fires ; and other changes in work have followed. In this time of transition, and when there is a large utilisation of the nearer salt deposits in South Durham, it is not very easy to indicate the result of these changes.

It is rather difficult to estimate the extent of the chemical trade on the Tyne, not only because official statistics of the industry have not been regularly compiled, but also because of the changes in the method of working and in the nature of the products. But there have been on two or three occasions statistics compiled which enable us to draw a comparison that will have interest. The best test of the condition—so far as extent of production is concerned—of the chemical trade as a whole, is the amount of the salt decomposed ; and we are able to give some figures from official sources which show the extent of that decomposition. For the year 1863—the first for which there is reliable data, the amount of salt yearly

decomposed was about 90,000 tons; and it was increased year by year for at least a decade. In 1833, the amount of salt decomposed had risen to about 187,850 tons, and though it fluctuated a little afterwards, yet that amount may be taken as about the maximum. For 1883, there was an amount of salt decomposed which was less—it was in round numbers for that year 181,000 tons. Since that date, low prices of chemical products have driven some of those who were the makers out of the trade, and now the amount decomposed may be put at 125,000 tons yearly. The alkali works in the district have decresed in number: twenty-five or twenty-six were in operation a dozen years ago; they were brought down to 12 in 1883, and now they number six or seven only, but these are of larger size, and a greater capacity. Of one article, we may give the figures which show the variation in the output during the half century: in 1883, about 3,300 tons of soda crystals were made; in 1867, the production was about 86,000 tons yearly; in 1882, the output was about 100,000 tons; but it has been reduced slightly since that time. The soda trade is one which, as we have hinted, is in a transitional state, and it is difficult to say how it will emerge from the next year or two. One of the largest firms in the trade is about to produce caustic soda, and it is possible that the tendency will be to further lessen the output of either soda crystals or soda ash, or both.

SOUTH DURHAM SALT.

Foremost amongst the mineral industries is that of salt. It is now about a quarter of a century since, in boring for water, Messrs. Bolckow and Vaughan discovered at the Middlesbrough side of the river a bed of salt. The strata was bored through to the depth of 1,313 feet, and a bed of salt over 100 feet thick was found, the boring being commenced July 4th, 1859, and ceasing August 29th, 1862. In 1874 Messrs. Bell Brothers, at their (Port Clarence) side of the river, tested the strata by the Diamond Borer, and also discovered salt at a depth of 1,127 feet down to 1,222 feet. The existence of the bed being proved, arrangements were made later to utilise the discovery, and a bore hole was begun at Saltholme "Salt works" by Bell Brothers, which was finished in 1882. A somewhat similar depth proved that a thick bed of salt was present. The core being drawn, a tube 16 inches in diameter has been carried to the bottom of the bed of salt, the portion traversing the salt being pierced with holes. Inside this a second tube is placed, open at the lower end. "Water is run down the annulus formed by these two tubes, and, becoming saturated with salt, rises in the internal tube until it is balanced by the outer column of fresh water. The proportional weight of fresh water and brine is as 1,000 to 1,200, so that the inner column stands considerably below the outer. A pump is placed at the top of the inner column, and by this means the brine is raised to the surface." This method, which is extensively in use on the Continent, is now in operation at Port Clarence, and is making South Durham the centre of a new industry. It cannot fail to exercise an important influence on the soda manufacture carried on upon the banks of the Tyne, where thousands of tons of salt are annually decomposed. Following Bell Brothers, the Newcastle Chemical Works Co., Charles Tennant and Partners (Limited), the Haverton Hill Salt Co., and others have begun to utilise the salt deposits of South Durham, and Bolckow and Vaughan are so doing at Middlesbrough and Eston. The bed of salt has been proved to be from 80 to 100 feet thick; it is certain that it extends from Eston to Greatham, so that the vast area must support a large production for years. And now, with an output of possibly 3,000 tons weekly, there is a great future for the salt fields of South Durham. But in the last few months a newer method of boring—the American method—has been successfully tried, and by it, it is claimed, a quicker and cheaper boring is effected; whilst it is certain that several bore-holes made by it are now adding to the yield of salt in Durham. That salt, moreover, finds an increasing sale for more uses than that in the chemical trade. Fisheries, agriculture, and export, as well as home household use, will extend the consumption yearly.

SUBSIDIARY INDUSTRIES.

There are other industries on the Tyne and in the north-eastern district—less in extent than those of coal and iron, but still important if subsidiary.

PAPER-MAKING.

There is that important industry of paper-making. Fifty years ago, according to the statement made by Mr. W. H. Richardson, and published in 1863, the extent of the manufacture of paper was estimated for the district at about 4,000 tons per annum; the trade grew, and about 1860 there became more general the use of esparto, the production increased, and it was estimated for 1863 at about 8,000 tons. Then the import of esparto was only to the extent of 9,500 tons. Now the import into the Tyne apart from the Wear, is 21,000 tons annually; and this statement of the import of what is now the chief raw material may be looked upon as the indication of the growth of the paper manufacture. It is in fewer hands than it was: the tendency of the age is to the concentration into a few large rather than many small establishments; and thus at Hendon and Jarrow, as well as at the older centres of the trade, large works replace the small old ones of years ago. But it is a curious fact that the growth of the trade has had some relation to its price, for if in the period under notice the quantity of paper made has been very greatly increased, it has been by a reduction of the price in very large degree. Roughly speaking, paper is only one-half the price that it was a score of years ago. Recently an attempt has been made to introduce into South Durham, and that with some success, the production of paper pulp. But the paper manufacture of the North has not advanced concurrently with the consumption here, and thus we find that by sea and land there is a considerable import, the former being often to the extent of 2,250 tons yearly.

GLASS AND EARTHENWARE.

Glass is in the North an industry which is historic. Ordinary window glass was first used in Great Britain at monasteries on the Tyne and the Wear, and the first manufactory of window (crown)

glass in the country was established on the Tyne. Fifty years ago, six large works on the river made some 7,000,000 feet of window glass, but sheet and plate glass have thrown "crown" out of the market and closed these. The sheet and plate glass factories of the North have had in half a century a rapid growth, but it has not of late proved to be as fully enduring. The glass-bottle trade, also, has known of late some adversity in the district, and the 47 glass bottle houses which were a short time ago in this district have been thinned. Nor can it be said that the stained-glass trades, though the products are most beautiful, and the produce of the district noted, it cannot be said that there is much enlargement of the industry. Earthenware in the North-east maintains its own, but the advances even in half a century are slight when put into contrast with the greater trades we have named.

FIRE-CLAY GOODS.

In fire-clay goods we have a manufacture which finds its raw material in large quantities in the coal measures. In the year 1886 the production in Northumberland and Durham was to the extent of 450,000 tons. The trade in the manufactures from this material is not very ancient; and in the half-century it knew rapid increase in the earlier half, but it can scarcely be said that this remark would have application to the latter half. In 1838 some 7,000,000 fire-bricks were yearly made in the district; in 1863 the production was to the amount of 80,000,000, and large numbers of retorts are also produced. From 130,000 to 150,000 tons of fire-bricks and fire-clay goods are yearly sent from the Tyne, but it cannot be concealed that the trade has suffered from the imposition of very heavy duties imposed on its productions when entering Germany and other countries. The effect of these duties has been not exactly to shut out our productions, but to lessen the use, and though some attempt has been made to find out new markets, yet the loss of the demand from Germany has been felt by many makers.

CEMENT.

Cement is a trade specially carried on in the North. It does not date much further back, on any scale of magnitude than thirty years, and it has also of late been tending into fewer and larger works, but on the Tyne and the Wear, as well as at Hartlepool and West Hartlepool, there are works of magnitude, the outgrowth of the period we have named. The recent attempt to introduce the manufacture of slag cement on the river Tees need not be much noticed, for it can scarcely be said to be more than in the experimental stage.

WIRE ROPE.

Another and an interesting industry is that of wire rope. The history of one firm may very fittingly illustrate this peculiar industry, which has grown and is growing out of the older rope manufacture—the amalgamation of the rope-making firms of Messrs. Dixon and Corbitt, and Messrs. R. S. Newall and Co., in the hemp and wire rope trades. Their works are situate at the Teams, and adjoin each other, and consequently will be easily managed jointly at greatly reduced cost. We understand that after several years of litigation Mr. Newall has retired from the business, his interest having been purchased by his partners, hence the present arrangement. The tendency of the times is to produce everything in large quantities and by that means to reduce cost. Such are the advantages anticipated by the present amalgamation, and no doubt, from our knowledge of the antecedent and present management, the arrangement will be a beneficial one in many ways. Looking back forty-five years ago, when these works were commenced on a very small scale, and with crude mechanical appliances such as were in use at that time for making of rope, and comparing them with their present huge dimensions and the beautiful mechanism now in operation, it is marvellous to notice the transformation that has taken place. It can scarcely be wondered that success should have followed such enterprise and talent as has been brought to bear in the production of such improved appliances. The wire rope making process is a most interesting one, and commences with tiny machines spinning wires as small as the finest hair, and gradually rising to that of gigantic proportions turning out immense cables from the usual cylindrical wire on the original Newall patent entwisted system, the later patent system of Lang, and the more recent Laidler's patent form of rope from sector-shaped wires, which gives a smooth surface to the strands, greater surface to friction and increased strength for the same diameter. The hemp process is by far the most astonishing, and must have taxed the inventive minds of Messrs. Dixon and Corbitt to bring it to its present state of perfection. The enormous amount of machinery employed in this department would surprise anyone unacquainted with the business; and although there is much of it by the very best makers of the day, with all the latest patent improvements, there are besides a number of special designed machines which have been constructed at the works. The machinery for the preparation of the various fibres, which comprise flax such as is used in the linen trade and hemp of the various grades up to that of Manilla 7 to 8 feet in length, is manipulated with such perfect mechanism that when the fibres leave the machines in what is termed "slivers," it is characterised by its evenness and fineness of finish, ready for passing on to the spinning frames from which the yarn is turned off in thousands of bobbins, being straight and smooth, and consequently giving strength and uniformity throughout the rope. Hemp rope making has, until very recent date, been associated with a rope walk, but this entirely disappears at the Teams Works; and it is probable that the operation of making rope, cords, and twine under one roof can be seen in no other establishment in which so small a space is occupied and giving out such an immense output. The system employed is what may be termed an improvement of Huddarts, by which almost any length can be produced without any variation of angle of lay, and, therefore, obviates the disadvantages of the rope walk system, besides having the advantage of employing female instead of male labour, concentrated efficient control of the workpeople and materials, and consequently greatly diminished cost of production. Associated with the rope-making

business is that of making all kinds of lubricated plaited packings for engine purposes, made either round or square in section, and from asbestos, as well as other fibrous materials. The machinery used for plaiting is of entirely different design from that employed in rope-making, and attracts attention by the peculiar advancing and receding motion given to the spindles. Another very interesting branch is that of insulating wires and cables for electrical purposes. Dynamo and other coil wires are covered spirally with silk and cotton thread, and electric light cables with india-rubber, and afterwards braided with yarn and tarred. Rope-making has long been an important industry on Tyneside, and we may claim having laid the foundation of that of wire. We therefore look upon the amalgamation of these two businesses as an important event; and there can be no doubt that a large measure of success will attend the efforts of these gentlemen who are associated with the company, and who have so long and so ably conducted the same.

FISHERIES.

Not one of the least of the industries of the North is that which is pursued on the sea, but it is one of which we have no exact details. For the largest part of the half-century it has been carried on on our coasts in the manner in which it has been for thousands of years before. The exact extent of the fisheries on the North-east coast fifty years ago cannot be stated: all the references we have are such as the statement that Whitby was "a great fishing town," that Hartlepool was so noted that Scott paints one family in Northumberland as obtaining the "best of fish from Hartlepool," and that Cullercoats and many places on the coast of Northumberland were fishing stations of importance. But the area of the distribution of fish was circumscribed then, now it is wide. And thus we have in the half-contury a transition still progressing, which is making fishery a more exact industry. The following figures show the increase in the fish carried on the North-Eastern Railway:—

Year 1882 .....47,421 tons	Year 1885 .....48,062 tons
,, 1883 .....40,735 tons	,, 1886 .....50,207 tons
,, 1884 .....48,482 tons	

But there is room for enormous growth in this ancient industry.

There are other industries in the North—tanning, hat making, timber, the provision trade, and others large enough to have justified longer notice did space permit.

OUR PORTS.

THE TYNE.

The trade of the north-east is fostered, increased, and developed by the improvements made and making in the rivers and ports. Dr. Bruce has recognised this when he said that it is to the Tyne that Newcastle "owes a large measure of its prosperity." But the trade that comes to the Tyne gives in degree reciprocal benefit to the river, and river and town share in those benefits. Trade to the ports has changed of late years, and it is only as these ports are able to accommodate the larger steamers which now do so much of the carrying trade of the world that they are able to enlarge their commerce. In the last half century, the ports of the North have been greatly changed in this respect, and none more so than the Tyne. In that period there have been opened in the river the Tyne Dock, the Northumberland Dock, and the Albert Edward Dock; river walls have been built; and the vast pier works have been proceeded with rapidly. Dredging works on a scale almost unexampled for magnitude have been carried out—in 1838 the "old dredger" began its work, and in that year there were 21,579 tons of dredging performed. In 1841 there were 14,515 tons only; but there was a rapid though not unbroken increase after that date. In 1857 the work done needed six figures, and in 1862 there was removed not less a quantity than 1,864,544 tons of material. Even after that, the quantity increased, and in 1866 there was removed not less than 5,273,585 tons—one dredger alone, No. 6, removing more than a fourth of the total. And in the half-century there has been dredging work done to an amount between 70,000,000 and 80,000,000 tons—a work which has in no small degree helped to make the Tyne what it is as a river. As a result, there has not been a larger *number* of vessels, but the tonnage of the vessels increased by millions of tons—the increase from 1854 to 1876 alone being 5,297,029 vessels cleared out of the river. The tonnage of the vessels frequenting the river has increased also on the average—it was less than 150 tons in the year 1854; it reached 285 tons in 1874; and it is now about 430 tons. Moreover, the vessels coming to the port have changed from sailing vessels to steamers. So late as 1862, about four-fifths of the vessels were sailing ships, but in 1875 the steam tonnage formed more than one-half of the total; and, as is well known, there is a continuing growth of the steamer at the expense of the older ships. Trades have fluctuated in the Tyne, but in the total there has been a wonderful enlargement. Fifty years ago there is no record of an iron ore trade, though occasional cargoes were received from the North Yorkshire coast. In 1876 there were 175,000 tons brought into the river, but now the quantity varies from 380,000 tons to 440,000 tons yearly. The sulphur ore trade is the outgrowth of less than forty years, and 120,000 tons yearly are often now brought in. The timber trade has been enlarged—imports were 72,000 loads in the year 1863; they are now frequently as high as 260,000 loads yearly. And thus through many articles it might be shown that the details of trade have been changing, and that the relative rate of progress has been different, but that on the whole, and over a period of years, there has been a growth in the import trade that is marvellous. As to the export, it is sufficient to instance that which is the chief and the oldest of the cargoes from the Tyne. In the year 1839 there were shipped coastwise from the Tyne 2,149,814 tons of coal; in 1886 there were over 3,300,000 tons—the trade of Blyth not being included in the latter year. But the exports showed the larger increase:—In 1839 the exports from Newcastle were 543,846 tons only,

but in the year 1886 the exports had increased to 5,000,000 tons. Apart from the bunker coals needed, and without taking count of the non-inclusion of the small port now, it is evident that in 1886 the total shipments of coals from the Tyne were 5,600,000 tons more than they were in the earlier year we have named. Whether in the later years the ratio of increase has been kept up we need not now stop to inquire. Of the Tyne and its works the opinion of Mr. Clark Russell may be given :— "The Tynesider has a right to be proud of his noble stream," and to the future of "a people who in a few years have converted a worthless stream into a spacious river, who have raised its revenue from £19,000 to over a quarter of a million," whose "registered tonnage of vessels cleared in a twelvemonth is six millions, and whose shipbuilding and manufactures swell into larger and more astonishing figures month by month and year by year, he would be a bold man who should venture to predict a limit." The following shows in tabular form the growth of Tyne outward trade. The number, tonnage, and average size of vessels *cleared* from the river, in the years below, was :—

Year.	Number of Vessels.	Tonnage.	Average Size of Vessels.
1854	19,096	2,849,680	149½
1855	18,152	2,791,371	154
1856	18,546	2,898,453	156½
1857	19,449	3,064,040	158
1858	19,190	3,001,800	156½
1859	18,823	3,060,145	163
1860	18,990	3,120,265	164½
1861	19,371	3,196,781	165
1862	19,336	3,171,145	164
1863	18,858	3,213,375	170½
1864	18,410	3,491,948	190
1865	19,663	4,037,422	205½
1866	19,416	4,171,538	214½
1867	18,949	4,221,852	222½
1868	18,910	4,076,084	215½
1869	18,428	4,166,922	226
1870	19,102	4,574,565	239
1871	18,956	4,879,878	——
1872	19,101	4,885,412	267
1873	16,799	4,611,358	274
1885	14,253	6,105,932	428

THE WEAR.

Few places have made more out of a stream narrow as the Wear than Sunderland. In the official statements of the River Wear Commission we have facts which enable us to show at once the rate of growth of its trade. In the year 1836 there were 1,155,414 tons of coals shipped in the port ; in 1840 the North Dock was opened ; and in 1850 the South Dock ; whilst in 1856 the South Outlet was opened. Starting from the shipment of coals named, we find that there was an output from the port of over 2,200,000 tons in the year we have last referred to. In 1861 three million tons were exceeded ; and finally, in 1886 there was the largest shipment in the history of the port, with one exception, the quantity sent out being 3,945,434 tons. The imports of timber and props are large, and increasing ; and of ore, grain, and chalk there is a steady and recently-increasing trade. Finally, the picture of Mr. Clark Russell may, in a sentence or two, sum up what is needful to add to the facts already stated : on the river you "realise all the significance of this humming, hammering, tumultuous smoke-shrouded district," and on that river there are "five miles of continuous works." You "see the yards, the factories, the works ; you hear the harsh roar of the giant Labour," but now there is not "every yard crowded with fabrics in course of construction," but still great is the Wear as an industrial river.

THE HARTLEPOOLS.

Down to the year 1844, we have no specific statement of the trade of Hartlepool, which was then included in the returns for the port of Stockton. West Hartlepool was not then created. In the year 1845, Hartlepool sent out 884,408 tons of coals, and as the new town to the west began its development under Mr. Ralph Ward Jackson, the trade of the port grew, and by the year 1859 more than two million tons were shipped. But that quantity has not been kept up, and thus for the year 1886 the total shipment of coals coastwise and for export was 1,038,000 tons. But in the formation in fifty years of docks and basins to the extent of 200 acres, in three graving docks, in grain warehouses covering 4½ acres of ground, in the creation of a timber trade the largest on the North-east coast, there is much that is of value in the development of the industries of the North. A flourishing town has risen on a sandy coast ; its trade facilities are large ; its steamships are more powerful than those of any other North-eastern port except the Tyne ; and in shipyards, engine works, docks, and mills it has the potentialities of a vast and a growing trade if it were true to itself.

THE TEES.

Fifty years ago the Tees had in one or two respects a fuller trade than it now has. It shipped in 1836 not less than 953,382 tons of coals, but it has found it better to use the fuel in its furnaces and forges ; and thus last year the total shipment, home and foreign, of coal from the Tees was 56,000 tons. But it has cultivated a trade in iron such as no other river in the world has ; and to fit the river for the trade a series of works have been carried out, which have few rivals in modern times. Fifty years ago, there was no dock in the Tees. The Middlesbrough owners provided one in 1842, and this has required more than once enlarging, and is now undergoing improvement. There were three or four channels from Middlesbrough to the sea half a century ago—channels shifting and shallow. Slag walls and other methods have defined the stream ; dredging has deepened it, huge scarps have been blasted, and one great breakwater has been constructed, whilst another is in course of construction now. Where there were 3 feet of water at low water of spring tides, there are 18 feet now ; some 10,000,000 tons of dredging have been effected ; and the revenue of the river has in the last thirty years risen from £4,000 to £55,000. Fifty years ago there was scarcely a ton of iron sent from the port, now there are a million tons sent in some years. It is a little more than half a century ago since the first vessel was built at Middlesbrough—a vessel described as "of about 300 tons, from the building yard of Mr. Laing," in 1833, but on that river and at the same place many noble vessels are now yearly

built. And judged by its trade, and by the clusters of works from Stockton to Eston, those who have had the Tees in charge have well done their duty to the stream, and the results justify them.

CONSETT.

Prominent amongst the inland places which are the upgrowth of the half century is that huge coal and iron producing establishment at Consett, which has built up towns and revived decaying villages in and near the Derwent Valley. It is not quite fifty years since the establishment of the Consett Iron Works. The prevalent but incorrect belief is that the late Mr. Jonathan Richardson commenced the works; but he himself has stated that "the establishment of ironworks at Consett did not originate with" him, but with gentlemen with whom he was in no way connected. In 1840, Mr. Jonathan Richardson let to these gentlemen minerals on the Consett estate; a private partnership was formed, and the works grew with a rapidity very uncommon. In 1848, the pay to the workmen, for one week, reached £4,200—the establishment being then the largest of its kind, with one exception, in the kingdom. In 1849 the company sought for ironstone in Cleveland, and ultimately it acquired mines of its own there. In 1859, the collapse came, after which the "Derwent and Consett Iron Company" became the owners for a few troublous years; and in April, 1864, the present Consett Iron Company acquired the works, and the career of prosperity unexampled in the history of the trade was begun. How it has prospered most people in the North know — in one year alone, the profits were much more than the sum paid for the works nine years previously; and it may be sufficient to say that it paid for years more than 10 per cent. per annum, carried large amounts to rebuild, extend, and improve the works; and that now its shares, £7 10s. paid, are selling at over £18. The change it has wrought in its vast district are evident to the passer-by. In 1831 Benfieldside had 534 inhabitants only; in 1871 it had 4,434. Consett itself had only 146 inhabitants in 1831, but by 1871 it had 5,982, and in 1881 the number was 6,746. But the trace of the effect of the Consett Works is not in one place alone, it is to be found along the Derwent Valley, in coke-making and coal-raising villages, as well as in the great towns which are most immediately connected with the production of steel and iron. That enlarged population has had needs of local government and of local institutions supplied, and the whole of the Consett district marks a change such as few places do.

JARROW AND OTHER TOWNS.

It would be easy to point out the growth of Jarrow and other towns. Fifty years ago, Jarrow had a memory, and little more. The shade of the venerable Bede hung over it; and the ruins of his monastery were soot-covered and dull-looking on the Slake. By the efforts of the Palmers and of the company their name is given to, the place has become a town of moment, influential in shipbuilding, famed for its engine works, with a vast population, with Corporation, institute, and most of the essentials of town life. There was no population worth naming half a century ago, but in that time a town of from 20,000 to 30,000 people has sprung into life. If we go to the place whence Jarrow obtains its ironstone we shall find that Skinningrove, near it, has become a populous village instead of a hamlet of a dozen cottages, that Skelton is now a town; that Saltburn has sprung into life, with the desire to rival Scarborough; that Redcar is more than trebled in population: that in the west, Crook and many another place has grown into the similitude of a town; and that valleys have been opened up for the coal, whilst in many a spot that trade has been planted which, when begun by the late Mr. Joseph Pease, with a dozen coke-ovens, caused his partners to shake their heads in dismay at the possibility of a failure. It is needless, however, to dilate on that upgrowth of centres of the iron, coal, and allied trades—it is an upgrowth which is sufficiently indicated by the enlargement of the population of the district.

POPULATION.

We have already some instances of the effect of the industrial growth on the population, but it may be of interest to give also a table showing the general result. Here, then, are pregnant figures as to Northumberland, Durham, and the North Riding of Yorkshire, showing the population at two periods:—

	1831.	1881.
Durham	239,256	875,507
Northumberland	236,959	434,024
North Yorkshire	190,800	268,034
	667,015	1,577,565

That increase of population has chiefly been in the mining and manufacturing districts, for there are dales and large areas where in a long period the total population has decreased. But in the large towns, in the mining centres, and in the metallurgical district there have been enlargements of the population such as are remarkable. If we only look back from 1881 to 1851 we shall find that the population of Newcastle had doubled, and that Gateshead had nearly doubled in the last twenty of these years. Middlesbrough, again, added a thousand to its population in each of the first fifty years of its life; and the same for a shorter period is correct as regards West Hartlepool and Jarrow.

THE GENERAL RESULTS.

Thus, then, there is outlined the changes which have been marked in some of the chief industries of the North-East in half a century. The accompanying and resultant changes have been as great, if not greater. Population has increased in, and has also been drawn from other parts to this district; houses have been multiplied, imports and exports have been wonderfully enlarged; trade has found new outlets; and the enlarging wealth has found fresh investments. Figures do not tell the whole tale of the changes, but they do shadow it forth; and it may enable general conclusions to be drawn if in passing, and in summarising we notice some of these changes. First, then, let us notice that in 1839 the ports from Tyne to Tees inclusive shipped

coastwise and foreign about 5,500,000 tons of coals, but last year these same ports sent out more than 14,600,000 tons of coals. In the method of shipment and of carriage by sea there is not the improvement in method that there might have been expected, but the quanity sent from the ports (if coal for bunkers be added) has been trebled in rather less than half a century, and this is fairly rapid growth. Practically we shipped neither coke nor iron fifty years ago. It is needless to quote the figures which prove how greatly the exports of these have been enlarged, but it may be said that a quarter of a million tons of coke are yearly exported from the Tyne alone. It has been computed that the steamships of the rivers Tyne and Wear and the port of West Hartlepool have a normal value of over £15,000,000. It has also been stated that the blast furnaces of the North-Eastern district have invested in them £3,000,000; and in forges and rolling mills there was at least as large an amount of capital sunk, though it is now depreciating fast. In one colliery-sinking alone above a quarter of a million sterling was spent; and though the exact cost of the pits which have been undertaken in the past five decades in the northern counties cannot be exactly recorded, it is a certainty that there has been spent a sum of money numbered only by millions. It is impossible to estimate even the sums which have been expended in providing the factories, the mills, the houses that find employment, essentials, and homes for the growing population of the North-East. Furnaces are feeding on the coal and limestone of Durham, in smelting the ores of Cleveland or Spain; under thousands of acres the miners are extracting coal; and 14,000 coke ovens are fitting that coal for use in the blast-furnace or the foundry. To and from the Tyne 9,000 steam ships and 5,000 sailing vessels bring and carry cargoes; and in like proportions to the smaller but still important places near. And in the briskest period of the trade, there, at the ports from Blyth to Whitby, one vessel was built for every day in the year. Round these great industries of iron, coal, and shipbuilding, others, contributory and large, are gathered; and thus there is in the course of a few years an industrial development, which, for variety and for extent, will probably find no equal in this country in the same interval.

It would be interesting to trace the causes of the change in the extent of towns, did space permit. In Newcastle, unquestionably the Elswick Works have had the greatest effect in the half century. They have peopled what was a solitude, for within that period there were only two or three houses in Scotswood Road; in that period "Rye Hill" was described as a new suburb of Newcastle, and the long range of streets that reach to near Benwell have been built. On the Wear, the docks of "King Hudson" and the upgrowth of iron shipbuilding yards "made" Sunderland. Iron has rejuvenated the old, and created a new and larger town on the Tees; and coal, timber, and general goods have built up West Hartlepool. Crook owes its position to the coke trade; Darlington has chiefly benefited through the railway system; Seaham Harbour was pluckily hewn out of a rock by the Marquis of Londonderry; Jarrow has shipbuilding to thank; and so on through the list of towns that the half century has studded in this district.

And it may not be unfitting to quote from an address by Sir Frederick Abel on the work of the Imperial Institute, in which he refers to that new industry which has sprung from the discovery of Mr. Perkin thirty years ago. Sir Frederick says:—"In endeavouring to furnish some idea of the magnitude of the coal-tar industry, I may state that the total value of the coal-tar colours produced in 1885 amounted to £3,500,000. The value of alizarine and its related dyes which are used with it for obtaining various shades of colour now amounts to about one-half of the total produce of the coal-tar colour industry. Their manufacture in England in considerable quantities still continues, but it is a suggestive fact that the value of the artificial alizarine imported into this country from the Continent last year was £259,795. Taking the average value of madder at 5d. per lb., and the cost of its equivalent in artificial alizarine at one halfpenny, the quantity imported, if valued at 5d. per lb., would represent about £2,597,950." And Professor Hofman says as to these facts:—"If coal be destined sooner or later to supersede, as the primary source of colour, all the costly dyewoods hitherto consumed in the ornamentation of textile fabrics; if this singular chemical revolution, so far from being at all remote, is at this moment in the very act and process of gradual accomplishment; are we not on the eve of profound modifications in the commercial relations between the great colour-consuming and colour-producing regions of the globe? Eventualities, which it would be presumptuous to predict as certain, it may be permissible and prudent to forecast as probable; and there is fair reason to believe it probable that, before the period of another decennial Exhibition shall arrive, England will have learnt to depend, for the materials of the colours she so largely employs, mainly, if not wholly, on her own fossil stores. Indeed, to the chemical mind it cannot be doubtful that in the coal beneath her feet lie waiting to be drawn forth, even as the statue lies waiting in the quarry, the fossil equivalents of the long series of costly dye materials for which she has hitherto remained the tributary of foreign climes. Instead of disbursing her annual millions for these substances, England will beyond question, at no distant day, become herself the greatest colour-producing country in the world; nay, by the strangest of revolutions, she may ere long send her coal-derived blues to indigo-growing India, her tar-distilled crimson to cochineal-producing Mexico, and her fossil substitutes for quercitron and safflower to China, Japan, and the other countries whence these articles are now derived."

And it is to be remembered that the growth touched upon —a growth supplemented by a vast accretion in the retail trades—is not that of one on an industry just commencing. As we have seen, there were industries of moment in the North fifty years ago. Our coal was the fountain which supplied this country; our chemical makers were first in the field, and the largest suppliers of some of the chemical products; and our locomotive builders had the whole trade of the world in their hands, though they have not retained it. Our

industrial growth is, therefore, upon a past growth. But the fact must not be overlooked, if the picture is to be a fair one, that in the half century it has not been all growth. The needs of one age give place to the needs of another; and those who supply later requirements often need later and different industries. The iron steamship does away with the wooden vessel, and carpenters, sailmakers, and others have to find new trades, or to depart to other parts. The salt which was so plentifully evaporated once at great cost on the banks of the Tyne, found a successful competitor in the Cheshire salt, cheaper made, and in turn in this district this is giving place to the salt in the nearer beds of South Durham.

DECAYING INDUSTRIES.

So far we have touched on many points of progress in the North-east in fifty years; but it must not be forgotten that there are trades which have decayed and are decaying in that time. There is no search now, and practically no production, of the ironstone of the coal measures; the iron ores of the mountain limestone are neglected; lead mining in the dales of Durham and Northumberland is not carried on so fully as it once was; copper mining had died out in some of its few northern centres; the manufacture of tools and cutlery has disappeared from the district, and that of files is nearly gone; salt, which consumed in 1727 on the Tyne so much coal that Defoe saw it ascend in clouds "over the hills, four miles before we came to Durham"—salt, the production of which a century ago caused the use on the Tyne of 130 salt pants—that trade has died out. There were starch mills on the Leazes in 1702, which lingered years after, but which have long ago moved to other centres. The horse-shoe nail trade was once almost the stay of Winlaton, and it is all but extinct now. The chain, cable, and anchor trade is dwindled on the Tyne, and is practically extinct on the Wear; but thirty years ago one firm alone at Gateshead employed 350 men in that branch of their trade. A "Newcastle grindstone" is less common now than it was. The bottle trade was both large and important on the Tyne, and it is now there defunct. In glass, as we have said, there has been the decay of one section of the trade; and others are not so vigorous as they were. Copperas is no longer the manufacture it was. The manufactured iron trade, across the whole region from the Tyne to the Tees, has felt a blow that, if not mortal, is at any rate of a serious nature. The keelmen of Newcastle were, if "rough untutored men," numerous and often influential, but they have gone, like Keats's lover, "into the ruin" of the past. Fifty years ago sedan chairs were numerous; the pack-horse is no longer known in the lead-mining districts; and many and various have been the smaller industries which have passed out of the ranks of labour employers in the half-century. And there is our greatest industry—agriculture—which has known such competition that it has now a dulness and depression, and a loss connected with it that it can scarcely be considered to have either the fulness, the extent, or the area of what it had fifty years ago, whilst profit has for the time disappeared.

FAILURES.

If there has been success, it has not been without failures serious and heavy. In railways, the Stockton and Hartlepool Company "never declared a dividend at all." The Stanhope paid no dividend, and the West Durham for many years was unremunerative. The collapse of the West Hartlepool Harbour and Railway Company, and the unfortunate position of one of its predecessors, the Clarence, and one of its allies, the Cleveland, are well-known. In banks, many have "gone under ingloriously." "The Newcastle Bank," says Dr. Bruce, "went in 1846." The North of England in 1847; the Union fell in the same year; and finally the Northumberland and Durham District "stopped payment on Tuesday, the 26th November, 1857," and terrible were the results in the North. Old shipping companies at the ports from the Tyne to Whitby fell at various periods; corn mills ceased to grind. In July, 1866, Pile, Spence, and Co., Limited, suspended payment. The purgation that Cleveland passed through ten years ago—when the amount of debts of firms and companies in the iron trade who failed was millions—is well-known. Colliery companies have been shorn of their number, and shipping is the latest industry which has had to be purged from the results of unhealthy trading.

HALF-A-CENTURY'S CHANGE.

Let us now glance rapidly at some of the evidences of change in industrial matters in the fifty years. The file of the *Newcastle Chronicle* of half-a-century ago is a rich mine of information, and there is scarcely a page but does not tell the story of how "down the ringing grooves of change" we have come into the fuller day. An advertisement tells us that the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway ran, half-a-century ago, "the steamboat *Swan from the offices of the Company*, 66, The Close, to Redheugh," three or four times daily; and it adds also that goods are charged £1 1s. per ton between Newcastle and Carlisle. The Newcastle and Alnwick coach, "The Wonder," was running then; the Brandling Junction Railway were advertising for "3 locomotive engines"; a "direct coach to Liverpool" left the Turf Hotel at 4 p.m., and arrived at Liverpool at 11·30 next morning. The Great North of England, Clarence, and Hartlepool Junction Railway was just being formed—and that railway, one of the shortest in length and longest in name, endures till to-day, leased to the North-Eastern. The Newcastle and North Shields Railway wanted tenders for "sleepers, 8 feet long." The Newcastle Races were to be held on the Town Moor, and the great "event" of the North is thus described: "Northumberland Plate of 100 sovereigns." The Sunderland Joint-Stock Banking Company had just been formed; and the Message of the President of the United States, dated 6th December, was published on the 7th of January. Finally, the *Newcastle Chronicle* of that day was a four-page paper, "price fourpence halfpenny." We have no information as to the circulation of newspapers in those days in Newcastle, but the whole of the newspapers issued in Northumberland a few years

later issued in one year only 538,750 copies! Half-a-century ago teetotalism was not quite unknown, but little known; there were no Post Office banks, and few savings banks, whilst many of the essentials of modern thrift and provision for casualty were undreamt of. At the beginning of that period, we should find George Stephenson beginning the construction of the Grand Junction Railway and of the North Midland; Robert Stephenson and Brunel were contending over many a scheme; the Duke of Cleveland was opposing the Barnard Castle and Darlington Railway; Joseph Pease was in Parliament, supporting Hume, Clarkson, and others of the economical-philanthropic party; Henry Bolckow was a corn merchant at Newcastle, and his after-partner manager of works at Walker; Sir Charles Palmer was a schoolboy; and thus through the roll of the men who have made towns and districts the record of change might run. A little over fifty years ago Newcastle gas was stored in gasometers in Manor Place and Forth Street, capable of holding only 60,000 cubic feet, and the price was "10s. per 1,000 cubic feet." It was then boasted that there were "about 600 streets, lanes, chares, and courts" in Newcastle; there are now not less than 1,300, but it must be remembered that many little courts, alleys, or chares have been swept away, to make room for one wide street or road; but if the town has increased, so has its pauperism, for in the four poorhouses of the parishes there were usually less than 200 paupers. There was another poorhouse "near the head of Gallowgate" kept for Coxlodge and five other parishes "outside the town"—Westgate, Byker, Elswick, Kenton, Jesmond, and Coxlodge, and this was kept by Mr. John Mason, who "kept the inmates at a weekly cost of about 3s. per week." A singular fact in regard to the growth of the North may be stated: it uses now twelve times as much of certain articles of food as it did fifty years ago. The figures below are from reliable data, and they apply to the whole of Northumberland and Durham. The population in those two counties consumed at the two dates given the following quantities :—

	1831.	1881.
Sugar, lbs.	8,571,870	91,637,100
Tea, oz.	8,648,085	98,212,750

This increase is in part due to the large increase in the population, but still more to the larger growth in the consumption, stimulated by cheapness.

AGRICULTURE.

We have said that one great industry is depressed, dull, and unprofitable. That industry is the greatest in our land—agriculture; and it is to be regretted that in the north-east, coal has absorbed some of the attention which should be devoted to corn. There is an old poem of Ernest Jones's, which summarises the situation :—

> Thinner wanes the rural village,
> Smokier lies the fallow plain;
> Shrinks the corn fields pleasant tillage,
> Fades the orchard's rich domain.

The acreage under wheat is shown by Sir James Caird to have fallen seriously off in recent years; the price has fallen; and now partly because of these causes, and partly also because in this district we have given so much of our strength to mining and metallurgy, we have of necessity to import much wheat. Northumberland and Durham have a population of over 1,300,000; and in addition to the wheat grown in the counties, large quantities have to be brought in by sea from the Continent, from America, and from India. There, land is held cheaper than here; the farmers often "own the land they till," and with the cheap carriage that the steamship has afforded, it has been impossible for our farmers to compete with their rivals abroad. Much of the statement that applies to wheat applies also to cattle, to dairy produce, and to fruit. And it is in the depression in this great and controlling industry that much of the cause of the trade dulness it to be sought. Over the North the wet seasons, the great competition with the produce of the cheap land of other countries and climes has affected the agricultural interest; lessened its ability to buy cloth, iron, implements, and many of the luxuries of life, so that the result of the agricultural dulness is felt in the mining and metallurgical districts directly and indirectly. Labour has come from the land to the loom, the mine, and the factory; the latter have had a glut of labour, but the land does not produce what it should, nor is it likely until there is cheaper land and better conditions of ownership and of cultivation. Through the fifty years there have been two movements evident as to land and agriculture: there was in the first half a general, if slow, increase in prices of many articles—an increase due in degree to the larger demand, the possibility of better transit to market and to allied causes; whilst as a consequence of better prices and of greater demand for land the rent of the latter rose. Prices have fallen much of recent: from 1860, when wheat averaged for ten preceding years over 50s. per quarter, the price fell for a quarter of a century, and only in the last years of that period did "agricultural depression" have its inevitable effect—that of the ultimate reduction of rents of agricultural land. The mills of the economic law of demand and supply work through prices, they "grind slowly but they grind exceedingly small." And very slowly but surely the long descent in prices is affecting the rent of farms. Here is an interesting table, from Mulhall, giving the burdens of the farmers of the United Kingdom, in averages for a year :—

Period.	Rent. Millions. £	Taxes and Tithes. £	Total. Millions. £
1841-50	56·4	10·2	66·6
1851-60	57·5	11·0	68·5
1861-70	61·2	15·3	76·5
1871-80	64·7	23·1	87·8
1881-85	67·3	25·3	92·6
1886—	65·1	25·4	90·5

Thus year by year over the decennial periods the rents of the farmer increased, but now that increase has been checked, and there is a substantial reduction which must go on. And even in that burden of taxes and tithes which has grown more rapidly even than rent, there is at last a check to the rapidity of the increase, and it is probable that

there will soon be seen some reduction at last. It is out of these reductions that the agricultural interest will know its position to be improved; but it is very certain that at the present by far the gravest point in the industrial outlook, nationally as well as locally, is the intense dulness and loss that have been known in agriculture, and of which the depression in manufactures is in a considerable degree the outcome.

INDUSTRIAL GROWTH CHECKED.

It should not be forgotten, before conclusion, that the industrial growth of this district, as well as of the nation, has of late years been checked. We are producing less coal, whilst the exports of that fuel are still enlarging, and thus much less is being consumed at home. We are making less iron, although we are importing much more ore from abroad, so that it is evident that we are using less of our own ironstone and more foreign, whilst the total iron smelted from the ores is less than it was. We produce less lead, and we bring more in from Spain and Greece. We make a smaller quantity of chemicals, and our imports are on the whole more than they were. Our textile manufactures do not advance as they were wont to do; shipbuilding is only to the extent sufficient to make up the gaps which ocean makes in the fleets of the world; and though in some branches of machinery we retain our position, we do not make locomotives for the world as we did, nor do we not even make them for our colonies. Looked at over the whole region of industry from agricultural to the latest development of commercial enterprise, and also looked at locally or nationally we find that there has been in the later years of the half-century a check to that industrial development, of which the first three or four decades show such marvellous signs. It is an interesting question whether that is due to the flagging of the energies of the manufacturers here, or to the markets we ouce supplied being occupied by other competitors, or in other ways closed against us? It is probable that all these causes have combined to check our industrial development. The concurrent testimony of so many of our consuls, the opinions of so many experts, and the expression of the witnesses before and the members of the Royal Commission on Trade Depression, all point to the fact that there is not that keen search after new markets on the part of our manufacturers that there was—but the need for it is greater now when there are more competitors. Again, there is too much adherence to old methods of production. It was in England that the basic process in the iron trade was brought to perfection, but it is already far more in use on the Continent than it is here. Numberless such instances could be given, so that there is some "flagging" on the part of our producers. Again, we find that in coal, in iron, in textiles, and in chemicals, some of the Continental countries are now producing not only enough for their own needs, but enough and to spare for other markets, so that the markets of these countries must to a large extent be closed against us. And it is idle to conceal the fact that the tariffs of other countries have had a strong tendency to drive the demand from us—or, rather, to prevent our supplying that demand as cheaply as can the protected makers in the countries where these unfair expedients are resorted to. We may conclude, therefore, that all these causes contribute to the check to the industrial development which we have of late known. Some figures as to coal production in Northumberland illustrate this. Last year there were produced in Northumberland not less than 7,305,182 tons of coal. It is interesting to notice that this is only 49,000 tons less than the preceding year's production, so that the output is near to the maximum yield of the northern county. And it is further remarkable that the production thus attained has been with a very considerable diminution in the number of workmen employed. Thus the average yield per man is considerably increased in the past year above its predecessor. But a further and still more startling fact has transpired since the period to which these official statistics bring us; and that is the almost complete cessation of production in the Northumbrian coal trade for fourteen weeks, and there has been practically no effect on the coal trade of the kingdom. These two facts enable us to appreciate with a little more exactness the position of the Northumberland coal trade. It once influenced all the markets. It has enlarged its own output considerably in the past ten years or so, and, as we have seen, it almost maintained last year the maximum output, but despite this, the cessation of production almost completely for three months, has not affected the coal markets of the kingdom. In many months one-half of the coal sea-borne for London is supplied from the port of Newcastle, and there has, of course, been the withdrawal of a portion of that supply, so that the strike has caused the demand to need gratification in part from other districts. The strike has, indeed, had little or no effect, because there is such competition in the coal trade that the withdrawal of a district that could have produced 2,000,000 tons of coal has not been appreciably felt on the trade. And whilst that lagging in the demand continues, there is not likely to be any return to the progress in industrial matters characteristic of the first half of the century. If the trade of a district and of many distant ports can dispense with Northumbrian coal for so long as it has done, then it is clear that under given circumstances, or under the pressure of very heavy duties imposed in other countries, there are industries here whose production can be dispensed with entirely. In a case like that, there must be new markets sought, or there must be diminished output. But it is clear that the output cannot be maintained if there is to be the dependence merely on old markets which are in a degree closing to us for a time. Whether there will be a continued closure of those markets to our productions remains to be seen.

OUR INDUSTRIAL FUTURE.

This brings us to the grave question of the future of the trades in this district, and of the enlarged and enlarging population dependent on these industries. It is clear that if our trade development has suffered a check of the magnitude that it

has, and if the population has grown as it has and still grows, there will need to be an alteration in the conditions under which we have been living of late. If an exhaustive analysis of the figures we have summarised were made, it would be clearly seen that there has been an order in the manner in which our industrial development has proceeded, and in the manner in which capital has been invested, which is very remarkable and suggestive. Space does not allow the presentation of that exhaustive analysis, but some of its conclusions may be glanced at as a fitting sequel to the story contained in previous pages. First, then, the flow of capital has been almost unchecked, but it has sought those northern streams only as long as they were remunerative to the capitalist. Up to twelve years ago, capital in abundance cauld be had for the asking for the coal and iron mine, the blast furnace, and the rolling mill, but after that time losses ensued of serious moment, capital became unproductive generally in these industries, and it is only in rare cases that there can be found additional money to develop new mines and ironworks. After that period wealth sought new modes of use, and the steamship and allied methods of investment took up much of the surplus cash that sought for investment. Indeed, it is rare to find that readiness to put money into ships as was known in the North-east for "seven years of plenty" in the shipping trade. But since that time, the rush of capital into the shipping trade has changed its position, and now capital for new and additional vessels may be said to have forsaken for a time the shipping industry, and to be seeking other fields of employment, where there is more certainty of an adequate remuneration for the risk. And if the rise of that capital be investigated a little further we shall find that there has been a mania for railways and for other modes of investment, so that demand and supply working through price and profit have had much to do with the position of commerce, and with the mode of industrial development and the employment of labour.

CAPITAL LEAVING THE LAND.

But there is another fact which has its significance, and that is the manner in which our greatest industry has declined as an investment for capital. As far as we know, there are no local statistics bearing on the point, but those for the United Kingdom are substantially thus: taking an average of years we produced grain crops worth £74,300,000 yearly in the decade from 1840 to 1850; but in the years 1881 to 1885 the value of the grain crops only averaged £51,700, 00 yearly. The fall is the more remarkable in the wheat produce: in the first period our wheat harvest was on an average 115,000,000 bushels yearly; but that average has fallen until for the last period of five years the produce has been only 76 millions yearly. We have in the interval reclaimed much waste land, but we produce much less wheat; and though there has been additional horned stock raised, yet there is little doubt that capital is leaving the land. At the beginning of the half-century we imported on the average 14,000,000 bushels of wheat yearly; now we import more than ten times that amount. We have allowed capital to leave the land, and we have in consequence more and more to import our food from other countries. About one-third of the grain for our food is grown in this country; as much is brought in from that land to which a large portion of the emigrants go—the United States—and India and Russia send us the largest part of the remainder. Similarly, though not so fully, we have an increasing portion of our meat supply drawn in one form or another from abroad, and thus with less money invested in our own land, and less labour employed upon it, we have a larger part of our money sent to other nations in return for the food we buy. In a sentence, in fifty years we have increased our mines, our mills, our factories, and our furnaces, but we have diminished the yield of our land, lessened the labour it employs, and increased our dependence upon other nations. It is then in the direction of the better use of our land that we have to look for permanent relief from the dull trade and the glut of labour in the constructive, mining, and mineral industries. If we increase the production of our coal we are taking away permanently part of the resources of our nation, and it is worth while noticing that there is in its use much waste. But if we increase our wheat yield by better cultivation and by lessening the burdens on the land, so as to make it cheaper to cultivate, we enrich ourselves without lessening the benefit that posterity reaps from us. One of the needs, then, of this age, is the enlargement of the production of the United Kingdom, as well as what has been done of late years, the increase of the means of transit and of distribution of the products of the land. More and more it may be needful for the nation to be dependent, and in some way or other to make its own land serve more and more its own needs. Nations cannot for ever take pay for food in rails; if they have coal within themselves, they will not always take pay for corn in coal, and it is thus a question of time only how long it will be before we are forced into that larger production of food in some form here which is so essential now. It is not for us to dogmatise on the question whether the farmer shall give more attention to "horn" or "corn." It is sufficient to state that the long range of low prices has had its first effect in lessening the production of farming produce at home, and it is beginning that effect which is secondary—the reduction of the burdens in the shape of rent, tithe, and tax that the farmer has to bear. But there is the national need that we have indicated—the need that farming here should supply more of the food and employ more of the surplus labour of the United Kingdom. It is possible that it may have to be through cheaper land and cheaper means of cultivation that farming may be made to pay. But it will have to be agriculture directed by intelligence and experience, knowing the best markets of sale, having the right to use fairly the land, untrammelled by ancient prejudices and customs, and willing to adapt land and labour for the production of food in the form that the wish—even the whim—of the people makes desirable. The farmer has this ad-

vantage over most other industrials: the home market demands more than he can supply; his rivals must spend large sums to bring produce into that market; and in these sums profit should be found. The farmer's land must be cheaper, and his rating must be less. He must be willing to produce the articles for which the best price is obtainable; and it may be that he will need to cultivate, as of old, a more direct relationship with the consumer. In these ways farming may be made to pay, but it cannot with dear land, its use fettered, and its produce too heavily taxed in the attempt to find a market in this country. And to that improvement in agriculture we have to look for a recommencement of the industrial growth which is so greatly the characteristic of the last half century.

INDUSTRY AND AGRICULTURE.

It has been said that railways form the means of investment for a large portion—perhaps a tenth—of the wealth of the United Kingdom. They serve all the needs for travel by land in their bounds. In coal we have another measure of wealth, and another means of supplying the needs of the country—and these needs are supplied without the importation of foreign coal. In iron, except for a slight introduction of very rich iron from Sweden, we have no import of the manufactured article of moment for consumption here. In shipping, though we buy much of the goods of foreigners, yet we increasingly use our own vessels to carry them. Nearly fifty years ago 58 per cent. of the entrances and clearances into and from the United Kingdom were in British vessels; but in the latest year we have records 73 per cent. was in British vessels. Thus manufacturers and carriers here supply more and more of the needs of the people of this country; but, as we have shown, agriculture here—the trade in which most wealth if invested—supplies less and less of the needs of Great Britain. It is thus clear that it is not so much to manufactures but to farming that we have to turn to find a method of improvement for the depressed state of the country, and to find a revival permanently of that trade. We have in fifty years very largely increased our population. As we have shown, in the North-east, we have more than doubled it in comparatively a few years. But we have very fully met all the needs of that enlarged population for fuel, clothing, iron, travel, carriage—everything but food. We have been content to buy corn, and we have now to face a period when other nations are beginning to produce enough for their own requirements of all that we have been in the habit of paying them for food with. The problem before us at the end of the jubilee of industry is—shall we find fresh markets for our iron, for a time, or shall we not rather begin at once the task of endeavouring more fully to supply the primary need of man, and thus give employment for labour on the land, and retain much wealth at home to enable us to give in that market which is peculiarly our own more work for the craftsmen?

Thus, then, we have looked at the results of "fifty years" in one corner of Europe. And just as Harrison says of "Historic London," so it may be said of this North-country: "As I walk about the streets of [one of the] most mighty, most wonderful, most unwieldy, and yet most memorable of cities," a record of power and life rises from the days when Agricola overran the northern parts of this land. There are four objects seen at one glance which gather into one focus the history of the town: the Castle and the Cathedral church, which speak of the ancient story and the ancient powers that ruled; the old locomotive and the High Level Bridge, which bespeak the modern civilisation and the modern powers. Battle and siege; monument and shrine; travel and traffic—the old and the new are within a few yards of each other. There is a continuous history of castle and cathedral for centuries; there is of engine and bridge not one for half a century, but in so far as the town the four look upon is concerned, there is more change and more of progress than in the previous centuries. Thought and action have been crowded into brief lives, and the structures in iron remain whilst the builders have passed into the silent land. But in the works which endure there are abiding monuments of the father and the son, born on Tyneside, and finding on its banks much of the triumphs of their lives, and having much of the pleasant memories connected with Wylam and Willington and Killingworth. Their part in the Northern land is that of memory only—

> Their part in all the pomp that fills
> The circuit of the summer hills,
> Is—that their graves are green.

That fame and their memories the world will not willingly let die, nor will it the work they wrought, nor the changes accomplished and expectant, which have come from and are to follow the development of mining, metalling, and engineering in the North-east. They had helpers, colleagues, rivals; and they have followers and professional, if not personal, descendants. William Hedley, Timothy Hackworth, and many others, had much to do with the early development of the locomotive; and the Hawthorns and other Tyneside men did more than yeoman service. In later days of the era we have discussed, there are many men who in engineering and mining industries have done much to build up Northern trades. On the railway, Harrison and Tennant are familier names; in mining, the Elliots and the Forsters are amongst the foremost; in shipbuilding the Palmers and the Laings are world-known by their productions. And there is another, who has at Elswick contributed to the victories alike of peace and of war. In the half century, through the efforts of Sir William G. Armstrong and his lieutenants, there has been built up what has not unfittingly been called a "supplementary arsenal"—an establishment which has, as far as we know, no rival in the world. Every yard of seventy acres on Tyneside is thronged with the present-day proofs of the prescience of the engineer, in hydraulics, in gunnery, and in ships. And whilst there are with us such men as Sir William Armstrong, the age need not so much dread comparison with the past.

PART II.

THE JUBILEE EXHIBITION.

REPORTS BY EMINENT SPECIALISTS.

Reprinted from "The Newcastle Daily Chronicle," of May 11, 1887.

GUNS AND WARSHIPS.

[BY THE EDITOR.]

In presenting to our readers a series of reports on the principal sections of the Exhibition, specially written for us by experts who are eminent in their several walks of industrial life, it is fitting that we should lead off with a brief dissertation on the subject of the war-ship and the big gun, inasmuch as such formidable representations of the "resources of civilisation" are most prominent in the eye of the visitor as soon as he has passed the turnstiles and made his way into the principal court. Facing him, on his left, is the model of the formidable ironclad, built by Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., recently launched at Elswick; and on his right looms that magnificent object, the famous 110-ton gun. Such exhibits are not those which one likes to dwell upon in an exhibition which should be devoted to the demonstration of the arts of peace, but as long as human nature remains what it is, there will be "wars and rumours of wars," and the moral is that to be forewarned is to be forearmed.

There is no country more vulnerable than Great Britain; and thus it needs, more than most, protection for itself, its wide commerce, and numerous colonies. Other nations are more or less self-dependent, but ours is dependent on its commerce, and for a large part of its food on outside nations. For the protection of its commerce and its ships it must have a numerous fleet; but there is yet a difference of opinion as to the kind of ships that are most needed, though the opinion is inclining more to the form of men-of-war of the protective cruiser type. Five years ago, in an address as President of the Institute of Civil Engineers, Sir W. Armstrong pointed out the dependence of Great Britain upon her naval power, and the reasons then urged by him in favour of swift cruisers have acquired greater force in the interval. When it became established that fighting ships could be manœuvred with certainty and precision by means of steam-power, the revolution began which has continued since, and which has gradually made naval warfare an engineering matter rather than one of seamanship. And when to that change was added that of the introduction of rifled ordnance and percussion shells, the contest commenced between guns and armour which has gone on and is not yet decided. Types of vessels have been changing, and some built have become obsolete soon after they have been launched. Invulnerability was believed to be attainable, and great attempts at vast cost were made to secure it, but we may now feel assured that "invulnerability is a chimera." Armour is unavailable against torpedoes, and every attempt to secure invulnerability by increased thickness of armour is met by an increase in the power of artillery. In the address to the Institution of Civil Engineers, five years ago, Sir William said:—

> Our early ironclads, like the Warrior, were plated all over with armour of 4½ inches thick—a thickness which could now be pierced with field pieces. To resist the most powerful guns now afloat, armour of at least 2 feet in thickness is required; and in order to reconcile the constantly increasing thickness with the weight which the ship is capable of carrying, it has been necessary to restrict the area of armoured surface to ever-narrowing limits, leaving a large portion of the ship without protection. In those magnificent and tremendous vessels which the Italians are now building, the armour will be withdrawn from every part except the battery, where guns of 100 tons will be placed, and where the armour will be confined to a narrow belt of great thickness. Everything of importance that projectiles can destroy will be kept below water level, and, so far as artillery fire is concerned, the ships will be secured against striking by means of an underwater deck and ample division into compartments. Armour, therefore, seems gradually contracting to the vanishing point; but, until it actually disappear, it is more probable that no better application of it can be made than has been decided upon by the acute and enterprising naval authorities of Italy for the great ships they are now constructing.

It is known that Sir W. G. Armstrong adheres to these views; and they have been fully justified by the course of events in the five years which have elapsed since they were uttered. Nations have turned in that direction ever since. Armour on the "ironclads" is now so thick that its weight necessarily limits to small dimensions the area of its use. The weight of armour to be carried is adverse to speed and offensive power, and the question arises whether the armour clad will be long deemed worth the heavy cost, when put into comparison with what the same amount would have provided in swift cruisers. Our Admiralty now only propose to build armour clads to keep us abreast of other nations.

There is no such thing now as the ironclad in the sense originally contemplated—"a ship in armour." What is meant now is a ship with thick armour in certain critical points. Going over the Victoria it seems singular to note the small area she has armour-plated, but what she carries is of great thickness and of great weight. Her displacement is over 10,500 tons; and

being propelled by engines of 12,000 horse power, she may reach a speed of 17 knots per hour. Such a vessel would have been much more costly ten or twelve years ago, for steel and iron were then double their present price. Even with cheap material, her cost with armament and engines complete, will probably be three-quarters of a million. We might fairly say that for the cost of one such ironclad we could have four unarmoured ships of the protected cruiser class of far higher speed, and carrying collectively four armaments, each equal to that of the armoured vessel. The unarmoured vessel can carry as big guns as the armoured, and even more of them, as the vessels are relieved from the weight of armour. Then there is the danger from torpedoes ; there is no doubt that the torpedo attack will play an important part in future warfare, but it is still a matter of doubt as to the extent of their value. All parties seem to admit that though the effects may be overrated they will still be formidable. The evolutions now progressing are chiefly to show to what extent torpedoes will be valuable ; but so far they have scarcely realised what was expected from them. At Elswick the firm has gone on increasing the speeds of their cruisers ; and the last one built for the Italians was the swiftest cruiser afloat, having a speed of over 19½ knots per hour. Nothing is now so completely recognised as the value of speed in war ships. Most English cruisers now being built are belted cruisers ; the "belt" may have advantages, but it has to a considerable degree the disadvantages of armour, and it is a question whether it would not be better to multiply cruisers without belts.

We have next to no experience of ironclads in action. The Americans used them twenty-five years ago, but the idea was in a crude state then, and there is very little experience on which a definite opinion can be formed as to their behaviour in action. We know the action of shells, the effect of projectiles, but our opinions as to the results on ironclads are largely speculative.

The Esmeralda is the first example of the Elswick cruisers. In the few years since she was built, the company has increased the speed of cruisers by adopting improved forms of engines. The Esmeralda had compound engines, but now triple expansion engines are general. Quadruple expansion engines have not been introduced for war ships, though the question of their introduction has been discussed. More may be done by the introduction of liquid fuel, because a ton of petroleum will be as useful as two tons of coal, so that with the same weight of fuel we could double the time the vessel could keep the sea. For long voyages, the drift of impovement seems to lie more in the direction of the use of liquid fuel than in that of quadruple expansion engines.

The "big gun" is the corollary of the armour. If you give up armour the big gun may go out of use, but so long as an enemy carries armour we must have big guns to penetrate it. The power of attack, apparently, must overtake the defence ; and the sooner we give up the ponderous defence of armour the better. There is another formidable species of armament to which great attention is being given at Elswick—the quick-firing guns which are so rapidly coming forward. It is expected that these guns will come more into vogue. A 40-pounder of this description recently made at Elswick can be fired ten times a minute with four men, while the old smooth-bore 32-pounder of the British navy could only be fired once a minute with eight men.

Another feature is the employment of machinery for working guns. Large guns could not now be worked without machinery. Even if it were possible to deal with such heavy guns and ammunition (powder and shot together weighing 2,700 lbs.), "the multitude of men required for the purpose would be greater than could find standing-room at the guns. Up to a certain point hand-power may be so aided by machinery as to enable larger guns to be worked by men than was formerly deemed to be possible ; but the mechanism required to render hand-labour available is quite as liable to be disabled by an enemy's fire as that which would be applied in connexion with engine power. There is therefore no reason in this respect for employing a numerous gun crew in preference to inanimate power. Automatic methods of running out the gun, by which the gun is lifted in recoiling by slides or radius bars, and recovers its position by gravitation, may in many cases be advantageously used to save labour, but in a ship the varying inclination of the deck interferes with uniformity of action. The upward motion of the gun also involves the objection of a higher port, and it adds greatly to the downward shock, which becomes very severe on the deck where the guns are large and are fired at considerable elevation with such heavy charges as are now usual. Steam power, acting through the medium of hydraulic pressure, is already largely applied in recent ships for effecting all the operations of working the guns." Hydraulic machinery, the appliances of which are patented and the patents are vested in the Elswick Company, have effected the change. The inventions were purely and entirely the origin of Elswick, and they were first introduced in connexion with the Italian ships, but the use is now becoming universal. Elswick is the cradle of hydraulic machinery, and it has no competitor in its application to naval purposes. The more we extend the use of machinery, the fewer men will be required to serve the guns ; and the smaller the crew, the less the loss of life and injury. Hydraulic machinery is an absolute necessity for large guns ; it is not absolutely necessary for small guns, but it has many advantages even for them.

Elswick has grown in the past, and if the past is to be a test of the future, it will grow. It now covers more than 70 acres, and employs more than 12,000 men. The task of supervision and direction is serious and heavy, so that some might desire no further growth, but if the experience of the past prevails, Elswick will grow.

Attention at Elswick has been directed to the use of explosives of the dynamite family ; and it is under consideration now. Shells of this character, which may be called "highly explosive," will probably come more into use. There is no difficulty in their propulsion, if a low velocity is satisfactory, for air or gas may be used in various forms for that propulsion.

There is a great question whether the Government dockyards should build new vessels or be confined to repairing, except in cases of emergency, wars, &c. It is contended by some that we should only have recourse to private shipbuilding yards on an emergency, but it is forgotten that a nation could not depend on private enterprise to supply its needs, unless it gives continual and not occasional employment. If Elswick had not had its foreign connexion, it could not have been in a position to serve the Government. The dockyards should be constantly employed in making experiments, in modelling, in testing, as well as in repairing.

THE CHEMICAL INDUSTRY OF THE NORTH.

[BY MR. HUGH BELL, MIDDLESBROUGH.]

The history of the growth of the alkali trade of the Tyne takes us back to the close of the last century, when the Losh family were endeavouring to utilise the brine spring of the Walker Colliery for the manufacture of soda. The word alkali itself carries us to the days before chemistry had become a science, when the Arabs were the chief, if not the sole, trustees of such physical science as existed. A full account of the circumstances under which a word signifying "to roast" came to designate a great class of chemical compounds would be a history of human thought and the progress of human knowledge, and the merest outline of the changes which have taken place would lead us far beyond the space which the most indulgent editor would accord. Some lines, however, we may devote to this part of the subject, although it is but indirectly connected with the title of the article.

ANCIENT ALKALI.

Alkali, then, is an Arabic word signifying "the roast," and was applied to the ashes of plants found growing on the shores of the Mediterranean, whose scientific names are Salsola and Salicornia. Alkali is thus simply a substance got from the ashes of certain plants, and chiefly from those above named. Until something over a century ago these plants were the only source of a substance entering very largely into the arts by which human life is made more pleasant. The knowledge of this substance goes back to a very remote antiquity, for glass, one of the chief articles into which it enters, has been known to the human race for many a century.

CHEMISTRY AS A SCIENCE.

With the dawn of chemistry, when the science was ceasing to occupy herself with such transcendental studies as the transmutation of metals, the search for the alkahest or the universal solvent, and the panacea, the universal remedy, and was seeking to classify the knowledge already won, we find her grouping together, as allied substances, two kinds of alkali. But as yet she was under the dominion of hidden entities, and as phlogiston was a substance which favoured combustion, and antiphlogiston one which was inimical to it, so alkali was that substance whose presence, "fixed" in soda and potash, and "volatile" in ammonia (or spirits of hartshorn) gave o these varieties of matter their essential qualities. A hundred and fifty years ago this theory was abandoned, and chemistry, now a positive science, was content to say that there were three distinct substances which, possessing qualities in common, should be grouped together as alkalies. To these were given the names of mineral, vegetable, and animal from the sources from which they were drawn.

THE MODERN METALS.

Between the alkali from which the name was derived and the volatile alkali of which we have spoken, there does indeed exist a very essential difference, first shown by Sir H. Davy, who succeeded in decomposing the fixed alkalies, till then regarded as elementary bodies into what, as yet, we must regard as their ultimate parts. They were found to consist of oxygen and distinctive metallic substances, sodium and potassium, possessing certain properties in common. Volatile alkali, on the other hand, is a compound of hydrogen and nitrogen, with which oxygen is further combined. It is interesting to note that the distinguished Frenchman Lavoisier, whose contributions to human knowledge were cut short by his death on the scaffold at the hands of the revolutionary tribunals of 1792, had already suggested that the fixed alkalies were oxides of metals having greater affinity with the oxygen combined with them than carbon possesses, and thus, in the then state of knowledge, inseparable from that oxygen. Modern chemistry groups these substances together by their common properties of neutralising acids and certain other qualities; adds various others having like qualities; subdivides the group of alkalies into several others; forms a sort of parallel class to which she gives the name of alkaloid; and for reasons which would lead us too far from our subject, regards ammonia as the link which connects the alkaloids, which belong to organic chemistry; with the mineral alkalies from which, as we have seen, the word was originally derived.

SODA.

But although in a chemical sense alkali has the extended meaning just described, as a commercial term it is confined to the substance to which the word was first applied—namely, soda. Soda plays an important part in the arts. We have already mentioned its use in the manufacture of glass, which is a compound of soda with silica. It is used in the manufacture of soap, and is largely employed in the textile industries for removing from materials to be spun and woven the oily substances with which they are impregnated. In paper-making and in dyeing soda plays an important part. It is thus evident how indispensable it is to mankind. When the sole source of supply was the ashes of a plant containing but a small quantity of the material, it will be easily understood how great an obstacle was put to the development of industry on anything like the scale which has marked the nineteenth century. So much is this the case that there have been found persons of authority ready to assert that the discovery of the method we are about to describe under the name of Leblanc has done more than any other, after the changes we

associate with the name of Stephenson, to render these developments possible.

MR. LOSH AND LORD DUNDONALD.

In 1787 soda was obtained chiefly, if not entirely, in the way already indicated, although a number of other methods were attempted to produce it from salt ; for it had already been discovered that salt could be made to yield soda. Mr. William Losh had devoted time and money to investigations having this object, and another resident on Tyneside, Mr. Thomas Doubleday, was also working in the same direction. When Lord Dundonald came to reside in the neighbourhood of Newcastle he joined the other two, whose investigations had up till then been carried on independently, and the three worked together for some time with but little result.

THE LEBLANC PROCESS.

Other workers were also busy with the same problem, and as early as 1787 Leblanc, whose name we have already mentioned, had invented and patented his processs, while Dizduic, also a native of France, had about the same time hit upon a method not greatly differing from his compatriot's. Leblanc proposed to treat salt with sulphuric acid, whereby what is now known as sulphate of soda or salt cake is produced, together with hydrochloric acid gas. The salt cake he mixed with chalk and lime and furnaced. The furnaced product was then lixiviated, the resulting liquid boiled down to dryness, and thus remained in the vessel a substance which, furnaced again under suitable conditions, yielded a white material—the soda ash of commerce. This in a few words describes the Leblanc process, by which, until within quite recent years, the whole of the soda of the world, with only the most trifling exceptions, was produced. Leblanc himself failed to reap any benefit from his invention—like his greater fellow-countryman, he fell under the suspicions of the revolutionary authorities, his works were sequestrated, he was compelled to disclose the secret of his manufacture ; and although he escaped the fate of Lavoisier, it was only to die by his own hand in 1806, a broken and disappointed man. The tardy honour of a statue, unveiled 80 years after his death, amidst the plaudits of the crowd and a eulogy pronounced by some eloquent statesman, are but inadequate compensations for such misfortunes.

SULPHATE OF SODA.

The records of the early manufacture of the Tyne are somewhat confused, but it appears that on Mr. W. Losh's return from France, where he resided in 1791, he established the manufacture of sulphate of soda. The brine spring in the Walker Colliery was the source of the salt he required for the process. In those days a duty of £36 on salt hampered the English manufacturers, just as the present duties, much less in amount, throw obstacles in the way of the manufacturers of Germany and France. Instead, therefore, of using salt, the Walker Alkali Company mixed the sulphuric acid with brine, and, evaporating these two together, obtained sulphate of soda ; or, mixing ground coke and ashes with the salt as it crystallised, rendered it unmerchantable, and, consequently, not liable to duty.

SULPHURIC ACID.

The manufacture of sulphuric acid takes us back forty or fifty years further, to about 1740, but the eighteenth century had closed before that substance was produced on the Tyne, and it was not till 1809 or 1810 that chambers for its manufacture were established at Bill Quay. In 1816 Mr. Losh was again in Paris, and on his return brought with him the plan of decomposing sulphate of soda by the method still in use. This he adopted at Walker, and on this and on other grounds we have mentioned rests his claim to be regarded as the father of the alkali trade of the Tyne, and indeed of the kingdom.

SALT AND CHEAP COAL.

The salt springs of the coal measures of Northumberland and Durham had long been known and utilised, and to their existence was due, as we have said, the establishment of the alkali trade on the Tyne. Its enormous development is, however, to be attributed to another circumstance—the cheap fuel of the Northern coalfield. Till comparatively recently small coals were a drug, and indeed a serious inconvenience to the coalowner. Unable to dispose of them, he was compelled to pile them up in great heaps at the colliery. The sulphur they contained caused them to take fire, and there resulted the huge bonfires which, thirty or forty years ago, marked, by their flames and the havoc worked on the surrounding vegetation, the sites of the larger coal pits. Such quantities as were needed for manufacturing purposes, and could be put into craft on the river, could be obtained for the cost of removal. It was for this reason that up till 1802 salt was made from sea water at Shields, consuming 50 cwts. of coal to produce one ton of salt. The salt obtained was highly prized for its curing qualities. Even to the present day a small quantity is produced, waste heat being utilised for evaporating, and rock salt from Cheshire and elsewhere being added to the sea water to lessen the cost of manufacture. This trade, which was at one time pursued by some of the leading families of Tyneside, has now become a very unimportant branch of the industries of the town. As time went on, however, and the Cleveland iron trade came into existence, the small coke of the bituminous seams of Durham began to rise in value. Of extreme purity, and producing coke of unequalled quality for use in the blast furnace, a market was found for what had been only a drawback to the colliery owner. Coal was no longer to be obtained for the cost of boatage. At the same time the coal fields of Lancashire were developing, and the Tyne ceased to occupy the firm position she had hitherto possessed.

REVERSES OF FORTUNE.

The salt needed for the manufacturer came from Cheshire with a carriage of from 7s. to 10s. per ton, or a water freight of but little less ; while the Lancashire soda maker had not half as much to pay for carriage. The fuel, an important factor in the Leblanc process, had ceased to be obtainable at

nearly nominal prices. The American market, one of the chief outlets, was better served from Liverpool. These circumstances all conspired to alter in a most serious way the position of the alkali maker on the Tyne. And, as if to fill the cup of his misfortune to the brim, a new method of manufacture, talked of since 1835, was brought to a commercial success at the same moment.

THE SOLVAY PROCESS.

It had long been known that salt could be decomposed by bicarbonate of ammonia, and many endeavours had been made since the original patentees, Messrs. Hemming and Dyar, had, about the year just named, sought to utilise this fact. But till 1855 no progress had been made. In that year Messrs. Schloesing and Rolland published a memoir on the subject, and subsequently the question was taken up by Mr. Solvay, of Brussels. With indomitable perseverance and courage, in the face of most disheartening difficulties, this gentleman and his brother, aided by others no less persevering than themselves, succeeded in contriving apparatus by which the decomposition could be effected on a commercial scale. Mr. Schloesing, equally determined, pursued his investigations, and though somewhat later than Messrs. Solvay, succeeded in designing a method, different in some important points, though founded on the same reaction, by which soda could be made. The Tyne alkali trade which at one time consumed as much as 250,000 tons of salt a year, now requires barely half that quantity, and has only been able to maintain this consumption by the aid of circumstances to which we must now turn our attention.

NOXIOUS VAPOURS.

It has been mentioned incidentally that one of the results of decomposing salt by means of sulphuric acid, is the production of hydrochloric acid. This is given off in the form of a singularly acrid gas. In the olden days when the flaming heaps of small coal escaped indictment as nuisances, when manufacturers polluted streams according to their wills (far from sweet), and alkali inspectors, the barbarous invention of a later age, were unknown, this pungent and destructive gas was thrown into the air, killing the surrounding vegetation, besides rendering human life all but impossible. The lovely banks of the Tyne, which many men recollect covered with luxuriant verdure, speedily suffered, while the owners of the alkali works amassed fortunes and provided employment for operatives by the score and the hundred. Possibly this state of things, being felt to be incurable, would have been endured, but it was discovered by the grandfather of Sir Charles Tennant that hydrochloric acid could be made use of as a source of chlorine, which, in its turn, is of great value as a bleaching agent. The alkali manufacturers were consequently not unwilling to come under the provisions of the series of Acts of Parliament having for their object the removal of the nuisance to which we have referred.

THE RIVAL PROCESSES.

The ammonia soda maker, whatever process he adopts, finds that the chlorine, which with sodium forms the salt he uses, leaves his hands in a form which renders its recovery exceedingly difficult. Numerous plans have been suggested for obtaining the chlorine, and no doubt this will be ultimately achieved. To describe those which have been attempted would lead us into matter too technical for our present purpose—it suffices to say that as yet no method has been successful. Accordingly, the price of bleaching powder, in which form the Leblanc alkali maker disposes of his chlorine, has risen in price as the quantity of salt decomposed by sulphuric acid has decreased. At the same time soda has fallen in price, and the ammonia soda maker, with only one string to his bow, finds himself face to face with an awkward problem:—can he manage to exist if the Leblanc maker sells his soda ash as a waste product. Moreover, driven by a stern necessity, the Leblanc maker has greatly improved his process in recent years. He has economised in all directions, and especially has turned his attention to obtaining the largest possible quantity of valuable chlorine with the smallest possible quantity of the comparatively valueless soda ash. The consequence is that soda ash, which even two years ago was sold for about £6 per ton, now fetches little over £4—and the fall still continues—while bleaching powder, which has in past years fallen below £4, now realizes between £7 and £8. It may be affirmed with safety that the relative advantages of the two processes will be maintained until some ingenious man hits on a plan of recovering the chlorine now thrown away by the ammonia soda maker. When that day comes it would look as if the death knell of the Leblanc process will indeed have sounded, but threatened men live long, and it is extraordinary how a great industry adapts itself to conditions which appear at the first blush incompatible with its continuance on any terms whatever.

THE TEES SALT BEDS DISCOVERED.

The alteration in the price of soda ash and bleaching powder has of course affected the Leblanc makers not only on the Tyne, but also in all other districts where this process is followed, and but for the next circumstance with which we have to deal the alkali trade of the Tyne, languishing and in fact threatened with speedy extinction, must have succumbed before the competition of more favoured districts. But in the year 1862 Messrs. Bolckow and Vaughan, boring for water at Middlesbrough, came, at a depth of 1,200ft., on a bed of salt 100ft. thick. Some years elapsed before any use was made of this discovery. The original discoverers—or, more correctly, the limited company to whom in the meanwhile they had sold their works—endeavoured to obtain access to this bed of salt by sinking shafts, but their attempt was perforce abandoned owing to the enormous quantity of water encountered.

A BETTER METHOD THAN MINING.

It was reserved for Messrs. Bell Brothers, Limited, to introduce the method since universally adopted, by which the mineral could be won without the costly process of sinking a shaft. In 1881, on the suggestion of Mr. Thomas Bell, a bore hole

16 inches in diameter was put down to the salt. The whole was lined with wrought-iron tubes, and a second series of tubes 8 inches in diameter was placed in the first. Into the annular space between these two tubes water was introduced. It flowed down the hole till it reached the top of the bed of salt, which it proceeded to dissolve. The inner tube was pierced with holes at the bottom only. The water flowing down the annulus would in the ordinary course have risen to the same level in the inner as in the outer tube. But since it had become heavier by the fact of its having dissolved salt, it only rose to a height determined by the specific gravity of the two liquids ; that is to say, the heavier column was the shorter. The specific gravity of saturated solution of salt being 1·2, water being taken at 1·0, a column of water 1,200 ft. long will balance a column of brine measuring 1,000 ft. That is to say, the top of the brine would be 200 ft. below the surface, from which point it must be lifted by a pump. By the month of August 1882, the plan we have thus rapidly described was in operation at the works of Messrs. Bell Brothers, Limited, at Clarence, and very shortly after that date salt was being sent to the chemical manufacturers of the Tyne.

CHEAPER SALT.

Cheshire salt, till now by far the most important source of supply, had been sold as high as 23s. in 1874. It had stood for a year about 20s., and for a considerable period varied from 15s. to 17s. In August, 1882, it was selling at 12s. 6d. in the Tyne. The competition of the new source of supply speedily reduced the price, and to-day salt can be bought in the Tyne at from 10s. to 10s. 6d. per ton. Thus the Tyne maker was relieved in the most unexpected way, and enabled to carry on the trade in spite of ever growing difficulties. The method adopted by Messrs. Bell Brothers, Limited, was followed by others, and to-day the output of salt on the Tees reaches from 2,500 to 3,000 tons per week, of which nearly half is made by the pioneers of the trade. The total consumption of the Tyne being about the quantity we have just mentioned, and the output of salt tending to increase, other markets will have to be found. India and the Baltic seem likely to afford profitable outlets. At all events, an important industry has been established, and we may rest assured that no effort will be wanting on the part of those engaged in it to develop it to the fullest extent possible.

GEOLOGY OF THE SALT DEPOSITS.

So much has been written about salt lately that we may leave the question here. The geology of the salt deposits is full of interest. The extent of the bed, its limits to the north, and other cognate questions are matters of deep import to those engaged in the trade, but their discussion would involve us in problems of a most complicated character, of which the solution will only be found when our knowledge has been much enlarged.

THE USE OF SULPHUR.

We mentioned when describing the Leblanc method that sulphuric acid was employed in the manufacture of soda. Before we conclude we must devote a short space to this part of the subject. At the time when Leblanc invented his process, and for many years afterwards, sulphuric acid was obtained by burning native sulphur brought from the Mediterranean. A gas known to chemists as sulphurous acid is the result of this operation, and it is necessary to cause this gas to combine with a further quantity of oxygen in order to obtain sulphuric acid. This is effected by causing the sulphurous acid gas to mix with air, steam, and a compound of nitrogen, in vast spaces, called chambers, enclosed in leaden walls. The sulphuric acid dissolved in the condensing steam flows out of the chambers and is utilised in the way already described. Till about 1855, native sulphur continued to be used for this purpose. In the early days of the manufacture, sulphur was subject to a heavy duty, but the Government of the day returned the amount paid on sulphur which was used in the manufacture of acid. One of the early manufacturers on the Tyne received as much as £1,500 in one year in this way.

THE SULPHUR BEDS OF SICILY.

In 1855, the King of the Two Sicilies, thinking to realise a handsome sum from an article of commerce drawn almost solely from his dominions, granted a monopoly of the sale of sulphur to a French company. The *concessionnaires* at once raised the price from about £5 to £12 a ton, to the consternation of the consumer. This action very speedily brought about the diplomatic intervention of Lord Palmerston. The King was compelled to rescind his concession, and in order to do so was obliged to pay a large indemnity to the grantees, and so his Majesty's meddling with the affairs of commerce ended ; not, however, without having contributed, probably in no small degree, to bring about a most important change in the alkali trade. The soda makers had been forced to find sources of supply other than those of the island of Sicily, these being found in certain minerals in which sulphur is combined with iron and other metals. The collieries of Durham and the mines of Cleveland yielded these minerals in small quantities. A more abundant supply was found in Wicklow in Ireland, while Belgium and Norway also contributed their quota. From all these localities sulphur ore was obtained, but in the end the large deposits found in the south of Spain became the chief source of supply.

SULPHUR FROM SPAIN.

The existence of the copper pyrites of Spain had long been known, and indeed the ore was worked, not for its sulphur, but for the copper it contained. Piled up in large heaps, the sulphur was expelled by the action of the air, and the surrounding country desolated by the sulphurous acid gas produced. When the price of sulphur rose and sulphur ore was looked for to replace the native sulphur of Sicily, arrangements were made to transport the ore of Huelva and Tharsis to the Tyne and other alkali making centres, and to conduct the operation of expelling the sulphur under conditions and in localities where the resulting gas could be utilised for the production of sulphuric acid, instead of being

a bane to the neighbourhood of the mine. The residue containing copper and iron was handed back to the importers to be used for the extraction of the former metal. The residue of this second operation, a very pure oxide of iron, found its way into commerce under the name of Blue Billy, and was used in the manufacture of iron. The round of operations thus described still continues, and the net results of the King's action have been to exclude Italian sulphur from the soda trade altogether by substituting a much cheaper article for the production of sulphuric acid, to enrich the owners of the Spanish mines of sulphur ore, and to establish the manufacture of copper as an incident to that of soda ash by the Leblanc process. It would be hard to find a more striking example of the strange result which may, and most frequently does, ensue from the interference of Governments with the affairs of trade, nor perhaps one which illustrates better the axiom, too often lost sight of by those who clamour for such intervention, an axiom we may express in the words of Lafontaine :—

On hasarde de perdre en voulant trop gagner.

Let us, however, not attribute too much to the King and his advisers, for at the same time a new demand for sulphur was springing up. The vine disease was already making its ravages felt in the vineyards of Southern Europe, and sulphur was discovered to be a remedy. This and other causes would in all likelihood have made sulphur too costly for use in the alkali works, even without the ill-advised action of the Government, which fancied it could "control the sulphur market," as the modern phrase runs.

SULPHUR RECOVERY.

We have dwelt on the fact that the ammonia soda maker is obliged to throw away the chlorine, so precious to his competitor in the Leblanc process. This latter does not escape without a similar penalty. When he mixes sulphate of soda with chalk and coal and furnaces, his object is to compel his sulphur to relinquish its hold on the sodium. This it does by entering into combination with the chalk. When the furnaced product is lixiviated, the hot water dissolves the soda and leaves a residue, called tank waste, which forms the evil smelling and unsightly heaps which surround a soda manufactory. This tank waste contains all the sulphur which has been used in the process. Many attempts have been made to recover the sulphur. Some have obtained a certain measure of success, and, no doubt, if sulphur were to advance seriously in price, further efforts would be made for its recovery. It is sufficient to mention the fact to complete the survey of the trade which we undertook to present to the readers of the *Chronicle*.

OTHER BRANCHES.

On the other branches of the chemical industry of the Tyne we have left ourselves no space to enlarge. Though comparatively unimportant, their rise, changes, fluctuations, and, in some cases, extinction, present matters for reflection as full of interest as those of the chief amongst them, with which we have dealt at perhaps too great length. Like other human affairs, there is in them

A tide . . . .
Which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune.

The prudent opportunism taught in the passage where this line occurs has not been wanting in those who have founded these various trades. And if the tide of time has left certain wreckage on the banks of coaly Tyne, we may believe that her sons of to-day, no less sturdy and enterprising than their predecessors, will be ready, with the reflux of prosperity, to win the reward of labour by turning the circumstances of the moment to account. But if they find, as others have done, that the virtues of industry and perseverance must be their own reward, let them be content with having done their best, and when their turn comes to leave the scene of their endeavours, let them go feeling they have laboured earnestly.

Qui laborat orat.

MINES AND MINING.

[BY MR. J. B. ATKINSON, ONE OF H.M. INSPECTORS OF MINES,]

The Exhibition on the Town Moor is particularly devoted to mining. It is being held in the centre of a large mining district, and its conception and successful inauguration are largely due to mining men. The Chairman of the Executive Committee (Mr. J. Daglish) is one of our most advanced and scientific mining engineers. It must not be forgotten, however, that the operations of mining do not readily lend themselves to exhibitions. Great ability has been brought to bear to meet this defect by means of the construction of model mines on a large scale, the inspection of which by the non-mining public, will prove very instructive, while to the initiated the examination of the more portable mining appliances and specimens of minerals will be a source of great interest.

IMPORTANCE OF MINING.

One of the most marked features of our modern civilisation is the application to our wants of minerals ; and this, taken in connexion with the colonisation of so many distant lands, enables Great Britain to hold her present proud position and to support the teeming population of these islands. We are, in fact, the workshop of the world. In the year 1886, there were employed in and about our mines 561,092 persons. When to this we add the persons engaged in manipulating and carrying on mining produce, and the persons whose employment depends on its many uses, it is not improbable that one-third of our population is dependent, more or less directly, on mining. Mining may be defined as the extraction of minerals from the earth by the aid of artificial light, the use of artificial light distinguishing it from the allied operation of quarrying. The manipulation, on the surface, of the mineral worked, such as screening and coking of coal, dressing and reducing metallic ores, does not properly belong to mining. Two great natural divisions of mining may be pointed out, each of which is illustrated by the model mines. 1st, the mining of a stratum or bed, as all seams of coal ; and 2nd,

the mining of veins or lodes, as lead, tin, and copper veins. The mineral worked in the one case lies in a more or less horizontal plane, and in the other in a more or less vertical plane. There are also irregular shaped masses of ore, such as the Cumberland hematite iron ore deposits.

THE EXHIBITION COAL MINE.

The coal mine at the Exhibition represents the bottom of a shaft with workings in a seam of coal 6ft. thick and in a seam of less thickness supposed to have been thrown level with the thicker seam by a dislocation or *trouble*. In the 6ft. seam are shown headways and bords and an engine plane worked by an endless rope. One portion of this seam is a representation of stall work, not common in this district, but much in vogue in Wales. The thinner seam is supposed to be worked by long wall work. The roof is supported by props and planks and by stone pillars.

THE LEAD MINE.

The lead mine can be entered by an adit level, and two levels on the vein are shown, in one of the levels the ends are a reproduction of a vein. The top of a sump with windlass is shown. The bottom of a shaft is reproduced, with two sets of pumps, a ladder way, and a drawing shaft. The timbering in the lead mine is of a slightly different character to that in the coal mine, and in the bottom level is an example of forepoling, necessary when driving in soft ground. An inclined road between the two levels for the passage of a pony is shown. A hopper for the loading of trams with ore is erected in the bottom level. Both these structures are built of wood, and give a capital idea of mining work.

SEARCHING FOR SEAMS OR BEDS.

The preliminary part of mining, the finding of suitable beds or veins, may be noticed. It will easily be seen that the operations necessary to discover a well-defined bed of coal or ironstone, and those necessary for the discovery of a variable mineral vein, will differ much in character. Experience has shown what are the accompanying rocks in each case, and in old mining districts the proximity of working mines affords much information. When speculators require, before embarking capital, more particular information, in coal mining it is usual to bore vertical holes, and carefully note the strata passed through. Boring by means of iron rods terminating in a chisel was known as early as the year 1618, and this system, that of percussion, holds its own to this day, and in the hands of experienced borers like Mr. Coulson, of Durham, gives good results. During recent years a rotatory system, known as the diamond borer, has been much used, and is shown at the Exhibition. The diamond borer is a cylinder of soft steel, in one end of which impure diamonds, known as boart, are inserted. The rapid revolution of this cylinder, by means of rods from the surface, causes the hard diamonds to cut away an annular-shaped hole in the rock; the solid core left inside the revolving cylinder is broken off at intervals, and, raised to the surface, affords excellent evidence as to the rocks passed through. Coal being so much softer than its enclosing rocks cores from coal seams are apt to be much fractured, and at the most important time the diamond boring system does not always give satisfactory results. A new system of boring through soft rocks to known beds by ordinary steel tools has been introduced into England by an American company who have put down some holes to the Middlesbrough salt with marvellous celerity. It does not appear that this system of boring has been applied to the exploring of an unknown country.

SEARCHING FOR VEINS OR LODES.

In the discovery of veins or lodes a vertical borehole would be of little use, and horizontal boreholes of sufficient length not being possible, it is usual after inspecting all the ravines for indications of a vein, to drive across the supposed course of the vein in the solid rock, or to dig trenches on the surface. Water is sometimes dammed back and allowed to sweep away the clay and soil in a sudden torrent, sometimes disclosing a vein. This is called "hushing" in the North of England. In Cornwall, the divining rod, a hazel stick supposed to vibrate when near a vein, was used at one time by credulous persons.

METHODS OF WORK.

The dislodging of mineral from its native bed is accomplished either by manual labour, by explosives, or by machinery. Many coal seams are worked altogether by manual power, the tools used being picks, levers, and wedges. Picks have been improved of late years to the extent of adapting one shaft to suit several heads, and considerable ingenuity has been exercised in devising firm modes of attachment. Levers, locally known as pinches, are little used in working coal in this district, but are more used in stone work. Wedges are either simple, and driven forward by mells or hammers, or compound, and here manual power applied to a lever or wheel urges forward the wedge under suitable mechanical arrangements, so as to exert great rending force. Several of these wedges are exhibited; such as Asquith and Ornsby's, Hall's, and Ramsay's. Some years ago a compound wedge, devised by Mr. Bidder, in which the principle of the hydraulic ram was utilised, was tried at some collieries in the North. It cannot be said that these wedge machines are as yet commercially successful; the growing dread of the use of gunpowder in some coal mines is, however, causing much attention to be paid to perfecting them.

THE USE OF EXPLOSIVES.

Where explosives are used the method invariably employed is to drill a hole and place the explosive at the end of it, confining it further by stemming or tamping. In the case of shots in coal the mineral is undercut, and sometimes cut at one side, before using the explosive. In harder mineral the explosive sometimes does all the work. The boring of holes may be performed by jumpers: here only one tool, a drill, weighted at the non-cutting end, is repeatedly urged forward by hand. Another method is using a single-handed drill and drilling hammer. The miner holds and turns the drill with one hand, striking blows with a hammer held in the other. Double-handed holes are where one miner holds and turns the drill, one or more men striking with heavy hammers. Of late years, and

more particularly in Northumberland, rotary hand-drills have become common both for holes in stone and coal. These drills, of which some examples are exhibited, require a stand, and are worked by one or two men. A peculiarity of hand drilling by percussion in stone is to produce triangular holes; this is objectionable when powder is required to be used in round cartridges, but has the effect of causing the explosive to cut more. The drilling of holes in sinking shafts and in working hard mineral such as the Cleveland ironstone is sometimes done by machines worked by steam, compressed air, or water. In Cornwall, where very hard rocks have frequently to be penetrated, this system is making rapid strides; and in Cleveland Mr. Walker has devoted much attention to the matter, and Mr. A. L. Steavenson has applied water power to actuate machine drills with great success.

SHOT-FIRING.

The firing of the explosive may be by the simple application of flame, as in the case of gunpowder, or in the case of dynamite and allied explosives which will not explode on the application of flame only, a detonating cap is necessary. When holes are charged with gunpowder in dry mineral, the charge is fired by means of a straw or squib filled with gunpowder, and placed in a small hole left in the stemming by the withdrawal of a pricker. A match, consisting of a small piece of candle or a rag smeared in tallow, is arranged so as to ignite the powder in the straw after the miner has retired to a place of safety. Sometimes "touch-paper" is used, more particularly when the shot is fired where safety lamps are in use. The touch-paper is then ignited by a thin wire inserted through the gauze of the lamp, and rapidly withdrawn when heated. When gunpowder is used in wet ground, the hole is either lined with clay, if the powder is loose, or it is enclosed in pitched cartridges with fuse attached. When fuse is used no pricker is necessary. Explosives requiring detonation are always exploded by a cap attached to fuse. Bickford, Smith, and Co. exhibit specimens of fuse, and also a method for exploding several shots simultaneously by means of ordinary fuse. By means of water-tight fuse and explosives, such as dynamite, which are not affected by damp, shots can be fired in wet ground as readily as in dry. Electricity is often used for exploding shots, and it offers these advantages—the ignition of the charge is absolutely under the control of the person firing it up to the moment of the blast; if a shot misses fire it can be approached at once; several shots can be fired simultaneously.

"SAFETY" METHODS.

In fiery and dusty coal mines the flame from an explosive is a source of danger, and various methods have been suggested to kill the flame, some of which are exhibited. Enclosing the explosive in water and firing by electricity has been attended with much success. Mr. Galloway exhibits wet moss tamping. It has been proposed to obtain explosive or rending force without flame, and the efforts in this direction have been the employment of anhydrous lime which, confined in a large drill hole, on the application of water developes pressure during slaking. This system is represented at the Exhibition. Air has been compressed to many atmospheres and confined in metallic cases, these placed in the drill hole are fractured by suitable means and large pressures set free. The use of liquid or solid carbonic acid has been suggested, also to enclose finely-powdered zinc in a drill hole and inject sulphuric acid so as to set free hydrgen.

COAL-CUTTING MACHINES.

The coal miner either dislodges the coal altogether by his pick, or prepares it by under and side-cutting for the use of explosives or wedges. This part of mining has been accomplished by coal-cutting machines, the motive power being compressed air. These machines have not been commercially successful, although in some cases they have been said to have paid their way. No such machine is at present in use in the North of England. The action of the miner's pick has been reproduced in some; others are slotting or sawing machines. Colonel Beaumont has invented a machine for boring or cutting out the Channel Tunnel. It excavates the full size. The rock it is proposed to penetrate is, however, very soft, and it is doubtful whether it would work satisfactorily in harder ground. Although attempts to mine by machinery are not altogether successful, an example in the North of sinking shafts by machinery may be mentioned. When Mr. Daglish, the Chairman of the Executive Council found that the winning of the Marsden Colliery, with which he was entrusted, was going to prove more difficult than was anticipated, owing to enormous feeders of water in the magnesian limestone, he introduced the Kind-Chaudron method of boring the shafts through the water-bearing beds by machinery, and the operation was most successful.

METHODS OF HAULAGE.

After the mineral has been detached from its native bed and filled into carriages, its conveyance to the surface is necessary; and methods for this end are well illustrated at the Exhibition. In coal mines, where 1,000 tons per day are frequently brought to the surface up a single shaft, the question of carriage is one of much more importance than in metal mines, where the quantities dealt with are much smaller; and, as a consequence, the carriage of mineral in metal mines is rather behind the age. In our collieries, the terms "barrow-way," "tram-way," and "rolley-way," still in use, recall older methods of carriage. The coal used to be carried on the backs of bearers, or was drawn in kibbles or sledges, planks being laid down to make the transit easier; barrows were used. Corves made of hazel rods long held their place. A corve is to be seen in the coal mine. By gradual steps the conveyance of coal underground attained its present stage, which may be illustrated best by following a tub of coal from the face to the surface.

The hewer at the face fills a tub of wood or iron, and carrying from 6 to 14 cwts. of coal; from the face to the flat, a distance seldom exceeding 300 yards, it is either pushed by a hand putter or drawn by a putting pony, in charge of a pony putter. At the flat several tubs are coupled together and form a "set," which is drawn by a horse or strong pony in charge of a driver to the engine land-

ing. Here several sets are coupled, forming a "run," which is drawn by a rope along the engine plane to the bottom of the shaft. The face is sometimes three miles from the shaft. The inclination of the seam of coal affects the question of carriage. Thus, if the seam is level, horses may economically perform much of the haulage. If it is inclined the rise coal may be worked by self-acting inclines; the full tubs running to the shaft afford power, applied by a rope attached to them and passing round a sheave, for drawing the empty tubs into the mine. If the road dips from the shaft, the empty tubs run into the mine of themselves, drawing a rope with them, which is used to haul the full tubs to the shaft.

HAULAGE BY MACHINERY.

The haulage of coal by machinery on level or slightly undulating roads is performed by two general methods.

1st. The main and tail rope system.

2nd. The endless rope or chain system.

Both these systems are illustrated at the Exhibition, and a general description is unnecessary. Some particular points in connexion with each may be noticed. The endless rope or chain system requires a double line of rails, and either a travelling way by the side for men and horses, or, what is better, a separate road for this purpose. The speed of the endless rope or chain is usually too slow to allow men to ride into the mine in the tubs with any advantage. The main and tail rope system requires a single road only, and when the face is far from the shaft the workmen are drawn in and out by specially provided trains. The power required for the endless rope or chain is less than for the main and tail rope system, and the wear and tear of the tubs is much less. The endless rope or chain system on an undulating road is assisted by the weight of tubs going downhill. The main and tail rope system can be applied to a crooked road without any special difficulty. This is a drawback to the other system. Some examples of modes of passing round a curve with the endless rope are shown at the Exhibition, both where the rope is on the top of the tubs, and where the rope is below the tubs. The endless rope may be applied as a self-acting system to roads inclining to the shaft, and any excess of power may be used in extending the rope on the level beyond the bank head. More tubs are required in working the endless rope or chain system than in the main and tail rope system. The greasing of tubs is often effected by automatic greasers fixed between the rails, as shown at the Exhibition. It has been proposed to apply grease boxes to tubs, as in railway waggons. Locomotives worked by compressed air for use in coal mines have been constructed by Messrs Lishman and Young, and their use has been attended with some success. The locomotive is furnished with a large vessel, which is charged with compressed air from pipes laid into the mine.

RAISING COAL IN SHAFTS.

Coal is invariably drawn up the shaft in the tubs which are run into a cage carrying from one to eight. While one cage ascends with the full tubs, another descends with an equal number of empty tubs. These cages run in wood or iron guides, the latter sometimes being ropes. The winding engines are usually direct acting, and of late years double engines have been preferred. The cages are often fitted with disengaging hooks; if the engineman fails to stop the engine when the cage reaches the surface it ascends to an arrangement near the pulleys, when the rope is disconnected and the cage is left hanging. Walker's hook, exhibited, is often used for this purpose. Some cages are fitted with an apparatus for "clutching" the guides and preventing the fall of the cage in the event of the rope breaking.

WIRE ROPES.

Ropes used at collieries are almost always iron or steel; crab ropes, for lifting pumps, &c., in shafts, are often of hemp, but even these are gradually being replaced by iron or steel ropes. Flat ropes are sometimes used for winding in shafts. Iron or steel ropes are usually made up of circular wires; ropes made of wires so shaped as to fit into each other and produce a solid section are exhibited. These ropes are very flexible, and are said to wear better than the ordinary rope.

METHODS OF VENTILATION.

The air in mines, if not replaced by fresh air from the surface, becomes vitiated and unfit for respiration, and refuses to support the combustion of lights; in the case of coal mines it sometimes becomes inflammable or explosive from the admixture of fire-damp. The variation in temperature between the air underground and that on the surface in most cases causes some movement of air in the mine. This is called natural ventilation, and is often sufficient for the purposes of metal mines. In coal mines artificial means for promoting a steady current of air through the workings are resorted to, and may be either furnace or machine ventilation. The furnace placed at the bottom of the upcast shaft heats the air in it, causing it to become lighter than the air in the downcast shaft, which in consequence passes into the mine. Mechanical ventilation has made great strides during recent years, and this notwithstanding the fact that it is in the deeper mines—now becoming more common—that the furnace gives the best results. Mechanical ventilators, very sparsely illustrated at the Exhibition, are applied to the top of the upcast shaft, and exhaust the air from the mine. They are of two kinds, centrifugal ventilators, as the Guibal, Waddle, and Schiele, and pump or varying capacity machines, as the Lemielle, Cooke, Roots, and Struvé. The fan exhausting the air from the model coal mine is a Schiele centrifugal ventilator. It is a small fan running at a high speed. The Guibal and Waddle fans are larger in diameter, up to 50 feet, running at a lesser speed. The use of steam jet in upcast shafts, or waterfalls in downcast shafts, is often resorted to as a temporary expedient for producing ventilation.

THE LIGHTING OF MINES,

The necessity for artificial light, a difficulty as easily met in metalliferous mines as lighting our houses at night, is one of great importance in the case of coal mines producing fire-damp. The flame of the illuminant is then so enclosed that while air

necessary to support combustion can reach the flame, flame cannot pass to the outside. The safety lamp is also used as the test of the presence of fire-damp. The principle of the safety lamp is well known, and all important improvements have been in the direction of making the lamp safe when exposed to rapid currents of inflammable air. The genius of inventors has also been applied to devising modes of locking the parts of the lamp and increasing its illuminating power. Some lamps of the "protector" type are constructed so that the miner cannot open the lamp without extinguishing the flame. Some have shut off appliances added, so that the miner when enveloped in an inflammable mixture can extinguish the lamp at once by cutting off entirely the supply of air. Two methods of relighting lamps without unlocking them have been devised, one by electricity and one by striking a match inside the lamp. The electric light has already been applied to the lighting of mines in the vicinity of the shaft. A portable electric lamp, devised by Mr. Swan, is almost a practical success. The glow of the carbon filament supplying the light being entirely cut off from the surrounding air, the safety amongst fire-damp of such a lamp is far greater than any form of safety lamp hitherto in use, and will probably solve the safe lighting of our mines. Mr. Swan's lamp is fed by electricity from a dynamo, the battery being a secondary one. Lamps attached to primary batteries are often brought forward, and may possibly be preferred to the secondary battery system.

THE WATER DIFFICULTY.

Water is a source of great trouble and expense to the miner; it is, however, rarely met with, in large quantities in deep coal mines. In sinking shafts it sometimes issues in such quantities as to compel their abandonment. Up to a moderate amount in shaft sinking, it may be drawn in buckets; if in larger volume a set of pumps follows the sinking operations, and various devices are used to allow for the continual extension of the column. It is usual after passing through water-bearing beds to suspend the sinking until they are tubed off by cast iron tubing, or in some cases cement walling is inserted. Instead of employing an engine on the surface to pump water from a sinking pit, a force pump has in some cases been lowered on a scaffold, steam being supplied by pipes from the surface.

The bed of coal to be worked, if producing water, is worked to the rise of the pits with no difficulty, but dip coal of a water-bearing character is often very troublesome to work owing to the difficulty of applying power for pumping the water to the shaft. A syphon may be applied in some cases. The water is sometimes led out in water tubs. Hand pumps or pumps worked by horses are used. Pumps are worked by steam from the surface or from boilers at the shaft bottom or in the workings. Compressed air is used; and where a high pressure is available water is used. Ropes for hauling purposes are often also applied to pumps, and sometimes ropes are used for no other purpose.

ROOF FALLS AND TIMBERING.

The miner works under a roof which is ever liable to fall, and the most prolific source of fatal accidents is falls of ground. Methods of timbering may be seen in the model mines. Cast iron props or supports for the roof have been tried, and in some case old iron rails have been used both as props and as girders. Sheet iron cylinders filled with sand have been suggested. Arching roads with bricks is very common in coal mines. The quantity of timber used in our mines is very great.

MARINE ENGINEERING.

[BY MR. WILLIAM ALLAN, SUNDERLAND.]

The idea embodied in the Great Exhibition of 1851, and in all those held throughout the world since, was—Progress. Every section of an exhibition is the expression of advancement in that particular branch. The various exhibits are simply the mile posts of progress. The extent and value of this progress could only be realised by the onlooker viewing a method or a machine of the past, and contrasting it with those of the present. A congeries of things in past use, together with present day types or forms, would no doubt be exceedingly interesting and instructive, but it would virtually be impracticable, while the expense entailed would be enormous. We must, therefore, content ourselves with historical records in making comparisons with the past and the present.

The various sections in our Jubilee Exhibition show our progress up to date in each particular exhibit. The section of marine engineering is specially marked by progressive evolution. The visitor to this department may naturally ask: If these are the modern types of marine engines, what were those of the past? To enable one to form a better idea of the marine motors of the past, *versus* the present, we must go back to the period when that wonderful mechanical genius, the Marquis of Worcester, lived (*circa* 1660.) In the troublous times of the Cromwellian period he was busy, though a prisoner in the Tower, with his remarkable inventions, which he afterwards compiled under the title of "A Century of Inventions." In this hundred inventions of his he not only anticipated the present-day quick-firing guns, torpedoes, shorthand writing, flying machines, the electric telegraph, &c., &c., but the propulsion of boats by paddles. His discovery of the "fire water-work or semi-omnipotent engine," as he called it in his patent, which he had in practical operation for a number of years, is his greatest invention, and unquestionably places him as the true inventor of the steam engine—that engine from which Watt's is lineally descended. From that date various applications of the use of steam and improvements in the mechanism employed took place. The energy was there, but how to apply it successfully was the question with many. Newcomen's and Savery's names stand out prominently in the list of renowned improvers. A hundred years or so after the discovery of the Marquis of Worcester James Watt took out his first patent (1769) for the separate condenser,

closed cylinder engine. This, together with cutting off the steam before the end of the stroke, is James Watt's greatest and unimproved invention. The problem was now solved. It only remained for its broader application and improvement in details to complete the revolution begun and give an impetus to the commerce of Great Britain, which to-day is unparalleled. The master-mind of Watt was primarily directed to the manufacture of pumping engines for mines, but there is no doubt that he saw the adaptability of his discovery for the propulsion of vessels, but

THE FIRST STEAM-PROPELLED PADDLE BOAT

was invented and successfully tried on Dalswinton Loch, near Dumfries, in 1788, barely twenty years after Watt's first patent, by Patrick Miller, the proprietor of the estate. This gentleman was a remarkable man, of a mechanical genius, and had spent his fortune in trying to propel boats by means of paddles turned by a steam engine. In 1793 Miller ran a little paddle steamer on the Thames, but London then was dead to the invention. Miller was ruined, and died broken-hearted. It was his Dalswinton boat, lying neglected at Port Dundas, near Glasgow, that suggested to Henry Bell, of Helensburgh, his better planned mechanism. Previous to this, however, one John Bell, a joiner, who had been Miller's workman or assistant, had emigrated to New York. There he met in with Fulton, and imparted to him the principle and arrangements of Miller's boat. Fulton got a vessel built in New York and his engines made in this country. In 1809 Fulton's boat was lucratively plying on the Hudson River, a miracle to and the boast of the Yankees. To Patrick Miller belongs the honour of being the father of steam-propelled vessels. We remember reading a story of the first trial trip of this the first steamer; it was therein stated that Burns, who then occupied the neighbouring farm of Ellisland, belonging to Miller, and young Brougham, then a student at Edinburgh, were on board of the little craft as it ploughed its way over Dalswinton Loch. If the story be true, what an opportunity Burns missed in not recording the experiences of that day in immortal verse. In 1812, Henry Bell built and launched the "Comet" on the Clyde. The trips of this vessel were from Glasgow to Greenock and back. The "Comet" was the first British steamer plying commercially. Its success induced others to embark in similar enterprises. From that date paddle-propelled vessels increased. The engines then were of the side lever type, having huge cast iron frames of Gothic window design, supporting the crank shaft. The boilers were then constructed either of cast iron or small forged plates; their form was either circular or rectangular flue. The pressure of steam was 7lbs. to 10lbs., and they were supplied with salt water. The space occupied by this type of engine and boiler was somewhere about one-third of the ship's length, while the consumption of coals was something like 7lbs. per horse power per hour. During the reign of this arrangement of marine engine, active brains were at work endeavouring to discover a less cumbrous or simpler type, or one which would occupy less space in the vessel. A step in this direction was made in Maudsley's direct-acting double cylinder paddle engine. Then came a grand design, making, in every sense of the term, a beautiful engine, and one which occupied less length space. This engine, known as the oscillating paddle, was first fitted into a steamer called the "Aaron Manby," in 1821. Maudsley fitted the "Endeavour" in 1829 with oscillating engines. It remained for John Penn, however, to bring this type of paddle engine into commercial repute. We have this type of engine still employed in our river steamers. Mr. Penn's first oscillating engines were built in 1837. The objections urged against this type of engine were successfully combated by Mr. Penn, the result being that the side lever and other types of paddle engines gradually fell into disuse. During these forward improvements in paddle engines, another genius was at work, whose aims were no mere detail improvements. A new mode of propulsion was the day-dream of his being. The annihilation of paddle wheels and their engines, with all their shortcomings, was ever present with that sturdy genius, Francis P. Smith, the practical inventor and introducer of

THE SCREW PROPELLER,

which was fitted into the "Archimedes" in 1840. Its success was undoubted. From that day a change of ideas gradually filled the minds of marine engine builders. Although much opposition was given and many doubts expressed as to its adoption, the screw nevertheless held its own, and gradually displaced the paddle. Paddle-wheel steamers went out of fashion. The advantages possessed by the screw-propelled vessel commended themselves to shipowners and to the Government. Engineers began to plan suitable engines for the new motor. Many were the designs adopted, but none found so much favour, or occupied less space, than the two cylinder inverted direct-acting common condensing engine. This arrangement seems to have been the outgrowth of all previous designs. Notwithstanding the manifold advantages obtained by the introduction of the screw propeller, something else was yet required. The *bete noir* of boiler incrustation existed. The work done was still costly in fuel. Many had mooted the question — Cannot marine boilers be fed with fresh water? James Watt perceived the benefits to be derived from surface condensation, but failed to apply it. In 1821, David Napier tried an experimental surface condenser in the "Post Boy," but abandoned the plan. In many minds the idea existed for the consummation of this desideratum, but it remained for Samuel Hall, of Basford, to solve the problem of

SURFACE CONDENSATION,

by patenting in 1835 his arrangement of surface condenser, and applying it with success to the engines of the "Wilberforce" in 1837. Like Patrick Miller, Samuel Hall spent his fortune over perfecting the surface condenser, and died in absolute penury. This grand but ill-requited genius of engineering was the father of one of the greatest improvements of the steam engine. The principle and *modus operandi* of surface condensation as planned by Hall remains unchanged. The long period of 20 years elapsed

before surface condensing came into repute. Ignorance and prejudice almost killed progress. In 1860 few vessels were fitted with surface condensers. In 1858 we find the "Royal Bride," built by Randolph and Elder, fitted with a surface condenser below the stern tube space, an ingenious but unpractical arrangement. In 1860-5 a sudden demand arose for surface condensing marine engines. The cost of fuel and expense attending the internal cleaning and scaling of boilers, overcame the existing prejudices. The sense of safety implied in having clean boilers also contributed to the desire for surface condensation ; we find, therefore, that in 1865 the surface condensing type of marine engine came rapidly into use and replaced the common condensing type. The consumption of fuel which a few years previously had been from 5 to 7lbs. per horse per hour, now fell to 3½lbs. As the desire for still less consumption began to be prevalent, higher pressure and greater expansion became necessary. With surface condensation encouragement to use higher pressures of steam was given, hence we find engineers using pressures of from 40lbs. to 50lbs in 1865. As the engines using this pressure of steam were generally fitted with expansion valves and their multifarious gear, which was often a source of trouble and expense, it occurred to John Elder that the Woolf or compound action could be applied to marine engines. Therefore we find in 1854 John Elder fitting a four cylinder engine in the Brandon. In 1855-6 the paddle steamers Valparaiso and Inca were fitted by him with four cylinder, diagonal common-condensing engines. In 1858 his Royal Bride was fitted with four cylinder inverted, direct-acting common condensing engines—this vessel had his first surface condensing contrivance in the after peak. To Mr. Elder belongs the credit of having pertinaciously clung to and adopted the compound engine for marine purposes. Nor was he slow to perceive the necessity for higher pressure of steam, which, in conjunction with surface condensation, he began to adopt with such success as to reduce the consumption of fuel in his compound surface-condensing paddle engines of 1864, to 2·5lbs per h.p. per hour. This wonderful result was for a time doubted, but the fact was incontrovertible. The demand for higher pressures and compound surface-condensing engines began in 1866-7, when cargo-carrying steamers came to be extensively employed in general trading. The inverted type of marine engine was found specially suitable either for compounding or designing *à priori* as a compound engine. The pressures of steam then employed ranged from 60lbs. to 75lbs. The consumption of coal fell to 2¼lbs. per h.p. per hour. In some instances, where a particular form of boiler was employed, a higher pressure was used. For a number of years the steam pressures generally in vogue remained stationary. By the adoption of the circular boilers the pressures gradually crept up till 100lbs. was reached. The performances of the engine improved with every increase of pressure. Shipowners demanded less consumption of fuel still. The great competition which had arisen in cargo-carrying tended to reduce the dividends. They clearly saw that if vessels were to pay they must be propelled at the least possible cost. To the credit of a Tyne shipowning firm, Messrs. Dixon, Robson, and Co.

TRIPLE EXPANSION ENGINES

came first into vogue commercially. If we mistake not, Mr. Alexander Taylor designed and used the first circular boiler for 150lbs. pressure. The engines he designed were two crank, three cylinder, the high pressure and intermediate cylinder being on the forward crank; the low pressure cylinder on the after crank. The performance of this engine was remarkable, the consumption being 1½lbs. per h.p. per hour. In 1883-4 the demand then was solely for triple-expansion engines ; in many cases the ordinary compound engine was supplied with a h.p. cylinder and new boilers, so as to reduce the consumption. The largest vessels now being built both for the mercantile marine and Royal Navy are all on the triple expansion system. In some cases quadruple expansion engines have been fitted. In general terms it may be said that one-horse power can now be got from a marine engine for one and a half pounds of coal per hour. Fifty years ago 7lbs. of coal were required. The progress in marine engineering during the last half century is clearly marked by the following epochs :—

1. The gradual supercession of side lever paddle engines by oscillating engines—1837 and upwards—an improvement by John Penn.
2. The application of the screw for propulsive purposes and gradual overthrow of paddle engines—1848 and upwards—an improvement by Francis P. Smith.
3. The application of surface condensation to marine engines, 1835 and upwards. An improvement by Samuel Hall, of Basford.
4. The application of the Woolf or compound system with higher pressures to paddle-wheel vessels, 1854 and upwards. An improvement by John Elder.
5. The application of the same system to screw-propelled vessels with inverted engines—1858 and upwards. An improvement by John Elder.
6. The application of circular multitubular boilers for 150lbs pressure and upwards, with triple expansion engine—1882 and upwards. An improvement by Alexander Taylor, of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

These six stages of progress are, broadly stated, the *real* improvements which have taken place, and which have had a marked influence on the commerce of the Empire. During the development of the marine engine to its present condition, many improvements in collateral branches have taken place. Forgings of almost any size can now be made. Plates of any thickness suitable for the boilers can now be rolled. Machines of the most accurate description can now be had. Riveting can now be done by hydraulic machines. Steel is gradually chasing iron from the field, and a host of other mechanical applications for the production of first-class engines have emanated from the brains of our mechanical engineers. Whenever a stage of progress has been reached its requirements have been met. We may naturally ask : In what direction shall the next development of the marine engine lie ? Shall we yet discover in the infinite expanse of science a new motor ? Shall electricity furnish us with an easily manipulated power before which steam shall vanish ? Is it possible that we may gene-

rate, by chemical admixture, a gas which shall drive engines, or, by acting directly on the water or atmosphere, propel a vessel or locomotive without the aid of machinery save the gas generators? Shall the combustion of petroleum in boilers supersede coal? These are queries which no doubt steal over the minds of our mechanical scientists. The dreams and theories of to-day are often the facts of to-morrow. We can only hope that our future progress shall be as beneficial to humanity and commerce as our past has been. Improvements grow slowly. Science is a silent worker. Coming times shall witness other and greater developments in marine propulsion, and no doubt in an Exhibition of 1987, the progress there shown will be as marked as the Exhibition of to-day.

JUBILEE EXHIBITS.

The district of and around Newcastle has been famed for the production of engineers, whose works and improvements still attest the grasp of their genius, and whose names are indelibly recorded in the Valhalla of Science. They were no dull-brained laggards in the path of progress, but seemed ever bent on improving the steam engine, both for land and marine purposes, with a pertinacity of effort peculiar to North Countrymen. Hence it follows that the banks of the Tyne are ever sacred to the earnest worshippers of the steam-god; and it is with feelings of pride and expectancy that we visit the Exhibition now open, and wend our way to the section devoted to Marine Engineering, mentally asking ourselves—Do the present-day Tyneside engineers maintain the glory of their forefathers and the district? Our query is answered as we gaze upon

MESSRS. HAWTHORN, LESLIE, AND CO.'S

Example of a triple-expansion, inverted, direct-acting, surface-condensing, high-speed engine, which is sure to attract the eyes of all visitors to this section. These engines in design, workmanship, and proportions are indeed unequalled, and impress the beholder with a sense of beauty which would seem difficult to obtain from any mechanical combination, but which in this engine has been attained to such a degree as to present a picture on which every scientific eye will gaze with admiration. Lightness combined with strength, every part easy of access, and correct centre-line fitting are the salient characteristics of this *multum in parvo* specimen of marine engineering. Contiguous to this inverted engine we behold a right royal model of this firm's famous double triple expansion high-speed engines for warships. The design and arrangement of this engine are sure to satisfy the most captious critics. Marshall's noted valve gear arrangement simplifies the details wonderfully, and gives a completeness to the whole engine which few attain. This model is a reflex of those mighty engines—the largest in the world—of 25,000 h.p., now being constructed for the Italian ironclad "Sardinia." Little wonder at the success and reputation of this old-established and world-renowned firm in warship and mercantile marine engines. The true elements of progress, simplicity and efficiency, are here apparent, and show that the master hand and head of experience have been at work in their design and details. The evidences of geometrical engineering are fully apparent in this grand combination. We see a reality, and by such realities is this firm placed, and justly so, in the very van of all marine engineers. On leaving these masterpieces of skill and art, we wend our way to the stand of

MESSRS. PALMER AND CO., JARROW.

This celebrated firm is represented in marine engineering by a complete working model of their well-known triple-expansion inverted direct acting surface condensing engines, as generally fitted by them in their merchant steamers. In design and arrangement it is of the highest order, and possesses many points which command attention. Every detail has been carefully thought out and arranged so as to produce an engine which at sea will give little or no trouble. The air of solidity and amplitude in the model would be rendered more impressive when one gazed on the monarch of which this is the prototype. The skilful engineer is apparent in its every detail, and we congratulate the firm heartily for the pleasure afforded in viewing such a neat and compact model. The beautiful photographs of the horizontal triple-expansion engines for H.M.S. "Orlando" and "Undaunted," adjoin, and show at a glance that in such arrangements this firm is "second to none." Opposite to Messrs. Palmer's exhibit we see

MESSRS. ERNEST SCOTT AND CO. S

exhibit of a compound surface-condensing high-speed yacht engine. This go-head firm deserves special notice at our hands for such a highly-finished, compactly-designed, "natty" engine. In design and arrangement it is all that one could wish; amply surfaced in its working parts, handy and getatable, it is a splendid sample of the work turned out by a rising firm which will certainly secure wide recognition yet for this class of engine. The fan engines and pumps shown also are specially noteworthy. Adjoining this exhibit we observe

MESSRS. SHANKS AND CO., ARBROATH,

have a very cleverly-designed and arranged example of their well-known Triple Expansion Yacht Engines. This old-established firm are *facile princeps* at this type of engine. Highly finished, capitally proportioned, and possessing a Scotch solidity of arrangement, which betokens a fitness for hard work, these engines are behind none of their kind.

We have feasted our eyes on the engine exhibits, and have purposely refrained from alluding to the

ENGINEERING OF BOILER BUILDING.

The proud position of showing the great progress made in the manufacture of marine boilers for modern pressures has been left to

THE WALLSEND SLIPWAY AND ENGINEERING COMPANY,

whose exhibit of a circular steel boiler, 14ft. 6in. in diameter, for a pressure of 160lbs, strikes the eye and rivets the attention of the visitor. This magnificent specimen of boiler engineering is marvellous. The shell consists of 4 plates, 1¼ inches in thickness; these plates are double butt-strapped; the end plates are the *ne plus ultra* of flanging work, smooth, true, and square. The

furnaces are of Fox's corrugated type; but, wonder of wonders! *there is not a hand-hammered rivet in the whole boiler, and no rivet heads are caulked.* There is not even a hammer mark to be seen. Like the Temple at Jerusalem, this boiler must have been built in silence. This perfection of workmanship could only be attained by having all the holes in the shell machine drilled, and employing those hydro giants—Tweddell's rivetters, which are slung about the boiler, silently showing "how it is done;" each of their massive arms capable of squeezing up with ease the great rivets used in securing the plates, and making each rivet head exactly alike, virtually miniature helmets. Shades of the dead pioneers of engineering! Little did your material embodiments dream of such workmanship, and such progress in the field of your hopes. Ye were proudly satisfied in your efforts with a cast iron tube for a boiler, or an equally unsafe and semi-secured wrought iron shell for 5 or 6 lb. pressure. Now here are strength and safety for a pressure of 160lbs in a steel shell 14ft. 6in. in diameter, and capable of giving out 800 horse-power. Let it be said that this is no mere "Exhibition" boiler, as such workmanship is the keystone of the business of this justly famous and enterprising firm, who, with no "'prentice hand," hold the reins of progress, and move on with, nay ahead of, the times in all they undertake. It was this firm who in 1882-3 undertook to construct circular marine boilers of large diameter for Taylor's triple expansion engines, and whose progressive management is now endeavouring to solve another problem, viz., the use of liquid fuel for steamships. Verily we have engineering pioneers still in our midst. What shall be said of them and their works a hundred years hence? The little working model of this firm's celebrated compound engines will attract every one. It is the *acme* of model-making, a perfect masterpiece of artistic finish and manipulation, showing the engine in every detail. How such miniature work could be accomplished by the hand of man is a veritable wonder. Adjoining we note

MESSRS. BAIRD AND BARNSLEY'S

capital example of compound surface-condensing yacht engine, a well-proportioned finely-finished job, simple and handy, having an engineer-like look which is commendable. We have left ourselves little space for a detailed description of the many

HELPS TO PERFECTION

or accessories of the marine engines and boiler which are exhibited. We must, however, direct the visitors' attention to the following mechanical victors and their noble trophies.

THE DARLINGTON FORGE COMPANY

show some of their beautifully-machined and faultless forgings in steel. This far-famed firm have two massive crank shafts and a plain shaft, which, for homogeneity and intrinsic merit of material and beauty of finish, will command special attention and praise from all observers.

THE TYNE FORGE COMPANY

exhibit two crank shafts which, in shop parlance, are "bad to beat." The material is spotless, showing careful manipulation and selection, while the finish is admirable. From shafts we turn to

THE LEEDS FORGE COMPANY'S

trophy of Fox's true-corrugated furnaces for boilers, and locomotive side frames flanged *in one piece.* The material of which these furnaces is made can be "tortured and twisted" in any manner without yielding or losing its inherent strength, while the workmanship is unique and defies criticism. They are the embodiment of lightness and strength, and are specially adapted for high pressure boilers. Adjoining we note

THE FARNLEY CO.'S

examples of flanged plates and skew-corrugated furnaces on Fenby's patent. The flanging of the plates is the perfection of the art, while the skew-corrugated furnace is a striking departure which for merit and suitability will, we think, hold its own with its kindred. Contiguous we have

MESSRS. CAMMELL AND CO.'S

splendid collection of their steel manufactures in flawless propeller blades and perfect crank shafts, on which every practical eye will look with the pleasure arising from viewing the ultimate of good material and workmanship. Opposite we notice

JOHN BROWN AND CO.'S,

whose splendid work in flanged plates for boilers is really unapproachable, boiler ends, boiler fronts, &c., all alike showing skill and care of the highest order. This firm also have a specially rolled ribbed furnace which is a capital adaptation of the principle of strength combined with lightness. After surveying the progress in steel plate manufacture, we turn to

MESSRS. RIDLEY AND CO.'S

grand exhibit of steel castings. Soundness and purity are the dominating characteristics of every item seen, and bespeak a thorough knowledge of the art. Opposite we observe

JOHN SPENCER AND CO.'S

remarkable collection of steel castings in all shapes and forms, and for almost every purpose—from crank webs to locomotive driving wheels, from an axle box to an anchor (Wasteneys Smith's), nothing but sound steel. The onward march of this famed firm in the development of steel castings has been unequalled, and we do not begrudge them their well-earned and world-wide reputation as *sans-pareil*, when we gaze upon their work and scarcely find a blown hole therein. One specialty of this firm is the casting of the steel webs and pin combined of

JOHN DICKINSON'S PATENT CRANK-SHAFT,

which may be seen opposite to Messrs. Spencer's stand in a beautifully finished and complete steel crankshaft for a 200 h.p. triple expansion engine. This arrangement of built crankshaft is unquestionably the premier of all shafts, being the safety shaft *par excellence*, a quality every seagoing engineer can truly appreciate and every shipowner sleep soundly over. For any marine engine, but especially for those of large power, it is undoubtedly invaluable. From plates and shafts to pumps is not a long way in marine engineering, and as no

marine engine is perfect without a perfect pumping arrangement, we note with pleasure

THE WORTHINGTON PUMPS,

which, for practical finish of parts and a do-my-duty appearance, at once command attention. These pumps are invaluable on board ship, either for circulating pumps, water ballast pumps, or for discharging petroleum oil-tank vessels. The direct action of these pumps and the thoroughly scientific basis of their design place them in the van of all such pumps. The impressive exhibit of

HENRY WATSON AND SONS

will be certain to command attention, as such a collection of pumps is rarely seen. The Oriental pumps, Navy pumps, and ventilating valves, &c., are all alike masterful in design and workmanship. The very "look" of each exhibit is a sufficient attestation of the celebrity of this old-established firm, whose repute is solely based on such workmanship and material as are here shown. Not far off we observe

MESSRS. EVANS S, WOLVERHAMPTON,

array of pumps, all of which are worthy of careful attention. Their arrangement and details are really admirable, their workmanship is unassailable, we would think them capable of capital performance in pumping duty. The same may be said of

THE "COLCHESTER" PUMP (MUMFORD'S),

a very ingenious design combining fewness of parts with efficiency. The simplicity of this arrangement and their compact appearance render them specially applicable for all kinds of work, and will not fail to attract all interested in pumps.

We have gone over the section of Marine Engineering with much pleasure, and bear witness to the great progress each exhibit marks. This progress appears specially prominent in simplicity and lightness of designs, and the manufacture and manipulation of material in keeping with modern requirements. Well may "canny Newcassel" be proud of her engineers, those men whose labours have made her what she is, and whose worthy offerings at the shrine of Peace are shown to the public in this her Jubilee Exhibition of 1887.

SHIPBUILDING.

[By Mr. DAVID POLLOCK, author of "Modern Shipbuilding and the Men Engaged In It."]

Of the many-sided national prosperity which the Jubilee year of her Majesty's reign, and the great Exhibition organised in our midst to commemorate it, naturally suggests for our consideration, there is no direction, perhaps, in which progress is so marked as in that of steam navigation and its twin tributaries of iron shipbuilding and marine engineering. In view of the frequency with which the initial stages in this great movement have been recounted, and having regard to the appropriateness of confining ourselves on this occasion to the Jubilee period, we will not seek to deal with anything prior to 1837. Curiously enough this date takes us back exactly to the time when the problem of steam navigation had been practically solved as regards lake, river, and coasting service, and when great preparations were being made to demonstrate the practicability from all standpoints of oversea long-distance voyaging. On the 19th July, 1837, the Great Western, the first steamer specially designed and built for, and afterwards regularly employed in the Atlantic service, was launched from Paterson's yard at Bristol. Although this remarkable vessel had to share the distinction of being the first to cross the Atlantic under steam with one or two earlier vessels and with the Sirius (built originally for service between London and Cork, and hastily adapted for a voyage to New York), she is nevertheless worthy of being remembered as the true pioneer in the Atlantic steam service.

So far back as 1819 the Atlantic had been crossed by a ship using steam, but only as an auxiliary to her sail power. This was the Savannah, which left the port of that name on the 26th May, and safely reached Liverpool, having used steam during 18 of the 25 days she spent on the voyage. Her paddle-wheels were constructed in such a way as to fold up and be laid upon deck when not in use. In 1829, also, an English-built vessel, the Curacoa, of 350 tons and 100 horse-power, had made several successful voyages between Holland and the Dutch West Indies; and, further, in 1833, a steamship named the Royal William, built at Three Rivers, Canada, and subsequently sold to the Portuguese Government, made the one vayage from Quebec to London in 24 days, having been detained three days on the way. These efforts, however, were sporadic, and had none of the contagious influence which the subsequent success of the Great Western exerted. This remarkable vessel was built for the Great Western Steamship Company, and was the conception of I. K. Brunel, whose bold genius controlled the affairs of the company, and gave to the maritime world several of its most notable steamships. The Great Western was 212ft. in length, 35ft. 4in. beam, 23ft. 2in. in depth of hold, and registered 1,340 tons, old measurement. Her engines (on the side lever principle) were made by Messrs. Maudsley, Sons, and Field, of London, and were of 440 horse-power, the cylinders being 73½in. in diameter, with 7ft. stroke, and the revolutions twelve to fifteen per minute. The Sirius, it may be mentioned, was of 700 tons, old measurement, and had engines of about 300 horse power. She was 178 ft. long, 25ft. 8in. beam, and 18ft. 3in. depth. The two vessels arrived at New York on the same day, Monday the 23rd April—the Sirius in the morning and the Great Western in the afternoon—the former having started from Cork on the 4th, and the latter from Bristol on the 8th April, the passage thus taking 18 days and 14 days respectively. Their arrival at New York was hailed with immense acclamation by a vast concourse of spectators. And when it is considered that the event represented at once a triumph in steam propulsion, regarding the possibility of which much doubt and some positive unbelief had been expressed, and virtually reduced the distance between the Old World and the New by about one half, it will be seen there was good cause for enthusiasm. The whole distance

run from Bristol to New York by the Great Western was 3,125 knots, her average speed being 208 miles per day, or 8·2 per hour, consuming 655 tons of coal. The return passages were even more satisfactory. The Sirius started on the 1st May, and reached England on the 18th. The Great Western started on the 7th May, and was 14 days on the passage, though one was lost by stoppage at sea. She averaged 213 knots per day, or close upon 9 knots per hour, with a consumption on this occasion of only 392 tons: accounted for, no doubt, by the prevalence of westerly winds. The Sirius did not again cross the Atlantic, and she was either put upon her old station, between London and Cork, or despatched to London to open up steam communication with that city and St. Petersburg. The Sirius's place was taken by the Royal William, belonging to the City of Dublin Steam Packet Company, which a syndicate of Liverpool merchants despatched for New York on the 6th July, 1838. Her performances were much like those of the Sirius, and less satisfactory than those of the Great Western, whose second voyage was a greater triumph than the previous one. She accomplished the second outward passage in 14 days 16 hours, and the homeward passage in 12 days 14 hours, bringing with her the advices of the fastest American sailing ships (long the pride of the Atlantic) which had sailed from New York long before her.

We have dealt with what may appear excessive circumstantiality on these events, but as they mark the inauguration of deep sea steam navigation, and constitute a striking contrast to the state of things which obtains on the Atlantic to-day, these matters are worthy of the attention bestowed on them. We propose, indeed, entering upon a succinct historical survey of this service as affording in itself a more complete and connected epitome of progress in its practical aspects than any other single service that can be instanced; although, afterwards, we may have to point to other services for more striking illustrations of the economical and other aspects of this marvellous progress. Before entering upon this, it may be well to say a word or two regarding the oft-repeated story of the celebrated Dr. Lardner's prognostication in 1835 regarding the establishment of steam communication between England and America. He is almost always quoted as pronouncing the scheme of bridging the Atlantic by steamers "a physical impossibility," "utterly chimerical," and as likely to be accomplished as "a voyage to the moon." This manner of construing his asseverations is fallacious, and it is due to his memory as a scientist of the highest standing in his day to refute the error. That he did limit the size and power to which steamships might be evolved is true, having in his "Encyclopædia" and elsewhere more than once committed himself to the opinion that no steamship would ever be able to make so distant a voyage as that of crossing the Atlantic, without re-coaling at some intermediate station. In this he was wrong; and it seems remarkable how a man of his undoubted calibre should have shut himself up to so restricted a view of the possibilities of steam navigation. However, he never stated, as he himself declares in the eighth and last edition (1851) of his "Steam Engine Railways," that a steam voyage across the Atlantic was a "physical impossibility," the more so that he was, of course, well aware of the previous voyages of the Savannah and Curacoa. What he did say, especially at the meeting of the British Association at Bristol in 1836, was that "the long sea voyages which were contemplated could not be maintained with that regularity and certainty which are indispensable to commercial success by *any revenue which could be expected from traffic alone, and that without a Government subsidy of a considerable amount* such lines of steamers, although they might be started, could not be permanently maintained."

The subsequent history of the Great Western, Sirius, Royal William, British Queen, and other steam vessels which immediately followed them, furnished ample justification of Dr. Lardner's views. With the exception of the Great Western, which was kept running at great loss, these vessels one by one were withdrawn, and drafted to other services, their retention on the Atlantic being commercially most undesirable. This was the state of matters when Mr. Samuel Cunard came over to this country from Halifax, Nova Scotia, fired with the resolve to form a company, and establish, on a firm and secure basis, a line of transatlantic steamships. Brought into contact with Mr. George Burns, of Glasgow, and Mr. David McIver, of Liverpool, each of whom, like Mr. Cunard, had been nursing the idea of such a service for some time: the celebrated Cunard Company, backed by a handsome Governmental subsidy for prospective mail services, was the result. Their first vessels were the paddle steamers Britannia, Acadia, Columbia, and Caledonia, all of about the same dimensions, *i.e.*, 207ft. long, 34ft. 4in. broad, 22½ft. deep, 1,154 tons burthen, and 740 horse-power. Their cargo capacity was about 230 tons, and there was accommodation for 115 cabin passengers. The Britannia inaugurated the mail service by sailing from Liverpool on Friday, the 4th July, 1840, and arriving safely at Halifax after a voyage of 12 days 10 hours. Her return passage was made in 10 days, and the mail service thus instituted was carried on by these four vessels between Liverpool, Halifax, and Boston, and *vice versa*, with great regularity. The average speed then attained was about 8½ knots per hour, and in 1844, when two additional vessels were running, the speed was increased to 9¼ knots. Increased speed and improved passenger accommodation were now so much a desideratum, owing to the natural demands of the public and threatened competition, that in 1848 four new vessels were added, longer and more powerful, the average speed with which was increased to 10¼ knots per hour. In spite of much dissatisfactron on the part of the shareholders in the Great Western, and of others who were desirous of entering the trade, the practical monopoly granted to the Cunard Company by the Government was persisted in solely because the terms on which the service was conducted were more advantageous than any others offered, and the service was most efficiently performed. The first Cunard steamers, in fact, were proved to be superior in power and speed to any others similarly employed—a superiority which, it may at once be said,

they have all along maintained, though not without serious, if temporary emperilment through the enterprise of competitors.

To leave, meanwhile, the subject of the Cunard Company's progress and the commercial and other causes which enabled it to keep in the ascendant even amongst formidable competition, we may direct attention to one or two points of departure which mark prominent steps in the development of steamships. One such step—clearly the most noteworthy to which attention could be drawn—is the substitution of iron for wood in the construction of ships' hulls. This radical change was first initiated in barges and light craft built for canal and inland lake service, amongst others, by John Wilkinson, an iron-founder of Lancashire, so far back as 1787, Thomas Wilson on the Monkland Canal, Scotland, in 1818, and John Laird, founder of the celebrated firm of that name in Birkenhead in 1829. The first iron steamer was the Aaron Manby, built at Horsely Iron Works, Tipton, in 1820, and named after her designer and builder. The first iron steamer built on the Tyne was the Prince Albert, built at Walker in 1842; the first on the Wear was the Amity, built in 1853, and the first on the Clyde was the Aglaia, built in 1832 for service in Loch Eck, in Argyleshire. The distrust and opposition which this great change met with from the public, and even from a large section of shipowners and builders, hindered its development for many years, and in spite of testimony to the safety, not to say suitability, of iron for construction, as evidenced in many actual vessels thus built, the prejudice lingered on. The building of the Great Britain during the years 1838-1844 was, therefore, a characteristically bold step on the part of Brunel and the company for whom he acted. This remarkable vessel, the marvel of her day, was in herself a striking exemplification, not only of the natural evolution of the steamship as regards dimensions, but of the revolution in construction and propulsion, destined before many years to completely supplant the wood hull and paddle-wheel propeller. She was over 320 feet in length, 51 feet beam, 32½ feet deep: her hull was constructed of iron, and she was fitted with a screw propeller, the application of which Brunel had already studied in the case of the Archimedes, tried in 1839, and the first practically successful screw-propelled steamer. The Great Britain left Liverpool on her first voyage across the Atlantic on August 26th, 1845, and arrived at New York on September 10th, after a voyage of 14 days 21 hours. The return voyage was made in 15½ days. After one more voyage she was fitted with a new screw, and alterations were made to give a better supply of steam. She made two more voyages during 1846; but on her third voyage from Liverpool she over-ran her reckoning and stranded in Dundrum Bay, on the north-east coast of Ireland. This unfortunate event completed the ruin of the Great Western Company, already sorely crippled in finance through the establishment of the subsidised Cunard Line. This misfortune, however, helped incalculably to develop shipbuilding in iron. The vessel, after lying aground in no very comfortable situation for about 11 months, was floated and sold to a Liverpool firm. On a general survey being made it was found that she had not suffered any alteration in form, nor was she at all strained. Many of the shipbuilders and shipowners, who had been hesitating about the judiciousness of employing iron, paid visits to the stranded vessel, inspected her after docking, and felt entirely convinced of the suitability of iron for ship construction. After necessary repairs, and being fitted with auxiliary engines of 500 horse power, the Great Britain was employed making regular voyages between Liverpool and Australia. Subsequently she was converted into a sailing ship, and only so recently as last year, as the result of having stranded on the Falkland Islands, she was badly injured, and sold to serve as a coal hulk there. So ends the career of what must be regarded as one of the most notable steamships ever built.

Ocean navigation by iron screw steamers was now placed on a thoroughly practical footing, and, although the transatlantic service continued to be conducted by wooden vessels propelled by paddle-wheels for some time longer, the superior efficiency of the screw for over-sea propulsion became more and more understood and accepted. The year 1850 forms a noteworthy landmark in the history of the steam service across the Atlantic and in the development of steam navigation in its wider aspects. In that year the celebrated Collins Line of steamships, backed by a substantial subsidy from the American Government, was established with the pronounced intention of eclipsing the Cunard Company; and the competing Inman Line also sprung into existence. The Collins Line ushered into the service four wood steamers of American design and build named the Arctic, Baltic, Atlantic, and Pacific. They exceeded in size and speed anything then afloat, and they seriously assailed for a time the high prestige of the Cunard vessels. Success, however, did not attend the vessels financially, and disaster after disaster soon hopelessly blighted the prospects of the Collins Line as a rival to the Cunard Company. The Inman Company boldly assailed the Cunard Company with vessels having features which placed all others at a disadvantage as regards economy, and which were destined to have a powerful influence on the future of the Atlantic steamships. These features were the iron hull and the screw propeller. Their first vessel was the City of Glasgow, built by Messrs. Tod and McGregor, on the Clyde, their second being the City of Manchester by the same builders. With these vessels, and others subsequently added, a fortnightly service was established between Liverpool and Philadelphia, and continued up to 1857, in which year and those immediately following a continuous enlargement of the company's operations took place. When the Cunard Company realised the formidable competition they were being met with, not only by the Collins Line but by the Inman Company, they made renewed and extraordinary exertions to retain their position. They sent forth the P.S. Arabia, of 2,400 tons and 938 horse power, in 1852, and in 1855 the P.S. Persia—the first iron vessel they owned, and the largest and swiftest of their fleet, was launched from the yard of Robert Napier and Sons, on the Clyde.

In a comparative statement of the voyages of the principal steamers engaged in the transatlantic trade, in 1856, including the Collins Line, the average speed of the Cunard vessels throughout the year exceeded that of all the others. The Persia, on four occasions during the year named, made the passage from New York to Liverpool in less than 9½ days—in one instance, indeed, performing it in 9 days 4 hours and 35 minutes. Her outward passage between Queenstown and New York was made on an average in 10½ days. In 1862, the Cunard Company placed the P.S. Scotia on the Atlantic; built like the Persia, of iron, but of greater dimensions and superior in speed and strength to that vessel. She measured 366 feet in length, 47½ feet beam, 30½ feet deep, her gross tonnage being 3,871. Her engines were of 975 nominal horse-power, but she indicated at sea as much as 4,200 horse-power. Her two cylinders were respectively 100 and 144 inches diameter, and her paddle wheels upwards of 40 feet diameter. Notwithstanding that this vessel was glowingly referred to at the time as "the champion and model of a mercantile ocean steamship," and that her early performances surpassed those of any previous vessel, she was destined to be the last of the paddle steamers built by the Cunard Company. In the same year which gave her birth the Government sanctioned the use of the screw in the mail steamers of the Cunard Company, and the screw steamer China was at once the result. This vessel was followed during the next two years by four others, the result of whose performances clearly demonstrated—if demonstration were needed—that the screw-steamer in point of efficiency and economy—especially with the improvement which had concurrently taken place in the marine engine—far surpassed the paddle steamer for deep sea traffic.

With the triumph of metallic construction and screw propulsion thus consummated, no further radical change has since taken place in steamships, but the agents supplying motive power have undergone many important modifications.

Development, in size and power, of course, proceeded more swiftly than ever, but the lines on which it moved were conventional, and more in sequence with what had gone before. Steam navigation itself grew and flourished amazingly, additional companies were formed, and new steamships produced with such rapidity, and for services having such widespread ramifications, that it would be quite futile to attempt a complete survey of the movement. A few noteworthy dates and suggestive particulars are all that can be given. The Allan Line—to follow up the Atlantic Service——established their regular mail service between Glasgow and North America and Canadian ports in 1856. The Anchor Line commenced regular service between Glasgow and New York in the same year. The National Steamship Company, formed by a number of Liverpool merchants and shipowners, was established in 1863, the first vessels dispatched to ply between Liverpool and New York being the screw steamers Louisiana, Virginia, and the Pennsylvania, of about 3,500 tons gross measurement—at that time the largest vessels afloat. The Guion Line of Transatlantic steamships was started in 1866. The first mercantile steamship company to develop the trade of England with her Indian possessions by way of the Isthmus of Suez was the Peninsular Company, afterwards developed into the now celebrated Peninsular and Oriental Company. Their first services were inaugurated in 1837, and the company is thus at present in its jubilee year. The Pacific Steam Navigation Company was established in 1847, and it was in vessels built for this company in 1856 that the compound engine, destined to effect or pave the way for so marvellous an improvement in the agents of propulsion, received its first satisfactory credentials. The subsequent adoption of the surface condenser and the circular multitubular boiler enabled higher pressures of steam to be safely carried and economically produced and used. The extended employment of screw-steamers in the general cargo-carrying trade from 1864-68 fostered the demand for engines and boilers of the improved type, and by 1875 their employment was almost universal for ocean-going steamers. Without these great improvements in the agents of propulsion and others of lesser note, which need not here be mentioned, the marvellous development which the past decade and a half has witnessed in the size, power, and speed of Atlantic steamers would not have been possible. The later development may be briefly outlined. The year 1874 is memorable in this connexion, for in that year the Britannic, belonging to the White Star Line, which had been started in 1870, was launched by Harland and Wolff, of Belfast. The Germanic followed in 1875, and, with these two magnificent vessels, which are 457ft. in length, 45ft. 3in. beam, and 34ft. depth of hold, this company held first place in the matter of fast steamships for a considerable time. The Britannic during 1876 averaged 7 days 18 hours 26 minutes outward from Queenstown to New York, and 9 days 6 hours 44 minutes homewards, and has averaged for the last ten years 8 days 9 hours 36 minutes outwards, and 8 days 1 hour and 48 minutes homewards. The City of Berlin, of the Inman Line, also built in 1874, averaged 8 days 10 hours 56 minutes outwards, and 8 days 2 hours 37 minutes homewards, and for the nine years from 1875 to 1883 inclusive, averaged outwards 8 days 19 hours 56 minutes, and homewards 8 days 8 hours 34 minutes, or putting it into rounder figures, the Britannic had reduced the average passage between the two points to 8¼ days, and the City of Berlin to 8½ days. In 1879, two formidable competitors were in the field in the Arizona, of the Guion Line, and the Gallia, of the Cunard Company. From these vessels performances it was soon evident that another important advance had been made in shortening the Atlantic passage. The Arizona's fastest passage outwards, made in September, 1881, was 7 days 8 hours 32 minutes, and homewards, during same month, in 7 days 7 hours 48 minutes. A period of active rivalry in producing first-class steamships now ensued, the Cunard Company building the Servia, the Inman Company the City of Rome, and the Guion Company the Alaska, all of which were completed in 1881. After them came the Oregon for the Guion Line in 1883, the Aurania for the Cunard Company in the same year, the America for the

National Line in 1884, and the Umbria and Etruria for the Cunard Company in 1885. Since the completion of the two magnificent vessels last-named, there has been a cessation in the race for swift and powerful steamships, but the immediate future will see its resumption under still more interesting conditions, when the two very notable vessels recently ordered by the Inman and International Company are put into the water. The results of the period of competition above outlined, as regards speed attained, are well exemplified in the following list, which we take from the paper on Atlantic steamers read by Mr. William John, of Barrow, at Liverpool, last year. The vessels are set down in the order of their absolutely fastest passage out or home :—

	Gross Tons.	Days.	Hours.	Mins.
Etruria	7,100	6	5	31
Oregon	7,375	6	10	35
America	5,528	6	13	44
City of Rome	8,144	6	18	0
Alaska	6,586	6	18	37
Servia	7,212	6	23	55
Aurania	7,269	7	1	1

Viewed purely from the point of view of the sea voyager, the results above recorded are alike remarkable and gratifying, whilst considered in their technical and commercial aspects, they also call for admiration. It is questioned, however, whether in most cases the attainment of great speed has been accompanied with corresponding or proportionate advance in other matters with which vital progress is concerned. Commercially, it is of that utmost importance that increase of speed and power should be achieved with the least possible weight of machinery, water, and fuel to be carried, with the least possible expenditure of fuel, with safety and efficiency in working, with low wear and tear and cheapness of maintenance. In the above list of vessels for instance, the America—in whose design many of the considerations here enumerated received unusually careful attention—appears to advantage. While being eighth in point of size, she shows fourth in the matter of speed, and her performances are attained with marked economy in fuel. In many of the crack ships of the Atlantic, speed has often been attained at what appears an enormous sacrifice of fuel and the commercial considerations which are used to measure the efficiency of ordinary cargo carrying steamers, if applied to them, would find them wanting. This means of guaging their merits, however, is scarcely the fitting one, for owners of swift mail and passenger steamers realize from experience that the speed and comfort which length of keel and power of engine confer are worth more than the possible reduction of their coal bill. Influences, however, are presently at work which render the future line of development more direct and less beset by conflicting and equally imperative conditions. The estrangement of mail and passenger steamships from those designed to carry cargo only, is surely taking place, and perhaps it will not be very many years before ships of distinct types are traversing the Atlantic and other oceans, in which the differentation between passenger and cargo carrying is as clear as obtains on land in our railway systems. It appears to us that in this lies the solution of a swift, safe, and comfortable Atlantic passage, which is becoming more and more the desideratum of voyagers from both continents. Increased speed and efficiency through engine power distributed over two self-contained sets of engines and boilers and given out through two separate propellers : absolute safety from foundering, through collision, or otherwise, ensured by the the minute sub-division of the hull : and increased immunity from sickness and discomfort through the internal space being almost wholly at the disposal of passengers : these are some of the immense advantages which would accrue from such a departure. One or two mail and passenger steamships designed in this spirit, and given the benefit of the best possible workmanship, would soon earn a character for security, speed, and comfort, and an enviable prestige such as would promote more frequent voyaging and incite emulation. The two projected steamers referred to as having been ordered by the Inman and International Company are understood to partake of some of these features. It is to be hoped this is true, and that when finished the public will know how to appreciate the enterprise.

The recent progress in marine engineering, exemplified in triple and quadruple expansion of steam, is another element, it need only be said, charged with the greatest consequence to ocean navigation. Great as was the development due to the introduction of the compound engine, the rate of advancement in the case of this latter change will be still more striking.

The diminution in coal consumption coincident with the increase of steam pressure and the acceleration in speed which has been attained in recent years measures the principal element of progress ; but there are many directions in which scarcely less wonderful advances are manifest. We need scarcely do anything more than enumerate these, as they find ample illustration in the many beautiful exhibits bearing upon shipbuilding throughout the Exhibition, One of the most important of these, of course, is the evolution in size of steamships, and the many-sided progress this implies in the manufacture of the material which goes to make up the structure of the steamship and in the varied machines and appliances used in the work. The use of steel, which has been so rapidly extended since its introduction about ten years ago, is one of the most important factors in present day progress in ship construction. It enables plates of greatly increased dimensions to be used, thus economising the amount of riveting, it is far more reliable and much more easily manufactured by the workmen, and it has added immensely to the safety of vessels in the event of grounding or collision at sea. A kindred improvement consists in the substitution of cast steel for wrought or forged iron in many features of the steamship, including some of the most vital to her safety. We need only instance those of the crank and propeller shafting and the rudder and stern frame. Messrs. Jessop and Sons, of Sheffield, The Steel Company of Scotland, Messrs. Spencer and Sons, of Newburn Steel Works, the Darlington Forge Company, and other firms noted for manufactures of this description, are the exhibitors of important samples which are

worthy the attention of the visitors to our exhibition.

Of the technical skill and scientific acumen involved in the production of such huge steamships as meets the eye of the visitor to the Exhibition in the shape of miniutuae counterfeits of them in wood and brass, little need here be said. It is implied in the foregoing hurried survey of the ships employed in the most important maritime service in existence. Many of the vessels to which allusion has been made are represented in the Exhibition, as well as many others noteworthy from other standpoints than that from which we have specially treated this subject. In closing, we may direct attention to the immense and highly representative collecton of ships' models organised and shown by Lloyd's Register. This embraces specimens from all quarters, of all the varied types of ships built, from the wooden sailing brig of date 1764 down to the Transatlantic "greyhound" and the crack yacht of to-day. Scarcely less interesting, and greatly more beautiful to look upon, is the splendid collection of models shown by our great local firms, Sir William Armstrong, Mitchell, and Company, and the Palmer Iron and Shipbuilding Company. Amongst these are many of the ships of war turned out by these firms—a branch of shipbuilding which, unfortunately, we have been compelled to overlook in the present article. It is while looking on these attractive objects, and considering all that they represent, that we are led to think of the aptness with which one of their own number has pictured the responsibility and the honour of the calling which shipbuilders and engineers together follow. These are his eloquent words :—

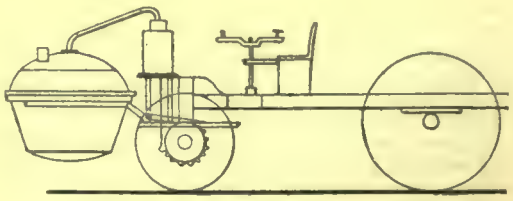
If any body of men have just cause to feel pride in their calling, and in the fruits of their labour, shipbuilders have. If we look at the magnitude of the operations of building, launching, engining, and completing a modern passenger ship of the first rank, and regard the multiplicity of the arrangements and beauty of finish now expected, and then think this structure has to brave the elements, make regular passages, convey thousands of human souls, and tens of thousand of tons of merchandise every year across the ocean, in storm or calm, we cannot but feel that they are occupied in useful human labour. But more than this, there is a public sentiment surrounding ships that no other mechanical structures can command. Beautiful churches, grand buildings, huge structures of all kinds have a certain interest pertaining to them, but it is different in kind from that which surrounds a ship. The former are fixed, immovable, inert; the ship is here to-day and gone to-morrow, building up a history from day to day with a reputation as sensitive as a woman's to calumny, and like her consequently often a bone of contention as well as an object of admiration.

THE LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE.

[BY JOHN A. HASWELL, M.I.M.E., NEWCASTLE.]

Whilst we cannot fully endorse the proverbial saying that when the necessity for a great work is demonstrated the needful man steps forward and performs the task, yet when we consider how more than three-score years ago the increasing commercial activity of this country imperatively demanded a proportionately improved method of transit—a method which should combine the three-fold requisites of economy, greater speed, and commercial practicability, we cannot resist the conclusion that, in this instance at least, the proverb was verified to its fullest extent. The deficiency existed. George Stephenson arose, and by the construction of railways worked by locomotive engines, demonstrated the possibility of overcoming the difficulty successfully, and in a manner which has at the present time attained the proportions of the marvellous.

To our Gallic neighbours belongs the honour of having the first locomotive, one constructed in 1769 by Nicholas Joseph Cugnot, for use on common roads. This humble piece of mechanism, the forerunner of our modern "iron horse," was not by any means a brilliant success. On its first trial it made two or three little journeys at a speed of about two and a half miles an hour, loaded with four persons. On one of the trials, having overbalanced itself, it fell with a crash when turning a corner. After this misadventure, instead of being repaired and having another trial, Cugnot's engine was carefully locked up to keep it out of harm's way.

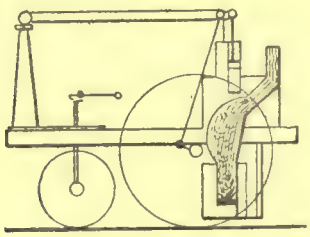


THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE ON RECORD (1771).
Made and worked by a Frenchman, M. Gugnot. It is in the Conservatoire of Arts and Trade, Paris.

WATT AND MURDOCH.

Although this is the first authentic record of the locomotive, the suggestion of the practicability of the application of steam to locomotion on land had, according to Watt, been made by Robinson in 1759. Watt himself in 1784 patented a locomotive engine, which, however, was never executed.

Murdoch, his assistant, had, about the same time, built a model locomotive, which he was in the habit of showing to his friends in working order, drawing a small wagon round a room in his home at Redruth. Murdoch used to relate how, when experimenting with his engine, he determined to test its powers on a level road leading from his house to the church, which was distant about a mile from the town. This road was bounded on either side by high hedges, and admirably adapted to his purpose. He accordingly sallied forth, placed his engine on the ground, lit the fire, or rather the lamp, under the boiler. After a few minutes, off started the locomotive, with Murdoch in full chase. After a while, cries of distress fell upon his ear. The darkness prevented him from discerning distant objects, but on going on he found that the cries proceeded from the rector of the parish, who had set out for the town on business, and who, meeting the fiery monster on the lonely road, had imagined that it was the Evil One himself.

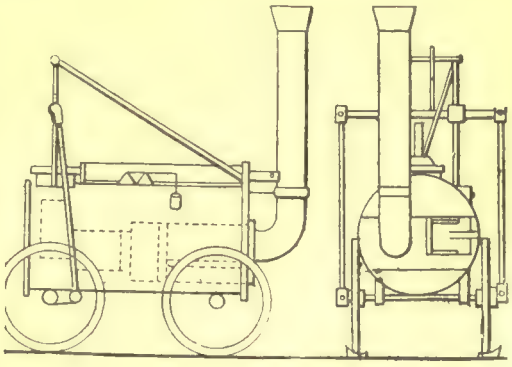


THE ENGINE OF WILLIAM MURDOCH (1784), WATT'S ASSISTANT.

A model engine which worked well. It is now at the Soho Works, Birmingham. Cylinder, ¾in. diameter; stroke, 2ft. Diameter of front wheel 9¼in., back wheel 4¾in. This engine was at the Stephenson Centenary held in Newcastle June 9th, 1881, and was at work 100 years after its construction.

THE FIRST RAILWAY.

Eighty-four years have passed away since Parliament passed the first Act for the making of a railway. This was at Merthyr Tydvil, and in 1804 the trial of the first locomotive which ran upon a railway, and which was the joint production of Trevethick, a Cornishman, and Rees Jones, a Welshman, of Pen-y-darran, was described in a graphic manner. The trial was appointed to take place on a tramway then lately formed near Pen-y-darran, on February 12, 1804. Trevethick and his co-worker, Rees Jones, with black faces, but with eyes shining with the anticipation of victory, were on the engine. The signal was given, and, amidst approving cheers from the assembled multitude, the wheels turned, and Trevethick's engine moved steadily forward, going at the rate of five miles an hour. All was not plain sailing, however; the chimney stack of the engine, being built of bricks, when the locomotive reached a bridge a short distance from the town which was too low to admit of its going under, the chimney struck the bridge, fell with a crash, and the engine came to a sudden standstill. So long as success seemed probable the crowd of spectators had been enthusiastic: now, however, they hung back and said, "It won't do." Trevethick and Jones, however, were of the same opinion as the great Napoleon, that impossible is a word only found in the dictionary of fools. They sprang to the ground, and, working like Britons, repaired the damage, started the engine once more, and reached the journey's end. The return journey was a failure, on account of gradients and curves, but the possibility of success was demonstrated, and from this run on the Merthyr tramway the railway age—marked with throes and suspense, delays, accidents, and misadventures — finally began.



TREVITHICK'S ENGINE (1802).

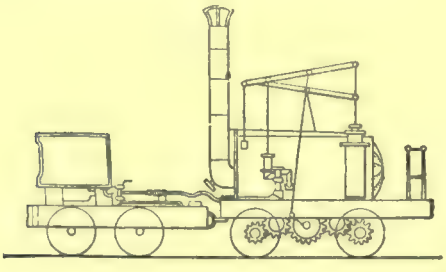
(A Trevithick Boiler is now at South Kensington.) Cast iron shell; wrought iron tube. 4ft. 7in. long, 3ft. 6in. diameter.

THE FIRST COAL LINE.

Seven years after this, in 1811, a patent was obtained by Mr. John Blenkinsop, colliery viewer, of Middleton, near Leeds, for mechanical means for the conveyance of coals and other articles. This patent consisted of the application of a rack or toothed rail laid down on one side of the roadway. Into this rack a toothed wheel was worked by the engine. The revolutions of this wheel produced the necessary motion, and at the same time rendered less the liability to slip in descending an incline. Four engines of this description were constructed, two of which commenced work in August 1812, and continued to work for many years. They were the first commercially successful engines employed on any railway. The names given to three of these engines are eminently suggestive of the great historical epoch in which they were built. They were The Salamanca, the Lord Wellington, and the Marquis Wellington, the other was named the Prince Regent. The Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia, afterwards the Emperor Nicholas, went twice from Leeds to Middleton and back on one of these engines in 1816. An engine similar in construction to these was at work at Coxlodge Colliery in 1813.

THE WYLAM EXPERIMENTS.

The first colliery owner in the North of England who practically identified himself with the locomotive was Mr. Blackett, of Wylam, who had one direct from Trevethick to work his waggonway about 1811. This engine, for some reason, possibly the imperfect construction of the waggonway, was never brought into use, and another, after Trevethick's patent, was made by Thomas Waters, of Gateshead, for Mr. Blackett in 1812. When completed, it was taken to Wylam on a waggon, and there mounted upon a wooden frame, with four pairs of wheels. But it would not move an inch. A gentleman, who was present at its trial, says :— "When the machinery was set in motion she blew all to pieces, and it was the biggest wonder in the world that we were not all blown up." Here ended the career of this second engine, so far as Mr. Blackett was concerned. This gentleman's next experiment, in 1813, was a most important one, for by it he effectually dissipated the previously prevailing fallacy that rack-rails, toothed wheels, and similar contrivances were necessary for the efficient traction of loaded wagons, and showed that the weight of the engine itself would produce sufficient adhesion to enable it to draw a load upon a smooth railway. The patent under the protection of which he carried out the experiments was obtained by him in the name of William Hedley, his viewer, who designed and constructed three locomotives, which remained working upon the Wylam wagonway up to a late period. They were the "Puffing Billy," now at Craghead, the residence of Mr. William Hedley, son of the inventor ; the "Old Duchess," sent to the Patent Office Museum, South Kensington, June 6th, 1862, where it is shown as "the oldest engine in existence" ; and the "Lady Mary," which was repaired and set to work again some twenty-five years ago. Subsequently, "Lady Mary" was sold for old iron, and sent to the scrap heap. One of the old Wylam drivers used to remark concerning this early product of northern engineering genius that it was "blood to the heels."



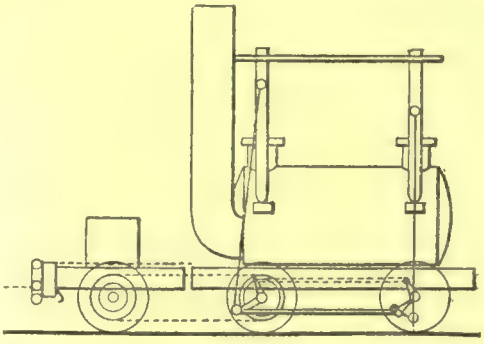
HEDLEY'S "PUFFING BILLY" (1813), WYLAM COLLIERY.

Now in the Patents Museum, South Kensington. Cylinders, 10in. diameter, stroke 24in. Tank waggon wheels 3ft. 6in. diameter.

Although these engines were fairly successful, the credit of launching the most successful locomotive that had yet been constructed must be conceded to George Stephenson, who, on July 25, 1814, placed the first engine of his own design and construction on the Killingworth Colliery Railway. On that occasion it drew after it eight loaded wagons, weighing 80 tons, up a gradient of 1 in 450 at a speed of about four miles an hour. "Blucher," as this engine was popularly called, continued regularly and successfully at work for some time after this, and may now be seen on a pedestal at the Newcastle end of the High Level Bridge.

THE KILLINGWORTH ENGINE.

Progress in locomotive building continued to be but tardy. In 1822 there were, however, five of Stephenson's engines at work on the Hetton Coal Company's Railway, taking coals to the staiths on the Wear at Sunderland. As we have already said, progress had been but tardy ; prejudice was powerful against the adoption of any other mode of transit than that which had been in vogue for centuries past, yet the triumph of steam was near at hand.



STEPHENSON'S ENGINE (1815). KILLINGWORTH COLLIERY
Boiler, 8ft. by 2ft. 10in. Cylinders, 8in. diameter, 24in. stroke. Wheels, 5ft. diameter.

LOCOMOTION.

THE FIRST PASSENGER LINE.

The Stockton and Darlington Railway, the first iron railway ever laid down to the length of twenty-five miles, was opened on September 27, 1825, and the "Locomotion," the original No. 1, now on view in the Exhibition, and which was also exhibited working at the Railway Jubilee, on September 27, 1875, constructed by George Stephenson, was the first locomotive which ever ran upon a public railway. In 1830, the stock of engines on the Stockton and Darlington railway, had risen to thirteen most of them built by Stephenson.

HACKWORTH'S IMPROVEMENT.

The management of the locomotives, stationary engines, and horses was entrusted to Mr. Timothy Hackworth, a name which occupies a prominent position in the early evolution of the locomotive engine. Vicissitudes again overtook the locomotive, and the company had all but decided to abandon their use, when Hackworth proposed to construct one which should meet the requirements of the traffic. His offer was accepted, and in 1827 the "Royal George" commenced working. There is good reason to believe that this was the first locomotive boiler ever used on the Stockton and Darlington Railway with a return tube, all previous to this time having only straight tubes from

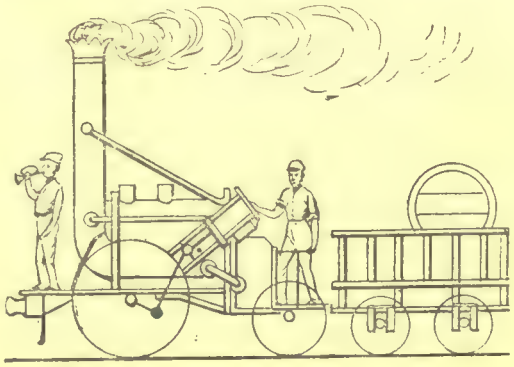
end to end. Hackworth thus nearly doubled the heating surface of his boiler, but he also did much more to increase its efficiency. At that time it was not generally known that by the breaking up or diversion of the course of a current of heated air or flame, it may be made to give up its heat much more rapidly than when the products of combustion pass in a straight line to the chimney. The return tube boiler was comparatively most efficient, and was, in its way, quite as great an advance on the direct tube as the boiler of the Rocket type was upon it. Locomotion by steam had previously been doubtfully practicable, by this improvement it was rendered certainly practicable. There is a point of local history, not generally known, attaching to this engine. At the time that Hackworth's offer was accepted a Mr. Wilson was attempting to build an engine in his shop on the Forth Banks, Newcastle, on land which has since passed into the possession of the North-Eastern Railway Company. This boiler was purchased by the Stockton and Darlington Company, and served for Hackworth's engine. The general features of the design of this engine, and also the great advance in size and power between now and then, may be sufficiently gleaned from the following figures :—It had cylinders eleven inches in diameter, with a stroke of twenty inches. They were placed in a vertical position and worked direct upon a pair of wheels. The waste or exhaust steam was used partly to heat the feed-water and part of it escaped up the chimney, through a small conical pipe, to promote the draught. Although we are aware of the controversy waged at one time with regard to the invention of the blast-pipe, and have no wish to revive it, yet we think that the performance of the "Royal George" shows that it had some such contrivance for promoting the consumption of coal in the fire grate. This engine was capable of travelling nine miles an hour, drawing a gross load of 130 tons, and was of about twenty-eight horse power. Engine and tender weighed fifteen tons.

GEORGE STEPHENSON'S TRIUMPH.

The next important stage in the progress of the locomotive engine was furnished in April, 1829, when the directors of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway (now a portion of the London and North-Western) offered a prize of £500 for the best locomotive engine which should conform to certain conditions and regulations. Four engines were entered for this historic competition—the "Rocket" by George Stephenson, the "Novelty" by Braithwaite and Ericsson,* the "Sansparіel" by Timothy Hackworth, and the "Perseverance" by Burstall. The trials were fixed to take place on October 1st, 1829, at Rainhill, on a level stretch of railway about two miles in length. They did not, however, commence until a week after this date, and lasted until the 14th of the same month, when the prize was awarded to the "Rocket."

THE ROCKET.

Well nigh sixty years have passed away since these experiments—perhaps more important in their influence on human progress than any others ever made—took place. The opening of the Liverpool and Manchester railway followed close upon this trial, taking place on September 15, 1830. A melancholy episode in connexion with the opening ceremony deserves to be recorded here, and which cast a gloom over an occasion which otherwise bade fair to be a brilliant success. The Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Huskisson, and other distinguished gentlemen were in a carriage to which was attached the "Northumbrian" engine, which had stopped at Parkside, about 17 miles from Liverpool, for water, and was drawn up on one line of rails to admit of the "Rocket" and other engines passing in review before the Duke. Mr. Huskisson had alighted, and was standing on the opposite line, on which the "Rocket" was observed to be rapidly approaching. The spectators, realising the danger, called out to him, "Get in, get in." At the same instance the Duke made a sign of recognition to Mr. Huskisson, a slight coolness having previously existed, they clasped hands in a friendly grasp, for the last time, for as Mr. Huskisson, in his hurry and confusion, attempted to re-enter the carriage, he was knocked down by the "Rocket.' When being raised up, he exclaimed, "I have met my death." His utterance was all too prophetic, for he died the same evening at Eccles parsonage from the injury he received. In him the railway system claimed its first victim. It is a remarkable fact in connexion with this lamentable occurrence that the "Northumbrian" engine driven by George Stephenson himself conveyed the injured gentleman a distance of fifteen miles in twenty-five minutes, or at a rate of thirty-six miles an hour.



STEPHENSON'S "ROCKET" (1829).

Now in the Patents Museum at South Kensington. Weight 4½ tons. Cylinders, 8in. diameter; stroke, 16½in. Boiler, 8ft. by 3ft. Large wheel 4ft. 8½in. diameter.

THE ROCKET NOT THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE.

It is a common error, and yet firmly fixed in many minds, that the "Rocket" was the first locomotive. It has no claim to be regarded as such, because for years before the Rainhill trials of 1829, or before the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, the Stockton and Darlington line had been regularly worked with locomotive engines; yet the "Rocket" was the first engine which com-

* Ericsson designed the Monitor type of ironclads and the celebrated torpedo Peacemaker.

bined in itself all the essential features of the modern locomotive, and in many respects was entirely different from any engine then working on a railway. It had a tubular boiler and a fire box somewhat resembling the modern fire box. It had a single pair of driving wheels, and was mounted on springs, and it is probable that when at the Rainhill trials, it ran a little over 29 miles per hour. The proof which was thus supplied by the Rainhill trials that speeds might be attained which as yet had been scarcely dreamt of, revolutionised the entire aspect of the transit question. They opened up possibilities of the most astounding kind. "If a necromancer had suddenly appeared at Rainhill with a flying carpet, seated on which he could transport himself and his friends a hundred miles in the twinkling of an eye, the crowd could not have been more astonished than were those present when they saw the 'Rocket' careering over the course at a speed which left fast horses at full gallop behind. No one had ever before moved over the earth faster than a horse could carry him."

THE VALUE OF STEAM LOCOMOTION.

In bringing this part of our subject to a close we cannot do better than quote some words of Lord Hartington, who when addressing a meeting at Chesterfield, some years ago, said, with reference to the immense benefits conferred upon the public by the extension of the railway system, that

Almost all the progress which this country has made in the last half-century is mainly due to the development of the railway system—all other vast developments of the power of steam, all the developments of manufacturing and mining industry would have availed but little for the greatness and prosperity of this country—in fact they could hardly have existed at all, if there had been wanting these internal communications which have been furnished by the locomotive engine to railways.

The changes which have been wrought in the history of our country by the invention of the locomotive engine are something that we may call astounding. There are some things which exceed the dreams of poetry and romance. We are justly proud of our imperial possessions, but the simple steam engine—especially the locomotive steam engine—has not only increased the number of the Queen's subjects by millions, but has added more to her Majesty's revenues than have been produced by any tax ever invented by any statesman. Comfort and happiness, prosperity and plenty, have been secured to every one of her Majesty's subjects by this invention, in far greater abundance than has ever been produced by any law, the production of the wisest and most patriotic Parliament.

We cordially endorse every sentence in this speech of the noble Marquis.

A MAN OF MUCH FAITH.

George Stephenson's faith in the magnificent future in store for the locomotive was unbounded, so also was his belief in the superiority of his own engines over all others. When it was proposed to give a trial on the Manchester and Leeds Line to those of another maker, he replied: "Very well; I have no objection; but put them to this fair test. Hang one of them on to one of mine, back to back. Then let them go at it; and whichever walks away with the other, *that's the engine.*"

MEN OF LITTLE FAITH.

Before closing our remarks on the gradual progress of improvements in what may be termed "ancient" locomotives, we think that the following extract from the report of the directors of the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway under date December 3rd, 1825, may prove of interest:—

The directors deem it an advantage of great importance that an open line of way has been obtained exempt from incline planes, and easy of performance by animal power, whereby the carrier, relying on his own resources, is independent of auxiliary power, and its delays and risks, and the property under his charge is always secure from danger, sacrificing the interests of the public, to give up the idea of using locomotive engines, to which many of the landowners would very reasonably object; they propose permanently to secure the landowners against the adoption of such a power, by an express prohibition clause in the Act, though to persons conversant with the subject it must be obvious that the principle upon which the whole line is laid down must for ever preclude the introduction of these machines.

(Signed) JAMES LOSH, Chairman.

We shall refrain from making any comment upon this, to us, most remarkable statement; but will note the fact that on March 9th, 1835, only ten years after the date of the extract which we have reproduced above, a locomotive engine called the "Comet," which was built by Messrs. R. and W. Hawthorn, took one of the first trains which ran on the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway, the special prohibition clause having evidently been effectually disposed of.

OBJECTORS AND CROAKERS.

We have now passed in review the struggles of the locomotive from Cugnot's crude mechanism, in 1769, to the opening of the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway in 1835, and we see that for almost seventy years the clear-headed mechanical engineers of this country had been working out, in spite of all opposition, the great problem of the adaptation of the steam engine to railway locomotion. The character of the opinion which was entertained of their schemes at the period of their inception may be learned by a perusal of the following extracts from the *Quarterly Review* in 1825, in which periodical the introduction of locomotive traction is condemned in the most emphatic terms:—

As to those persons who speculate on making railways general throughout the kingdom, and superseding every other mode of conveyance by land and water, we deem them and their visionary schemes unworthy of notice.

The gross exaggeration of the locomotive steam engine may delude for a time, but must end in the mortification of all concerned.

It is certainly some consolation to those who are to be whirled at the rate of 18 or 20 miles an hour, by means of a high-pressure engine, to be told that they are in no danger of being sea-sick while on shore; that they are not to be scalded to death or drowned by the bursting of a boiler; and that they need not mind being shot by the shattered fragments, or dashed to pieces by the flying off or breaking of a wheel. But, with all these assurances, we would as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off from one of Congreve's *ricochet* rockets as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine going at such a rate.

PERSEVERANCE.

Strange and ludicrous as these words seem to us at the present time, they accurately reflected the opinion generally prevailing when they were written; nevertheless, undaunted by such croakings, the resolute will and prescient vision persevered until such success has been attained as has revolutionised the civilised world. If we go back to 1848, we find that on the London and Birmingham

Railway the number of trains entering and leaving Euston Station was forty-four per day ; the average weight of the engines eighteen tons, and the gross loads were, for passenger trains seventy-six tons. and for goods trains one hundred and sixty tons. Now the weight of an express engine and tender is about sixty-five tons, and gross loads of from 250 to 300 tons are usual on passenger trains, and as far as 500 tons on a mineral train.

PROGRESS.

Not only has the weight of trains been considerably increased during the last half century, but also the speed, and therefore the duty of the engine has been greatly enhanced. A glance over the pages of "Bradshaw's Guide" will show that the average speed of passenger trains on six of the leading railways in the country was 37 miles per hour thirty-five years ago ; now it is about 48 miles an hour on seven of our railways. This great increase of speed is due to the fact that the locomotive engineers on our various railways have designed numerous types of engines, of increased weight, increased speed, and increased duty. In considering the various designs, we shall in the first instance direct our attention briefly to the type of engine required to work express passenger traffic, and here we find that the premier position is occupied by the Great Western Railway.

GREAT WESTERN ENGINES.

The engines of this company are of the description known as "single" engines ; that is, they have single driving wheels. These, however, are 8 feet in diameter, and of 7 feet gauge. The cylinders are placed inside, are of 18 inches diameter, and have a stroke of 24 inches. The total heating surface is 1,953 square feet ; the boiler pressure is 140lbs. per square inch ; and the tractive power per pound of steam pressure in the cylinders is 81lbs. The locomotives attain a speed of sixty miles per hour, and when in steam weigh sixty tons.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN ENGINES.

About half-a-dozen years ago the weight of the heavier express trains on the London and North-Western Railway had increased so much that it became necessary to design a new standard type of engine for this service, having inside cylinders 17 inches in diameter and 24 inches stroke ; the driving and trailing wheels are coupled, and are 6ft. 6in. in diamater. The total heating surface is 1,102 square feet. Mr. Webb, the locomotive superintendent of the London and North-Western Railway, has made a bold innovation on existing practice by the introduction of compound locomotives, the design and construction of which we shall describe further on.

GREAT NORTHERN ENGINES.

Mr. Stirling, of the Great Northern Railway, holds a strong opinion that "single" engines are more economical than "coupled," not only in running, but also in repairs, and has designed his well-known, magnificent class of express engines in accordance with this conviction. They have single driving wheels of a diameter of 8 feet, and have a four-wheeled bogie in front, and trailing wheels 4 feet in diameter behind. The total heating surface is 1,165 square feet. The pressure of steam is 140lbs. per square inch, whilst the tractive power per pound of pressure in the cylinders is 95lbs.

LONDON AND BRIGHTON ENGINES.

On the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway two types of modern express passenger engines are in use. The first is a single engine, with driving wheels 6ft. 6in. in diameter, and leading and trailing wheels of 4ft. 6in. in diameter. The engines known as the "Gladstone" type have inside cylinders 18¼ inches in diameter, and with a stroke of 26 inches, and have coupled wheels 6ft. 6in. in diameter, under the barrel of the boiler ; the trailing wheels are 4ft. 6in. in diameter. The total heating surface of these engines amounts to 1,485 square feet, and their weight is 38 tons 14 cwt.

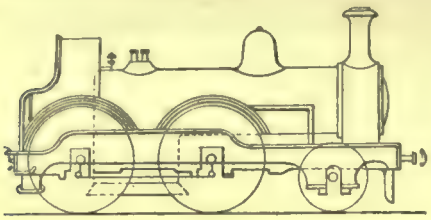
Mr. Stroudley, the locomotive superintendent of the London and Brighton, considers—contrary to the opinion which was once held, almost universally held—that engines having a high centre of gravity are the safest in traversing curves at high rates of speed, and for this reason, that the centrifugal force throws the greatest weight on the outer wheels and prevents their mounting ; and that there is no objection to these wheels being of a much greater diameter than that usually adopted.

MIDLAND ENGINES.

The standard express passenger locomotive of the Midland Railway Company has inside cylinders 18in. in diameter and 26in. stroke. The coupled wheels are 6ft. 9in. in diameter, whilst the leading wheels have a diameter of 4ft. 3in. The total heating surface of these engines is 1,206 square feet, and their weight 38 tons 8 cwt. This company have also recently introduced a very fine type of bogie engine, which have coupled driving and trailing wheels 7 feet in diameter.

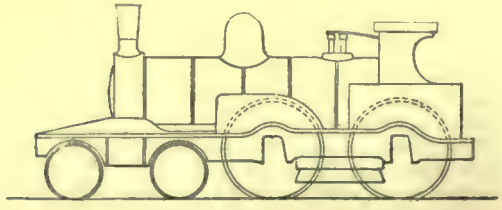
NORTH-EASTERN ENGINES.

Having now dealt with each of the great English railways except the North-Eastern, we turn to it and the locomotives employed in working the express passenger traffic between York and Edinburgh. These are of two types, the first having cylinders 17½in. and 17in. diameter, with a stroke of 24 inches. The driving and trailing wheels are coupled, and are seven feet in diameter, whilst the leading wheels are 4ft. 6in. in diameter. The heating surface amounts to 1,182 square feet, and the total weight of the engine in steam is forty tons. These engines commenced running in 1872, they have thus been in active work for fifteen years, and during that period have performed their work in a highly satisfactory manner, both with respect to economy in consumption of fuel, in repairs, and also in the all-important point of keeping excellent time. The other type is a compound engine on the Worsdell and Von Borries system, designed and constructed by the former gentleman. They have two cylinders, the high pressure 18in. in diameter, and the low pressure 26in. in diameter, with a stroke of 24in. The driving and trailing wheels are 6ft. 6in. in diameter, whilst the leading wheels are 4ft. 7½in. in diameter. These engines possess a heating surface of 1,323 square feet, and their total weight is 43 tons.



NORTH-EASTERN RAILWAY. EXPRESS PASSENGER ENGINE (1885).
Cylinders, 18in. diameter; stroke, 24in. Centre wheel, 7ft. diameter. Total weight under steam, 42 tons 8 cwt.
ROBERT STEPHENSON AND CO.

As befits the oldest firm of locomotive engineers in the kingdom, Messrs. R. Stephenson and Co. are here represented. They have forwarded for exhibition a very fine specimen of locomotive mechanism, which, although it may not appear so bold in outline as the engine sent by the Great Northern Railway Company, is, nevertheless, second to none in the Exhibition in point of excellence of workmanship and finish. It is a four-wheel coupled bogie express passenger engine, with tender, and is built from the design of Mr. W. Adams, locomotive engineer of the London and South-Western Railway, and is one of a type which is employed to work the fast West of England passenger trains between London and Exeter, and is capable of taking an average load of 150 tons, exclusive of passengers and luggage, at a speed of 45 miles per hour between the termini named. The engine has outside cylinders of a diameter of 18 inches, and a stroke of 24 inches. The driving and trailing wheels are 6ft. 7in. in diameter, whilst the leading end is carried upon an "Adams" bogie, having four wheels 3ft. 4in. in diameter. It possesses a heating surface of 1,158 square feet, the working pressure in the boiler amounts to 160lbs. per square inch, and the tractive force of the engine is 98·4lbs. for each pound of mean cylinder pressure. It is fitted with the Adams patent vortex blast pipe, by the employment of which it is claimed that a saving of 2lbs. of fuel per mile has been effected. This blast pipe is exhibited in close proximity to the engine. The engine is fitted with a combined automatic vacuum and steam brake. The tender, capable of containing 2,800 gallons of water and 3½ tons of coal, is upon six wheels of a diameter of 3ft. 9¾in. The weight of the engine in full working order is 46¾ tons, whilst that of the tender with water and fuel is 31¼ tons.



ENGINE BY MESSRS. R. STEPHENSON AND CO.
Now in Jubilee Exhibition, Newcastle. Front wheels, 3ft. 4in. diameter; back wheels, 6ft. 7in. diameter.

GOODS ENGINES.

Having thus noticed some of the chief types of passenger locomotives, we will now devote a small space to goods engines, in which class the rarity of type existing in passenger engines does not prevail, greater uniformity being observable. As a general rule, they have six wheels, all coupled, usually 5ft. in diameter; and have cylinders of 17in. and 18in. diameter, with a stroke of 24in. or 26in. Their total heating surface varies between 1,000 and 1,200 square feet, whilst their weight when ready for work averages 30 to 38 tons. Whilst these dimensions are, as we have said, usual, there are of course, exceptions to them, one of which is provided on the North-Eastern Railway in the type of engine employed to work the traffic on the Redheugh bank, and locally known as a "camel" engine. It is a tank engine, weighing 48½ tons, having six wheels 4ft. in diameter, all coupled; it has cylinders 18in. in diameter, and with a stroke of 24in. The boiler pressure is 160lbs per square inch, and the tractive force per pound of steam pressure in the cylinders is 162lbs.

MODERN ENGINES.

SINGLE ENGINES AND COMPOUND ENGINES.

Both passenger and goods types in modern locomotives have now been dealt with, and we will now pass on to a consideration and statement of some points of difference in design, and also some recently-effected improvements, although practically the locomotive engine of to-day is the same in principle as it was when it left the hands of the Stephensons over half a century ago. At the present time considerable diversity of opinion exists among engineers as to the relative merits of "single" and "coupled" engines, the passenger traffic on the Great Northern Railway being worked by engines of the former description at a higher rate of speed, and with equal punctuality, as the traffic on the London and North-Western Railway is worked by locomotives of the latter class; whilst we may note that the consumption of fuel in "single" engines is less than in "coupled," a circumstance owing, possibly, to their great cylinder power, by which the steam is worked at a high rate of expansion. If "single" engines can take the required load, they will do so more economically and more freely than "coupled" engines, consuming on an average two pounds of coal less per mile. The allegation is made that engines of this class are more liable to slip than coupled engines. For instance, a Great Northern engine, with 8ft. driving wheels, in running down an incline with twelve carriages attached, at a speed of sixty miles an hour, made 242 revolutions per mile instead of 210; whilst a Midland engine travelling at a speed of fifty miles an hour down an incline, with ten carriages attached, made forty-three extra revolutions per mile when the coupling rods were removed as against seventeen extra revolutions with coupling rods attached. Changes of opinion as to the height of the centre line of the boiler are also noticeable. Thirty-six years ago the height varied between 5ft. 3in. and 6ft. 3in.; in later times it has been raised to 7ft. and 7ft. 6in., it being now generally conceded that—given the desideratum of a good road—as great speed and

safety in travelling round curves are as compatible with a high pitched engine, as were formerly supposed to appertain in a peculiar degree to a low-pitched engine.

THE LINK MOTION.

Although the same in principle as fifty years ago, yet during that time the locomotive, in addition to having improved in a great degree in the essentials of speed and power, has also had some important attachments made to it, among which may be mentioned the "link motion," introduced in 1842. This motion, for working the slide valves, derives its action from the eccentric sheaves placed upon the driving axle, whilst Joy's valve motion, introduced about the year 1885, for effecting a like purpose, is driven by the action of the connecting rods. Coal superseded coke as fuel about 1854, and as a consequence greater economy has resulted ; whilst the injector was introduced in 1859.

LOCOMOTIVE "CABS."

Among other improvements we may also notice the cabs of modern locomotives, which, strange as it may seem, were viewed by many drivers when first brought into use with anything but friendly feelings, as the grim remark of one old driver respecting the new arrangement for his greater comfort amply shows. "I felt as if I was in my coffin," said he.

THE MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT.

The advance of technical knowledge, resulting, as it has, in improved workmanship, has also contributed in a great degree to the perfecting of the locomotive. If we calculate the power of the "Rocket," running at a speed of 29 or 30 miles an hour and the power of a passenger engine travelling at a speed of 60 miles an hour, we shall find that the "Rocket" was about 80 horse power, whilst the modern engine is about 2,000, an immense increase in power.

ONE LOCOMOTIVE EQUAL TO 700 HORSES.

It is a somewhat tedious calculation to ascertain the power of a locomotive, as the speed at which it is running on a line of railway has to be taken into account. Fairbairn, in his valuable book entitled, "Useful Information for Engineers," says :—

> Let us calculate the duty performed, and the force applied to one of our largest class of locomotive engines travelling with a train at the rate of 45 miles per hour, and we shall find the power given out to exceed seven hundred horses, or as much as would be required to drive the machinery of some of our largest factories.

ANOTHER EQUAL TO 1,000 HORSES.

Some of the locomotive engines travelling on railways in this country with express passenger trains, exercise, by calculation, the power of nearly one thousand horses. During some brake trials which took place on the North-Eastern Railway, it was ascertained that the accumulated force of the train running at a speed of 60 miles per hour exceeded 30,000 tons raised one foot high in one minute. This force represents a little over 2,000 horse power. The uninitiated will doubtless be astonished at the power exerted by coal in our modern locomotives, when they are told that one-eighth of a pound of coal, with one pint of water, will, on an average, move one ton over one mile of railway.

SPEED.

The question of speed is an all important one. We have at the present time developed a mean speed of fifty miles per hour. English trade and commerce have grown and are growing ; time is now, perhaps more emphatically than ever before, money. Will this growth of trade and commerce create a demand for a yet further augmented rate of speed ? If such a demand arises how can it be met ? It is not very probable that any appreciable advance upon our present rate of travelling can be effected with our railway as now laid down, with the existing narrow gauge, gradients and curves, and with locomotive engines as at present constructed.

THE QUESTION OF THE GAUGES.

From 650 to 700 effective horse power is required to take an average train of 200 tons at 50 miles an hour along a level line ; if, however, instead of 50 miles an hour, a speed of 70 is needed, a completely different state of things obtains. If we take a train whose gross weight, including engine and tender, is 175 tons, the train resistance requires to be determined ; to attain this we must recur to experiments made as far back as 1848 by Sir Daniel Gooch. The resistance of a Great Western train running at 75 miles per hour was forty-two pounds per ton; if we take forty pounds for seventy miles an hour we have a total resistance of 7,000 pounds on the level, equivalent to 1,400 horse-power, or about double the average duty of a modern express engine. A locomotive to attain this power would require a much larger area of heating surface than is at present usual, in fact about double. On our present gauge it seems well-nigh impossible to compass this result, were it to be desired, unless a most exceptional mode of construction in combination with wheels of smaller diameter were to be adopted. If we are to have high speed we must have great power, a consummation only attainable with an ample heating surface. For steady running this means a broad gauge. An engine to fulfil the requirements set forth above could be designed for work on a broad gauge railway, and there can be little doubt that a higher rate of speed than at present obtains could be compassed if instead of our 4ft. 8in. railways we had Brunel's magnificent gauge. To put the matter in a sentence, if we must have quicker travelling we must make the rail to suit the *locomotive*, not the locomotive to suit the rail.

RECAPITULATION.

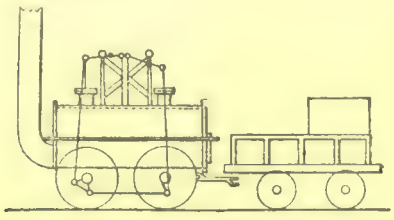
We have now traced the development of the locomotive engine from Cugnot's uncouth mechanism of one hundred and twenty years ago, and which was locked away to ensure that it did no harm to Murdoch's engine, which left the impression upon the mind of the quiet country parson that it was the Evil One himself, to the veritable No. 1, dragging its slow way from Darlington to Stockton, thence by rapid transition to the "Rocket,' whose construction also marked an epoch in the history of the locomotive, to the present time, when it may be said that it has almost annihilated distance. The remainder of our article will be devoted to a description of those engines which have been grouped together within the North-

West Court of the Exhibition, and of these "Locomotion," the original No. 1 of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, possesses the first claim upon our attention, because it is the first locomotive which ran on the first public line of railway.

EXHIBITION ENGINES.

THE OLD ENGINE IN THE EXHIBITION.

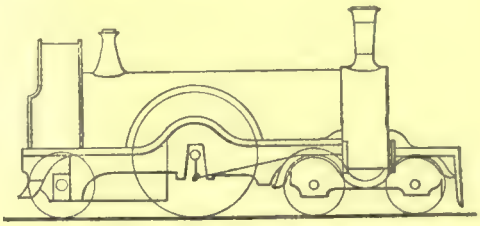
It was supplied by George Stephenson, in 1825, to the Stockton and Darlington Railway Company, and took part in the opening of that line on the 27th September in that year, and its performances upon that memorable occasion realised to the fullest extent, aye! even surpassed the sanguine expectations of the engineer and the directors. Attached is its diminutive tender, with an ordinary barrel as a tank for water. Behind this is one of the waggons used sixty years ago for the conveyance of coal. It is a noteworthy circumstance that at this early period all waggons used for carrying coal were registered by the Board of Trade to carry 53 cwt. of coal, and eight of such waggons was considered to contain one keel of coals. After "No. 1 Locomotion" ceased working, either by reason of old age or because it was superseded by a better class of engine, it was mounted on a pedestal in front of the North Road Station, Darlington, where it stood for many years. It was exhibited working on September 27, 1875, at Darlington, on the occasion of the Railway Jubilee, and it also occupied a position in the procession of engines at the Stephenson Centenary celebration in 1881. After this it was restored to its pedestal, only to be again removed, this time to journey across the Atlantic, where it was shown at the Chicago Exhibition; it was also on view at Liverpool last year; and now, in the sixty-second year of its existence, it is being exhibited in Newcastle for the second time. Well done, old Locomotion!



STEPHENSON'S "LOCOMOTION" (1825). The No. 1 of the Stockton and Darlington Railway.
Cylinders, 10in. diameter; stroke, 24in. Weight, 6 tons 10 cwt. Pressure, 25lbs per square inch. Weight, 1½ tons. Boiler, 10ft. by 4ft. Fuel, ½ ton. Water, 240 gallons. Engine wheels, 4ft. Tender wheels, 2ft. 6in. diameter.
Now at the Jubilee Exhibition, Newcastle.

THE GREAT NORTHERN ENGINE.

Perhaps few things illustrate the truth of the poetic quotation that "the old order changeth, giving place to new," than the engine which is in juxtaposition to "Locomotion." We refer to No. 776 engine, which is exhibited by the Great Northern Railway Company, and which will doubtless attract general attention from its bold and noble outline, and we may fairly assume that it will be deemed by the general public to belong to the "upper ten" class of locomotive engines. It was designed by Mr. P. Stirling, the mechanical engineer of that company, in 1869, since which time upwards of forty of the same class have been constructed to replace engines which were worn out. It is of the outside cylinder type; these are 18in. in diameter and have a stroke of 28in. The engine is upon eight wheels, and the leading end is supported on a four-wheeled bogie, the wheels of which are 3ft. 11in. in diameter. The pair of "single" driving wheels are 8ft. 1½in. in diameter. The boiler has a total heating surface of 1,045 square feet, and is adapted to burn coal as a fuel. The tender is on six wheels of a diameter of 4ft. 1½in., and the tank is capable of containing 2,900 gallons of water. These engines were designed to take the heaviest and fastest express passenger trains, and have given great satisfaction. Their train load is usually 140 tons, exclusive of passengers and luggage, and they attain a speed of from fifty to fifty-two miles per hour. The weight of the engine in working order is forty-five tons, and of the tender, when filled with water and fuel, thirty-seven tons. The engine is fitted with the vacuum brake; this is so arranged that it is capable of working either simple or automatic. The steam pressure is 140lbs. per square inch, whilst the tractive power per pound of steam in the cylinders is 94lbs. As we have previously remarked when speaking of "single" engines, Mr. Stirling holds a strong opinion that "single" driving wheels as against coupled are more economical, not only in running but also in repairs.

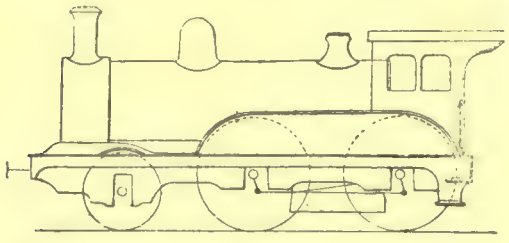


GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY EXPRESS PASSENGER ENGINE.
Boiler, 11ft. 5in. by 4ft. Cylinders, 16in. diameter; stroke, 24in. Weight, 38 tons 9 cwt. Diameter of wheels, 4ft. 5in., 8ft. 1in., 3ft. 11in., and 3ft. 11in.

We will now turn to the exhibit furnished by the North-Eastern Railway Company. It is a compound passenger engine, No. 1,324. Before, however, we describe this engine we must understand the difference existing between a compound locomotive and an engine of the ordinary description, such as are at present in use. In the latter type the engine has two cylinders of the same diameter and length of stroke, working under a uniform pressure of steam. This class of engine discharges through the chimney into the atmosphere, at every revolution of the wheels, a given weight of steam at a given pressure. On the other hand, a compound locomotive may have two, three, or four cylinders. The engine exhibited by the North-Eastern Railway Company is designed on the Worsdell and Von Borries system, and has two cylinders, one a high pressure, 18in. in diameter, and one a low pressure, 26in. in diameter; these are placed on an incline of

1 in 60, and they have a stroke of 24in. The slide valves are worked by Joy's motion. The steam from the boiler, at full pressure, enters the smaller cylinder, and upon the completion of its work there it exhausts into the larger cylinder, does more work there, and then is exhausted into the atmosphere. It is maintained by the advocates of this compound system that the weight of the exhaust steam and its pressure is less than that of the ordinary engine, and therefore a larger amount of work is got out of it; hence a saving of fuel is the result. And to this it should be said that it is always considered a marked success in mechanics where a larger amount of work is got out of the initial power applied than previously obtained in similar machinery, The North-Eastern compound engine has four coupled wheels 6ft. 6in. in diameter, the leading wheels being 4ft. 6in. in diameter. The wheels are cast steel, and are worthy of close inspection by the visitor, because they are of first-class workmanship. Its total heating surface is 1,323 square feet, and the total weight when in working order 43·6·3 tons. The steam pressure is 170lbs. to the square inch, and the tractive power per pound of steam in the cylinders is 100lbs.

This engine is a splendid specimen of the locomotive, and its workmanship does credit alike to the builder and designer, and to any expert it displays marked evidence that the designer is well versed with the autonomy and physiology of a locomotive. We understand that Mr. T. W. Worsdell, mechanical engineer for the North-Eastern Railway, is having several engines of this class, except that they will have bogies in front, constructed in the Gateshead works, for working the express passenger traffic between York and Edinburgh, which are intended to perform the journey between the latter city and Newcastle without stopping.

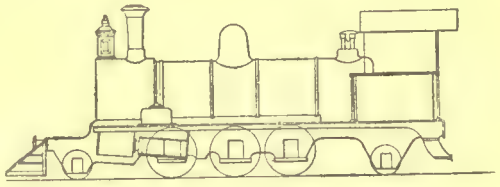


NORTH-EASTERN RAILWAY. Mr. T. W. WORSDELL'S COMPOUND EXPRESS ENGINE (1886).

Cylinders, 18in. and 26in. diameter, and 24in. stroke. Boiler, 10ft. 7in. by 4ft. 6in. Front wheels, 4ft. 7in. diameter; back wheels, 6ft. 8in. diameter. 1,323·3 square feet of heating surface. Weight in working order, 53 tons 19 cwt.

There are eleven engines of this class working passenger trains on the Great Eastern Railway between the metropolitan terminus of that company at Liverpool Street and Norwich, and it has been found that upon that railway, under the same conditions as to engine and train the compound passenger engines consume about fifteen per cent. *less* coal than does the ordinary type of non-compound engine on the same service. The compound engines of the London and North-Western Railway Company have *three* cylinders, two outside high pressure attached to the trailing wheels, and one inside low pressure attached to the middle wheels; thus practically there are two separate engines working independent of each other. But this separate action, it appears, produces an irregular speed in the trains, especially on starting. On the Great Western and North British Railways compound locomotives having four cylinders, two high pressure and two low pressure, high and low pressure being in line with each other, are in use.

The next engine coming under our notice is that supplied by Messrs. R. and W. Hawthorn, Leslie, and Co., for one of our Australian colonies. In



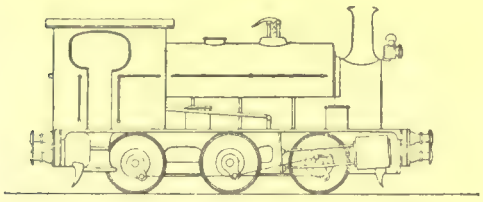
connexion with this engine, we may remark that it has been evident for years past that the construction of locomotives for railways in Europe, but more especially in England, has changed hands. The leading railway companies build nearly all the engines they require in their own works, and seldom order any from private firms. As a consequence, these firms are compelled to look for orders abroad. The engine under notice, as we have said, is for Australia, and is constructed to meet the rather peculiar requirements of the colony for which it is intended. The line—of 3ft. 6in. gauge—upon which it will work is of what may be termed the "exploring" type, being built through an almost virgin country, and has consequently to be laid down as rapidly and economically as possible, consistent with substantial work. The engine has outside cylinders 14in. in diameter, and with a stroke of 20in. It has six coupled wheels and leading and trailing wheels fitted with "Hall" cranks and radial axles. The coupled wheels are 3ft. 6in. in diameter, and the radial wheels 2ft. 1in. The employment of "Hall" cranks and outside frames permits of a large fire box, which, in the case of this engine, is necessary, as the fuel employed is wood, the smoke box being fitted with wire gauze partitions to check and extinguish the sparks. The total heating surface is 748 square feet, the working pressure 160 tons per square inch; the tank is capable of carrying 1,200 gallons of water, and the tender will hold three tons of wood, whilst the total weight of the engine in working order is 27¼ tons. It is capable of taking a load of 200 tons up an incline of 1 in 60 at a speed of 15 miles per hour, and of travelling round curves of a radius of 4 chains. Steel is the principal material used in the construction both of engine and tender. There are several noteworthy features on this engine, it being fitted with a cow-catcher and cattle alarum, and the head lamp is lighted by electricity, and is capable of illuminating the darkness for a quarter of a mile ahead with a light equal to 800 candles.

The electricity required to furnish this and other lights upon the engine is generated by a Parson's high speed motor of 2½ electric horse-power, placed on the footplate of the engine, which is also provided with a steam brake on all its wheels. It is anticipated that this locomotive will be capable of attaining a speed of forty miles per hour. The name of the firm which has built it is a sufficient guarantee that the workmanship will be of a high class order.

MESSRS. BLACK, HAWTHORN AND CO.

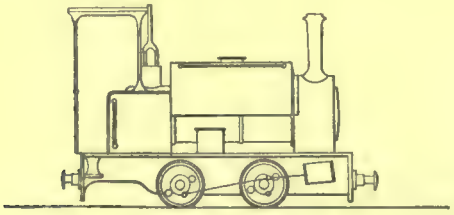
The well-known firm of Gateshead engineers, Messrs. Black, Hawthorn and Co., are well to the fore, exhibiting as they do no less than three engines, two being for use upon railways and the third upon tramways.

The first exhibit of this firm is a six-wheel coupled Tank Locomotive, suitable for working



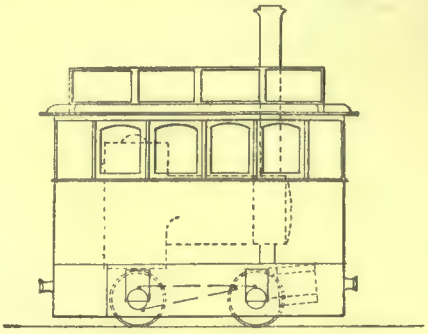
branch, colliery, dock, or contractors' traffic. The cylinders are placed outside, are 14 inches in diameter, and have a stroke of 20 in. The working pressure in the boiler is 140 lbs. per square inch. The wheels of this engine are 3ft. 7in. in diameter, and its total wheel-base is 10ft. 9in. In order that the engine may work with greater facility when rounding sharp curves, the trailing wheels are fitted with Messrs. Black, Hawthorn, and Co.'s patent axle. The total heating surface of the boiler is 540 square feet. The tank, which is capable of containing 700 gallons of water, is placed over the boiler, whilst the coal bunker is situated behind, and contains one ton of coal. When in full working order, the engine will weigh 26 tons.

Next in order comes a small four-wheel coupled tank locomotive adapted for use on light railways



in general, or for shunting purposes at works, docks, or collieries. This is but a diminutive specimen of the locomotive engine, and has outside cylinders of a diameter of six inches, whilst the stroke of the pistons is ten inches. The heating surface of the boiler is 102 square feet, and the pressure of steam in the boiler is 140lbs. per square inch. The wheels are but 2 feet in diameter, and the total wheel base is 3 feet 6 inches. As in the engine previously described, the tank is placed over the boiler, and is capable of holding 100 gallons of water, but instead of the coal bunker being at the end, as in the other engine, in this case they are along the sides, and can carry 3 cwt. of coal. The total weight in working order is 5½ tons.

Messrs. Black and Hawthorn also exhibit a tramcar engine which possesses features not common to the



ordinary type of engine employed in working tramway traffic. It is a compound condensing tramway locomotive for use in towns, and complies with the regulations and requirements of the Board of Trade, and from our own personal knowledge we are prepared to state that it performs its work remarkably well, and with a reduced consumption of coal as compared with the general type of tramcar engines. As we have before remarked, it is a compound engine ; the cylinders are of 8 inches and 14 inches diameter respectively, with a stroke of 12 inches. They are arranged in such a manner as the engine can be worked as a simple one for facility in starting and when ascending steep gradients. The boiler is of the ordinary locomotive form, with raised firebox case, and the working pressure is 160lbs. per square inch. The wheels are 2ft. 4in. in diameter, and the total wheel base is 5ft. The condenser is placed on the roof of the cab, and is formed of thin tubes one inch in diameter ; these are arranged in sections, so that the exhaust steam entering one end of the condenser has to traverse each section before it can reach the other end ; any steam uncondensed passes into the hot gases of the chimney, from which it escapes imperceptibly. The water from the condenser is received in a tank provided for the purpose. The cold water tank is placed between the frames behind the driving axle. The total weight of the engine in full working order is 10 tons, and it can be driven from either end, all handles being duplicated.

PROSPECTS OF FURTHER IMPROVEMENTS OF THE LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE.

After having traced the various developments of the locomotive engine, there now remains for a brief consideration the question of the prospects of

yet further improvements in its design, construction, and capacity. It is frequently asked : Is there any probability that an increased rate of speed and also an increase in the weight of train-loads on our railways will ever be attained ? Our answer to this question must partake rather of a conditional nature. Our railways, with the exception of the Great Western—and even on it only partially—are laid down on a comparatively narrow gauge, that is, a distance of 4ft. 8½in. separates the rails. This, of course, limits the distance at which the wheels can be set apart, between which the whole of the working machinery of the engine is to be placed, hence the diameter of the cylinders and the heating surface of the boiler and fire-box are limited.

For years past our locomotive engines have been constructed with cylinders of the largest diameter and heating surface of the greatest area that can be obtained. Such engines are capable of attaining an average maximum speed on ordinary gradients and during ordinary weather of from 50 to 55 miles an hour. To exceed this speed, under present circumstances, is a task difficult, though not, perhaps, impossible, of accomplishment. Increase of speed and power would probably involve the widening of the present gauge. This, we need hardly observe, is not within the range of coming events. On the other hand, the reduction of the expenditure for the working and maintenance of our present locomotives is probable, nay, it has even been accomplished, by the introduction of compound engines by Mr. F. W. Webb, Mr. T. W. Worsdell, and other locomotive engineers. The initial pressure of steam escaping through the blast-pipe of an ordinary engine is estimated to be from 60 to 80lbs. per square inch. In the compound engine this pressure has been reduced to about 40lbs. Again, if a more suitable description of fuel than is at present in use were to be employed, a still further reduction in expense would be effected. For instance, if liquid fuel in the shape of petroleum refuse could be employed instead of coal, there would be a considerable saving in consequence, or it may be that petroleum refuse mixed with English coal would produce a better fuel than is at present used. The superiority of petroleum refuse may be learned when we mention the fact that one pound of English coal will evaporate about eight pounds of water in a locomotive engine, whilst about 15 pounds of water will be evaporated by one pound of petroleum refuse.

In this direction then improvement should be looked for, and it may be that the enormous outflow of petroleum oil in the Caspian region and elsewhere will in the near future supply us with a practically limitless supply of liquid fuel for our locomotives, seeing that it has already been utilised as fuel in marine engines.

LIST OF EXHIBITIONS, FROM 1851.

[COMPILED BY PROFESSOR P. L. SIMMONDS.]

1851.—The World's Fair at Hyde Park.
1852.—National Exhibition at Cork.
1853.—Irish Industrial Exhibition, Dublin.
„ New York International Exhibition.
1854.—Exhibition at Munich.
„ Intercolonial Exhibition at Melbourne.
1855.—Paris International Exhibition.
1856.—Brussels International Exhibition.
1857.—Manchester Fine Arts Exhibition.
„ Lausanne Exhibition.
1858.—Italian Exhibition at Turin.
1859.—Exhibition at Athens.
„ Hanover Exhibition.
1861.—Art Treasures Exhibition, Edinburgh.
„ Art Exhibition at Dublin.
„ Exhibition at Melbourne.
„ Amsterdam Fishery Exhibition.
„ Italian Industrial Exhibition at Florence.
1862.—London International Exhibition, South Kensington.
„ Wiesbaden Exhibition.
1863.—Exhibition at Constantinople.
1864.—Royal Dublin Society Exhibition, Fine Arts, and Irish Manufactures.
„ An Exhibition of Native Arts, Manufactures. &c., at Freetown, Sierra Leone.
1865.—Dublin International Exhibition.
„ —Oporto International Exhibition.
„ —Stettin International Exhibition.
„ —Bergen Fisheries Exhibition.
„ —New Zealand International Exhibition, at Dunedin.
„ —Amsterdam Art Exhibition, International.
„ —Wakefield Industrial and Fine Arts.
1866.—Boulogne Fisheries Exhibition.
„ —Brazilian International Exhibition, at Rio Janeiro.
„ —Stockholm Industrial Exhibition, National.
„ Rochelle (France) Fine Arts and Industry, National.
1867.—Arcachon Fishery Exhibition.
„ Hague Fishery Exhibition.
„ Paris International Exhibition.
„ Agra Exhibition of Indian Products, Arts, and Manufactures.
1868.—Havre Maritime and Fisheries Exhibition, International.
„ Leeds Art Exhibition.
„ Roumanian Exhibition, at Bucharest.
1869.—Amsterdam Domestic Economy Exhibition, International.
„ Altona Exhibition.
„ Naples Maritime International Exhibition.
„ Munich Art Exhibition.
1870.—Northampton Leather Trade Exhibition.
„ Altona Exhibition.
„ Workmen's Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, London.
„ Cassel Exhibition.
„ Russian Industrial, at St. Petersburg.
„ National Argentine Exhibition at Cordova.
1871 to 1874.—Annual Class International Exhibitions at South Kensington.
1872.—Moscow International Exhibition.
„ Japanese Exhibition at Kioto.
„ Dublin Exhibition of Industrial Arts and Manufactures.
„ Lima Exhibition.
1873.—Cincinnatti Industrial Fair.
„ Vienna International Exhibition.
„ Intercolonial Exhibition at Melbourne.
„ Food Exhibition, Agricultural Hall, London.
1874.—National Exhibition of Arts and Industry, Brussels.
„ National Exhibition of Arts, Industry, and Commerce, at Rome.
1875.—Paris Maritime Exhibition, International.
„ Chilian International Exhibition at Santiago.
1876.—Loan Collection of Scientific Apparatus, South Kensington.
„ Life Saving Exhibition at Brussels.
„ International Exhibition, Philadelphia.
1877.—South African International Exhibition, Cape Town.
„ Paris Electric Exhibition.

1878.—Great International Exhibition at Paris.
1879.—Milan International Exhibition.
,, Sydney International Exhibition.
1880.—National Exhibition, Brussels.
,, Printing and Stationery, &c., Agricultural Hall, London.
,, Melbourne International Exhibition, 1880-1881.
,, Electric Lighting Exhibition, Alexandra Palace, London.
1881.—Medical and Sanitary, South Kensington.
,, Wool Exhibition, Crystal Palace — International.
,, National Industrial Exhibition, Milan.
,, Smoke Abatement Exhibition, South Kensington.
,, Electric Appliances International Exhibition, Paris.
,, Adelaide International Exhibition.
,, New Zealand International Exhibition, Auckland.
1882.—Newcastle Sanitary Exhibition.
,, Trieste Exhibition.
,, North-East Coast Exhibition of Naval Architecture, Tynemouth.
,, Electric Exhibition, Crystal Palace—International.
,, Lille International Exhibition of Industrial Art.
,, Naval Engineering, Agricultural Hall, London.
,, Queensland International Exhibition.
,, New Zealand Exhibition at Christchurch.
1883.—Glasgow Sanitary Exhibition.
,, International Fisheries Exhibition, South Kensington.
,, Building Trade Exhibition, Agricultural Hall, London.
,, Furniture Exhibition, Agricultural Hall, London.
,, Sportsman Exhibition, Agricultural Hall, London.
,, Prague Electrical and Industrial Exhibition.
,, Calcutta International Exhibition.
,, Madrid Exhibition of Mining and Metallurgy.
,, Electric Exhibition at Vienna.
,, New Orleans International Exhibition.
,, Amsterdam International Exhibition.
,, Western Australian Exhibition.
1884.—London Healtheries, International Exhibition.
,, International Fine Arts and Industrial Exhibition, Crystal Palace.
,, Marseilles Maritime Exhibition.
,, Exhibition at Turin.
,, Philadelphia Electric Exhibition.
,, Hungarian National Exhibition at Budapest.
,, Nice International Exhibition.
,, International Forestry Exhibition, Edinburgh.
,, Antwerp International Exhibition.
1885.—Inventions Exhibition, South Kensington.
,, International Exhibition at Alexandra Palace.
,, Uruguay National Exhibition at Monte Video.
,, Mining Exhibition at Glasgow.
1886.—Colonial and Indian Exhibition.
,, Folkstone Art Exhibition.
,, Liverpool International Exhibition.
,, Edinburgh International Exhibition of Industry, Science, and Arts.
1887.—Liverpool Exhibition.
,, Newcastle Exhibition.
,, American Exhibition at London.
,, Barcelona International Exhibition.
,, Manchester Exhibition.
,, Adelaide International Exhibition.
,, Saltaire Exhibition.
,, Havre Maritime International Exhibition.
,, Food and Cooking Exhibition at Amsterdam.
,, Railway Exhibition at Paris.

THE FINE ARTS SECTION.

[By Mr. J. E. Hodgson, R.A., Professor of Painting at the Royal Academy.]

It has been said, by a witty modern writer, that the best way to introduce a subject is to string together a number of common places and platitudes which shall call attention to the subjects, and have the effect of awakening attention without fatiguing the mind. Acting upon this as sound advice, I shall venture to observe that this country, this year, is celebrating what may be called the festival of retrospection. The ordinary occupation of civilised man is to enjoy the present and to make plans for the future; looking back upon the past is, by common consent, avoided, as a process not productive of unmixed satisfaction; so that it is perhaps a salutary thing for a nation, when circumstances compel it to take a backward glance, and to contrast its present position with that of fifty years ago; and the amount of self-complacency which it is able to derive in the process will be a fair measure of the progress gained. Industrial and material progress are easily estimated, but the case is different when we have to deal with art, a matter which depends so entirely on what Mr. Ruskin calls the theoretic faculty—on such an intangible and undefinable quality as that of taste. The collection of pictures in the Exhibition which is this day to be opened in this city, though not strictly representative in a jubilee sense of the fifty years of her Majesty's reign, enables one to form a very just estimate of the progress of the British school. That school, founded by Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hogarth, Wilson, and others, on a strictly eclectic basis, seems to have maintained its traditions intact down to the period of her Majesty's accession. At that time it had a singularly insular character, and was unlike any contemporaneous art. In the portrait painters, in Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Lawrence, we can trace some influence of the Venetian school, and a great deal more of that of the Netherlands—of Rubens, Van Dyk, and Rembrandt. In the painters of figure subjects of the class which the French have classified as *genre* painters—in Hogarth, Zoffany, Wilkie, and Mulready, for instance, Dutch influence is paramount, as it is also in landscape; Wilson, it is true, had drawn his inspiration from Claude and Gaspar Poussin; Turner, with his many-sided sympathies, had also at times turned his attention in that direction, and stooped even to imitate them; but the British school of landscape—Gainsborough, Crome, Cotman, Nasmyth, and Richardson—were artistically lineal descendants of Hobbema, Cuyp, and Ruysdael. They had the same love of simple themes and of common things, but with a characteristic difference, a greater tenderness, and a keener perception of beauty. So with the figure painters; they painted cottage interiors and scenes from peasant life, as the Dutchmen had done before them, and painted them, or, at all events, tried to paint them, very much as the Dutchmen had; but they idealised their themes,

and gave their figures an artless grace quite unknown to Teniers, Ostade, and Metzu.

Naturalism, as it was understood at the beginning of the century in this country, referred exclusively to the selection and treatment of subject, and the difference between it and high art lay in the sources from whence the artist derived his inspiration — conventionalism, very apparent and glaring to our eyes, ruled the efforts of both alike. In the nymphs and cupids of Reynolds, in the great scriptural canvases of Benjamin West, we can see no attempt to render any natural illumination or to represent anything as it really is. In Wilkie, Mulready and the landscape painters, pictorial effect was the only truth aimed at; light was focussed upon certain groups, and arbitrary shadows were thrown over others without any regard for the facts of nature. I will select as an example in support of this assertion the beautiful and also celebrated picture of "The Wolf and the Lamb," by Mulready. I had not seen this picture for many years, and it gave me great pleasure to study it again. Nothing can be more beautiful than its execution and colouring: it has all the finish and care of fine Dutch art, with a tender playfulness, if I may use such a term, which is thoroughly English. The timid victim shrinking against the palings terrified by the menaces of the young tyrant, whose clenched fists seem ready to "punch his head," is full of energy and humour. The incident is evidently inspired by observation of nature; but the midnight gloom which covers the landscape behind them, through which one can dimly discern the terrified mother rushing to the rescue of her ill-treated darling, is utterly conventional and false; it was necessary for the production of the sort of pictorial effect which Mulready understood, and which he and his contemporaries availed themselves of whenever it suited their convenience; but it had no foundation in nature. Fifty years have wrought a great change in our views; I don't think that we have improved upon Wilkie or Mulready, certainly not on Hogarth, in the delineation of passion, or in truth of expression; and before we boast of progress we must establish a definite standard of excellence; but we can no longer tolerate the solecisms in light and shade, the violence done to all sorts of atmospherical and meteorological laws, which our predecessors in art committed daily, because they knew no better. Art has, in fact, become more scientifically accurate than of yore, its merits can be more easily measured and explained, it appeals more to observation and perhaps less to sentiment. Much of this change has been brought about by different habits of study. The teaching of Ruskin and the influence of foreign schools have combined to make art a much more complicated matter than it used to be. Men go further afield in search of effects, and dive into far more recondite regions in quest of subjects; archæology is ransacked and history turned upside down, all the lockers and secret drawers of human thought are routed out to furnish the annual show at Burlington House. Art reaches wider and appeals to a greater number of interests; and if it is less daring in its flights, it is certainly more conscientious. We have no Turners perhaps, but where in the wide world was there ever an Alma Tadema before; and this city of Newcastle, in the person of Mr. Jobling, can boast of a marine painter who represents more accurate truth of sky and waves than can be found in the works of all the Dutchmen, or Cotman and Stanfield combined. Such being the case, we can fairly lay the flattering unction to our souls that art is progressing. The future is dim, we may not be able to discern whither it is tending; but in this jubilee year, during our festival of retrospection, that is not our business; so much have we achieved, let us accept it and be joyful. Messrs. Armstrong and Mitchell have made the biggest gun in the world, with a projectile larger than a portmanteau, and we owe them our deepest gratitude; it is not for us to speculate whither they are tending; what tremendous explosions may be in store for a guilty world in the cataclysms of the future is a subject we dare not enter upon, and can only piously ejaculate that sufficient unto the day is the artillery thereof; and so it is with art. After these prefatory remarks I will proceed to pass in review some of the most prominent pictures of the Exhibition.

English art of the eighteenth century is not very adequately represented in this Exhibition. The best Reynolds is a study of an old man's head, No. 719. It is easy to recognise the model who sat for his Ugolino in this careworn, unkempt, and unshaven head. Tradition has, I believe, preserved something of his history, but I have forgotten it. It was, I should say, a sad one; art has, like amber, the power to embalm and preserve trifles unnoticed by the busy world; and those who have hearts to sympathise with the sorrows of humanity may still feel a touch of pity and compassion for this nameless Englishman of the eighteenth century. There are one or two heads by Gainsborough, perhaps the greatest genius amongst English artists; they are exquisitely drawn, and full of life and intelligence, as are all his heads. No. 795, a child asleep, has all the qualities of the Reynolds school, though I find it difficult to assign its authorship. Tivoli and the River Scene are good examples of R. Wilson, especially the former. They are fine examples of landscape painting as it was understood in the days when the autocrat of Strawberry Hill could find no responsive touch in the narrow range of his sympathies for anything which did not hail from Italy. These pictures represent nature seen through the medium of a balmy, poetical, dream-inviting atmosphere; we may say that the medium is everything, the object nothing. The forms of objects, of trees, rocks, and mountains are inaccurate, and show no observation; the rock on the right of the river scene has some resemblance to a water-worn boulder, but the ruined castle on its summit compels us reluctantly to assume that it was intended for a cliff, and the darkened foreground of the Tivoli makes it impossible to surmise what hour of the day the picture is intended to represent. These are defects characteristic of the age; but the beauties are equally apparent. The exquisite translucency, the suavity of the atmosphere through which we discern the somewhat shapeless and abnormal masses of earthy matter, is a beauty which belongs to the infancy of landscape art, and which amongst its divers pre-occupations in our days appears quite lost sight of. Ad-

mitting the propriety of confining art to one single quality, those old men must be acknowledged to have chosen rightly. The true forms of nature, the method of her structure, require more careful study than the majority of men can find time to bestow upon it; and for one who can appreciate the subtle drawing and the extended acquaintance with natural phenomena which are shown by fine modern landscapes, there are a dozen who will at once perceive and acknowledge the truth of Wilson. English art of the 18th century was very wonderful; it was the product of men impressed before all things by a sense of sublimity, of brooding repose and awful majesty; they scorned the trivial, the glittering and the gay; with extraordinary self-restraint and resolution, they omitted every ornament, all accidental effects produced by cross lights or polished surfaces. Reynolds in his portraits, even when dealing with gold lace and jewels —objects over which many modern painters seem to forget themselves in a sort of pictorial ecstasy— never lost sight of unity and simplicity. The calm face, the flash of the eye, the intelligent curve of lip — these were his picture; all other things received only such partial recognition as their comparative insignificance deserved. One exception to this rule is, however, to be found in the case of Zoffany. I confess to a great weakness for this master; but I suspect that the pleasure he gives me is too purely technical to be general. He is chiefly celebrated for theatrical portraits, and the picture of the Gallery of Florence lent by her Majesty shows his talent under a new aspect. It seems to represent the collection of the Palazzo Pitti when it was in the hands of a hanging committee, and the fate of Titian's immortal Venus seems still to hang trembling in the balance. We can, however, augur from the expression of the evidently influential personage in a black satin suit, that it will not be skyed. Subjects of this sort were often treated by Dutch painters; and Rubens, on more than one occasion, introduced a figure for some artist friend whose genius did not soar beyond the delineation of picture frames and tapestry. In Zoffany, however, the triviality is redeemed, if such a thing can ever be redeemed, by exquisite manipulation. The black satin suit, already alluded to, is a masterpiece of crisp incisive painting: heads, hands, draperies, bag wigs and lace ruffles, gilded frames and sculptured marbles, all the redundant details of the picture are touched in with the utmost mastery. It is a parade of means, and is painted, as far as can be discerned, with no more serious motive. Everything seems to be equally important and prominent. There is no attempt at mystery, or that generalisation of details which our modern French school has elevated into a vital principle, and pushed to the excess of a vice. Zoffany seems to pose for a straightforward man, who calls a picture frame a picture frame without circumlocution or ambiguity. He occupies the opposite pole to Reynolds and Gainsborough, the spiritualists of their day; his pictures will be prized as long as good work is held in reverence, but they will never appeal to the heart, never exercise that indescribable fascination, that spell which masters us before the portraits of Kitty Fisher and Mrs. Sheridan. The prophetic mantle which fell from their shoulders, if it was ever worn again, was worn by Sir T. Lawrence. I have read somewhere that he was spoilt as a colourist by an excess of chalk drawing in his youth. Excessive chalk drawing is, perhaps, ruining a generation of colourists at the present moment, and grave doubts must suggest themselves to all professors of academies in England and abroad when they read the written testimony of such an authority as Peter Paul Rubens. Be that as it may, Lawrence approached within very measurable distance of being a great colourist, and before such a canvas as Master Lambton one is tempted to quote the popular saying that it was "as near as makes no matter;" indeed, I may say that here at Newcastle he is seen at his very best. If one could think only of such pictures as Curran, Lord Durham, and the one above quoted, and erase from the mind the disagreeable crudities he has seen at Windsor and elsewhere, he might be tempted to place Lawrence almost on a level with his great predecessors. A contemporary of Lawrence was Old Crome, of Norwich, who, with Cotman, founded a provincial school in that city of the marsh. Of the former, the exhibition has one very splendid example, No. 782, Paringland Oaks. The influence of his favourite Hobbema is traceable in every line. Taking colouring as an abstract quality and nature as a pretext, this picture is perfect; rich, harmonious, mellow, unctuous, translucent in quality, like cornelian and cairngorm; if we banish from our minds all the cock's-combry of observation, our ideas of green grass and grey rushes, it will fill us with delight, as indeed it does me, when I abstract myself sufficiently for the purpose; it belongs to another age, a different way of looking at things, a simpler and more confiding turn of mind that ours is, and it is essentially charming and beautiful. Much artistic peace of mind rests with Old Crome in his grave, and I will now turn from his work to another era, this fretting, restless, ever-searching world of modern art. Here we find ourselves amongst all sorts and conditions of men— high life and low life, the soldier, the sailor, the fisherman and ploughman, the milkman and washerwoman, even the clown and circus rider are depicted, and each with a thorough knowledge of the subject, and complete mastery of all its peculiarities. Modern art is not an elegant recreation, and except in the case of the portrait painter, it is prosecuted in the face of every sort of trouble and difficulty. The indefatigable artist drags his canvas to the summit of almost inaccessible cliffs, or faces the keen east wind upon the lonely moor; he leads a terrible life of it with reluctant and capricious sitters; he has to persevere in spite of rebuffs and disappointments; he faces the insults of the vile rabble of Cairo and Damascus, and the jeers of the country yokel. Thoroughness and local truth are the watchwords of the day; and a modern exhibition, did anyone ever think of looking at it from that point of view, would present to him an amazing spectacle of energy and perseverence. This is a very different state of things from that which obtained at the commencement of the century. The causes of the change are no doubt very complex.

I can remember the effect produced upon the astonished world by the publication of the two first volumes of "Modern Painters;" it was a revelation and a new gospel to the world of art. They were enjoined to shake off the very dust of old conventionalism from their feet, and to go forth to nature, rejecting nothing and scorning nothing. Everyone who is interested in art knows the history of the so-called Pre-Raphaelite movement, and it is interesting in this exhibition to see some of its earliest efforts side by side with the works against which it was intended as a practical protest. I don't think it possible for any dispassionate and unprejudiced person to pronounce the two works by D. G. Rossetti, "The Loving Cup" and the "Lady Litheth," or the scene from Keats's "St. Agnes's Eve," by W. Holman Hunt, as in any one particular more true to nature than those of preceding artists, even the veriest conventionalist of them all. It is very strange, after all these years, now that the dust and smoke have cleared away, to observe how little there was at the bottom of it, after all. Rossetti and H. Hunt had to educate themselves, and did so, into great artists, by travelling the self-same road, and going through the same experiences as all the others; it was not by going to nature and seeing for themselves that they did it, it was by observation and study of art, by consulting the living oracles which have been handed down to us by the great men of the past. In Keats's lines, which W. H. Hunt's picture is intended to illustrate, we are told of Porphyro and Madeline that—

> They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall,
> Like phantoms to the iron porch they glide,
> Where lay the porter, in uneasy sprawl;
> The wakeful bloodhound rose and shook his hide,
> But his sagacious eye an inmate owns, &c., &c.

This is hardly conveyed in the picture, and it must also be confessed that neither the youth nor his bride possess either forms or features such as are calculated to inspire a poet's song; the architectural construction of the building from which they are escaping is also of so remarkable a kind, that short of adopting the impossible suggestion that the hero and heroine came down the chimney, we must abandon all hope of accounting for their presence. I mention these defects in no spirit of disparagement, but merely to prove a conclusion, which all the world has long since arrived at, that the pre-Raphaelite movement at its starting attempted an impossible thing, a thing no less impossible than for a man not to live in his own age or think with the thoughts of his own time; that the movement as it became modified by the teachings of common sense and the taste and genius of the men who originated it, did eventually bring about much greater earnestness and more scrupulous attention to individual truth, no one can deny, and if we seek for a monument of that progress we have only to look round this Exhibition. But other influences have had their share—and that of photography is undeniably evident. Art, in its primary and most important function, is a language for expressing ideas, and we may accept as an axiom, that its rank depends on the dignity and importance of the ideas conveyed by it. The noblest art which treats of humanity, is that which represents the noblest attributes of man; the Greek placed him before us in the utmost conceivable perfection of strength and beauty; the fifteenth century Italian depicted him as a spiritual creature; and the vault of the Sistine Chapel, where Michel Angelo, with matchless technical skill, unfolded the long history of man's redemption and the certainty of expectation which for ages preceded the advent of his Saviour, stands unrivalled as the highest monument of art. But art, though essentially only a language, a means and not an end, is of itself difficult to acquire. Men, whose eyes are not trained, see things in the round; without the special habit which art engenders, and which is even in some cases impossible to acquire, they do not see things which are in different planes in one focus of vision. They see the tram-car, but not the street beyond or the sky above; they see objects and not pictures; and when photography steps in and reduces nature to a flat surface, it is a wonder and an astonishment, and to the artist it unquestionably saves much trouble. The sharp, incisive rendering of details which will bear the scrutiny of the microscope, is imitated by the artist as far as his powers permit, and in the drawing of waves and cloud forms—things too changeable to be copied by hand—he gets much valuable assistance from the photograph. But this can obviously never take the rank of an art, as it is mindless, and can in no sense express ideas, the fundamental function of art. In the fluctuations and changes of thought which are for ever going on like the abrasions of the soil we stand on, it has come about that in foreign schools of art, more and more importance has been attached to what is known amongst artists as the local value of tones, *i.e.* the exact amount of difference in point of lightness and darkness which objects of different colours have with reference to each other. In following this out the vividness of colours has often been so far subdued that many pictures, as may be seen in the foreign section of this Exhibition, have been resolved into a composition of slightly tinted greys. These tonists, as the artists abroad are fond of styling them, have not been without their influence on our English school—as may be observed in J. B. Kennington's very clever picture "Caught in the Act," in the two pictures by M. Logsdail, and in the charming Venetian scenes by Hilda Montalba and C. Wyllie. In these pictures, however, our insular love of colour asserts itself. What tonism can resolve itself into amongst less impressionable colourists can be best seen by studying the works of Paul Maris. One of the most charming pictures of the Exhibition, to my mind, is "Critics," by William Small. A young lady is seated on the sea shore with a sketching easel and canvas before her; behind her, absorbed in wondering and slightly scornful contemplation, stand an old woman who is knitting and a fisher girl who has been gathering mussels. The drawing of all the figures is truly admirable, but the original touch in the picture, the true stroke of genius, is the view of the scene the lady is sketching which is depicted on her canvas. This completes our circle of vision, and brings the whole locality vividly before our eyes. We see both

what is behind and what is in front of her. Every work of this artist is full of power and originality; and it is perhaps excusable in a specialist to lament that so much of his time has been devoted to book illustration. A separate and very voluminous essay might be devoted to modern landscape art. From the evidence of this Exhibition, where Turner is not seen, or, rather, hardly seen, by comparison with landscape art of an earlier age, we should be made conscious that that of recent times had been subjected to some mighty unseen influence; and just as it has been said that if Latin had utterly perished, from the evidence of the French, Italian, and Spanish languages it would be possible to infer with certainty of its previous existence, so we could equally infer from the evidence of the landscapes in this Exhibition, of the previous existence of Turner. There is greater width and scope, a wider horizon, more travelling of the restless clouds, more agitation and more movement, than in the works of Crome, Wilson, or Cotman. "A storm coming on," a very beautiful landscape by H. Clarence Whaite, is as certainly the offspring of Turner's example as *padre mio* is derived from *pater meus*, and so with the works of H. Moore, A. Hunt, and a host of others. Alongside of this, the grander view of nature, and struggling to assert itself with growing force and with increasing charm in every effort, is that truly English love of nature in her placid moods, that contemplative enjoyment which makes her so dear to the sportsman, and which has converted the banks of the Thames into a long panorama of picnics; one of the most exquisite renderings of this latter feeling is A. Parson's "Quiet Day." The sky is grey, but full of colour; the willows cut sharply against it, and close under the bank of the river, the water is rippled in circles by a rising fish, everything else seems at rest. The "Ferryman's Daughter," by Yeend King, the "Water Lilies" of Aumonier, and indeed many other works illustrate this turn of mind. By a complicated but not unnatural association of ideas, my thoughts are brought round to Thomas Bewick, whose portrait, by Good, is certainly both one of the most interesting and one of the best pictures in the collection. An artist of great eminence once told me that he could discern little merit in Bewick's work. After much puzzling over that confession I have been forced to relegate it to the domain of insoluble problems, with the square circle and the perpetual motion, and with humble submission to superior genius and power, I must respectfully protest that Bewick has sounded every keynote of landscape art; almost every incident of rural life seems to have been noticed and pourtrayed, and were I seeking for some irrefragable proof of the Englishman's innate love of nature and delight in her for her own sake, I would instance the lives of Thomas Bewick and Gilbert White of Selborne. Good's portrait is undoubtedly a life-like portrait of the grand old artist and naturalist, and it is a fortunate circumstance that the city of Newcastle has been able to secure for her Jubilee Exhibition an authentic portrait of one of her worthiest and most distinguished citizens.

Space will not permit of my going further into my examination of this Exhibition, all I have endeavoured to do is to call attention to the various tendencies displayed by the works exhibited; a detailed description of them would be a very arduous and protracted task; and after all it would be a thankless one—words are incapable of conveying an artistic idea; the writer, after pages of ineffectual effort, must, to make his meaning clear, request his reader to go and see for himself—as Horace says—

> Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
> Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus et quæ
> Ipse sibi tradit spectator.

The mind receives much more slowly through the ear, whereas impressions conveyed to the eye appeal at once; and so, in conclusion, I can advise the reader, as the truest method of enlisting his sympathy and admiration, to pay a visit to the Exhibition and judge for himself.

NATIONAL & INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS.

[BY PROFESSOR P. L. SIMMONDS.]

One of the most characteristic and noticeable features of her Majesty's reign is perhaps the establishment of great International Exhibitions, which have gone the round of all the civilised countries of the world, and have been mainly instrumental in carrying out many beneficial results.

Public gatherings of men to dispose of their wares and to compare notes had, it is true, been held long previously, for this was the object of the great public fairs held in Europe and England, which have now been almost entirely superseded by these frequent exhibitions and the facilities of speedy intercommunication by steam vessels and the telegraph by land and by sea.

Public exhibitions of arts and manufactures on a small scale had been instituted in England and France long ago, but the initiation of great International gatherings is due to the thoughtful foresight and individual exertions of the Consort of her Majesty the Queen in 1851. France had shown to herself and to Europe before that what she herself could accomplish, but she had shrunk from permitting other nations to exhibit their achievements in contrast with and beside her own.

National exhibitions had frequently been held in almost every great capital in Europe, and even in the small principalities. The old-established Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, of London, had always taken much interest in industrial and artistic progress, and has continually lent its aid and the useful and experienced advice of its council and members to all exhibitions home and foreign. In 1846 the Prince Consort was elected president of the Society, and almost his

first advice was to encourage the application of fine arts to our manufactures. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who has succeeded to his father's place as president of the society, has been equally active and energetic in exhibition labours, and has lost no opportunity of giving his patronage and aid to all useful undertakings of this class. Ours is an era of exhibitions, and its Hêgira dates from a meeting of the Society of Arts, held in Buckingham Palace, in the summer of 1849, when the Prince Consort explained the outlines of that great scheme which owed so much of its subsequent success to the rare administrative ability of its author and founder. At that meeting Prince Albert not only suggested the grouping of the exhibits into four main heads—raw material, machinery and mechanical inventions, manufactures, and sculpture and plastic arts—but also suggested the world-known site in Hyde Park for the Exhibition of 1851.

Coming as it did at a time when the world was full of the new discoveries of Science, when the railway had just got its web of lines fairly spread over the country; when the telegraph was commencing to stretch across the sea as well as over the land; when chemistry was meditating the conversion of enormous masses of foul waste into products of use and beauty, and photography was ceasing to be a mere scientific curiosity, this Exhibition taught men how enormous were the powers for their use and benefit which nature, and the knowledge of nature, placed at their disposal.

Those who, like the writer, can look back to this first Exhibition, and having had the advantage also of seeing and being officially occupied with all subsequent ones, must admit that there has nothing been carried out since to equal it in the fairy-like character of the glass building (which still stands at Sydenham) or the nature of its contents, arrangement, and the general effect of the first impression on entering. Larger and more ambitious Exhibitions have since been held, but the difficulty has been to keep them within reasonable limits, for by their hugeness they are absolutely fatiguing to the public, and difficult to examine and obtain any profitable information without great delay, labour, and fatigue from the variety and confusion of arrangement, and the multiplicity of objects to be inspected.

Originally intended to take place at decennial periods, this plan was soon departed from in the eagerness of different countries to participate in the successful idea which had been so admirably carried out.

The first to follow in the train was Ireland. The Royal Society of Dublin had held triennial industrial exhibitions from the year 1835, but in 1853, a public-spirited citizen, Mr. Dargan, placed £20,000 in the hands of that Society to hold an exhibition available for manufactures of the three kingdoms, and this sum he ultimately increased to £80,000, and foreign objects were also admitted.

It may here be incidentally stated that as early as 1839, and again in 1849, upon occasions of meetings of the British Association for the advancement of science, Birmingham had organised exhibitions of its multifarious manufactures.

The next country to follow with an exhibition was the United States, in 1853. In that year an exhibition was held in New York, which "was designed to draw forth such a representation of the world's industry and resources as would enable America to measure the strength and value of her own, while it indicated new aims for her enterprise and skill." The building, which was of glass and iron, was of an octagonal form with annexes added. This glass and iron mode of construction, first suggested and carried out by Sir Joseph Paxton in Hyde Park, has since made the circuit of the globe, having been adopted at Paris, Munich, Amsterdam, Antwerp, New York, Philadelphia, Sydney, and Melbourne, the buildings there being all modifications of the great example of 1851.

In 1855, an International Exposition was held at Paris, under the auspices of the Emperor, in the building which still stands in the Champs Elysees, known as the Palais de l'Industrie. Several annexes had, however, to be provided, for as Prince Napoleon observed, the British Commissioner, Sir Hy. Cole "interrogated as to the space they would require, replied that England would want the whole area provided for the Exposition." Although this demand was somewhat exaggerated, Great Britain eventually occupied about one-third of the available space, France reserving as is usual with the originating country, one-half for itself. It is curious to trace the progress of the imitative character, which results in the copying of a novel or successful idea. Thus we find that after a Fisheries Exhibition had been held at Bergen, in Norway, in 1865, it was followed by similar exhibitions at Boulogne in 1866, at Arcachon and the Hague in 1867, at Havre in 1868, Berlin in 1880, the East Anglian Exhibition at Norwich in 1881, and one on a larger scale at South Kensington in 1883. So with Sanitary and Health Exhibitions, which, commencing with 1881 at South Kensington, were carried on at Newcastle in 1882, Glasgow and Berlin in 1883, and South Kensington at the Healtheries in 1884.

Again, with workmen's and industrial exhibitions, almost every great town and the various districts of the Metropolis have had their gatherings, widening the interest taken by the public in all such displays of patient skill, ingenuity, and application of talent and art of a more or less skilful character.

Ingenuity has also been brought to bear upon every branch of industry or idea, that could lead to the formation of a collective exhibition, and the changes have been rung upon applied art and science, building trade and its appliances, labour saving appliances, smoke abatement, fine arts, ecclesiastical art, art furniture, naval engineering, electrical inventions and appliances, sportsmen's exhibitions, &c.

In the few years which followed 1851 there was a sort of lull or interregnum, for besides a few national exhibitions here and there, there was nothing special to notice until the recurrence of the decennial International Exhibition at London in 1862. Mention may, however, be made of an interesting and successful Exhibition of Fine Arts and Fine Art Manufactures held at Manchester in 1857, and an admirable display of Italian industrial resources held at Florence in 1861, which combined industry, fine arts, agriculture, and horticulture, but

this could scarcely be termed an international one. An Art Treasures Exhibition was held at Edinburgh in that year, another Art Exhibition at Dublin, a Fishery Exhibition at Amsterdam, and an Inter-cololonial Exhibition at Melbourne of Australian produce and manufactures intended to be sent to the second great London Exhibition.

The arrangements for the second International Exhibition in London were in an advanced state when the untimely death of the Prince Consort in December, 1861, was a sad blow to its anticipated success, and much disheartened all those officially concerned in its arrangements. Still it was carried to completion, and was popular, although a failure commercially, and would have entailed a loss upon the promoters, the Commission, but for the liberality of the contractors of the building, Messrs. Kelk and Lucas, who met the deficiency and took over the building, which was ultimately re-erected in the north of London as the Alexandra Palace, intended to be a rival to the Crystal Palace in the south.

It is not necessary to comment freely on the arrangements of the Exhibition of 1862, though much was wanting to ensure success. There was too much of red tape and military influence in the general arrangement, and difficulties arose in carrying out the centralising orders issued, which led to Sir Hy. Cole having to be called in as an adviser to set matters straight previous to the opening, and he allowed the several superintendents more liberty of independent action, the writer having in that year the charge of the Colonies.

The year 1865 was ushered in with a rush of International Exhibitions. A very successful one was held at Dublin, promoted in a great measure by the liberality of Mr. Guinness, the brewer, one of its leading citizens. The general arrangements in this were satisfactory, and attended with great success. Foreign countries made a fair representation, especially Italy, Holland, Scandinavia, and France, and a good collection of pictures was got together through the aid of influential delegates sent on a tour throughout Europe. A complete description of the rise, progress, and results of this Exhibition, I published soon after its close in a large volume, with illustrations, valuable statistics, and the several reports of the juries.

I was appointed superintendent of the Colonies, there, and managed to gather a fair representation of their products and manufactures, though none were disposed to contribute largely towards an Exhibition in the Irish capital. There were also a number of competing exhibitions in the same year, one at New Zealand, held at Otago, in the town of Dunedin, for which, as London manager in 1864, I had been able to send out numerous exhibits, and this first colonial effort was attended with much success, and has in subsequent years been followed up by other exhibitions, provincial and international, in different towns of that thriving colony. An International Exhibition was held at Oporto in 1865, for which I was appointed London Manager. There were also exhibitions held at Stettin, a Fisheries Exhibition at Bergen, in Norway, an International Art Exhibition at Amsterdam, and an Industrial and Fine Arts Exhibition at Wakefield.

The following year, 1866, saw a Fishery Exhibition carried out at Boulogne, an International Exhibition at Rio Janeiro, and two European National Exhibitions—an Industrial one at Stockholm, and one for Fine Arts and Industry at Rochelle, in France.

The year 1867 inaugurated two Fishery Exhibitions—one at Arcachon in France, and the other at the Hague; besides an Exhibition of Indian products, Arts and Manufactures, held at Agra, in the North-West Provinces of India. But it is chiefly noticeable for the great Paris International Exhibition, promoted and liberally encouraged by the Emperor Napoleon, and carried out on a vast and very systematic scale—occupying the Champs de Mars—with annexes for the agricultural section at Billancourt. This Exhibition was a brilliant success in all respects, from the number of countries which took part in it, the excellence of the arrangements, the magnificence of the receptions, and the number of the Royal personages who attended it. From having the superintendence and arrangements of the principal Australian and West Indian Colonies there, acting as juror and having to draw up the report of my class on Forest Products, for publication, I was necessarily busily occupied and well able to judge of the system of classification, plans and results. In a cursory superficial account of this kind, however, dealing with so many exhibitions, it is impossible to enter into details, or to enlarge on many important topics.

In 1868, there was nothing of much importance in the way of exhibitions. A Maritime and Fishery Exhibition at the port of Havre was interesting and successful, for which I acted as British delegate and juror. It is noticeable as being the first to adopt the principle of allowing the exhibitors to nominate their own jurors, the Commission or the Government having previously nominated and paid jurors for their services. This plan of exhibitors nominating their jurors has not, however, in principle acted well. The exhibitors too often apathetic or ignorant of suitable men, have left the nomination to the paid agents acting for them, and these wishing to serve their employers and clients have frequently endeavoured to pack the juries and get men appointed quite unfit for their duties by proper knowledge or experience. Indeed, the system of rewards at exhibitions is one requiring grave consideration. If actual medals of gold, silver, or bronze are given, it entails a very serious outlay, especially at a great international exhibition. If representative medals or diplomas are given, there is the same straining after the highest award by every exhibitor, and it is impossible to draw the line closely between competing firms: hence much jealousy and heart-burnings arise out of the decisions. Every exhibitor considers he is entitled to a gold medal, or first class award, however insignificant his exhibit may be, and as these awards are mainly used for advertising purposes, it would be far better to abolish them altogether, substituting published reports by competent experts as to the character of the products and manufactures shown. As the admission of exhibitors is not now a question of judicious selection of the most important and attractive, but obtainable by

payment for space, a commemorative medal or diploma to all might be given without great expense.

To return from this digression, there was an art exhibition held at Leeds in 1868, and a Roumanian Exhibition at Bucharest. At that time the present Lord Reay, now Governor of Bombay, an active and intelligent philanthropist, then known as Baron Mackay, set on foot the idea of an international exhibition of domestic economy, to be held at Amsterdam, in a glass building recently erected. Visiting the Metropolis and interesting the Lord Mayor and the Society of Arts in the scheme, a London committee was appointed, and I was invited to undertake the duties of British Commissioner and juror. The object of the exhibition was to improve the condition of the working classes ; to gather together all information relating to their welfare, living, moral and social condition, the working of co-operative societies, prices of food, clothing, dwellings, wages, &c., in different countries. His Majesty the King appointed the jurors, and some valuable reports were drawn up and published, and the results of this exhibition, held in 1869, were deemed exceedingly satisfactory. In the same year an exhibition was held at Altona, a maritime exhibition at Naples, and an art exhibition at Munich.

In 1870 a National Argentine Exhibition was held at Cordova, an Exhibition at Cassel, another at Altona, a Russian Industrial Exhibition at St. Petersburg, and a commencement was made of Class and Trade Exhibitions by a Leather Trade Exhibition at Northampton, and a Workmen's Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, London, which was opened by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

Finding it impossible to carry out another great decennial Exhibition in London, an effort was made by Sir Henry Cole to originate annual International Exhibitions, each devoted to a small series of manufactures, with processes and machinery in operation. These were continued from 1871 to 1874, at South Kensington. Endeavours were made to popularise information, by short explanatory descriptive lectures, which I was engaged by the Commission to give in the different Courts. These Exhibitions were found, however, to be so dull and unattractive, that they failed to draw the public, and all that resulted from them was a series of useful published reports, drawn up by experts.

In 1872, an International Exhibition was held at Moscow, one of Industrial Arts and Manufactures at Dublin, an Exhibition at Lima, and, strangely enough, one of art objects at Kioto, in Japan.

In 1873, a great International Exhibition was held at Vienna, for which much success was anticipated—the plan and general arrangements being good, but the distance, the expense of living, and an outbreak of cholera there, rather interfered in preventing exhibitors, and it was not financially successful.

An International Exhibition was held at Melbourne, in which the adjoining colonies took part, and at the Agricultural Hall, London, a Food Exhibition was held, which has been followed from time to time there in subsequent years by small class interesting exhibitions of trades and manufactures lasting for a few weeks.

In 1874, an Exhibition of National Art and Industry was held at Brussels, and another of Arts, Industry, and Commerce at Rome.

1875 developed two exhibitions—an International Maritime Exhibition at Paris, and an International Exhibition at Santiago, Chili ; this, however, was too distant to be largely patronised.

The year 1876 was noted for only two exhibitions deserving of mention, the successful International one at Philadelphia, and an important loan collection of scientific apparatus and appliances gathered together in the galleries of South Kensington, which was curious and interesting in a scientific point of view from the variety of objects shown, but did not receive much patronage from the public. There was also in that year an exhibition of life-saving appliances at Brussels.

In the following year Paris set on foot an Electric Exhibition, which was the forerunner of many subsequent ones, designed to bring under public notice many novelties and improvements which have gradually led to the extensive adoption of electric lighting for private and public use at home and abroad.

The year 1878, as regards exhibitions, was monopolised by the third great International Exhibition at Paris, which was carried out on a very extensive and comprehensive scale, and in this most of the principal nations took part. Notwithstanding its extent and variety, it had not, however, the prestige and popular reputation of its predecessor, conducted under the influential auspices of the Emperor.

The year 1879 was characterised by two International Exhibitions—one held in Milan, the other at Sydney, the latter being the precursor of a round of International Exhibitions held in each of the different Australian Colonies and New Zealand in succeeding years.

With the year 1880 International Exhibitions increased rapidly in number in all directions. In 1881 I was engaged by the Crystal Palace directors to originate and carry out a series of annual International Exhibitions. The first determined on was a wool exhibition there. This industry having long been a special one fostered in this country, London being the central mart of the wool sales, our colonies being the largest producers of the finest wool, and all nations being interested in the production and use of wool, it was thought it would prove attractive. After a tour through the Continent I was enabled to gather together an admirable and instructive display of wool in all its stages from the shearing the sheep on the ground, to the washing, spinning, weaving, and applications of wool to all purposes. The Drapers' and Clothworkers' Companies and the directors of the Palace offered liberal prizes ; and never was a more complete and interesting show of working machinery got together. The exhibition, however, did not prove remunerative. The sight-seeing public preferred their fine central promenade as it stood to its being filled with working machinery. In a technical point of view it may have done good, but it did not draw visitors. The year after, it was succeeded by an Electric Light Exhibition, and this was followed by a com-

parison of gas and electricity, and these proved great successes, as the Paris Exhibition of 1881 had done.

The South Kensington authorities, in 1881, held two exhibitions, one on Smoke Abatement Processes and the other on Medical and Sanitary Appliances.

In 1882 there was a Sanitary Exhibition held in Newcastle, and one of Naval Architecture at Tynemouth. A small exhibition on Naval Engineering was also held at the Agricultural Hall, London. On the Continent, there was an exhibition at Trieste, and an International Exhibition of Industrial Art at Lille.

In 1883, the South Kensington authorities set on foot the series of annual class exhibitions, which terminated last year with the Indian and Colonial. The Fisheries Exhibition was the first, and it owed its success to the energy of Sir Edward Birkbeck, resulting in a considerable profit. Glasgow followed the idea of Newcastle with a Sanitary Exhibition. Some small brief Trade Exhibitions, which had become popular, were held at the Agricultural Hall, London, the Building Trade, the Furniture Trade, and Sport and sportsman's appliances being dealt with. Several important International Exhibitions were held in that year. An American and International one at New Orleans, a large International one at Calcutta, being the culminating speculation of a Mr. Joubert, who had previously gone the rounds of the Australian Colonies and New Zealand establishing exhibitions. An important International Exhibition was held at Amsterdam, in which, acting as British Commissioner, I was able to enlist and give satisfaction to a large collection of British exhibitors.

In 1883 an Electric and Industrial Exhibition was held at Prague, and another at Vienna, whilst Madrid carried out an Exhibition of Mining industries and Metallurgy.

In 1884 the second of the annual series at South Kensington was established by what was known in common parlance as The Healtheries. The Crystal Palace attempted another International gathering of Fine Arts and Industry, in this instance charging exhibitors for space. Edinburgh established also a Forestry Exhibition. Abroad there was an Electric Exhibition at Philadelphia, and on the Continent a Maritime Exhibition at Marseilles, International Exhibitions at Nice and Turin, a Hungarian National Exhibition at Budapest; whilst I had charge of the British section in a very successful exhibition at Antwerp, the planning and arrangements of which were admirably conducted by a company, and so varied were the attractions offered that it resulted in a profit of £40,000.

In 1885 the third of the South Kensington series, the Inventions, was held, and an attempt was made to hold an International Exhibition at the Alexandra Palace, which proved an utter failure. This unfortunate building seems to be fatally doomed. Indeed, there is no room for public buildings of this kind in different suburbs of the metropolis. The Crystal Palace, with all its early *prestige* and large expenditure and beautiful grounds, cannot pay its way—and is yet threatened by another rival, the People's Palace in the East of London.

Last year witnessed four exhibitions in Great Britain: International Exhibitions at Edinburgh and Liverpool, an Art Exhibition at Folkstone, and the great Colinderies at South Kensington, which, considering the millions of visitors it drew, the patronage and privileges it enjoyed, the free buildings in which it was housed, and the large sums expended on it by India and the Colonies, should have proved a great financial success. The balance sheet so tardily published does not, however, show this, and it seems strange that a private speculation like the Antwerp Exhibition, with expensive buildings to erect, grounds to clear and lay out, and with only half the number of visitors, should be able to close with a larger balance of profit. Little need be said of the other exhibitions of the year. The Edinburgh one was a success, the Folkestone undertaking a fiasco, and the Liverpool Exhibition a failure financially, which was not to be wondered at, when the Executive blundered in every direction for want of the aid of any one who had had experience in previous exhibitions to guide them. As they are trying again this year, it is to be hoped they will profit by past errors, and be more successful.

That there is still a craving or desire for exhibitions is apparent from their frequent occurrence. The cry is still they come. This year at home and abroad they abound. In London, the American Exhibition has the field to itself, and will doubtless profit by it, possibly we shall be flooded with American inventions and Yankee notions. But in the provinces, besides Liverpool and Newcastle, there are exhibitions at Manchester and Saltaire.

On the Continent there are exhibitions at Barcelona (international), a Maritime Exhibition at Havre, a Railway Exhibition at Paris; an International Exhibition at Adelaide, South Australia, with a similar one to follow shortly at Melbourne.

As a conclusion of this retrospective survey, the question may be and is often asked—What good have exhibitions done—what benefits have arisen from them? To this I may reply that new markets have been opened up all over the world since 1851—in China and Japan, Burmah and Arabia, in Africa and America—and our trade has enormously developed. We are the carriers of the world, and shorter and quicker routes have been found, whilst the extension of railways and telegraphs over India, Australia, and America have placed within our reach, at cheaper prices, larger supplies of food and raw materials, which are exchanged for our manufactures.

Among others the taste for the beautiful has been spread broadcast all over the earth, and art has become the ally and not the antagonist of industry. Exhibitions have given rise to the entire group of artistic industries. Applied art and applied science have been widely diffused. Foremost as Great Britain has ever been in textile manufactures and metallic industries, she was very backward in technical knowledge and artistic taste. We had not the free art schools and technical classes which

the continental artisans had so long enjoyed and benefited by, but we are now rapidly supplying this educational want, and giving our workpeople, where they will avail themselves of them, equal advantages with their continental rivals.

The eyes of our manufacturers, too, have been opened to the benefits to be gained by inspection and comparison with others, by economy of labour, the employment of improved machines, the introduction of new products, and the utilisation of waste substances formerly overlooked or neglected.

Exhibitions have also been the means of stimulating into exertion and liberality the apathetic guilds and livery companies of London, originally established to promote, protect, and aid special trades. Thus, exhibitions and aid have been given by the Clothworkers, the Drapers, the Coachmakers, the Horners, the Ironmongers, the Paper Stainers, and other companies. Some of these wealthy bodies have been stimulated into large grants for the promotion of technical education, and other improvements of the trades with which they are allied. In the words of the princely founder of International Exhibitions, we begin at length to realise how much the world is a gainer "by peace, love, and ready assistance, not only between individuals, but between the nations of the earth," and slowly but surely draw near to "that great end to which all history points, the realisation of the unity of mankind. Not a unity which breaks down the limits and levels the peculiar characteristics of the different nations of the earth, but rather a unity, the result and product of those very national varieties and antagonistic qualities."

Much benefit has resulted from the large diffusion of information in exhibition literature. Not only have valuable descriptive official accounts and statistics been furnished and published by each exhibiting nation, but special handbooks, with maps and popular information, are largely distributed by each country and colony. Conferences are held, and a vast amount of practical information is thus diffused, so that they become, as it were, educating schools. It is now a common feature to see a professor or schoolmaster with his class making the tour of an exhibition, and giving, as it were, instructive object lessons on the three kingdoms of nature, and on manufacturing processes and raw materials, with all the objects present for illustration.

We have been forced to encourage and promote art designs and technical education if we expect to hold our own in competition with Continental nations. The expansion of our commerce has been met by keen rivalry from countries whose artisans work longer hours at lower wages, live cheaper, and are more thrifty and frugal in their habits than unfortunately the bulk of our working classes are. Hence, foreign producers are able to undersell us in many markets. But British enterprise, and the high quality of our manufactures enables us to compete manfully against all disadvantages. An objection has been urged that we have injured ourselves by exposing our trade secrets so freely to the world. But there are now no trade secrets; and all countries are so far on an equality, that the Patent Laws and the press soon give publicity to any new discoveries which are adopted and employed by any who choose under arrangements and royalties. In fact, our shipbuilders and manufacturers receive orders for warships, arms, improved machinery, railway plant from almost all foreign countries, and the publicity is therefore beneficial in advancing our various industries—of which Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the Tyne district are striking evidences.

A passing word or two may be added on the great difficulties attendant on the conception and successful completion of an exhibition. Great international exhibitions set on foot and carried out by a Government have had their day, and have broken down from the enormous incidental expenses attending them. They have grown too large and cumbersome from the desire of every nation to participate and occupy a considerable space for which they have nothing to pay. Hence they have been invariably attended with heavy loss—and neither England, Germany, America, or other Governments, are prepared to face the financial difficulty of a heavy deficit.

France is the only nation which is willing to incur the large outlay required. But for this there are two reasons: first, the desire of the Government to keep a restless and turbulent population, clamouring for war, quiet; and, secondly, the hope of drawing vast crowds of visitors to their pleasure capital, which results in benefit to trade. They have, however, made a sad mistake in announcing their proposed International Exhibition in 1889 as commemorative of the Republic. This has led to most of the monarchical nations declining to take part in the gathering, and the French Ministry are, therefore, wisely thinking of deferring their exhibition for another year, when it is to be hoped peace and prosperity may smile on the effort, for of all nations they understand best the mode of carrying out an exhibition.

Failing the renewal of Governmental exhibitions, the task of continuing them has fallen into the hands of private individuals and speculators, who carry them on either by means of a guarantee fund or a limited liability company. A charge for space has to be made to exhibitors, and this and the gate money, and certain concessions, are looked upon to cover the attendant expenses, and as sources of profit.

This is a hazardous and heavy responsibility, which reflects credit on those who undertake the difficulties of carrying exhibitions to a successful issue; for these lead to more pleasure and profit to the public at large than to the originators.

I should have liked to have added a few remarks expressive of high approval of the general arrangements, of the forward state of readiness of the Exhibition, and on the numerous novelties and prominent features which are sure to attract large numbers of visitors, but this subject is better left in local hands, especially as my essay has already run to greater length than I had intended.

PART III.

THE OPENING CEREMONIES.

Reprinted from "The Newcastle Daily Chronicle," of May 12, 1887.

INAUGURATION BY THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

It is with the utmost satisfaction that we record the complete success of the inaugural proceedings at the Newcastle Royal Jubilee Exhibition. The gathering of people, both in the building and in the thoroughfares outside, was an enormous one—indeed, many gentlemen experienced in estimating the numbers of large bodies of men declare it to be the greatest assemblage that has ever been witnessed in Newcastle. Again, the Royal visit was an exceeding pleasant episode in the proceedings, from whatever point of view it may be regarded. The people were most cordial to Duke George of Cambridge, and his Royal Highness, who came charged with kindly messages from her Majesty the Queen, appeared to be in the highest degree gratified by the warmth of the reception which he everywhere met with. Certainly, no parallel can be found in the annals of this ancient place to the scene which was witnessed within the walls of the Exhibition yesterday. Close upon 19,000 season tickets had been sold before the opening of the portals in the morning; and of this large number of persons entitled to admission, only a few hundreds could be reckoned upon as absent. In addition, there were on the spot some 2,000 persons concerned in the undertaking, as exhibitors, employés, or officials; so that it is quite certain that there were well over 20,000 people within the edifice when the formal ceremonial of throwing it open to the public was proceeded with. Such a success as this did not enter into the most sanguine calculations of the gentlemen who first conceived the enterprise; and, as a matter of fact, the earlier plans for it were laid out upon a basis of moderate outlay, which has somewhat contracted its operations. Could the enormous success which the Exhibition has already achieved have been foreseen, there can be no question that the building itself would have been designed on a larger scale, and its equipments and appointments would have been relatively more perfect and complete even than they are. But there were unanswerable reasons for the avoidance of a policy of speculation on the part of the managing body. The trade of the district had for three years and more been at a very low ebb, and men's incomes, from those of the wealthiest to those of the humblest, had suffered considerable reduction—indeed, in too many instances had almost entirely faded away. There was also in prospect at the time a difficulty in the Northumberland coal trade which is even now in an acute stage; and thus no good and sufficient reasons could be advanced why a building and grounds of twice the extent which sufficed for such an undertaking as the one which was so successful at Edinburgh should be provided. But it can now be seen that, had anything resembling a forecast been obtained of the enthusiasm with which the whole of the North country would rally to the support of the project, a structure and gardens of the extent referred to might have been called into existence with the utmost certainty of realising success. It may readily be imagined that the promoters and executive officials of our Exhibition under-rated their own influence, as well as their capacity for bringing the adventure to a fortunate issue. The results that have up to this time been obtained testify to the sterling ability and organising power of the gentlemen at the head of affairs, and our citizens have every reason for pride in the circumstance. It is at the present moment too early to single out the names which will hereafter be specially associated with this great work; but everyone knows that there has been concerned in guiding its course a band of workers as able and as zealous as have ever taken part in our public affairs. To these capable organisers due credit must in time be given, for without their services our Exhibition would probably have been very different indeed from the magnificent affair that it is; and it also might have occupied a very different position in the public estimation. Taken as a whole, the surroundings of yesterday's festivities were highly conducive to the thorough enjoyment of the great bulk of the people. Rain had fallen rather liberally overnight, and the morning opened with lowering skies, and a warm, though damp, atmosphere. However, the threats of rain really amounted to very little, for until the proceedings of the day were over, only a few scattered drops fell at intervals. The inhabitants of the surrounding district were not deterred from visiting the city by the threatening weather, nor did the sombre skies detain within their homes our deeply interested citizens. No more rain than served to lay the dust upon the roads actually fell, and a pleasanter May day no one could have desired. The Mayor of Newcastle had advised a general holiday for the occasion, and the response on the part of the manufacturers and tradesmen to his appeal was, generally speaking, an affirmative one. Very few shops were open in the main thoroughfares of the city, save those devoted to the vending of refreshments to the multitude; and all the great factories in the neighbourhood of Newcastle were laid in

for the day. His worship, however, did not recommend any general decoration of the streets in honour of our Royal visitor, and thus the show of bunting, which was actually made rather freely, was quite a spontaneous demonstration in honour of Duke George ; in fact, the streets, with flags and streamers scattered along them, and with their whole extent crowded by pedestrians, presented an aspect of the greatest animation. The carnival was one of the most popular that has ever been held in our city, and its incidents will remain long in the memories of those who took part in them.

HISTORY OF THE EXHIBITION.

ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT.

It is difficult to predict from the beginning of an undertaking what the ultimate realisation will be. In some cases, the result falls far short of, while in others it as greatly exceeds, the expectation and intention of its promoters. The latter has been the happy experience of the Exhibition which has been opened by the Duke of Cambridge on the Town Moor of Newcastle. As compared with its completed form, the first idea of that work was, indeed, modest and unpretentious. The credit of originating the movement is due solely to the North of England Institute of Mining and Mechanical Engineers, at one of whose meetings, under the presidency of Mr. John Daglish, towards the end of the year 1885, the idea found practical expression. All that was at the outset proposed, however, was to hold an exhibition of plant applicable to mining and mechanical engineering and of local industries, which it was believed would be productive of very beneficial results to Newcastle and district. The most feasible site for such a purpose, in the judgment of the Executive Council, was that of the grounds behind Singleton House, the consent for the use of which had been obtained from the Colleges of Physical Science and Medicine, with which bodies the negotiations for the purchase of the property, afterwards broken off, were then regarded as virtually concluded. The first honorary secretary, Mr. Theo. Wood Bunning, wrote, early in January, 1886, to the Mayor (Mr. B. C. Browne), asking whether it would be convenient for the City Council to receive a deputation from the Executive Committee at their next meeting, for the purpose of explaining in greater detail the objects of the Exhibition, and of seeking the approval and support of the governing body of the city to the project.

Himself a practical engineer, and already, *ex officio*, a member of the Executive Council, the Mayor readily assented to such an arrangement; and the deputation, consisting of the Earl of Ravensworth, Messrs. John Daglish, Lindsay Wood, G. Baker Forster, J. B. Simpson, W. G. Laws, Frank C. Marshall, J. C. Ridley, Bunning, and C. Kenrick Gibbons, secretary, waited on the Council on the 10th of February. As described by the Earl of Ravensworth, who acted as spokesman on the occasion, the objects of the movement were to exhibit the most advanced appliances and products of the industries of the district, and to give the widest possible publicity to those appliances and products. There were, he went on to remark, no other means so efficient, so rapid, and so economical of bringing together the producer and consumer as an exhibition of that character; and a great benefit to be derived from it would be to bring within the immediate knowledge, not merely of managers and foremen, but of workmen themselves, the best appliances in operation, not only in their own, but in other and competing districts. It was thought that the Exhibition would be specially important to our mining population; and with the purpose of making the public familiar with that mysterious under-ground over which we lived, it was proposed that there should be a large working model of a mine, showing the system of ventilation, the system of working, and, in fact, making the public acquainted with that which to thousands of our fellow-countrymen was absolutely at the present time a sealed book. Some of his lordship's colleagues expressed similar sentiments, and the deputation departed with the assurance from the Mayor that the matter would receive the most careful consideration on the part of the Council.

It had, at the outset, been intended to hold the Exhibition in 1886, but in view of the kindred projects which were in contemplation for that year elsewhere, it was subsequently determined to defer the event till 1887, and to associate it with the local celebration of the jubilee year of Queen Victoria's reign. Such was the hold which the movement, in this form, had already taken on the public mind, that an expansion and development of the primitive design soon became inevitable. In response to an application made by Mr. Bunning to the Board of Trade on the 10th of April, permission was given to announce the Exhibition as international and colonial; and instead of the limited space afforded in connexion with Singleton House, the necessity for a special building and a much larger area of ground was brought home to the promoters. Among those who more prominently and actively identified themselves with the movement was the Mayor, who, with a view of giving it extended publicity, was chiefly instrumental in convening a meeting, over which he presided, on the 15th of April in the amphitheatre of the Literary and Philosophical Society. On the motion of his Worship, seconded by Mr. Daglish, it was resolved that the prospectus issued by the gentlemen forming the various committees should constitute the basis of the promotion and carrying out of the objects of the Exhibition, and that the various committees should have power to add to their number, subject to confirmation by the Executive Council. In this document, which was formally issued in July, it was stated that, in order to mark in the annals of Newcastle-upon-Tyne the Jubilee year of the reign of her gracious Majesty, it had been decided by an influential committee, called together at the invitation of the North of England Institute of Mining and Mechanical Engineers, to hold an Exhibition of industries, manufactures and products. It would be held under the patronage of his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, Lord-Lieutenant of the County, and under the presidency of the Right Hon. the Earl of Ravensworth. The industries, manufactures, and products of the neighbourhood alone were sufficient in number and interest to occupy a very important part in the exhibits. Mining, which is its chief industry, would be especially represented; and it had been arranged that a complete full-sized working model of a mine should form a special feature of the Exhibition. As showing the varied and extensive scope of the project, the following divisions of proposed exhibits were also embraced in the prospectus.

Division.	Chairman.
1. Coal Mining and Products	G. B. Forster.
2. Metalliferous Mining and Products	Sir Lowthian Bell.
3. Machinery	W. Boyd.
4. Marine Engineering and Machinery and Naval Architecture	John Price.
5. Civil, Military, Railway, and Hydraulic Engineering	Thomas Wrightson.
6. Building Industries	Addison Potter, C.B.
7. Chemical Industries	Sir C. Mark Palmer, M.P.
8. Fisheries	
9. Agriculture, Horticulture, and Arboriculture	Jacob Wilson.
10. Hygiene	James C. Stevenson, M.P.
11. Food	John Robinson.
12. Sundry Industries and Products	John Philipson.
13. Art Industries	C. Mitchell.
14. Science and Education	Dr. T. Hodgkin.

In each of these divisions were embraced a number of classes, to each of which a separate chairman and committee were also assigned. An indispensable requisite of all such undertakings was, of course, the guarantee fund, towards which £5,000 had already been subscribed, and which, on the motion of Sir Lowthian Bell, seconded by Sir C. M. Palmer, was fixed at a minimum of £20,000. As the scheme was developed, however, it was found necessary to aim at a considerably higher figure. In

their appeal for public support on this head, the Executive were not disappointed. On the recommendation of the Finance Committee, to whom the appeal of the deputation had been referred, the Corporation of Newcastle unanimously committed itself to a liability of £5,000; the Tyne Improvement Commissioners consented to become responsible to the extent of £2,000; while the name of the Mining Institute was put down for £1,000. There also came promises of pecuniary support, if needed, from many other public and private sources, and in due time the commercial soundness of the scheme was fully established; the guarantee fund having reached a grand total of £34,552 10s. With accumulating duties, Mr. Bunning, after the undertaking had thus been fairly launched, retired from the office of hon. secretary, in which he was succeeded by Mr. J. H. Amos, so well known for his organising and administrative abilities, and who has recently been appointed secretary to the Tees Conservancy Commissioners. The following is a list of the Executive Council and of the leading officials of the Exhibition as they now stand :—

PATRON.

His Grace the Duke of Northumberland, K.G.

PRESIDENT.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Ravensworth.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

John Daglish (chairman), Marsden, South Shields.
B. C. Browne (Mayor of Newcastle), 2, Granville Road, Newcastle.
Sir Lowthian Bell, Bart., Rounton Grange, Northallerton.
Wm. Boyd, 74, Jesmond Road, Newcastle.
Wm. Cochrane, Oaklands House, Gosforth, Newcastle.
G. B. Forster, Lesbury, Northumberland.
W. G. Laws, 5, Winchester Terrace, Newcastle.
F. C. Marshall, Percy Gardens, Tynemouth.
J. C. Ridley, Summerhill Grove, Newcastle.
J. B. Simpson, Hedgefield House, Blaydon.
P. G. B. Westmacott, Benwell Hill, Newcastle.
Lindsay Wood, Southill, Chester-le-Street.
Thomas Wrightson, Norton Hall, Stockton-on-Tees.
T. W. Bunning, Clifton Road, Newcastle.
F. R. Goddard, 19, Victoria Square, Newcastle.
Thomas Bell, 23, Windsor Terrace, Newcastle.
J. Priestman, Queen Street, Newcastle.
R. Urwin, Sherburn Villa, Jesmond, Newcastle.
Ald. W. H. Stephenson (Sheriff of Newcastle), Elswick House, Newcastle.
Ald. C. F. Hamond, Lovaine Place, Newcastle.
Ald. C. S. Smith, 1, Abbotsford Terrace, Newcastle.
Ald. T. Wilson, Oaklands, Riding Mill.
T. B. Winter, 3, Brandling Park, Newcastle.
W. Wilson, Lovaine Place, Newcastle.
W. H. Willins, Blackett Street, Newcastle.
John Pattinson, 75, Side, Newcastle.
Professor Garnett, Mining Institute, Newcastle.
Charles Mitchell, Jesmond Towers, Newcastle.
Henry Charlton, Millfield Terrace, Gateshead.

BRITISH COMMISSIONER FOR COLONIAL AND FOREIGN EXHIBITS.

Warrington W. Smythe, F.R.S., 5, Inverness Terrace, London.

HON. SECRETARY.

John H. Amos, 10, Osborne Avenue, Newcastle.

HON. TREASURER.

J. J. Pace, 7, Bellegrove Terrace, Newcastle.

BANKERS.

Hodgkin, Barnett, Pease, Spence, and Co., St. Nicholas' Square, Newcastle.

SOLICITORS.

Dees and Thompson, Pilgrim Street. Newcastle.

EXECUTIVE ADVISER.

Sir Somers Vine, 96, London Wall, London.

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT.

Vernon Welch, South Kensington, London.

PROFESSIONAL ACCOUNTANTS AND AUDITORS.

J. G. Benson, 4, Haldane Terrace, Newcastle.
J. M. Winter, 18, Percy Gardens, Tynemouth.

ENGINEER.

Henry Carrick, Gateshead.

SECRETARY.

C. Kenrick Gibbons.

CASHIER.

William Kane.

But what of a site for the projected building? The public eye was carried intuitively to the Town Moor; and the wishes of the Executive Council in this direction were generously met by the Town Moor Management Committee and the Stewards of the Freemen. At a meeting of the former body, on the 21st of April, 1886, an application was submitted from Lord Ravensworth and the Mayor, asking for the use of the Bull Park for the purpose of the Exhibition; and, accompanied by a hearty expression of sympathy with the project, the request was at once complied with. On the 30th of the same month, the whole of the Divisional and Sectional Committees met under the presidency of Mr. Daglish; and on that occasion plans of the proposed building were presented by Mr. Wm. Glover, architect and vice-president of the Northern Architectural Association. They were adopted in the rough, but it was not until the 2nd of September, after consultation with Mr. Wilson Bennison, surveyor, of London, the plans, with certain modifications, were finally passed. With the growing requirements of the project, coupled with those of the show of the Royal Agricultural Society, also to be held in Newcastle this year, an application for a further grant of ground became necessary; and this, too, was cheerfully conceded, the total area ultimately set apart for the two undertakings being about 31½ acres. Although tenders for the erection of the building were received from London, Liverpool, Edinburgh, and Newcastle, the contract was eventually let to Mr. Walter Scott, of the last-named city. This, at a time when much distress through want of employment prevailed in the district, was hailed as a welcome consummation. The formalities connected with the sealing of the contract were concluded on the 20th of September, and within a day or two of that date, active operations were commenced. The work throughout went bravely on; and on the 28th of February last, the building, practically complete in all its details, was formally taken possession of by the Executive Council. With the result, the promoters of the Exhibition and the public had every reason to be satisfied.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BUILDING.

The plan followed in the erection of the building in which the Exhibition is held is that carried out in the case of the late exhibitions at South Kensington. The structure is composed chiefly of wood, covered with oilcloth, although in some cases corrugated iron sheets have been employed; and the day-lighting is supplied by large skylights inserted in the roof. The building is quadrangular in form, the four courts, or series of courts, into which it is arranged being termed, North, West, South, and East. The first of these is so called as being the most northerly portion of the range; the second forms the western extremity; the third is on the side nearest to the city; while the fourth is on a line parallel with the North Road, and looks towards the East. The building presents a frontage of considerable length, immediately opposite to the Brandling Park. Here is situated the main entrance, which consists of three arcades, that in the centre bearing on the top a statue emblematic of Britannia, while a small tower surmounts each of the sides. Between the doorway and the turnstiles there has been reserved a large area, by which it is expected that the discomforts of crushing and crowding will be avoided; and at its western extremity has been erected a high screen, which will serve as a barrier and as a preventive against the introduction of dust and draughts into the building. In this area, too, there has been provided, on the right hand, a money-change office, only the exact amount of entrance money being received at the turnstiles. These barriers passed, the visitor finds himself in the building, and at the threshold it will be seen that the public convenience and comfort have been fully provided for. On the north or right hand side are placed the cashier's and other offices, while on the south or left hand side are arranged the offices of the secretary, council room, and Post-Office. Very near the entrance, too, on the

right, is a "Left Parcels Office," where luggage can be deposited for a small payment; and still further in the same direction has been provided a cloak-room and lavatory for ladies. Similar conveniences have been supplied both for ladies and gentlemen at other divisions of the building. In a survey of the building and its contents, the course which most naturally suggests itself is that of a commencement with the North Courts, extending from east to west a distance of 430 feet. Each of these courts is 50 feet in breadth, and the height of the central one is 35 feet, and that of the two side ones 30 feet. Beyond these two courts are two leans-to, each of which is 20 feet wide, so that the total width of the whole of these courts is 190 feet. From this point, the visitor is guided into the West Courts, of which the more westerly, called the Western Annexe, is 635 feet long by 45 feet broad, and 28 feet 6 inches high; the dimensions of its neighbour being 436 feet long by 90 feet broad, and 30 feet high. From the south end of the West Courts, the South Court is entered. This section of the building consists of a central span and a lean-to, the total length being 380 feet and the width 70 feet. In passing along this court, in an easterly direction, the visitor will find on his right hand the entrance to the dining rooms, consisting of three compartments, two of which are 121 feet long by 35½ feet wide. Further along, on the same side, is the entrance to the art galleries, which are composed of two lines of three rooms each, making a total length of 280 feet, by a width of 30 feet; and at the eastern extremity of the court will be seen the exit leading to the theatre, in which accommodation has been provided for 1,500 persons, and of which Messrs. Howard and Wyndham, of the Theatre Royal Newcastle, are the lessees. This section of the building may also be entered from the North Road, affording admission to those who may not desire to avail themselves of the communication with the Exhibition. The East Court, the northern end of which leads once more to the main doorway, has a total length of 386 feet. The width across the main portion is 50 feet, and there are two leans-to of 20 feet each, making the total width 90 feet. What is known as the Inner Garden is the open space surrounded by the quadrangular range of buildings, around which is placed a verandah, with forms underneath, intended to shelter visitors from the effects of unpleasant weather. The North Gardens, which are much more extensive, and on which are erected the numerous external buildings, including the coal mine, lead mine, and Old Tyne Bridge, are those entered from various doorways on the north side of the North Courts. The gardens have been tastefully laid out and arranged; and among the many attractions which they offer will be embraced those of daily band performances. The Exhibition building was erected under the supervision of a special committee, of which Mr. W. Cochrane was chairman. Although it cannot yet be definitely stated, the cost of the structure is estimated at about £27,000; but as it is understood that the receipts from exhibitors and several other sources have been equal to that amount, the Exhibition may be said to have been opened free from debt.

FORMER EXHIBITIONS.

Exhibitions hitherto held in Newcastle have been devoted, almost exclusively, to the Fine Arts. The first undertaking of the kind was that which was opened in 1822 in the rooms of Thomas Miles Richardson—"Old T. M." as he was familiarly called—in Brunswick Place. The committee was composed of such men as Thomas and Robert Bewick, H. P. Parker, and Joseph Crawhall.

Other displays of a like character followed from time to time, but the first exhibition which most closely resembled the one now before the public was that locally known as the Polytechnic, and which was opened on the 6th of April, 1840, for the benefit of the Mechanics' Institute of Newcastle and Gateshead and of the North of England Fine Arts Society. The exhibition, which was on a very extensive scale, was entered by the Academy of Arts, Blackett Street, where a number of beautiful paintings were exhibited. The Joiners' Hall, entered from the last-named apartment, was fitted up for the exhibition of a large microscope and other optical instruments. Returning into the Academy, the visitor entered a temporary gallery thrown across High Friar Street, and connecting the rooms in Blackett Street with those in Grainger Street. In this gallery were arranged a number of water-colour drawings; and several glass cases around the walls contained a variety of antiquities and curious works of art. In the Victoria Room, which succeeded, the articles displayed were numerous and exceedingly attractive; but Mr. Orde's racing trophies won by Beeswing, a marvellous collection of English manufactures in porcelain, bronze, steel, silver, and glass, a series of beautiful coats of mail, and a great variety of ornithological specimens by Mr. Hancock were among the most important exhibits. Connected with the Victoria Room were a refreshment room and two other small apartments containing curiosities; while on the opposite side a short staircase led to the Music Hall, which was occupied chiefly by machinery and manufactures, and to which the continual movement of so many engines imparted great animation. Descending the stairs of the Music Hall, another room of smaller dimensions contained a glass-blower, an organ, and a quantity of miscellaneous contributions; and, lastly, another room on the same staircase was devoted to the delivery of lectures. This wonderful and interesting collection had been principally contributed by the neighbouring nobility and gentry and by tradesmen of the town. The exhibition was at first opened for thirteen weeks, the season tickets for which were sold at 2s. 6d. each, and of these 8,268 were disposed of. Of single admissions at 6d. each 7,285 were recorded, and there were besides 2,713 admissions to soirees. At the end of three months, the exhibition was re-opened for a further period of seven weeks, during which 1,078 season tickets at 1s. 6d. were sold; 3,402 persons admitted to soirees; and 23,963 single admissions, besides 3,479 children at a lower price. Altogether, the visits made by season ticket holders and others numbered 236,323. This brilliant exhibition was finally closed by a soiree on the 2nd of September, when the total receipts were found to have been £4,458 15s. 1d., leaving a clear surplus for the benefit of the three institutions on whose behalf it had been promoted of upwards of £1,500.

A similar exhibition, in the interests of the Natural History and Fine Arts Societies, was opened by a soiree and promenade on April 24th, 1848. The arrangements were almost exactly the same as those made for the exhibition of 1840; and the collection of works of art and manufacture was quite as valuable and interesting as on that occasion. The newly-invented hydraulic engine of Mr., now Sir W. G., Armstrong was used instead of a steam-engine as the motive power of the machinery, and novelty attracted much attention, the event having been commemorated in local poetry and song by the late Mr. Thos. Wilson, the author of the "The Pitman's Pay," and Mr. J. P. Robson. The Lecture Room in Nelson Street was also appropriated to the exhibition, and contained a colossal organ, by Nicholson, and a large microscope. The exhibition closed on the 2nd of October, when there had been 101,518 single admission; 3,446 admissions to soirees; and 6,928 school children, &c.; whilst the sale of season tickets had reached 3,449. The undertaking, however, from a pecuniary point of view, was not so successful as its predecessor, the net profits not having exceeded £150.

The next local exhibition of note was that promoted on behalf of the Newcastle Mechanics' Institution, and which was opened by Earl Grey, then Lord-Lieutenant of the county, in the Town Hall on the 19th September, 1866. Although, like many of those which had gone before, this exhibition consisted mainly of pictures, there were also associated with it a number of miscellaneous works. It remained open until the 13th of October, and the result was altogether of a very gratifying character. Indeed, little doubt was entertained that, if it could have been extended in duration, the art collection would have enjoyed increased popularity, for on the closing evening the scene in the Town Hall was busier than ever. The admissions at the reduced scale of 6d each reached 2,721,

being 500 in advance of any previous day. But this did not represent the total attendance, there being also the holders of season tickets, who formed no inconsiderable portion of the general throng. The total receipts up to and including the closing day amounted to upwards of £900. The expenses were estimated at the outset at something like £400, but as the exhibition proceeded it was found necessary to incur additional expenses in the musical department and for advertising, which raised the amount to above £500, leaving a surplus of upwards of £400 to be devoted to the building and furnishing fund of the new Mechanics' Institution.

On a still more extensive scale, and much more nearly akin to the exhibition about to be opened on the Town Moor, was the North-East Coast Exhibition of Naval Architecture, &c., held in the Aquarium at Tynemouth during the month of September and part of October in 1882. Although not directly connected with Newcastle, this undertaking numbered among its promoters and managers many manufacturers and others connected with that town; and much of the success which attended it was attributable to that source. The address, at the opening ceremony, was delivered by the Earl of Ravensworth, who had taken an active part in the preliminary arrangements and subsequent management. The total attendance from beginning to end exceeded 250,000; and the financial result, submitted to a meeting of the Executive Committee on the 8th of October, showed a balance available for distribution of a little over £1,100. It was decided that £750 of that amount should be invested in trustees to form the nucleus of a fund for the endowment of a chair of engineering and naval architecture, or scholarships, in connexion with the College of Science in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The balance was distributed, in fixed proportions, among several philanthropic institutions having for their object the safety and protection of the seafaring community.

THE OLD TYNE BRIDGE.

Few objects outside the Exhibition building promise to be more attractive than the *fac-simile* of the Old Tyne Bridge, as it stood before the flood of 1771, and which has been erected across the ornamental lake in the North Gardens. In this work, which has been carried out under the direction of Mr. P. J. Messent, engineer to the Tyne Improvement Commissioners, a wonderfully exact reproduction of the original has been aimed at and achieved; and a touch of the realistic has been imparted by the insertion in its corresponding position of the actual "blue stone," which divided the jurisdiction of Newcastle from that of Gateshead, and which has been lent by Ald. Cail. The visitor has to imagine that the portion of the structure next to the Exhibition building represents tha Gateshead end, while that facing the North stands for the Newcastle end.

In its general outline, the peculiar-looking structure thus reproduced was well described in a paper by Mr. James Clephan, read some time ago at a meeting of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries. Tier upon tier of windows rose from roof. Houses and marts encroached on the narrow thoroughfare on the one hand, hung over the tide on the other, in rival endeavour to accommodate their inmates and customers. Another writer remarks that the bridge, with its lofty houses and shops built on each side, gave it so much the appearance of a common street that a stranger scarcely knew that he was crossing a river till he discovered it by an opening near the middle, just over the draw-bridge. On the bridge there appear to have been three towers, viz., the Gateshead Tower, on the south side; the Prison House, near the middle; and the Magazine Tower, near the Guildhall, on the Newcastle side. In connexion with one of these towers, a humorous incident is related in the "Memoirs of Ambrose Barnes." "One Harry Wallis, a master shipwright, was," says the narrative, "so abusive with his tongue, that Ald. Barnes was provoked to commit him to the Tower on the Bridge. His hands being idle, they were ripe for mischief; and finding a quantity of mault lying in the chamber where he was lodged; and the chamber standing over the river of the town, he takes a shovel and throws it all into the water out at the window, morally reflecting upon himself and saying,

> Oh base mault,
> Thou didst the fault,
> And into the Tyne thou shalt,

to show what virtue good ale has to inspire another Hudibras." Among the shops in the old thoroughfare was that of Martin Bryson, who carried on the business of a bookseller near the Newcastle end, and on the side of the Close. His friend and correspondent, Allan Ramsay, the author of the "Gentle Shepherd," once posted in Edinburgh a letter bearing the following address:—

> To Martin Bryson on Tyne Brig,
> An upright, downright honest Whig;

and the epistle duly reached the man for whom it was intended, in the shop on the bridge. Reporting on the state of the structure in October, 1769, Smeaton, the eminent marine engineer of that day, said he had found the first arch beginning from the south side needing, apparently, no material repairs. It was, however, in a great measure blocked up by cellars for the convenience of the houses above, and had no current of water through it when the low water was below the "sterlings" or "jetees," as they were called, which surrounded all the piers in the manner of London Bridge.

The old bridge so reported on, and which had stood from about the year 1250, was overtaken, on the 17th November, 1771, by a disaster which practically resulted in its total destruction. On that day there swept over the district a flood, which was so rapid and sudden in its incursion that it was with the greatest difficulty the inhabitants of Newcastle who slept in the lower parts of the houses escaped with their lives. The middle arch of Tyne Bridge and two other arches near to Gateshead were carried away; while seven houses with shops standing upon them, with some of the inhabitants, were overwhelmed in immediate destruction. Mr. Fiddes, who lived on the north end of the bridge, with his wife and maid-servant, having made their escape to Gateshead, the girl recollecting a bundle which she left behind, begged her master she might go back for it, and that he would be so kind as to accompany her—a request with which, after some hesitation, he complied, and his wife stood watching their return; but in a moment after their separation the arch under them gave way, when they vanished from her view, and she never saw them more. Mr. Fiddes and his maid, Ann Tinkler, Mr. Christopher Byerley, and his son, together with an apprentice to Mr. James, were the persons who perished by the falling of these arches. Four other houses, with shops, fell from the bridge the next day into the river; and in a little time, the whole range of buildings, from near the "blue stone" into Gateshead, met with the same fate. Mr. Patten's house was carried wholly as far as Jarrow Slake, where it was stopped; but on the inside being examined, nothing was found in it but a dog and a cat, both of which were alive. The preservation of Mr. Peter Weatherley, a shoemaker, with his family, who lived on the bridge at the time the arches fell, was very remarkable. Between three and four o'clock that morning he was suddenly awakened by the noise of the flood, and on opening a window he observed Mr. and Mrs. Fiddes, two children and their maid passing along the bridge. On shutting the window again, he was about repairing to rest, when, all of a sudden, the arch immediately adjoining his house, on the north side, rushed down. This instantly drew his attention to the safety of the family, and raising them up, he opened the door, when he beheld the destructive torrent rolling almost immediately beneath him. He then, with difficulty, quitted the house, and at the utmost hazard of his life (the pavement breaking and tumbling beneath his feet into the water) he assisted his wife, two children, and a

servant girl to follow him. As all access to the north was cut off by the falling of the arch, they immediately hastened to the south end, but had not gone far until they perceived themselves involved in still greater misery and danger, two other arches having likewise fallen at that part. In this distressful situation they remained from four till ten o'clock in the morning, perishing with cold, and presenting a most melancholy spectacle to the inhabitants on both sides of the water. Their station was upon a surface about six feet square, all other parts of the arch which supported them appearing terribly rent, and threatening each moment to bury them in the flood. None dared attempt to relieve them by boats, and no other human means seemed possible. At length, a bricklayer in Gateshead, named George Woodward, devised a plan for their rescue, and boldly ventured to execute it. A range of shops then standing on the east side of the bridge, supported only by timber, laid from pier to pier, and extending from Gateshead to the place where the distressed people stood, afforded him the means of saving their lives. He broke a large hole through the side of every shop all the way to the arch where they were, and through these openings brought the whole family safe into Gateshead. The children, when rescued, were nearly exhausted with cold.

The bridge thus destroyed, and which is believed to have been built chiefly of timber, was replaced by one of stone, which was completed in 1779. This, in its turn, proved inadequate for its purpose and the extended navigable properties of the river; and it was succeeded by the present Swing Bridge, which is of iron, and which was opened in 1876.

POPULAR INTEREST.

It was not until about half-past nine o'clock that there was any perceptible difference in the appearance of Neville Street. At that time excursion trains seemed to follow each other quickly, and the streets near the Station were soon crowded with people hurrying off in different directions. The bright sunshine and clear sky of the early morning had, unfortunately, given place to threatening clouds, drizzling rain, and a really sombre outlook. Trains, however, steamed into the station in rapid succession, and gradually Neville Street began to fill, until at half-past ten people were clustering thickly against the barricades, and the wide thoroughfare presented a busy and lively appearance. The mounted police had arrived; the police band also put in an appearance; the boys, active and agile as cats, were climbing on to all sorts of dangerous positions—the more dangerous the more they were striven for apparently, and the rapidity with which the crowd increased in density every minute was marvellous, At eleven o'clock, the bells of St. Nicholas's rang out cheerily, and the drizzling rain that had for some time fallen ceased. The crowd on the south side of Neville Street extended only to the entrance of the Station Hotel, a *cordon* of police keeping the flags clear to the Station gates.

ARRIVAL AND RECEPTION OF THE DUKE.

An hour before the time announced for the arrival of the special train conveying the Duke of Cambridge and suite, the streets in the vicinity of the station were crowded with eager spectators. Every position whence a view of his Royal Highness and the distinguished guests by whom he was accompanied, was occupied, and it was with the utmost difficulty that those fortunate enough to possess tickets of admission to the Central Railway Station forced a way through the crowd collected on the outer side of the barricades. Once inside the barricades, progress was comparatively easy. Upon reaching the main entrance to the station, a pretty sight met the eye. Along each side were arranged evergreens of every description, whilst attached to the pillars were spears upon which were small bannerettes. Reaching the interior of the station, flags and bannerettes were displayed in every quarter, and above the entrance to the main platform a board covered with crimson cloth had been erected. Upon this board, which extended from one end of the gate to the other, there were the Newcastle arms and the Newcastle and Berwick-upon-Tweed coat of arms, and upon the platform side, the Royal arms, representations of the old Castle and Sir Wm. Armstrong's shield. Above this were suspended bannerettes, &c., similar to those which adorned the other parts of the station at this point, and still higher the words "Welcome to Newcastle." The right of the interior of the space barricaded off was occupied by a guard of honour, consisting of sixty men of the Northumberland Fusiliers, under the command of Lieuts. Neville and Oldfield. On the other side, and at different parts of the platform, were a force of railway policemen, under the command of Supt. Darrell. At the time stated there were not many people in the station, but as the ordinary trains from the district arrived many of the passengers lingered, and the number gradually increased. The first representatives of the Corporation to arrive were the mace and sword bearers. They were quickly followed by the Mayor in Court dress, accompanied by Alderman Smith. His Worship wore the new robe of office and the Mayor's chain. The Under-Sheriff of Newcastle (Mr. Atkinson) was the next to put in an appearance, and he was followed by the Sheriff (Ald. Stephenson) in Court dress, with robe and chain of office. The latter was accompanied by Mrs. Stephenson, who carried a beautiful bouquet of flowers. Amongst the other representatives of the Corporation who assembled subsequently were:—Ald. C. F. Hamond, as Deputy-Lieutenant of the City and County of Newcastle; Aldermen T. Wilson, H. Milvain, H. W. Newton, C. S. Smith, T. P. Barkas, Councillors J. Gibson Youll, T. Richardson, W. D. Stephens, R. H. Holmes, T. Temple, W. Temple, Robert Johnson, John Cutter, John Dobson, J. H. Ingledew, and W. M. Henzell. These gentlemen took their stand on the platform, and were at a later stage each provided with a white wand. The beauty of the scene was enhanced as military officers in their various uniforms arrived. Amongst those present were:—General Daniell, commanding Northern District, York; General Sir H. Havelock-Allan, Col. Smith, R.A., Col. Rowlands, Col. Taylor, commanding Royal Artillery, Northern District; Col. Potter, Col. Featherstone, Commander Alleyne, Major Olivant, R.A., Major Cope Collis, Assistant Quartermaster-General; Lieut.-Col. Le Mottee, R.A., Lieut.-Col. Downing, and Capt. Jefferson, of 3rd Volunteer Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers; Lord Charles Vane Tempest, Sir G. Elliot, Bart., M.P., Mr. Tennant, Mr. Alfred Harrison, and Mr. J. S. Mitford, of North-Eastern Railway Company.

Everything was in readiness for receiving his Royal Highness and suite fully half an hour before the train was timed to arrive. At a quarter-past eleven—punctual to the minute—the train came in view at the south end of the station. The spectators were quickly arranged at different points of the platform and entrances to the platform. The members of the Corporation and military officers drew up in lines reaching from each side gate to the edge of the platform. The train steamed into the station, and as the saloon carriage in which his Royal Highness and General Bates, General Freemantle. and Colonel Fitzgeorge were seated, approached those on the platform, his Royal Highness raised his hat repeatedly in response to a similar salute from those congregated to receive him. Matters were so arranged that the carriage came to a standstill immediately opposite the platform entrance. The officers named were the first to step on the platform. His Royal Highness followed, and was met at the door by the Mayor, with whom he shook hands. His Worship then formally presented his Royal Highness to the rest of those assembled.

In another saloon carriage were Sir W. G. Armstrong, Lady Armstrong, the Bishop of Newcastle, Mrs. Wilberforce, Captain Noble, and others. After a lapse of a few minutes, a move was made for the carriages in waiting in the portico. The representatives of the Corporation came first, then the ladies who had come by the special train, next the mace-bearers, and the Mayor and Sheriff. After these came his Royal Highness, the military officers, and, lastly, the remainder of those

who had travelled by the train. As the latter part of the distinguished company passed in front of the guard of honour, the band of the Northumberland Fusiliers played the National Anthem in a stirring manner.

The Marquis of Londonderry, Viceroy of Ireland, in company with Mr. Apperley, his private secretary, left Dublin at seven o'clock on Tuesday night, and arrived in Newcastle at 11·30 yesterday morning. His lordship was met on the platform by Lord Herbert and Lord Henry Vane Tempest. They proceeded to the Station Hotel, where he dressed himself in uniform, as commander of his regiment, and next drove in an open brougham to the Exhibition, accompanied by two mounted officers.

OUTSIDE THE STATION.

Notwithstanding that there was a slight shower of rain shortly after nine o'clock, which had the effect of calling umbrellas into requisition, a crowd of people began to take up their positions outside the cordon which had been erected along Neville Street, and extending to the portico of the Central Station, and by half-past ten it was very difficult for anyone to wend his way along the footpaths owing to the large number of people closely massed together. Fortunately, however, the rain soon cleared away, and as the time approached for the arrival of the Royal visitor, the crowd of people assembled at this point of the route assumed very large proportions indeed. In addition to those congregated outside, people were closely packed together at all the windows commanding a view of the procession, whilst spectators were also to be seen perched on the roofs of the Central Station, the County Hotel, the Tyne Commissioners' Offices, and other public buildings. Indeed, every conceivable point from which a view could be obtained had been appropriated. The centre of the road was, of course, kept clear by a staff of policemen, but their duties were anything but onerous, as the best of temper and decorum was maintained by the onlookers, none of whom attempted to transgress the rules which had been laid down for the due carrying out of the programme of the proceedings. Flags were displayed from the roof of the portico, or cab shed, of the Central Station, the County and Douglas Hotels, and other public buildings; but after all the display of bunting was anything but profuse. Capt. Nicholls and twenty mounted policemen were early astir; and at a quarter to eleven the duke's barouche, drawn by four grey horses, and two postilions, took up their position at the exit from the Central Station; and they were followed shortly afterwards by 35 men of the Northumberland Yeomanry Cavalry, under the charge of Major J. C. Straker and Lieut. T. W. Barker, the horses and their riders being drawn up in line with their heads facing the entrance to the station.

PROCESSION THROUGH THE CITY.

The first note of warning of the arrival of the royal visitor was sounded at about 20 minutes past 11, when the attendants on the bearer of the sword and mace heralded the approach of the duke by sound of trumpet. Shortly afterwards, the Reception Committee, headed by Messrs. W. D. Stephens and T. Richardson emerged from the station, and took their seats in the five open carriages outside the portico. The procession, which was in the following order, then moved on towards Collingwood Street :—

The Chief Constable.
Mounted Police.
The Constabulary Band.
Carriages containing
Members of the Reception Committee.
Carriage containing
The Sword and Mace Bearers and Trumpeters.
Carriage containing
The Sheriff and Mrs. Stephenson, and the Town Clerk, and the Under Sheriff.
Carriage containing
The Mayor and the Mayoress, and Miss Browne.
Escort of Northumberland Hussars.
Carriage containing
His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, K.G.
Escort of Northumberland Hussars.
Carriages containing
The Suite of His Royal Highness.
Carriage containing
Sir William and Lady Armstrong and Visitors.
Military Officers.
Mounted Police.

When the Duke emerged from the station, and, along with his friends, took his seat in his carriage, he was greeted with a cheer, which he acknowledged by lifting his hat. The cheering continued at intervals as the procession moved down Neville Street, along Collingwood Street, and into Mosley Street, but as soon as it passed, the crowds of people quietly dispersed.

The procession turned from Mosley Street into Grey Street at 11·25. The decorations of the various buildings were pretty, but in no instance could they be described as elaborate. The crowd lined both sides of the thoroughfare. Spectators had, as usual on such occasions, struggled to get the best possible view, and as the carriage of his Royal Highness passed the Duke was at once recognised and saluted with the raising of hats and waving of handkerchiefs, and with occasional cheers. To these tokens of loyalty his Royal Highness repeatedly bowed his acknowledgments. When the procession reached the Monument the scene was much more animated, and the crowd of sightseers was very much swollen. It is scarcely possible to notice where the crowds were densest, or where the decorations were most extensive, but the portion of Blackett Street where the procession had to pass through, together with the corner of Northumberland Street, attracted much attention, as the inhabitants of this locality had certainly not been lacking in their efforts to render this part of the route worthy of the occasion, as flags and banners waved from nearly every window, presenting a very pleasing spectacle. The many thousands of people who had selected the vicinity of Northumberland Street as one of the most fitting places for sight-seeing had been probably well advised, for the uphill nature of this thoroughfare afforded a long and uninterrupted view of the procession. As the carriage containing the duke came alongside, the people cheered loyally, and the greeting was cordially acknowledged. Throughout the whole line of the thoroughfare, the utmost order was observed, and on every hand good humour was the prevailing characteristic. Boys, who were fully cognisant of the fact that it would be useless to crane their necks in the vast multitude to get a view of the proceedings, climbed several of the public lamps, and also appeared on the roofs of houses and other lofty positions, determined not to lose a tittle of the spectacle. According to the regulations set forth in the official programme, all vehicular traffic was stopped at eleven o'clock, and shortly after this time the people assembled in such immense numbers that they were several rows deep, and the pavement at this period of the day was almost impassable. The windows on either side of the street were literally crowded with faces, and the balconies connected with the several business places were crammed to their fullest capacity. Precisely at twenty-five minutes past eleven, when the Duke and his suite were observed approaching into Blackett Street, they were hailed with enthusiastic shouts, which were taken up by the crowd beyond, and kept up for some time. His Royal Highness continuously acknowledged the compliments paid to him. The mounted police made their patrols for the purpose of keeping back the crowd, and this was good-naturedly performed, and the exceptionally large gatherings in Blackett Street and Northumberland Street were kept in admirable order while the procession passed.

The Barras Bridge perhaps presented the most attractive scene in the whole route of the procession. Here the trees surrounding St. Thomas's Church, the Museum, and in front of the large houses at the end of Jesmond Road appeared gay in their spring foliage, and the light green tints contrasted beautifully with the gay colours of the "Union Jacks" and other flags that were ranged on either side of the road. Large crowds had taken up positions on both sides of the road.

The front of the church railings, and the large footpath spaces at the end of Jesmond Road and in front of the Museum, were literally packed with people, while every window, the tops of some of the houses, and many of the trees were occupied by sight-seers. The cabman's shelter opposite the church showed a display of bunting, and on its roof a stuffed figure of a cabman had been placed, which attracted some attention, and caused no small amount of merriment. In one of the private gardens at the end of Jesmond Road an enterprising photographer had taken up his stand ready to "take" the procession as it passed the church. All the way up the line a wide space was kept clear by a numerous staff of policemen, who religiously excluded all those who were not furnished with the necessary tickets for traffic. As the procession passed the church, cheers were given for his Royal Highness, and the cheering was continued right up to the barricade at the end of the Exhibition buildings. The Duke repeatedly bowed in acknowledgment to the welcome tendered him. It may be mentioned that at this point of the *route* an ambulance corps of the 1st Northumberland Artillery Volunteers, under the charge of Dr. Baumgartner, was stationed near the Museum. When the procession had passed the Museum, the carriages and policemen were followed by a dense mass of people, and in a short space of time the thoroughfare was blocked up. Hundreds of persons then turned into the Museum, where the art treasures, &c., were viewed with interest.

ARRIVAL AT THE EXHIBITION.

Behind the strong barricades erected on the eastern side of the North Road, outside the Exhibition buildings, were closely packed a large number of people of both sexes. The side of the road near the Exhibition had been cleared of foot passengers more than half an hour previous to the arrival of the procession, and it was with considerable reluctance —in many cases this feeling was accompanied by wordy remonstrances against the action of the police— that the thousands of people who had taken up so advantageous a stand were prevailed upon to vacate their position. Along the right side of the turnpike, flags floated at intervals, and at the entrance to the Exhibition buildings there was also a display of bunting, but the attempt at decoration was not ostentatious. The crowd, uncomfortably crushed together as many of them had been here for a couple of hours, behaved admirably, and patiently awaited the coming of his Royal Highness and party. In the enclosure were a large number of policemen, and they firmly carried out their instructions to keep unprivileged persons "outside." At twelve minutes before the time announced for the arrival of the procession—twelve o'clock—the mounted police, who headed it, passed the entrance to the Exhibition, and in a few minutes more a hearty cheer announced the arrival of the Duke, and the demonstration of the crowd was immediately followed by a Royal salute fired by the Royal Artillery, stationed at a distance outside the Exhibition. The principal gentlemen who had taken part in the procession lined each side of the entrance to the Exhibition, and his Royal Highness, treading on a scarlet-coloured carpet, was received by his Grace the Duke of Northumberland and the Earl of Ravensworth. Drawn up in two lines opposite to the entrance road, the 3rd Battalion of the Northumberland Volunteer Fusiliers (under the command of Major Wilson), furnished a guard of honour, while the band of the regiment played the National Anthem when the carriage of the Duke came to a stand.

ARRIVAL OF THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

At a quarter to twelve o'clock, the sounding of a signal gun from the "Bleak Northumbrian Moor" announced to those inside that his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces, had arrived in sight, on the North Road. A few minutes later, the band outside was heard playing the National Anthem, and the Duke of Northumberland and the Earl of Ravensworth took their places near the door to receive the Royal visitor. It was just five minutes before the hour when the doors were thrown open, and the first portion of the procession filed into the hall. First came the bearers of the city sword and mace, and behind them walked the Mayor and Sheriff of Newcastle, both in Court dress, and wearing their robes and chains of office. Behind came the Town Clerk and the Under-Sheriff, also in the Court velvet. Then came his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, wearing his uniform as Commander-in-Chief, and carrying his cocked hat and plume under his left arm; and behind him walked the officers of his suite, all in uniform. Immediately upon the entrance of his Royal Highness the trumpeters gave forth a fanfare, and many of the spectators, in their anxiety to obtain a view of the initial proceedings, rose in their seats, but were promptly and imperatively admonished by those behind to "sit down!" His Royal Highness having advanced into the grand hall, the Chairman and members of the Executive Council and chief officials of the Exhibition were presented to him by Lord Ravensworth.

THE ADDRESS AND THE REPLY.

This having been done, the MAYOR, addressing his Royal Highness, said: May it please your Royal Highness: I ask your Royal Highness to receive an address from the Mayor and Corporation of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and I will ask the Town Clerk to read it.

The TOWN CLERK (Mr. Hill Motum) then read the address, as follows:—

To His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, K.G.. &c., &c.

May it please your Royal Highness,

We, the Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens of the City and County of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in Council assembled, respectfully offer to your Royal Highness the cordial welcome of an ancient Corporation.

We desire to renew the assurance of our devoted loyalty and attachment to Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, and to the Royal Family, of which your Royal Highness is so distinguished a member; and to express our warm feelings of gratification and pleasure that your Royal Highness, representing her Majesty, graciously honours Newcastle with a visit in this the Jubilee Year of her Majesty's most glorious reign, and associates an event so memorable in the history of our city, with the opening, on behalf of her Majesty, of the Newcastle Royal Mining, Engineering, and Industrial Exhibition—an undertaking in which we are deeply concerned, and which we sincerely believe will advance the interests of the large commercial and manufacturing district of which Newcastle is the centre.

We trust that your Royal Highness may long be spared to fulfil the duties of your exalted station; and we earnestly pray that the blessing of God may ever rest upon our gracious and beloved Queen, on your Royal Highness, and on the members of your Royal house.

Given under our Corporate Seal, this Twenty-ninth day of April, 1887.

BENJAMIN CHAPMAN BROWN, Mayor.
WILLIAM HASWELL STEPHENSON, Sheriff.
HILL MOTUM, Town Clerk.

The MAYOR, bowing, presented the address to the Duke of Cambridge, who, receiving it, bowed in return.

His ROYAL HIGHNESS then read the following reply:—In behalf of the Queen, whom I have the honour to represent this day, I thank you for your loyal and dutiful address on the occasion of the opening of the admirable Exhibition which you have associated with the commemoration of the fiftieth year of her Majesty's reign. Her Majesty recognises with great satisfaction the loyalty and good feeling of this ancient corporation, and feels confident that the same zeal and energy which have organised this Exhibition, and have raised this city to its present high commercial importance, will always continue to animate their minds, to the future advancement of their wealth and prosperity. I am much gratified at the warm manner in which you have received me, and I offer you my best wishes for the success of this Exhibition and the welfare of the city and county of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

PROCESSION IN THE HALL.

The procession in the Grand Hall was then formed, in the following order :—

State Trumpeters.
Chief Constable of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Capt. Nicholls.

SURVEYOR :
Mr. Wilson Bennison.

ENGINEER OF OLD TYNE BRIDGE :
Mr P. J. Messent.

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT :
Mr Vernon Welch.

ENGINEER :
Mr Henry Carrick.

AUDITORS :
Mr J. G. Benson
Mr J. M. Winter

SECRETARY :
Mr C. K. Gibbons.

EXECUTIVE ADVISER :
Sir J. R. Somers Vine.

SOLICITORS :
Mr R. R. Dees
Mr T. W. Thompson

HON. SECRETARY.
Mr John H. Amos.

HON. TREASURER.
Mr John J. Pace

THE MEMBERS OF THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL,
walking three deep.

Mr. William Boyd, Mr. Henry Charlton, Mr. C. F. Hamond, Mr. J. Pattinson, Mr. C. S. Smith, Mr. P. G. Westmacott, Mr. Thos. Wilson, Mr. T. W. Bunning, Mr. G. B. Forster, Mr. W. G. Laws, Mr. J. Priestman, Mr. J. B. Simpson, Mr. Lindsay Wood, Mr. T. B. Winter, Mr. W. H. Willins, Mr. Thomas Bell, Mr. F. R. Goddard, Mr. F. C. Marshall, Mr. J. C. Ridley, Mr. R. Urwin, Mr. Thos. Wrightson, Mr. W. Wilson

CHAIRMAN OF ELECTRIC LIGHTING COMMITTEE :
Professor Garnett, and Mrs. Garnett.

CHAIRMAN OF BUILDING COMMITTEE :
Mr. W. Cochrane, and Mrs. Cochrane.

CHAIRMAN OF FINE ARTS SECTION :
Mr. Charles Mitchell, and Mrs. Mitchell.

CHAIRMAN OF EXECUTIVE COUNCIL :
Mr. John Daglish, and Mrs. Daglish.

The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Newcastle and Mrs. Wilberforce.
Dr. Thomas Hodgkin. Colonel Rowland, C.B.
The Right Hon. John Morley, M.P. Mr. James Craig, M.P.
General Daniell. Sir George Elliot, Bart.
Sir Charles M. Palmer, M.P., and Lady Palmer.
Sir Joseph W. Pease, Bart., M.P., and Lady Pease.
Sir Lowthian Bell, Bart. The High Sheriff of Northumberland (Mr. Ralph Atkinson).
Mrs. W. H. Stephenson and Miss Stephenson.
The Mayoress of Newcastle and Miss Browne.
Sir William G. Armstrong, C.B., and Lady Armstrong.

His Royal Highness
THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

The Duke of Northumberland. The Earl of Ravensworth.
The Marquis of Londonderry. Lord Sudeley.
General Bates, K.C.B. General Freemantle, C.B. Col. FitzGeorge.
Earl Percy. Sir Matthew White Ridley, Bart., M.P.
Sir Frederick Abel, C.B., Organising Secretary of the Imperial Institute. Mr. Jacob Wilson, Honorary Director of the Royal Agricultural Society of England.

The Sword and Mace Bearers of the City.

THE UNDER SHERIFF :
Mr. John Atkinson.

THE SHERIFF :
Mr. W. H. Stephenson.

THE MAYOR :
Mr. B. C. Browne.

THE TOWN CLERK :
Mr. Hill Motum.

THE DEPUTY-LIEUTENANT OF NEWCASTLE ;
Ald. C. F. Hamond.

Aldermen and Councillors of the Corporation,
walking three deep.
Representatives of Foreign Powers.
Police.

Having been thus arranged, the procession moved towards the far end of the court, while the people who lined the *route* rose to their feet and cheered as it passed. During the progression towards the dais, the processional march from Gounod's "Reine de Saba" was played on the organ and sung by the choir.

Arriving in front of the orchestra, his Royal Highness was conducted to the dais by the Duke of Northumberland and the Earl of Ravensworth, accompanied by his Excellency the Marquis of Londonderry, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Sudeley, Earl Percy, Sir Matthew White Ridley, Bart., M.P., Sir Lowthian Bell, Bart., the High Sheriff of Northumberland (Col. Atkinson), General Freemantle, General Bates, Col. Fitz-George, General Daniells, Sir George Elliot, Bart., M.P., the Bishop of Newcastle and Mrs. Wilberforce, the Mayor and Mayoress of Newcastle, Sir Wm. G. Armstrong, C.B., and Lady Armstrong, the Right Hon. John Morley, M.P., Mr. Jas. Craig, M.P., Sir Charles Mark Palmer, Bart., M.P., and Lady Palmer, Sir Joseph W. Pease, Bart., M.P., and Lady Pease, the Sheriff of Newcastle and Mrs. Stephenson, Mr. John Daglish (chairman of Executive Council) and Mrs. Daglish, Mr. Charles Mitchell and Mrs. Mitchell, Mr. Wm. Cochrane and Mrs. Cochrane, Professor Garnett and Mrs. Garnett. The dais was a structure raised about two feet from the floor of the court, and immediately adjoined the orchestra. The dais was covered with red cloth, and a number of plants were placed round the sides. The Executive Council and the officials, together with the members of the Corporation and invited guests taking part in the procession, proceeded to the seats provided for them in front of the platform. The first two or three rows of seats were taken up by the members of the Executive Council, members of the Corporation, and the officials of the Exhibition. Among the latter were Sir John Somers Vine, Mr. Bennison, Mr. Vernon Welch, Mr. J. H. Amos, and Mr. C. Kerrick Gibbons. Every inch of clear space around the orchestra and as far as the entrance hall was crowded with spectators. Many favoured ones had obtained permission to climb upon the huge exhibits in the court, from which excellent views of the proceedings could be obtained. Seats were provided for most of the distinguished persons on the platform, his Royal Highness occupying a chair in the centre of the group. The visitors had all got into their places before the conclusion of the processional march.

INAUGURAL CEREMONY.

At the conclusion of Gounod's stirring composition, there was a few seconds' pause, and then the inaugural proceedings commenced by the singing to the Jubilee Ode, written for the occasion by Dr. Thomas Hodgkin, of this city, by the desire of the Executive Council. The public had already had an opportunity of reading and admiring Dr. Hodgkin's ode, but only a privileged few had heard or seen the music which had been written by Dr. Rea, city organist, at the desire of the Executive Council, and the performance of the ode was awaited with great interest. The voices numbered about 260, and there were 55 performers in the orchestra. Mr. J. H. Beers was the leader of the first violins, and Mr. Derbyshire of the second violins. Dr. Chambers officiated at the organ, and Dr. Rea conducted the performance of the ode. Both Dr. Chambers and Dr. Rea wore their robes. The ode was as follows :—

I.

Upon a bleak Northumbrian moor
Behold a palace raised. Behold it filled
With all that fingers fashion deftly skilled,
With all that strongest fibred brains have willed,
When they like Nature's self have vowed to build
Structures that shall for centuries endure.
How come these marvels hither? By what power
Have all been gathered in the self-same hour
Upon a bleak Northumbrian moor?
Why should both East and West for ever pour
The willing tribute of their golden store
In ceaseless tide upon thy storm-swept shore,
Oh, little island in the northern main?
Oh, little isle between two oceans' spray?
Deep lies the answer. Endless is the chain
That binds the far-off Ages with To-Day.

II.

Here, when the North-wind raved,
The giant tree-ferns waved,
We see them o'er the unimagined tracts of Time.
Yet never eye beheld
Those woodlands fair of Eld;
No hand those tree-trunks felled,
Scarred by the Summer's flash, silvery with Winter's rime.

For countless years the sun,
Through steaming vapours dun,
Beheld their growth renewed
In sylvan solitude!
While the green-mantled earth slept in her innocent prime.
Wave! fronded forests! wave!
Sink gradual to your grave
Beneath some nameless river's oozy bed.
Roll! myriad ages! roll!
So shall the treasure Coal
Be stored for some new Race, Creation's crown and head.

III.

But vain were Nature's store,
Vain as the golden ore
Upon some barren isle for famine-wearied men,
Unless her sons be true,
Mighty to dare and do,
And prompt to bind at need the social bond again.
Patience and mutual trust,
And courage to be just,
And the frank, fearless gaze that seeks its fellow's eyes,
And loving loyalty,
Law-bound, yet ever free—
Upon these deep-set stones enduring Empires rise.

IV.

Thus hath our England grown,
E'er since, long years agone,
She first did turn her face toward's Freedom's holy light,
When Alfred, best of kings,
Beat back the Raven's wings,
And gave her Law for War, sweet Day for barbarous Night,
Till now, when Alfred's child
Sees 'neath her sceptre mild
Wide ocean-sundered realms in loyal love unite.

V.

Lady! who through thy tears
Surveyest the traversed years,
The bright, the sad, the strange half-century,
Thy people's shouts acclaim
Thy loved victorious name:
Oh, be that name the pledge of conquests yet to be,
O'er Want and grinding Care,
Faction and fierce Despair,
Dark Ignorance in her lair,
And all that mars, this day, our joyous jubilee.

VI.

Lord of the ages! Thine
Is the far-traced design
That blends Earth's mighty Past with her To-be.
Slowly the web unrolls,
And only wisest souls
Some curves of Thine enwoven cypher see.
Power fades and glory glides,
But the Unseen abides.
Thither lift Thou our hearts, and let them rest with Thee.

Dr. Rea's music, which we have already fully described, was finely rendered, and loud cheers were given at the conclusion of the ode. It was listened to with rapt attention throughout, and the reception it received must have been flattering alike to Dr. Hodgkin, Dr. Rea, and to those engaged in the performance.

As soon as the last notes of the Jubilee Ode had died away, the Earl of Ravensworth stepped to the front of the dais, and read an address of welcome to his Royal Highness on behalf of the Executive Council of the Exhibition. The address was as follows:—

To his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, K.G., &c.

May it please your Royal Highness,

We, the Patron, President, Vice-Presidents, Executive Council, and Committees of the Newcastle-upon-Tyne Royal Mining, Engineering, and Industrial Exhibition (International and Colonial), in this Jubilee Year of the reign of her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, desire to express our most grateful acknowledgments of the deep interest which her Majesty and your Royal Highness have been graciously pleased to take in our undertaking, and our warm feelings of gratification and pleasure that your Royal Highness, representing her Majesty, graciously honours us with this visit, and by performing, on behalf of her Majesty, the inaugural ceremony of to-day.

The undertaking which her Majesty and your Royal Highness have so honoured is one in which this district is deeply concerned, and to promote the success of which all classes of the community have spared no efforts.

The Exhibition is ready for your Royal Highness's inspection, and will be found to contain most important and valuable exhibits of the industries, manufactures, and products of this and other countries. The exhibits relating to mining are varied and extensive, and are especially interesting, including a complete full-sized working model of a coal mine. The Fine Art Galleries contain a large and valuable loan collection of works of art, including two very generously lent by her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen. And there are among the rare and varied contents of the building many splendid and interesting objects selected from the possessions of her Majesty, and of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The reproduction of the Old Tyne Bridge of the last century is also worthy of attention.

We believe that our undertaking will be productive of the most beneficial results in extending commercial industry and developing trade and manufacture, and we shall ever remember the kindness of her Majesty and your Royal Highness in assisting our efforts to attain these results.

We desire to tender our dutiful expression of devoted loyalty to her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, and we earnestly pray that every blessing may attend your Royal Highness.

Dated this 11th day of May, 1887.

Lord RAVENSWORTH then presented to his Royal Highness splendidly bound copies of the official catalogue of the exhibits, and the official guide to the Exhibition.

His Grace the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND then presented to his Royal Highness the gold master key. The key is splendidly finished, and of the highest class of workmanship. Its general form is of trefoil shape, being in the style of the later Gothic. It bears on the obverse side the arms, supporters and crest, and motto of the Newcastle Corporation, emblazoned in heraldic colours in enamel, resting on a bar or table, supported by two scrolls, on which are placed emblems of mining and navigation—the safety-lamp, pick-axe, anchor, &c. In a circular tablet below is the head of an ancient sea-god, the old Norse deity, with a background of blue enamel; then comes a fluted column, varied at intervals by mouldings. On the reverse of the head of the key are placed the Royal Arms and supporters in enamel, indicating the Jubilee of her Majesty's reign; other emblems appear below this of a military nature—the gun, cannon ball, &c.—relating to the trades of the district. V.R.I., in the reverse of the circular tablet, is the Royal and Imperial monogram, having due relation to the occasion of the Exhibition. The key was made by Messrs. Chubb and Sons, of London.

His Royal Highness, in responding, was greeted with loud cheers. He said:—Lord Ravensworth and gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to be permitted to represent the Queen at the opening of this interesting Exhibition, and in her Majesty's behalf I am to thank you for your loyal and dutiful address. The Queen has never ceased to take a deep interest in all that concerns the welfare and happiness of her people; and her Majesty equally recognises in the organisation of this Exhibition conspicuous evidence of the progress in engineering, and of industrial skill and science. It is impossible not to admire greatly the splendid collection of objects I see this day brought together to illustrate the manufacturing and mining industries of this and other countries. I earnestly trust the remarkable exhibits which relate to mining may serve to suggest further means for the protection of those who labour in collieries, as well as to assist in the development of that important branch of trade. I thank you for the cordial welcome with which you have received me. It has given me the greatest satisfaction, and I hope that the Exhibition may prove successful, and entirely fulfil the excellent object for which it has been designed. I declare this Exhibition opened. (Loud cheers.)

This declaration having been made, a flourish of trumpets by the Queen's trumpeters, who stood at the front of the platform, announced to the assembled thousands that the Newcastle Jubilee Exhibition had been formally opened.

The choir then struck up the Old Hundredth Psalm, the following two verses of which were sung.

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure.
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

In accordance with a request made upon the official programme, the audience joined in the singing of the second verse, the effect being very impressive.

The BISHOP of NEWCASTLE (Dr. Wilberforce) offered up a suitable prayer, and the opening ceremony then concluded with the singing of the National Anthem (Costa's arrangement).

A procession for the inspection of the grounds and buildings was then formed, as follows :—

The Hon. Secretary and the General Superintendent.
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
and Suite.
The Duke of Northumberland and the Earl of Ravensworth.
The Party from Cragside and other distinguished Visitors,
Conducted by the Chairman of the Executive Council
and the Mayor of Newcastle.
The Executive Council and Officials.
The Members of the Corporation of Newcastle.
The Representatives of Foreign Powers.
Police.

During the procession round the Exhibition, the following programme of music was performed by the full orchestra and chorus :—

Hallelujah Chorus, from Beethoven's "Mount of Olives."
Hallelujah unto God's Almighty Son !
Praise the Lord, ye bright angelic choirs.
In holy songs of joy, Man, proclaim His grace and glory.
Hallelujah !

Selection from "The Creation," by Haydn. Soloists :—Soprano, Madame Tomsett ; tenor, Mr. D. Macdonald, of Durham Cathedral ; bass, Mr. J. Nutton, of Durham Cathedral.

Hallelujah Chorus from Handel's "Messiah."
Hallelujah : for the Lord Omnipotent reigneth.
The kingdom of this world has become the kingdom of Our Lord, and of his Christ ; that he shall reign for ever and ever.
King of Kings, and Lord of Lords. Hallelujah !

VIEWING THE GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS.

The route pursued by the Royal party in inspecting the the buildings and grounds was not quite that originally intended. The procession passed down the main aisle of the North Court and through the middle door into the outer gardens. His Royal Highness was first conducted over the Old Tyne Bridge, one of the main features of the outer grounds. He was much pleased with the structure, and examined the quaint erection in every detail. After examining the bridge the earthworks thrown up by the Newcastle Engineer Volunteers as well as the military bridges thrown by them across the lake engrossed the attention of the Commander-in-Chief and his suite for some time, his Royal Highness here also appearing very well satisfied with the part taken by the volunteers in the Newcastle Exhibition. Moving to the right, the party then proceeded down the main avenue of the Gardens, passing on the right the band stand and other erections, and on the left the model of Alnwick Castle, the Swiss Chalet, Lockhart's and Messrs. Gibson's refreshment rooms, &c. On reaching the bottom of the main avenue, the party passed along the outside of the north verandah to the entrance to the coal mine ; which the procession entered. Some time was spent here, his Royal Highness being deeply interested in the splendid model by which so accurate an idea of the general working of a colliery can be obtained. Emerging, the procession entered the lower door into the North Court, and crossing the main section, passed down the East Court, mainly devoted to the exhibition of furniture. Here the lavish fittings of the several of the stands in the main avenue were minutely inspected. The procession next passed out of the central door on the east side into the inner gardens, where Mr. Amers's band was playing a selection of music. The party passed along the square to the north-west corner by the door in which they again reached the North, or Main, Court. His Royal Highness had already, upon first entering the building, observed the unique collection of ordnance sent to the Exhibition by the famous Elswick firm of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co. The procession passed along the south aisle of the North Court, the beautiful engines by Messrs. Stephenson and Messrs. Black, Hawthorn, and Co. being regarded with interest. On reaching the top of the section, His Royal Highness and party turned into the West Court, and passed along the east aisle. The first exhibit in the court—that of Messrs. Bolckow, Vaughan, and Co., of Middlesbrough—engaged the attention of the party for some time. The heavy exhibits of Messrs. Harfield and Co., of Blaydon, and of Messrs. Walker, of Wigan, also arrested the progress of his Royal Highness. At the splendid stand of Mr. Andrew Reid, printer and lithographer, a halt of some minutes was made while the party examined the splendid collection of machinery got together on the stand. One of the Duke's *aides-de-camp* was struck with the machine on which the first issue of the *Chronicle* was being printed, One of the impressions was handed to him, with which he was much pleased, and said it should be handed to the Duke. Messrs. Tangyes' and other large stands in the court were also inspected with interest by his Royal Highness, and many queries were put to the Mayor with regard to their contents. Hurriedly passing through the South Court, the Commander-in-Chief was shown the Grace Darling Lifeboat, the splendid collection of carriages got together by Messrs. Angus and Co., Messrs. Atkinson and Philipson, as well as other exhibits of importance. The great interest shown by his Royal Highness in the contents of the exhibition must have been extremely gratifying to the promoters of the exhibition and those who accompanied him in his tour. The party having entered the Art Gallery, off the South Court, the Duke of Cambridge appeared to be surprised at the splendid and unique collection of pictures which had been got together. Mr. Chas. Mitchell, the chairman of the Fine Art Section, was enabled to give his Royal Highness every information on the subject of the exhibits in this beautiful feature of the Exhibition. The Commander-in-Chief spent considerable time in each of the rooms, and inspected, with evident pleasure, the most notable productions hung on the walls. The party having inspected the pictures passed out of the art gallery and made their way to the main entrance, by which they left the building.

OUTSIDE EXHIBITS.

Messrs. John Fowler and Co., Leeds, through their representative, Messrs. Cockburn Brothers, St. Nicholas' Buildings, show a compound locomotive fitted with crane, the latter worked independently, and capable of lifting from three to five tons. They also show two of their improved compound semi-fixed engines, with patent automatic expansion gear, and a narrow gauge locomotive for light narrow gauge railways. The Steel Company of Scotland exhibit near the engine house a taking display of patterns of the large steel castings they produce by the Siemens process. In close proximity splendid specimens of the world-famed Newcastle grindstones are exposed to view by Messrs. Robert Patterson and Sons, Newcastle; Messrs. Jessop, of Sheffield, show models of the stern, frame, and rudder of a ship, Messrs. John Brown and Co., of Sheffield, heavy specialities, Messrs. Thwaites Brothers, Bradford, a large cupola, and Messrs. Teasdale Brothers, Bank Top Ironworks, Darlington, have an immense display of lead mining plant at the west side of the lake. Davis and Sneade, millstone makers, Liverpool, at this part show their produce. A kiosk to resemble mottled soap is erected in these grounds by Messrs. Crosfield; and Nestlé's Swiss Milk Company are represented by a fine chalet, near the military bridges. At the bottom end of the ground, Messrs. Isaac Dixon and Co. Windsor Ironworks, Liverpool, have built an iron cottage, similar to the cottages and churches supplied by the firm; Henderson's patent mechanical stoker and self-cleaning furnace is seen at this part, together with a coal shooting screen by Messrs. Joseph Cook and Son, Washington, Durham. At others parts of the grounds water-tight wood roofing is shown by Mr. Little; steel castings by Messrs. John Spencer and Sons, Newburn; hot-houses, Messrs. Mackenzie and Moncur, Glasgow and Edinburgh; conservatory and heating appliances, Hardy and Co., Edinburgh; self-cleaning furnace, Redhead and Ingram, Sunderland; hot air stoves, &c., A. H. Smith, Bristol; wire work, W. E. Foggin and Co., Newcastle; model silver mines, E. Bone & Co., Gateshead; non-conducting papier-maché, S. T. Taylor and Sons, Newcastle; gas cookers, &c., R. and A. Main, Glasgow; gas stoves, &c., Charles Wilson and Sons, Leeds; ventilators, Æolus Waterspray and General Engineering Co., London; oven ranges, Walker and Sons, Newcastle; cooking stoves, &c., Arden Hill and Co., Birmingham; ovens, Crabtree Brothers, Leeds; petroleum engines, Sherlaw and Co., Birmingham, and Gill and Co., London; rock drills and machines, John Grey Cranston, Grey Street, Newcastle; stone-breakers, Askham Bros. and Wilson, Limited, Sheffield; brick refrigerator, &c., T. E. G. Marley, Workington; coal tunnelling machine, Stanley Bros., Nuneaton; patent briquette machine, Yeadon and Co., Leeds; diamond boring machine, Aqueous Works and Diamond Boring Co., Limited, London; domestic labour-saving machines, F. and C. Hancock, Dudley, Worcestershire; knitting machines, J. Forster, Preston; patent air compressor, Day and English, Bath; Archer's patent stone breaker, Dunston Engine Works; helical pump, J. A. Wade, Hull; model hospital, per R. Bucknall, Newcastle; the studio of the Loadon and Provincial Photographic Co. The Board of Trade show life-saving apparatus, and the Newcastle Corporation specimens of the town sewers.

Visitors, and especially those connected with building or manufacturing businesses, should not neglect before leaving the North Ground to inspect the articles shown under the North Verandah. The builder has in reality been at work here, and many tasteful structures are to be seen. The following firms are represented:—Messrs. Brooke and Sons, Huddersfield, an excellent assortment of fancy tiles, &c. Messrs. Smith, Patterson, and Co., Blaydon, have a grand display of metal goods, railway chairs, piping, grating, &c., together with a specimen of the large cylinders which this firm are manufacturing, and which are being used in the new Thames Tunnel, being made for underground railway purposes. The firm of the Bourtreehill, Dieghorn, Coal Company, Limited, Kilmarnock, have a stand representative of baths, troughs, and sanitary pipes; Messrs. Ramsay and Co., Swalwell, have erected a substantial arch of fire-bricks; and Messrs. Harriman, Newcastle, have built a beautiful glazed-brick wall about 21 feet by 9 feet. Lucas Brothers, of Dunston, have a fine assortment of fire-clay retorts, fire-bricks, and other goods. Messrs. William Stephenson and Sons, Throckley, exhibit retorts of a very heavy kind. Joseph Cowen and Co., Blaydon Burn, exhibit gas retorts, bricks, and other articles; and Mr. H. Forster, Backworth, has a similar display. Similar displays are made by Wm. Love, Ganister Fire-stone and Clays, Wolsingham; Robert Boyle and Son, Limited, London, ventilating and sanitary appliances; the "Eon" Ventilator Company, Bryson Street, Newcastle; Rimmington Bros., Newcastle, bricks, &c.; Lambton sanitary pipes, manufactured by the Earl of Durham; King, of Stourbridge, bricks, terra-cotta, &c.; North Bitchburn Coal Company, sanitary pipes, terra-cotta; Normanby Brick and Tile Company, Middlesbrough; Hannington and Co., Swalwell; Ferens and Love; Richard Kell and Co., Newcastle, grindstones; Ord and Maddison, Darlington, stones, &c.; Robert Robson, Wideopen Quarry, grindstones; W. B. Wilkinson and Co., Newcastle, a magnificently built display representing marble, plaster, tiles, &c.; John Dove and Co., Newcastle, baths, earthenware, &c.; T. Stapleton and Co., Northfleet, Kent, mill wheels, &c.; Strakers and Love, Newcastle, syphon and closet traps, &c.; Lowood and Co., Sheffield, silica bricks; Benson and Son, Newcastle, bricks, tiles, &c.; Lumley Brick Company, Fence Houses, glazed and white bricks, retorts, &c.; Carr and Sons, North Shields, terra-cotta, &c.; Walbottle Coal and Firebrick Company, Scotswood, coal, firebricks, &c.; Thubron and Co., Newcastle, sanitary pipes, &c.; Jameson and Sons, Huddersfield, bricks, chimney-pots; Silica Firebrick Company, Sheffield, Bonnybridge Silica Fireclay Company, and the Aluminia Brick Company, Sheffield, similar exhibits.

Messrs. W. E. Foggin and Co., Newcastle, are exhibiting in the North Gardens a large Rosary, one of the largest, in fact, designed and built in this part of the country. It consists of four arches, joined to each other by panels of trellis, over which climbing plants are being trained; a dome-shaped roof of wire, surmounted by a representation of a crown wrought in the same material. The firm also show other fine exhibits.

One of the most interesting of the exhibits in the North Gardens is that of ensilage-making, as exemplified by the Aylesbury Dairy Company, who are the sole licensees for Great Britain of the process patented by Mr. C. G. Johnson, of Oakwell Croft, for making it in the open air in stacks, instead as at first introduced in this country in pits or silos. It was at first intended to have shown the process very completely, but at this season of the year green grass or other forage is of course unattainable, and therefore straw has been resorted to, and a very neat stack put up to show the method of working.

PART IV.

THE EXHIBITION AND THE EXHIBITS.

Reprinted from "The Newcastle Daily Chronicle," of May 9 to 12, 1887.

THE NORTH COURT.

The North Court of the Exhibition is that along which the visitor looks immediately upon his passing the turnstiles of the partition that divides the entrance hall from the main building. It is the largest of the courts, being made up of one spacious arcade, thirty-five feet high, with a smaller avenue, thirty feet high, adjoining on each side, each of the three being 430 feet long and 50 feet wide. This court, moreover, contains those exhibits which are the most important, and which will probably be considered to be the most interesting. This, the first glimpse that is obtained of the interior of the Exhibition, is striking in the extreme. Above and on either side of the entrance gates are arranged trophies of swords, and helmets, and breast plates, which our forefathers used in battle many centuries ago, and which have been sent down from the Tower of London. The cold glitter of the armour is amply relieved by the brightness of the bunting and the flags, and Eastern carpets which Messrs. Coxon and Co., of Newcastle, have here set up. Looking down again, one sees more that is warlike, for the space immediately in front is occupied by an arsenal in miniature, in which are grouped numerous guns, great and small, some with their muzzles pointing grimly towards those who enter, and others presenting a complication of machinery which it is difficult for the uninitiated to comprehend. On either side repose huge locomotives in stately magnificence, with never a speck to sully the brightness of the enamel which encases them. In the centre towers the dovecot, wonderful on account of its massiveness and its intricate carving, which has been lent by the Prince of Wales. Near to it are more engines of destruction and of peace; besides monster marine boilers, and other productions of marine engineers; iron and steel in all their various stages of manufacture, giant castings and forgings, a bewildering display of wheels and tubes, metal manufactures, great blocks of coal, musical instruments, models, minerals, and photographs—indeed, a perfect forest of stands, in ebony and gold, on which are exhibited the work of numberless artisans employed in a hundred different crafts. Beyond all, and reaching up almost to the roof, one sees the grand organ, and beneath it the orchestra where the concerts will take place during the holding of the Exhibition. The prevailing tint in the North Court is green, a colour which has been objected to by some of the exhibitors on the ground that it absorbs much light, and does not set off the exhibits to so much advantage as a warmer colour might do. There may be something in this suggestion, but to the ordinary visitor, looking down the main avenue, the general effect is extremely pleasing.

THE BIG GUNS.

So much for generalities. The visitor who wishes to make a detailed inspection of the exhibits in the North Court, if he does it conscientiously, will find that the greater portion of a morning or afternoon has passed away before he has been able to accomplish his desire. Moreover, he will find sufficient to sustain his interest during the whole of the time which he devotes to the undertaking. At the entrance end of the court, on the right and left, are a couple of handsome pavilions, fashioned in ornamental ware-work by Messrs. Doulton, of Lambeth. They are real works of art, and are rendered additionally attractive by the circumstance that they are adorned with several local views, executed by the "special artist" of the firm. Between these two erections is a striking statue by Birch, called the "Last Trumpet Call," and just beyond is the space devoted to the exhibits of war weapons and their appliances shown by Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., of the Elswick Ordnance, Engineering, and Shipbuilding Works, Newcastle. The collection is unique, and in it are shown specimens of the principal weapons, if not of all, that are turned out in the vast works at Elswick. The most prominent of them is, beyond question, the monster 110-ton gun, which is here represented by a full-sized wooden model, the gun itself being too heavy to be transported on any rolley in existence. And yet, as the imitation weapon lies there, with its breech in a well, and its muzzle pointing obliquely towards the roof of the building, no one, ignorant of its material, would imagine for a moment that it was not the "real thing." The gun, of which this is a fac-simile, is the largest ever fashioned in this country, and is more powerful even than the larger weapons that have been made in Germany. It is just 44 feet long, and the diameter of its bore is 16½ inches. The actual weight of the real gun is 247,795 lbs., or about 1,400lbs over 110 tons. The weight of the projectile for the gun is 1,800 lbs., and it is fired by a charge of 960 lbs of powder. When the shot leaves the muzzle it is travelling at the rate of 2,123 feet per second, and it is able to penetrate nearly 34 inches into an armour plate. The mountings of the gun are of steel, and are necessarily very massive. Two of these great guns are to be placed on board the armour-clad Victoria, which was launched at Elswick a month ago. On that occasion Sir William Armstrong, contrasting the armour of the Victoria with that of Lord Nelson's ship, the Victory, said that the handling of these monsters to-day of was made practicable by means of the application of hydraulic power, and this is explained in the model under notice. The gun is loaded, elevated, and depressed by means of the pressure of water admitted to different parts of the machinery employed, and even the charge is sent home by a hydraulic ram. The gun, in its real form, is made entirely of steel. The inner tube is one piece, forming the foundation for the gun. The outer "rings" are wrought separately, and are placed, while hot, over the inner tube. Then, shrinking as they cool, they become firmly fixed over the bore, which is itself prevented from moving away from the breech by means of a bronze ring let in to the front of the breech piece. The cost of the 110-ton gun is about £34,000, and on every shot fired a sum of £188 is expended. Other smaller cannon are shown, but otherwise similar to the 110-ton gun. Next in interest is the rapid-firing gun, a species of weapon in which the Elswick firm has recently effected considerable improvements. The rapidity with which this gun can be fired is due to the fact that the projectile and shell are contained in one cartridge—pretty much as in a rifle cartridge—and that, by means of simple machinery, the weapon may be raised or lowered, or moved round, like a crane, with the greatest ease and quickness. The 50-pounder rapid-firing gun is made of steel, it is 14 feet 2½ inches in length, and its 30lb. shell is projected by 9lbs. of powder, the discharge being effected either by electricity or in the ordinary way. The carriage works on a pivot, and is protected by a shield of steel: and the gun itself is capable of firing ten rounds every minute. The penetrating power of the shell is very great, and the weapon is designed to be especially useful in case of an attack by torpedo boats. Much interest will, doubtless, be excited by the disappearing gun, which is shown on the left side of the Elswick firm's trophy, and whose object is to protect guns more completely than has previously been possible in coast defences. The gun is made to disappear from the view of the enemy by means of hydraulic power, in the simplest way imaginable. The "trunnions," or steel arms, that project on either side from the shoulders of the gun, are placed on the upper end of two elevators, which are pivoted at their other end on the front part of the carriage. Fixed to a cross-bar between the two elevators is the end of a ram, which works in a cylinder placed between the girders of the lower carriage. In this cylinder are two chambers, one containing water, and the other air. As the gun descends, the ram drives the water from one chamber into the other, where the air is compressed into a small compass. Then, after the gun has been loaded, a valve is opened, and the compressed air

drives the water back into its own chamber, the gun being thus raised into position for firing. The carriage itself revolves on a centre pivot, and is so constructed that the gun is capable of firing over a platform nine feet high. It is furnished with reflecting sights and steel elevating arcs. A small auxiliary pump is worked by the men, enabling the gun to be lowered in a few seconds from the firing to the loading position. By means of handwheels, the gun can be traversed a complete circle with facility. Beside these powerful weapons, the field and mountain guns and howitzers look like mere playthings, but they are, nevertheless, even more useful in certain kinds of warfare. An extremely neat-looking 12-pounder field gun is shown, whose weight is 7 cwts., and whose length is 7 feet 6 inches. The weight of the shell, when filled, is 12 lbs. 8 oz., the charge weighing 4½ lbs. Its neighbour is a 7-pounder mountain gun, which, for easy transport, is screwed together in two parts. Each half weighs only 200 lbs., and the carriages, ammunition, and gear are also easily portable. The total length of the gun is 5 feet 10½ inches; the shell weighs, when filled, 7 lbs. 6 oz., and the charge used is 1½ lbs. This gun is especially handy in hill warfare, when it can be carried, in its divided parts, by mules. A larger gun, firing a 25-lb. shell, is also exhibited, capable of being divided into three parts, each of 896 lbs., for transport by elephants. A field howitzer is shown, whose total length is 5 feet 10½ inches, and whose weight is 416 lbs. The shell weighs 15 lbs., and the charge 2½ lbs. In close proximity stands a specimen of the deadly Gatling, or machine gun, which can fire from 800 to 1,000 rounds a minute. There are ten barrels, grouped round a central spindle; and at the breech end is a "feed drum," holding 104 cartridges. A handle is turned, the cartridges are, with almost inconceivable rapidity, pushed into the barrels, fired and withdrawn. The destructive power of this weapon, when directed against the close ranks of an army, is very great; and it was used with terrible affect during the recent campaigns in Egypt.

THE PROJECTILES.

Of the projectiles from the foundry at Elswick, the largest is that used in the 110-ton gun; it is a 16¼-inch steel shell, weighing no less than 1,800 lbs. There are, besides, steel shells made for the purpose of penetrating the sides of armour-clads, common iron and steel shells for use against the unarmoured parts of war vessels, troops, earth works, &c., Shrapnel shell, and case shot. The different kinds of gun carriages and mountings will also be found interesting; while the development in the making of guns is demonstrated by the display, alongside the modern weapons, of Armstrong guns of an early make.

THE LOCOMOTIVES.

Turning from these destructive war-weapons, attention will be naturally given to those instruments of peace, the locomotives, which form a very prominent feature in the North Court. To the left, one sees giant engines under the signs of Robert Stephenson and Co., Newcastle, R. and W. Hawthorn, Forth Banks, Newcastle, and Messrs. Black, Hawthorn, and Co., Gateshead; while on the other side are the exhibits of the North-Eastern and Great Northern Railway Companies. The engine nearest the door, on the visitor's left as he looks down the court, is that which was built by Messrs. Robert Stephenson and Co., to the design of Mr. W. Adams, locomotive superintendent to the London and South-Western Railway, for the fast main line traffic between London and Exeter. Technically, it is called an "outside cylinder four wheels coupled bogie passenger express engine," and it is fitted with Adams's patent vortex blast pipe, which has been in use on the L. and S. W. Railway since August, 1885, and has effected great economy in the consumption of fuel. The tender carries 2,800 gallons of water and 3½ tons of coal, and the total weight of engine and tender is 78 tons. The same firm exhibit models of the early engines built by them, including "Locomotion No. 1" (1825); "The Rocket," built in 1829 for the Liverpool and Manchester Railway; and the "Invicta" (1830), for the Canterbury and Whitstable Railway. There are besides, numerous drawings of engines, early and modern that have been turned out by the firm; and a pair of Garrett's patent weighing tables, for weighing locomotives. The great engine is a handsome structure, and the polished steel rails that enclose it will doubtless be surrounded by crowds of admirers during the exhibition. In a line with Messrs. Stephenson's exhibit, Messrs. R. and W. Hawthorn, of the Forth Banks Department of Messrs. R. and W. Hawthorn, Leslie, and Co., show an engine that has been specially designed for an Australian railway, whose gauge is 3 feet 6 inches. It is capable of taking a load of 200 tons up an incline of 1 in 60, at a rate of 15 miles per hour, and its total weight, in working order, is 27½ tons, the maximum weight on any axle being 6 tons 13 cwt. The tender holds 1,200 gallons of water, and has 200 cubic feet of fuel space. The line for which the engine is intended passes through virgin soil, and the engine is fitted with a cow-catcher, a steam cattle alarm, a pump, an injector, and a water raiser for supplying the tender with water from wells by the side of the track. There is also a large head lamp fitted with an electric light of 800-candle power, able to illuminate the track for a quarter of a mile ahead, and driven by a Parson's high-speed motor of 2½ electric horse power. The engine is of steel, principally, and can be driven up to forty miles an hour. Beyond, much interest will be centred in the three locomotives exhibited by Messrs. Black, Hawthorn, and Co., Gateshead—two representing their standard type of tank locomotives, and a specimen of their compound surface condensing tramway engine. The larger of the two locomotives is made for use on branch lines, or at collieries and docks, and is provided with a patent axle for sharp curves. The water tank, holding 700 gallons, is placed near the boiler, with the coal bunker behind; and the driver's cab is large and roomy, affording him excellent protection from the weather when it is inclement, and allowing him, at the same time, to keep a good look-out ahead. In working order, the engine weighs 26 tons, and, in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee, it has been named "Victoria." It is neatly painted in blue, and is altogether a handsome piece of mechanism. The second locomotive is a four-wheeler, and is meant for use on light railways at mines, coke ovens, steel works, and the like. It weighs only some 5½ tons, but it is very compact and complete in all its details. The engine bears the euphonistic name of "Yum-Yum," and is prettily painted on a black ground. The tramway engine, shown by the same firm, has been working on the Gateshead tramways, where it has run more than 1,600 miles, drawing a load averaging about 9 tons. Its weight is 10½ tons, and its consumption of coal is exceedingly small. Our great local railway company — the North-Eastern — have spared no pains in making an attractive show in the space allotted to them on the right of the main court. Their chief exhibit is a four-wheel coupled express compound passenger engine, with tender complete, which was designed by Mr. T. W. Worsdell, locomotive superintendent of the company, and built at the company's works at Gateshead, for the main line express passenger service between York and Edinburgh, where it has been running for three months with successful results. This locomotive, which, with its tender, weighs 75 tons, was drawn to the Exhibition by a team of 58 horses. The large wheels are 6 feet 8 inches in diameter, and the smaller ones 4 feet 6 inches; the tender carries 2,500 gallons of water and 5 tons of coal, sufficient to run an express from Newcastle to Edinburgh and back. The Worsdell and Von Borries system, on which the engine is constructed, effects a great saving in fuel, for the high pressure steam from the boiler passes through two cylinders before its force is exhausted, double work being thus got out of it. As to speed, 75 miles an hour have been covered by the engine, which, by the way, is the first of its class built on the banks of the Tyne. This company exhibits, also, a magnificent six-wheeled saloon carriage, made by themselves at York. This carriage is 34 feet in length, and weighs 15 tons. Its appurtenances are most luxurious. The entrance lobby is richly decorated; there are handsome walnut panels on each side, relieved by light polished woodwork, and the roof, which is arched, is also prettily ornamented. Inside are the most seductive easy chairs and couches, all splendidly upholstered; the floor is covered by a costly carpet, and the sides are lined with mirrors. Besides other conveniences, there is a neat lavatory. The carriage represents to the mind of

the visitor the perfection of railway-travelling. The company show, besides, a steel crank axle, and numerous drawings of compound passenger and goods engines for their lines, on Worsdell and Borries' system. The Great Northern Railway Company is represented by an express passenger engine and tender, designed by Mr. Patrick Stirling, and built in the company's works at Doncaster. This engine, without a tender, weighs 47 tons, and its driving wheel is 8 feet across. The cylinders are 18 inches, and the stroke 28 inches. Its boiler is 11 feet 5 inches long, and 4 feet 2 inches in diameter; the wheel base is 22 feet 11 inches; the heating surface is 1,043 square feet; and the tank holds 2,900 gallons of water, the fuel carried being 4 tons of coal. These figures are given in detail in order that the huge engine may be the better compared with the the ancient "Locomotion No. 1" which has been placed alongside of it by the North-Eastern Railway Company. This engine was used in 1825 on the Stockton and Darlington Railway, which was the first public railway in England; and it has a quaint, old-world look beside its representatives of to-day. The cylinder of George Stephenson's engine is a vertical one, and is 10 inches in diameter, with a stroke of 24 inches. The horse power was 16, and its speed per hour was eight miles. The length of the boiler is 10 feet and its diameter 4 feet. The heating surface was 60 square feet, and the total weight of the engine is 6½ tons. There are four wheels, each 4 feet across, and the total wheel base is 5 feet 4 inches. The square tank will hold 240 gallons of water, and there is room for a ton and a half of coal. To the ordinary spectator, looking at the two engines, the wonderful development since the birth of railways is apparent, but the figures that have been quoted will enable him to grasp more completely the actual advance that has been effected. In connexion with rolling stock, Mr. F. W. Mildred, of Middlesbrough, exhibits his patent apparatus for coupling and uncoupling railway waggons without the necessity, danger, and inconvenience of getting inside the trucks. An apparatus for effecting the same purpose is exhibited by Mr. F. Leddicoat, of Gateshead.

MARINE ENGINEERING.

Proceeding up the main arcade, one comes, just beyond the Armstrong exhibits, into the domain of marine engineering—a very attractive section to ordinary sightseers, who are enabled to inspect closely the boilers and engines that drive our modern steamships through the water. On the right is the space occupied by the exhibits of Messrs. R. and W. Hawthorn, Leslie, and Co., of St. Peter's, Newcastle. Chief among these is a triple expansion engine, No. 2,076, of the kind fitted into torpedo cruisers, combining the maximum of power with the minimun of weight. The cylinders are respectively 20, 27, and 40 inches in diameter, with a stroke of 18 inches; the indicated horse power developed being 1,800, with a steam pressure of 160lbs to the square inch. The engine is beautifully finished, and is certain to be greatly admired. The "next door neighbour" of the St. Peter's firm is Mr. Thomas Adams, of Manchester, who has a comprehensive display of spring safety valves for all kinds of boilers, besides spiral springs made by special machinery, and pumps of various kinds. To the left is a huge marine boiler manufactured by the Wallsend Slipway and Engineering Company. This is of the multitubular type, fired at one end, and is intended to illustrate the latest advance in the design and construction of marine boilers for the supply of steam to triple expansion engines. The outside diameter of this massive structure is fourteen and a half feet, its length over all being 11ft. 2in. It has three corrugated furnaces, each opening into a separate combustion chamber; its working pressure is 150lbs., its heating surface 2,200 square feet, and it is capable of developing 800 indicated horse-power. The boiler is constructed wholly of steel, manufactured on the Siemens-Martin process by the Steel Company of Scotland. The noticeable largeness of the plates is for the purpose of removing, as far as can be, all longitudinal seams from the bottom. Each of the four plates composing the boiler weighs 62 cwts. The holes are all drilled by the use of special machinery, and the bending into shape of the plates is accomplished by hydraulic presses, on Tweddell's system. Hydraulic power has also accomplished the riveting, and, indeed, in the whole structure hand work is reduced to a minimum. The total weight of the boiler is forty tons. Alongside the boiler is shown a working model of a device patented by Mr. Fraser, of Liverpool, for preventing the "racking" strains which are set up in a structure of such large diameter, owing to the variable temperature between the top and bottom of the boiler. The Slipway Company show also a beautiful little model, worked by electricity, of a pair of compound engines as fitted by them on board the steamers Mameluke and Nedjed, belonging to the Bedouin Steam Navigation Company, of Liverpool, to whom the model belongs; and there is, in addition, a stand of photographs illustrating the progress from the compound engines to the triple expansion engines of latest design. The company have two very large slipways capable of accommodating vessels of very large tonnage, and photographs are shown of the slipways and of some cases of heavy repairs that have been effected upon them. Altogether the exhibit is an admirable illustration of the marine industry as it is carried on along the banks of the river. Opposite to the large boiler is a beautifully decorated stand in the form of the ladies' cabin of a steamer, on which Messrs. Wigham Richardson and Co., of Low Walker and Wallsend, show a number of models of ships, engines, &c. The artistically finished panels that line the stand are by Messrs. Godfrey Giles and Co., Lincrusta decorators, of Park Street, London, W. Near at hand is a neatly constructed surface condensing screw engine, of 23 horse-power, exhibited by Messrs. Baird and Barnsley, of North Shields.

THE DOVE-COT.

Here the visitor comes upon a walk crossing the main court, and running from the North Grounds to the inner quadrangle. In the centre of this is placed the lofty carved pigeon house lent by the Prince of Wales. This is a marvellous piece of workmanship, but the general impression will probably be that it is somewhat out of place, for it obstructs to a great extent the view along the court, and dwarfs the exhibits that are near to it.

METAL MANUFACTURES.

Passing the dovecot, the visitor comes upon a section in which the different stages of iron and steel manufacture are illustrated, from the raw ore to the highly-finished articles of all kinds—tools, and wheels, tubes, chains, springs, axles, anchors, hoops, bars, and castings and forgings of all sorts and sizes. Some of these are in the main arcade, and others are in the smaller avenues that run on either side; but their nature and extent will probably be most conveniently grasped if they are noticed together. In order that the manufacture of the metal itself may be the more readily explained, attention may be directed at once to the exhibit of Messrs. Bell Brothers, of Middlesbrough, in the extreme left avenue, where the process of manufacturing a ton of metal from the Cleveland stone is fully and clearly illustrated. There is, in the first place, a block of ironstone measuring 10½ feet by 2 feet 2 inches, from the Skelton Park mine, and weighing 66½ cwts. The fuel used in the furnace is shown in the shape of sections of the Busty and Brockwell seams from South Brancepeth and Tursdale Collieries, weighing together 37½ cwts., this being the quantity of raw fuel required for the making of the block of coke, weighing 22½ cwts. —the quantity to be used in the blast furnace. A piece of limestone, weighing 11 cwts., from Messrs. Bell Brothers' quarries at Stanhope, represents the flux. Before being put into the furnace, the ironstone is roasted in order to expel the moisture and carbonic acid, and in this process it changes its colour from green to red, and loses about a quarter of its weight. In addition to the various matters put into the top of the furnace, a quantity of air, measuring, at ordinary atmospheric pressure, 165,000 cubic feet, and weighing 104 cwts., after being heated by the waste gases resulting from the combustion of the fuel to a temperature of 1,000 degrees, is blown into the furnace, and the result is to produce a ton of pig iron. The block shown by Messrs Bell Brothers is split, to show the fracture; and a portion of it is planed, showing the finished surface of the iron. It will be noticed that the

materials that go into the furnace include 104 cwts. of air, 47 cwts. of roasted ironstone, 22 cwts of fuel, and 11 cwts. of flux; the result being 139 cwts. of gases, 20 cwts of iron, and 25 cwts. of slag. A piece of slag weighing 25 cwts. is shown. Such a comprehensive exhibit cannot fail to be interesting. At the left hand corner beyond the dovecot, Messrs. Ridley and Co., of the Swalwell Steel Works, show steel castings for engines, guns, hydraulic works, &c., and forgings for paddle wheels. Attention is particularly directed to an improved feathering wheel; and the exhibit is completed by a good show of steel tools. The space beyond is occupied by Messrs. Hawks, Crawshay, and Sons, of the Gateshead Iron Works, with moorings chains, patent anchors, iron cables, models of a lighthouse, a screw pile pier, dredgers, &c. There is also an interesting model of one span of the High Level Bridge, and the firm show, besides, their account books for nearly 130 years back. To the right, the Farnley Iron Company, of Leeds, display their patent boiler flue, whose spiral corrugations aid combustion, and are calculated to resist collapse. On the adjoining stand, Messrs. John Spencer, of the Newburn Steel Works, Newcastle, have brought together an interesting variety of their products, among which may be mentioned their steel castings for ordnance, railway, marine, and hydraulic work, and for general engineering. There are also steel forgings and specimens of the "Newburn homogeneous iron." Just above this stand, Messrs. Charles Cammell and Co., of the Cyclops Works, Sheffield, show sundry heavy steel manufactures. Immediately opposite, the Darlington Forge Company have a really excellent show of crank shafts, wrought iron and steel axles, engine tender and truck wheels, a wrought iron guide ram, and other forgings. The stand next to it is likely to prove an attractive one. Upon it Messrs. Brown and Co., Limited, of Sheffield, display, through their Newcastle representatives — Messrs. Allen and Robson, of the Side—a piece of armour-plate, similar to that used in the construction of the armour-clad Victoria, at Elswick, and the belted cruisers Orlando and Undaunted at Jarrow. There are also two large propeller blades, one 6¾ tons and the other 4½ tons; a steel boiler plate (the largest ever rolled) containing 200 superficial feet and weighing over three tons; a large steel hoop, numerous tyres, wheels, &c. There is, too, a "Brown's ribbed flue," which, it is claimed, combines the advantages of the longitudinal strength of plain flues with the great resistance to collapse under pressure obtained by the corrugated flues. The experiments that have already been made with the flue have proved very successful. To the left, beneath the shadow of Black, Hawthorn, and Co.'s engines, Messrs. J. and F. Howard, of Bedford, show patent steel sleepers for railways. Across the transept, the Darlington Steel and Iron Company have their stand, upon which are placed sections of steel and iron rails, sleepers, bars, &c., and illustrations are also given of the systems used in joining rails together on permanent ways. Opposite is the exhibit of the North-Eastern Steel Company, Middlesbrough, where the basic Bessemer process of steel manufacture is amply illustrated by the display of materials and specimens of the steel and slag. Next door, Messrs. Samuel Tysack and Co., of Sunderland, show specimens of iron and steel in their manufactured form. Opposite, Messrs. John Rogerson and Company, Darlington, have a stand on which they exhibit steel castings and forgings for various purposes, together with apparatus for boring, recessing, screw-cutting, drilling, sawing, and cutting out defective boiler tubes. The Weardale Iron and Coal Company, Limited, of the Tudhoe Iron and Steel Works, Spennymoor, have on their stand samples of the Weardale ores, limestone, coke, &c., and specimens of the finished iron and steel manufactured in numerous forms. Directly opposite, Messrs. Taylor Brothers and Co., of the Clarence Iron and Steel Works, Leeds, have samples of the best Yorkshire iron made into cranks, axles, tyres, boiler plates, angles, &c., as well as steel castings and forgings. Close to is the stand of the Consett Iron Company, Limited, with specimens on it of iron and steel plates, fuel, &c., besides numerous interesting photographs. Messrs. Chadburn and Son, of Liverpool, and Messrs. Watson, Laidlaw, and Co., of Glasgow, exhibit various iron and steel manufactures. Steel and wire manufactures are exposed by Messrs. J. Shipman and Co., Sheffield; and, on the opposite ground, is an extensive exhibit by Messrs. Snowball and Co., of the Crown Buildings, Side, Newcastle, comprising patent rolled shafting in iron and steel, couplings, forgings, axles, and bar iron, by the Kirkstall Forge Company. On a second section of the stand, Rodgers's wrought iron split pulleys are shown, as manufactured by Messrs. Hudswell, Clarke, and Co., of Leeds; a third section contains specimens of their sheet iron made at the works of the Don Iron and Steel Company, Limited, Jarrow; while a fourth is filled up with a collection of various kinds of shaft bearings, pedestals, brackets, flanged couplings, &c., all of excellent workmanship. On the adjacent floor space are placed several wheels turned out by Messrs. Perkins, Son, and Barrett, Bradford, Yorkshire. Messrs. Stevenson and Jacques, of Middlesbrough, have set up an exceedingly attractive stand, in which are artistically arranged specimens of iron ore, fuel, and other elements used in the production of Cleveland pig iron, specimens of castings made at their Acklam workshops; and also, on behalf of the Framwellgate Coal and Coke Company, samples of their gas and bunker coals, and coke for blast furnace and foundry purposes. At the top of the left avenue, Messrs. Seebohm and Dieckstahl, of Sheffield, display specimens of Swedish bar iron and steel, tools, and springs. In the other avenue, on the right of the main arcade, Messrs. Askham Brothers and Wilson, Sheffield, have a large stand for steel goods. In a handsome show case a little further down, the Barrow Hæmatite Steel Company, Limited, display ores and fuel and flux, and steel fashioned into the most beautiful and fantastic shapes imaginable. The Leeds Forge Company have an extensive exhibit, including machine-rolled corrugated steel boiler furnace flues, steel plates for boiler purposes, flanged frame plates for rolling stock, &c. Other exhibits, in the way of iron ores, iron and steel, manufactured iron and steel goods, forgings and castings, and the like, are shown by Messrs. John Bilsland and Co., Glasgow; Palmer's Shipbuilding and Iron Company, Jarrow; Wallace, Stout, and Co., Guildhall Chambers, Newcastle; Messrs. George and James Bell, Edinburgh; the Patent Nut and Bolt Co., London Works, Birmingham; William Penman, Gateshead; R. S. Bagnall and Sons, Winlaton; the Winlaton Nut and Bolt Company, Limited; Th. Nordenfelt, London; Wasteneys Smith, Newcastle (anchors), and others. It would be difficult to conceive a more extensive or a more complete exhibition of iron and steel manufacture than all these different displays represent. Makers of metal tubes and pipes congregate in considerable numbers in the North Court. Near the top of the main arcade, the Anchor Tube Company, of Birmingham, have a stand of marine, locomotive, and stationary boiler tubes, gas, steam, and water tubes and fittings. Near to this, Messrs. Crewdson, Hardy, and Co., of the Yorkshire Tube Works, Middlesbrough, have a similar exhibit; and, on the right, there is a large and comprehensive exhibit of tubes and metal by Elliott's Metal Company, Limited, Selby Oak Works, Birmingham. Huge turned and bored socket and spigot pipes, hydraulic pipes, pumptrees, joints, &c., are shown in the right avenue by Messrs. Cochrane, Grove, and Co., Middlesbrough; and, on the other side of the main arcade, there is an excellent exhibit by the Credenda Cold-drawn Seamless Steel Tube Company, Birmingham. In the same avenue, Mr. Richard Oliver Heslop shows tubes of all kinds, as well as brass and copper sheets, wire for various purposes, pulleys, shaftings, couplings, &c. Tubes of excellent workmanship are shown also by Messrs. David Richmond and Co., Govan and Glasgow, in the left avenue. Messrs. Allen Everitt and Sons, of Birmingham, contribute a capital collection of tubes, as well as brass and copper sheets, wire, rods, &c.

THE "CHRONICLE" STAND.

Near the top of the main avenue, a little to the right, is the office of the Newcastle *Daily, Evening, Weekly,* and *Monthly Chronicles.* It is an elegantly-designed stand, in black and gold, and there is a counter where, during the Exhibition, copies of all the editions of each of the publications will be on sale, and where advertisements will be received. On each side of the neat frame which

surmounts the stand are placed specimen sheets of all the issues, including a fac-simile of the original *Chronicle*, published in 1764. Copies of this reproduction will also be on sale. The "Jubilee Chronicle," which is a reprint, in handy form, of this supplement, may also be had here.

PAINTS, OILS, &c.

The paint, oil, and varnish manufacturers are strongly represented in the right-hand corner at the top of the North Court. Here are the stands occupied by Messrs. John Ismay and Son, Groat Market, Newcastle; Messrs. Mawson, Clark, and Co., Mosley Street and Heaton, Newcastle; Mr. G. Frater, Pilgrim Street, Newcastle; Messrs. John Greene and Sons, Gateshead; Mr. E. T. Shields, Sunderland; Mr. James Arnott, Newcastle; The Dee Oil Company, Chester; Crichton's Oil House, Newcastle; the Tyne Paint Company, Newcastle; Messrs. R. Henzell and Co., Close, Newcastle; Barton, Parr, and Co., Newcastle; Messrs. Englebert and Co., London; Price's Patent Candle Company, Battersea, London; Messrs. W. H. Holmes and Sons, Newcastle; Messrs. E. Wilkie and Co., London; Messrs. W. F. Mather and Co., Newcastle; Messrs. A. B. Fleming and Co., Edinburgh. Anti-fouling compositions are shown by Mr. J. A. Ryrie, Wallsend; Messrs. Hartmann, Newman, and Co., Newcastle; and M. Holzapfel and Co., Newcastle. On a brightly-decorated stand are exhibits of the "Sunlight" soap, by Messrs. Lever Brothers, Warrington; sanitary soap powder is shown by Messrs. F. J. Harrison and Co., Leicester; and hard and soft soaps are exhibited by Messrs. A. Ogston and Sons, Aberdeen. In the same corner, Messrs. MacNicoll and Co., Glasgow, show a patent self-housing arrangement for anchors, &c.; the Newcastle and Gateshead Gas Company exhibit samples of products arising from the distillation of coal for gas manufacture; Mr. A. S. Barnfather has a stand for specimens of British and foreign herbs and roots, &c.; Messrs. G. Davidson and Co,, Gateshead, exhibit flint and coloured glass ware; and Messrs. Poole and Alexander, Edinburgh, show articles connected with the toilet. Toilet exhibits are displayed also by Mr. Jas. Dellow and Mr. J. B. Donnell, Newcastle. In the same neighbourhood are exhibits by G. J. Hewlett and Sons, export druggists, London; "Maignen's Filtre Rapide," London; and specimens of antimony ore from the Tapada Mine, Lisbon, shown by Mr. Emanuel, of London.

MUSICAL EXHIBITS.

The musical exhibits have been grouped, very appropriately, in the neighbourhood of the organ aud orchestra. Concerning the organ itself, this has been erected by Messrs. Lewis and Co., Limited, of London, at the expense of Mr. Charles Mitchell, of Jesmond Towers, and it will ultimately be placed in the new church of St. George at Jesmond, the gift of the same gentleman. Its principal specifications are:—Choir organ, CC to A, 58 notes; great organ, CC to A, 58 notes; swell organ, CC to A, 58 notes; pedal organ, CCC to F, 30 notes. There are five couplers. The instrument has already been played upon, and its tone is sweet and powerful. On a handsome and substantial stand in the right avenue, Messrs. A. Hirschmann and Co., Pilgrim Street, Newcastle, have placed three cottage pianos, specially made in Berlin for this Exhibition; two concert grand pianos, and a Technicon, which is an apparatus for developing technique more effectively than the piano. Messrs. Waddington and Sons, of York, exhibit several highly finished rosewood and walnut pianos; and a similar exhibition is contributed by Messrs. E. Bishop and Sons. London. Messrs. Woods and Co., of 152, Westgate Road, Newcastle, have a capital collection of brass, wood, and percussion instruments used in military and brass bands; and, in a handsome case opposite, Messrs. R. J. Ward and Sons, of Liverpool, exhibit a number of beautifully made instruments of several kinds.

WIRE ROPES, &c.

In the North Court, also, the rope industry is strongly represented. To the extreme left, Messrs. Joseph Crawhall and Sons, Newcastle, show a flat plough steel rope, 480 yards long, 3 inches wide, and $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch thick, whose working load is 6 tons and breaking strain 60 tons. There are also two steel hawsers and samples of brattice cloth, and a case with various other samples of ropes. Messrs. Dunn, Humble, and Co., of Newcastle, also have a good display of ropes and hawsers. Below is a neatly-arranged trophy by Messrs. Haggie Brothers, of Sunderland, made up of round and flat wire ropes and hawsers. Below this is an artistic pyramid of polished wood, relieved by specimens of wire rope and hawsers, manufactured by George Cradock and Co., of Wakefield. Messrs. Dixon, Corbett, and Co., and R. S. Newall and Co., of Gateshead, have also a neat and effective stand, showing sections of untwisted ropes for mines, ships, &c.; and there are similar exhibits by Messrs. R. Hood Haggie and Son, of the Willington Hemp and Wire Rope Works. On the left, against the wall, is Nesbitt's patent gear for detaching ships' boats in an easy and rapid way. To the right is a complete exhibit of the Ashbury Railway and Car Company, Manchester, including a handsome reversible tram-car, to be drawn by two horses, and to carry 40 passengers—17 inside and 23 outside. There is also an iron tipping waggon, a hopper waggon, and railway carriage and tram wheels. Near to this stand, a small but interesting stand is shown by Messrs. Harrison Ainslie and Co., of Liverpool, containing Lancashire ore and pig iron. On the other side of the cross aisle, the Phosphor Bronze Company have some beautiful articles, including a propeller in Phosphor bronze. On the right, just before the N.E.R. exhibit, is a monster crank shaft, built for a triple-expansion marine engine by Mr. John Dickinson, Sunderland. On the left, Messrs. Douglass Brothers, Limited, of the Globe Ironworks, Blaydon-on-Tyne, have an interesting collection of exhibits in manufactured iron. These include the model of an iron roof for engine and boiler shops of neat design; the Rockliffe patent doors for ships' deckhouses and galleys, now extensively used; Douglass's patent furnace fronts for marine boilers, as well as an improved front arranged with air chamber for a sufficient supply of hot air, in order practically to obtain complete combustion, thus effecting a very considerable saving in fuel. An improved smith's hearth is also shown complete with tuyers, and it is a good forge. There are, besides, various specimens of shoes, a capital display of smiths' work, slips for wire rigging, block bindings for internal bound blocks, Douglass's mode of patent coupling, &c. Below, Messrs. Scriven and Co., of Leeds, exhibit machines for planing iron and steel angles and bars, for cutting circular holes in metal plates by hand power, &c., with numerous photographs. Messrs. Nicholson and Co., of Hebburn, show parts of a boiler. Behind, Messrs, Smith Brothers and Co., of Nottingham, have an attractive show of lubricators, steam whistles, gauges, &c.; and, on the adjoining stand, Messrs. Smith and Stephens, of Sunderland, display their patent interchangeable chain wheel. On the left of the North-Eastern Railway exhibit, Messrs. S. Thompson and Son, coal boring machine makers, Backworth, exhibit a specimen of their work; and, close to it, Messrs. Bickford, Smith, and Co., of Cornwall and Lancashire, display safety and instantaneous fuses and igniters for blasting coal and stone. A similar display is made by the Compressed Lime Cartridge Company, who illustrate the system of coal getting as it is in use at Shipley Collieries, Derby. Here Mr. Edward Clennett, of West Hartlepool, has placed a model of his improved apparatus for raising and lowering carriage windows—a system which dispenses with straps, and which offers numerous advantages over the old method of moving carriage windows.

NAVAL ARCHITECTURE.

Passing the stand of Messrs. R. B. Charlton and Co., of the Manors, and S. Smith and Sons, Nottingham, the visitor finds himself in the region of naval architecture, initiated by two marvellously beautiful models, sent by Messrs. James and George Thompson, of Clydebank. One is a miniature of H.M. cruiser Scout, of 1,200 tons displacement, 3,500 horse-power, and 17 knots an hour speed; and the second is a model of the s.s. America, a mail and passenger boat between Liverpool and New York, with a speed of 19 knots an hour. Below there are some lovely models of war vessels and steamships from Messrs. Palmer and Company's shipbuilding yard at Jarrow, and others from the yard of Messrs. C. S. Swan and Hunter at Wallsend. Sir W. G. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., of

Elswick, contribute models of numerous ships turned out both at Low Walker and at Elswick, including a handsome model of H.M. armour-clad Victoria, now in course of construction. Messrs. Schlesinger, Davis, and Co., of Wallsend, also exhibit several models. Some very fine models are also exhibited by Messrs. Robert Thompson and Sons, of Sunderland, including miniatures of the sailing ship Bhotan, the s.s. Sumida, and the cable ship Citta di Milan. A large number of models are exhibited by the Italian Government, through Mr. H. F. Swan, Newcastle; and others are shown by the Trinity House, London; Mr. J. H. Ritchie, Edinburgh; the Sunderland Shipbuilding Company, Limited; Messrs. J. L. Thompson and Sons, Sunderland; Messrs. W. Milburn and Co., Newcastle; Messrs. Raylton Dixon and Co., Middlesbrough; Messrs. W. Dobson and Co., Low Walker; Messrs. S. and H. Morton and Co., Leith, and others. In the bottom corner of this avenue Messrs. Sample and Ward, of Blyth, have on exhibition an exceedingly simple and effective method of picking up and detaching ships' boats in heavy seas, dispensing with tackle fall, hooks, and rings. Here, also, are exhibits by Mr. R. J. Turk, boatbuilder, Kingston-on-Thames; T. G. Tagg and Son, Island Launch Works, East Molesley, Surrey; William Mills, Southwick, Sunderland, patent boat-lowering gear; Mrs. A. M. Wood, Westminster, lifeboat models; Capito and Hardt, London, the "Rung" pneumatic speed indicator; R. Irvine and Co., West Hartlepool, photographs; and George Thwaites, Stockton, side-light cutting machine aud cork-drawing machine. Crossing again the main arcade, the visitor enters the left avenue that runs at a right angle with the East Court. Here, at the corner, is an upright stand with a neat display of sword cutlery by Messrs. Noble and Son, of Birmingham. Above it, hardened steel safes, designed to resist fire or to defeat the evil intentions of burglars, together with bolts, locks, &c., are shown by Messrs. Chubb and Son, of London and other places. Beyond it, on the same side, there are instruments and materials useful alike in peace and in war. The Nobel Explosive Company, of Glasgow, through Mr. F. H. Edwards, of Newcastle, show detonators and fuses, gelatine-water cartridges for use in mines, &c. Mr. W. R. Pape, gun maker, of Newcastle, has the adjoining stand, on which he has placed an interesting collection of guns, rifles, and revolvers; and next to Mr. Pape are Messrs. John Hall and Son, of London and Faversham, with cunningly-designed imitations of all kinds of gunpowder, and a number of empty cases and canisters. The Newcastle Chilled Shot Company and Messrs. Armstrong and Co., gun makers, Neville Street, Newcastle, also have exhibits adjoining. Messrs. Head, Wrightson, and Co., of Stockton-on-Tees, are represented by an exhibit of considerable interest, including a model fashioned in type metal of a portion of a bridge over the river Sutlej, on the Indus Valley Railway; and a model of a bridge over the river Ibicuy, on the Brazil Great Southern Railway system. Hydraulic screwing gear, a hydraulic drop for lowering waggons at blast furnaces, a blast furnace charging apparatus, and a hydraulic centre crane for steel plant are also described. After this firm, Messrs. William Simons and Co., of Renfrew, Scotland, exhibit several interesting models, chiefly in respect of improved dredge plant. There is a model of a combined hopper and dredger, the invention of this firm—a vessel into whose hull the dredgings are deposited, and then conveyed to the place of discharge. The dredger is capable of carrying 1,500 tons of spoil, dredging to 40 feet, and raising the enormous quantity of 500 tons per hour. Its speed under steam is nine knots an hour. The vessel can be fitted with side shoots, to fill barges and punts; and, if fitted with the patent traversing bucket ladder, can cut its own flotation. No fewer than twenty-seven vessels of this type have been built by Messrs. Simons, and its advantages over the old form of dredger are apparent to anyone. Another model is that of a ferry steamer, with a platform that can be elevated or lowered, whereby passengers, vehicles, or horses can be embarked without difficulty, irrespective of tide, rendering floating slips unnecessary. This firm show also a number of photographs, illustrative of the types of vessels built by them, including a picture of a powerful hopper-dredger recently made for the Bristol Corporation, having two propellers behind and two at the bow, driven by two sets of triple expansion engines; and with three rudders, by which it may be manœuvred easily and promptly. A series of most interesting models is shown by the Clyde Navigation—a body corresponding with the Tyne Commissioners—including models of a quay wall on concrete cylinders, a single and double ladder dredgers, a dredging plough, spoon a gas-lit buoy, a horse and cart steam ferry, and several excavators. In a partitioned recess is a considerable amount of wall space occupied by "Lloyd's," who display a variety of models illustrating the development of ships during the last 120 years. There are also models of the earliest marine engines, including the original engine of the steamer "Comet," the first vessel propelled by steam, in 1872. In this recess, also, Messrs. Clark and Standfield, of London, show two or three models of docks, and Mr. E. C. Greenway Thomas, of London, exhibits his breakwater—an ingenious contrivance for sheltering harbours from the stormy weather, illustrating his invention by means of highly original drawings and models. In close proximity, the River Tyne Commissioners show a beautiful model of part of the harbour, showing the High Level Bridge, with, beneath it, a working model of the Swing Bridge. The Commissioners show also working models of the mammoth cranes in use at the North and South Piers at the mouth of the river, besides a model of Shields harbour and entrance to the River Tyne, and other models. The River Wear Commissioners, too, exhibit an interesting collection of models, chief among which is a working model of a 50-ton radial crane for setting 45-ton concrete blocks, faced with red granite, at the Roker Pier, Sunderland, constructed from designs by Mr. H. H. Wake, C.E. There are models also of a dredger, hopper barge, and a screw steam barge. The Wear Commissioners have, in another portion of the court, a model of the Sunderland Docks, also from the plans of Mr. Wake. A neatly-made model is also shown of the Wallsend Pontoon Dock, which is 300 feet long and 70 feet wide, and capable of lifting vessels of 3000 tons weight.

CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES.

Further up the court, the chemical industries of Tyneside are represented upon a handsome stand, the result of the combined efforts of the Newcastle Chemical Company, Gateshead; Charles Tennant and Partners, Limited, Jno., Geo., and W. H. Richardson, Jarrow, and the Jarrow Chemical Company. There are samples shown of manganese, pyrites, nitrate of soda, soda, Durham and Northumberland coal, Durham salt, Durham limestone, caustic soda, chalk, and soda crystals. The whole is surmounted by a model, in soda crystals, of the Old Castle; and when the electric light is reflected upon it at night, it may be expected that the effect will be brilliant and striking. In the far corner, the St. Bede Chemical Company, Newcastle, have an attractive display of potash, baryta, soda crystals, sulphates of copper, iron, soda, &c., soda ash, copper precipitate, and numerous other chemicals; and Messrs. Bell Bros., of Middlesbrough, supply examples of Teesside salt, as well as of the process of manufacturing ammonia alkali by the Schloesing process, and of the manufacture of barium hydrate. The Washington Chemical Company also show several specimens of their products. Lead, in the ore and in its manufactured form, is shown by Messrs. Bewick and Partners, Hebburn; John Warwick, Newcastle; Messrs. Foster, Blackett, and Wilson, Newcastle; Jonathan Rutherford, Newcastle; Messrs. Fowler and Co., Great Placentia, Newfoundland; J. A. Jobling, Newcastle; and Messrs. Walker, Parker and Co., Newcastle.

COLLIERY APPLIANCES, &c.

Towards the end of the left avenue are sundry stands, including one of which Messrs. Dunford Brothers, of Newcastle, show their patent automatic greasing apparatus for lubricating coal tubs, together with miners' tools, and hardware goods. The Hodbarrow Mining Company, Cumberland, have also an attractive stand here; and the Isle of Man Mining Company show specimens of lead

and other ores from the Foxdale mines, Isle of Man. At the end of the avenue, Messrs. Joseph Cook and Son, of Washington, county Durham, exhibit pit cages and tubs, &c. Messrs. Cook and Nicholson, of the Wear File Works, Monkwearmouth, exhibit numerous specimens of their work. Files of all descriptions, cuts, and sizes are shown, ranging from the huge file for armour plates, 2 feet long by 2½ inches square, and weighing 50lb., to the tiniest specimen for fine work. There will be a man working at a block, cutting files by hand. There is also a good display of engineers' and colliery tools, and tool steel. Messrs. Williams Brothers and Co., of Birmingham, in a pretty stand, show various domestic articles in brass work; and Messrs. John Mills and Sons, of the Forth Street Brass Works, Newcastle, have, adjoining the great organ, a spacious platform on which are set safety lamps, gauges, injectors, and various appliances in which the electric light is used. The Hardy Patent Pick Company, of Sheffield, and Burys and Company, Limited, from the same town, show picks of all kinds, boring machines for rock and coal, wedges, and tools. In front is a substantial stone structure set up by the Whitburn Coal Company. The stone is from the company's limestone quarries at Marsden, and it is dressed in various ways suitable for engineering and building purposes. There are also specimens of flags, kerbs, channels, and paving setts, as well as gate posts, pillars, and coping. In addition there are samples of coal, and other products of the company.

WORKING DAIRY.

Having concluded his tour of the ordinary exhibits in the North Court, the visitor will find much that is interesting in the Aylesbury Dairy, just behind the organ. This dairy is designed to illustrate the most improved methods of separating cream from milk, and of butter making. The arrangements are most complete, and the dairy will be at work during the Exhibition.

THE WEST COURT.

The West Court is, in point of area, second only to the North or Main Court of the Exhibition. The character of the exhibits placed in this section gives to the court a more sombre appearace than that characterising the other courts, but the wonderful collection of objects of interest gathered together here will make this department fully as interesting as any other section of the gigantic show. This portion of the building is mainly reserved for machinery in motion, coal and lead mining produce, sanitary appliances, and the exhibition of workmen's models. The result of the undertaking must have exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the promoters of the Exhibition, for it is not too much to say that as regards machinery there has never in Newcastle, and perhaps seldom in this country, been brought together so complete a collection of fine exhibits. From ponderous engines to the most minute model there are specimens of machinery used for almost every purpose, and when the whole to which motive power is attached, are at work, a most effective scene is produced. The coal and lead mining produce is an unique collection, and undoubtedly surpasses anything of the kind which has ever been got together in this country. Situated as Newcastle is in the very centre of the great northern coal field, the general public, perhaps, because no exhibition of this kind has been previously attempted in the district on a like scale, know comparatively little of the manner in which coal and iron are procured from the mines. A careful inspection of the exhibits of this class in the court, in addition to a visit to the coal and lead mines in the North Gardens, should give the public a capital insight into the manner of sinking mines, "getting" the minerals, bringing them to bank, and shipping them at the staithes, as well as a thorough knowledge of the uses to which the produce is put. Alongside of these exhibits are to be seen almost every appliance and invention for securing greater safety to the miner in the pursuit of his hazardous employment. The decision of the Executive Committee at an early stage of the project to encourage workmen's exhibits was a wise one, and its wisdom has been abundantly manifested by the result, as the really splendid collection of artisans' models bears evidence. The West Court takes the form of a main court, an annexe on the western side of the main avenue, and a small T-fall or annexe on the eastern side of the section immediately adjoining the North Gardens. The general plan followed has been to apportion the heavy machinery in motion to the centre and southern portion of the court, and to place mining exhibits in that portion of the section immediately adjoining the North Court.

MINING PRODUCE.

As mining is the initial word in the description of the character of the Exhibition we will first glance at the stands devoted to the display of mining produce. In entering the court from the north, the visitor is struck by the appearance of the stand of the world-renowned firm of Messrs. Bolckow, Vaughan, and Co., of Eston Works, Middlesbrough, which is, perhaps, the finest of the exhibits in the court. The stand is a platform 33 feet by 16½ feet, and 3 feet high, a pyramid rising from it to a height of 12 feet. A blast furnace, with hot blast, stoves, &c., complete, made to a scale of three-quarters of an inch to the foot, occupies the summit of the pyramid. The furnace has a bosh of 24 feet diameter, a crucible 10 feet, and throat 15 feet diameter, the whole height of the furnace being 93 feet. Its yield of Cleveland pig iron is 520 tons per week. A furnace of similar construction for the manufacture of hematite pig iron, but only of 72 feet in height, produces 1,000 tons per week. A large steel plate, 21 feet long by 7 feet wide, of 11-16 inches thick, and weighing two tons, is placed in the rear of this model. Round the bottom of the platform are shown samples of all the minerals used in the manufacture of iron and steel, such as coal and coke, limestone (both mountain and magnesian), and Cleveland ironstone from Eston mines. When in a raw state this stone contains 30 per cent. of metallic iron, and when calcined 41 per cent. Spanish hematite ores are also shown containing 50 per cent. of metallic iron used in the manufacture of Bessemer pig iron; Spanish manganiferous, containing 17 to 23 per cent. of manganese, for making spiegeleisen; and manganese ores from Chili and the Caucacus with 53 per cent. of manganese, used for the manufacture of ferro-manganese. Large obelisks of Cleveland ironstone, weighing two tons, are placed at two corners of the platform, and large pyramids of limestone are placed at the other two corners. Above the samples of the minerals are some splendid specimens of the various kinds of iron obtained from them. Several ingots are exhibited in Siemens-Martin, Bessemer, and basic steel, in the various sizes required for the manufacture of rails, sleepers, plates, angles, bulbs, girders, &c. A splendid collection of ironstone, limestone, marble, &c., has been got together on the imposing stand of Messrs. Pease and Partners, Limited, and their display will doubtless constitute one of the features of the court. There is first of all a huge block of ironstone from the Upleatham mines of the company. The block, which is from the main winning, is 4 feet 2 inches square at the base, 3 feet 4 inches square at the top, and 11 feet 2 inches in height. It is one block, and represents a complete section of the seam as wrought at Upleatham mine. This bed of ironstone is found in the most favourable conditions as regards thickness and quality in the Eston and Upleatham mines. There is also shown a splendid specimen of carboniferous limestone from Messrs. Pease and Partners Weardale mines. It is exclusively used as a flux in the manufacture of pig iron. Their chief quarries are Broadwood, Frosterley, Bishopley, and Rodgerley. The formation, which is of marine origin, extends over large areas and is 72 feet in depth. The celebrated Frosterley marble, of which beautiful specimens are on view, is won from the quarries of the company. Specimens of coke made in Simon-Carvé ovens; by products obtained in the manufacture of coke; fire clay and articles manufactured from it; and ganister stone and bricks are all objects of interest shown by the company. The Butterknowle Colliery Company, of Darlington, have an interesting display of the products of their pit, including household, steam, and maufacturing coal. They also show a sample

of disintegrated coke and coal, as well as Butterknowle coke for foundry, smelting, and other purposes. The machine used in the process of disintegration is Carr's patent disintegrator. The well-known Wearmouth Coal Company, Limited, whose mine is celebrated for the completeness of its fittings and the general excellence of its management, show models of pit cages, spouts, and patent screens used by the company. On their stand there are also photographs of the colliery, lime works, cages, &c. Samples of their Brancepeth coke are shown by Messrs. Strakers and Love, of Brancepeth Colliery. The owners of the Victoria Garesfield Colliery, Durham, are represented by a handsome glass case, containing bricks, disintegrated coal for coke-making, and ground fireclay for making bricks. The Harton Coal Company's exhibits are worthy of inspection, and there are also samples forwarded by Mr. Cochrane Carr from South Benwell Colliery, and by the South Durham Coal Company. There is nothing neater amongst the mining exhibits than the model of the Nitshill Lesmahagow Colliery, N.B. The colliery, the pit heap, the engine-house, the railway, and other surroundings are all shown, with brass engines and boilers, and the polished table on which the model is erected makes a most curious and interesting display. The company also show a splendid pyramid of cannel coal. Messrs. Young, Dance, and Company, of this city, have brought excellent specimens of East Pontop and East Castle first-class gas coals and coke. They also have on exhibition full sections of the Tyne Boghead cannel seam. One of the chief attractions in the mining section is the display of Messrs Bell Brothers, of Middlesbrough. The firm show their mining drill, which is a hydraulic machine for drilling holes for blasting in Cleveland ironstone, and is in successful operation at the Lumpsey mines. The machine drills 80 and sometimes 100 holes each 4ft. 6in. deep and 2½ inches in diameter in a single shift of eight hours, producing 170 tons of ironstone. On another stand the firm show a coal wedge, intended, if possible, to do the work now done by powder in collieries. It has been in practical operation at Tursdale for several months. The coal working machine is an improvement upon the old system of trough and rake washing. It consists of a long semi-circular trough of iron hung at one end so that it can be lowered and the deposited sediment washed away, as soon as the space behind the steps has filled up. In these days when our first-class seams are rapidly disappearing the invention is of much value. The owners of the Backworth and West Cramlington collieries also have an attractive stand on which they show specimens of tubs and immense blocks of coal. Adjoining this stand is that of the Bothal West Hartley, and Ashington Collieries, with samples of low main coal from Ashington, and exhibits from the well-known original Hartley steam coal seam, which is known wherever coal is used. Messrs. Joseph Cowen and Co., of Blaydon Burn, Blaydon-on-Tyne, besides their display of all kinds of bricks and tiles, have specimens of the well-known Garesfield coke. On the stand of Messrs. Hedley Brothers, of South Moor Colliery, there are samples of coal from the Morrison Pit, with contributions from the Brass Hill, Low Main, and Hutton Seams. The coal washing machine of Mr. R. Robinson, Howlish Hall, Bishop Auckland, will attract attention. A column of water passes through a pipe at the bottom, the coal is discharged into a cone-shaped vessel, and being washed, discharges itself over the top of the machine by means of perforated spouts, the dirt passing to the bottom of the cone. One man can with this machine wash about 400 tons of small coal per day. A model of Jameson's patent coke oven is shown by the Jameson's Patent Coke Company, and constitutes an attractive exhibit. A difficulty in the coking process hitherto has arisen from the in-leakage of air at the oven bottom, and the closing up of the small suction orifices in the false bottom. Both of these difficulties have been successfully surmounted. The process aims at the recovery of by-products in the manufacture of metallurgical coke, these being oil, ammonia, and burning gas. The celebrated firm of Messrs. John Bowes and Partners, in a beautiful glass case, also contribute to the splendid collection of coke exhibits. Messrs. Locke, Blackett, and Co., a well-known Newcastle firm, have an attractive stand, which takes the form of a pyramid of lead in pig sizes, lead pipes, and sheets, white and red lead used for paints, silver extracted from the lead, and other products obtained by the firm. The mode of working a seam is capitally illustrated by the device constructed by the Elswick Coal Company. By means of huge pieces of coal and shale they have formed a perfect section of a seam in the workings of a pit. A lamp burns at the place, stone is removed, and working tubs and other gear are also in the "workings." The company have also brought specimens of their coal, which is so largely sold in this city.

HAULAGE, TUBS, &C.

One of the most attractive stands in the whole court, and one that is sure to attract crowds of spectators, is that erected by the South Derwent and West Shield Row Collieries, Annfield Plain. It is intended to give, and does give, an accurate idea of the haulage system employed by the company. The model is 50 feet long and 5 feet wide. Tramways, tubs, and other appliances are brought into requisition, the haulage system being effectually worked by means of an engine some distance away. The patent fork or rope gripper, the property of the company, is used. In going round the curve the waggons run free from the rope, and then, after taking a straight run again, they are once more attached to the rope overhead by means of the fork named, which is automatic. In the east annexe of the court will be found an interesting model of the improved detaching hook made by Messrs. S. Oldham and Son, Durham, for obviating over-winding. The hydro borer of Mr. C. Burnett, Hartlepool, is well worthy of inspection. The practice hitherto has been to use the ordinary screw drilling machine, which in boring long holes has necessitated frequent withdrawals of the drills. This is obviated in Mr. Burnett's machine by the use of water, which is delivered at the end of the drill by means of a pump attached to the drilling machine. In the east annexe, Messrs. Crawshay Bros., of Cyfartha Works, Merthyr-Tydvil, have a fine assortment of iron and steel products, Bessemer steel, tin stampings, &c. Immediately adjoining the North Court, Messrs. Wm. Cook and Sons, of Glasgow and Sheffield, have a considerable display of iron pit tubs, smiths' forges, a seven feet saw, &c. The firm show Carr's patent roller or pulley for collieries and inclines, for which it is claimed that it obviates to a great extent the cutting of the rope and the roller, besides saving 80 per cent of oil. Carter's waggon coupling is another speciality exhibited by the firm, and will be of interest to railway men. The Grange Iron Company, Limited, Durham, have a fine stand in the Main Court, on which are shown a coal screen model, their double-acting rope pump for pits or other purposes, model of a pit heap with their steam brake and automatic gear, model coal-getter (an interesting exhibit), electric lighting machinery, double metre valving gearing, jack engine, &c. Mr. Henry Simon, of Manchester, has a stand illustrating the Simon-Carvé coke ovens for continuous recuperation of heat and recovery of tar, ammonia, benzol, &c.

SAFETY LAMPS.

A mining exhibition would be incomplete without a collection of miners' safety lamps, and the specimens which have been got together give an admirable idea of the history of the safety lamp. There are specimens of the latest improvements in pit lamps of all principles. Of great interest will be the stand of the North of England Institute of Mining and Mechanical Engineers, not far from the entrance to the court. Here are arranged seventy-five specimens of lamps of about sixty different kinds on the Davy, Clanny, Stephenson, and other principles. There will be a relic of the old days preceding the birth of the safety lamp in the steel mill and flint formerly used for the purpose of giving light in fiery mines. This was invented about 1753. There is also on this stand a pick used by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales for hewing coal in Houghton-le-Spring Pit on May 18, 1857. The safety lamp shown by the Clifford Lamp Co., of Sheffield, is an extremely simple invention. The main peculiarities of the lamp are the admission of air in an oblique or tangential direction; the use of gauges of perforated

"Sandwich metal," the outer surface being fusible at a low heat; and the use also, in lamps with a long outer glass, of an inner bell glass attached to a metal chimney. Mr. James Laidler, of Durham, has also a fine assortment of pit safety lamps. These lamps include many novelties, the exhibitor holding a number of patents in this branch of manufacture. Worthy of notice is Laidler's No. 9 patent lamp, with a moveable steel bonnet, locked with Laidler's patent cam lock. The Marsaut lamp has also a patent lock fitted to it. The Cuvelier patent lock, though popular in France, is not so well known in this country as it should be. Specimens of coal from the Londonderry mines, in the county of Durham, are on view opposite the stand of Messrs. Bolckow, Vaughan, and Co. The Stella Coal Company work coal from six different seams, the mines having been worked from time immemorial, the earliest record being 1350. The company manufactures coke, and has a speciality known as Ramsey's patent condensed coke, bright, hard, and close grained. A model of Messrs. B. Samuelson and Co.'s coke ovens at East Hedley Colliery; the stand of the Protector Lamp and Lighting Company, Eccles, Manchester; specimens of products from Shiremoor Colliery; and the stand of Messrs. C. J. Lampen and Co., Wakefield, are all interesting additions to the splendid display of mining machinery and produce.

MACHINERY.

It is impossible to describe in detail the almost endless collection of machinery which has been brought together in this section of the Exhibition. The display of marine machinery is exceptionally fine, while that for manufacturing and other purposes will also compare favourably with similar collections at most shows of the kind. The motive power for the driving of the machinery in motion in this court is produced by four of Messrs. Davey, Paxman, and Co.'s boilers, one boiler by Hornsby, of Grantham, and one of Toward's genetic boilers. Close to the boilers is placed a fly wheel, 15 feet in diameter, for driving the shafting in the court. The fly wheel is driven by a Robey engine, and constitutes in itself an attraction in this department. Messrs. Garrett and Son, Leiston, Suffolk, have in their semi-portable high pressure non-condensing steam engine a huge exhibit of imposing appearance. These engines are well known for economy in fuel and regularity in rotation. The construction has been materially improved since the exhibitors first showed this class of compound engine. Messrs. J. H. Holmes and Co., electrical engineers, Newcastle, who have been engaged in the lighting of a portion of the buildings by electricity, have an attractive stand with their machines in action. They show a 1½ h.p. "Otto" vertical engine driving a "Castle" dynamo. They also have plant for electric lighting of steamers, &c., requiring about sixty incandescent lamps, and several other of their machines. Mr. J. W. Swan, the famous electrician, now of Bromley, Kent, and late of this city, shows every size and shape of the Swan incandescent lamp. There is also shown the first incandescent electric safety lamp, made by Mr. Swan in 1880, for use in coal mines. Swan's portable electric safety lamps are also on exhibition. These are for use in explosive and noxious atmospheres, under water, or where ordinary lights would be unsafe. Swan's fire-damp indicator, surgeons' and dentists' lamps, and lamps for photographic purposes are shown in profusion. Some heavy machinery is on the stand occupied by Messrs. Walker Brothers, of Wigan, two fine pieces of mechanism being a couple of the firm's patent air compressing engines in motion. They also have one of their ingenious hauling engines for working endless rope and other systems of hauling. The firm make a speciality of the manufacture of ventilating fans, specimens and models of which are on view. Adjoining the last stand is that of Messrs. Harfield and Co., of Blaydon and London. Their patent double windlass, which allows each cable to be worked independently of the other, is a novelty. They have also a handsome horizontal engine, with quick speed warping drum, suitable for a yacht, as well as their noiseless hydraulic winches without an accumulator, for passenger steamers. In the east annexe of the court Mr. John Kirkaldy, 40, West India Road, London, has on his attractive stand fresh water distillers and evaporators of ingenious construction. The circulating discharge gives up its vapour, and the distilling efficiency is doubled by the condensation of this, with, of course, corresponding economy in fuel. They have a model of a compound marine engine, as well as other exhibits, and photographs of machinery, which the exigencies of the Exhibition space would not permit being placed in the court. Mr. J. A. G. Ross, civil, mechanical, and consulting engineer, 46, Grainger Street, Newcastle, has an exhibit which will arrest the attention of all. It is an original model of the engine made by James Watt according to his patent of 1781. Messrs. Elliot and Jeffrey, Cardiff, show patent cylinder rings intended to reduce friction to a minimum; Messrs. Kirk and Co., Stoke-on-Trent, have on view Thompson's multiple compensating piston; and the Low Bridge Engineering Company, Newcastle, have a fine collection of shafting, pulleys, &c. Mr. T. E. G. Marley, of Workington, shows drawings of Ford and Moncur's patent regenerative hot blast firebrick stoves for blast furnaces; Messrs. Menzies and Blagburn, Newcastle, have a design for a steamer to carry 1,000 tons of sewage for the Metropolitan Board of Works; and Messrs. Cowans, Sheldon, and Co., of Carlisle, show photographs of their machinery. Considerable space has been allotted to the well-known firm of engineers and boiler makers, Messrs. Smith Brothers and Co., of Kingston Engine Works, Glasgow, and this stand will be one of the attractions of the section devoted to heavy machinery. The firm claim for their horizontal engine superiority of workmanship and material, the engines being also constructed so as to give a large indicated horse power on a small consumption of fuel. Their circular saw is specially adapted for cutting cold iron or steel plates up to six inches thick, and is suitable for cutting built girders, beams, angles, and pipes up to 12 inches in diameter. The lever punching and shearing machines are made of great strength to the newest and most improved designs. The punching slide receives its motion from a lever worked by a cam formed so as to cause the punch to descend slowly through the plate and ascend quickly to the top of the stroke, completing the operation in half a revolution of the main shaft and then remaining still when full up for the remaining half revolution, allowing sufficient time for the plate to be moved for punching the next hole. The firm of Messrs. Westgarth, English and Co., of Middlesbrough, have an admirable collection of photographs of their machinery on the west wall of the court. A huge exhibit is the large soap boiling pan used in the manufacture of "Sunlight" soap, by Messrs. Lever Bros., at Warrington. The pan holds about sixty gallons of liquid soap. The Canada Works Engineering and Shipbuilding Company, Birkenhead, for whom Mr. J. H. Fenwick, Exchange Buildings, Newcastle, is agent, show their fresh water distiller and other interesting exhibits. Mr. W. Cowan, Edinburgh, is the exhibitor of the Syphon Liquid Meter; and Messrs. Wormald and Company, Gateshead, show short lengths of piping coated with non-conducting composition. Messrs. M. Glover and Co., special machinists, Leeds, have an attractive stand, on which they show working models of their patent firewood splitting and bundling machinery in a glass case. Glover's improved patent saw-sharpening machines are well known, not only in England but on the Continent and in America. The eminent firm of Messrs. Clarke, Chapman, Parsons, and Co., Gateshead, have a characteristic stand. They exhibit the patent "Clarke-Chapman" steam windlass, suitable for a steamer of about 4,500 tons, and fitted with this firm's patent spring riding brakes for obtaining better command of cables in veering and safety and ease in riding at anchor in heavy weather. The success which has attended the introduction of this patent windlass may be best estimated from the fact that, during the past three years, over 450 have been fitted to steamers and sailing ships, among which are some of the largest vessels afloat. They also have on view their well-known patent steam steering gear. This has been designed and successfully fitted for working with the full main boiler pressure of 160 lbs. per square inch

without undue wear and tear of the engine, and by thus avoiding the use of reducing valves removing an element of uncertainty and unreliability from this very important part of a steamship's outfit. Their steam warping capstan is largely used for yachts and light-draught river steamers. The engine being mostly under the capstan gives the whole machine a very neat appearance, and at the same time all needful accessibility is afforded for maintaining the working parts in good order. The horizontal ship's steam winch is a fine specimen of a strong, well-finished, cargo winch, into which every improvement has been introduced of which long practice has tested the efficiency, and though not put forward as embodying any points of novelty, represents a large manufacture carried on by the makers. During the past seven years Messrs. Clarke, Chapman, Parsons, and Co. have turned out over 6,000 steam winches, showing the appreciation their work has received from a very large circle of users. A very unique and effective trophy is arranged at the back of the stand, and ingeniously designed to answer the purpose of an office. The specimens of flanged boiler plates have all been turned out by the hydraulic plant in the company's boiler yard. On this stand is also shown a small engine and dynamo of this firm's special make, similar in general construction to those so effectively on view in the electric machinery shed, giving lights to all the courts of the exhibition. The small specimen on the stand is shown at work, and instead of being fastened to relatively costly foundations, as would be the case in an ordinary engine, this is at work while only hung in mid air by a couple of wires from the roof, its steadiness under these circumstances being a remarkable testimony to the perfect balance under which the engine works. M. Louis Gonin, engineer, Lausanne, illustrates by drawings new hydraulic appliances in use on the Continent.

PRINTING MACHINERY.

Although the display of printing machinery is practically confined to two great Newcastle firms, there will be shown specimens of the latest and most improved machines for printing, lithographing, and other work, and these stands will constitute one of the attractions of the whole exhibition. Messrs. R. Robinson and Co., wholesale stationers, paper rulers, bookbinders, letterpress printers, &c., who are the official printers to the Exhibition, and the sole contractors for the official publications, have filled the space allotted to them with machinery, which must be regarded with interest, not only by printers, but by the public generally. A space of 960 feet was allotted to the firm, but they found this totally inadequate to show a representative group of machinery in motion, and have selected those machines most likely to be of general interest. Letterpress printing is executed upon a quad demy cylinder machine, fitted with patent self-flyers and Hoyer's patent counter, for accurately registering the actual number of impressions, manufactured by Messrs. A. Seggie and Sons, of Edinburgh. Similar work, such as cards, envelopes, note heads, memos, invoices, &c., is done on a foolscap folio arab platen, by Josiah Wade, of Halifax, working at a speed of 1100 impressions per hour. Lithographic printing in block for commercial purposes and in colour, such as show cards, reproduction of water colour drawings and oil paintings, is performed on a double demy cylinder machine, by Messrs. A. Seggie and Son, of Edinburgh. Paper making, tally making, relief stamping, account books, &c., are also done by this old-established firm. Milner's safes, a railway ticket-dating press, specimens of work, &c., are also placed on this stand. Mr. Andrew Reid, of Newcastle, the well-known printer, engraver, lithographer, &c., has spared no expense at his stand. He will show the latest improvements in printing, folding, stitching, pressing, and cutting machinery for producing publications and bookwork of every description. Mr. Reid occupies about 1,215 square feet of space. Two ponderous machines are the letterpress machine by Messrs. Miller and Richard, and the lithographic machine by Mr. W. Greaves, of Leeds. Greaves' quad-crown lithographic machine will command curious interest. On it will be produced beautiful specimens of colour work from the stone. A "Godfrey" patent gripper platen machine, by Messrs. Furnival and Co., Stockport, will do all kinds of jobbing work. The Martini folding machine, invented by the maker of the famous rifle of that name, will be regarded with great interest. Only three machines of this particular size, we understand, are in existence. The "Smyth" book-sewing machine, an American patent, is also a wonderfully clever piece of mechanism. Messrs. J. Richmond and Company's patent index-cutting machine, which was specially obtained by the firm for Reid's Patent Index Ready Reckoner will be a novelty. This machine will cut indices in size from a large ledger to a small pocket box. The machinery of the printing office will be driven by a "Beck" gas engine. On the opening day, from three in the afternoon till eight in the evening, Mr. Reid will print, on the Miller and Richard's machine, a *fac simile* of the first number of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, published on March 24, 1764. This *fac simile* will be printed every day during the time the Exhibition is open, and will be on sale at the *Chronicle* stand, facing the orchestra, in the North Court. The Tyne Printing Company have also a small Cropper machine in the West Annexe.

PREVENTION OF OVER-WINDING.

Mr. W. H. Massey, of Twyford, Berkshire, shows a half size model of his clever automatic gear for the prevention of over-winding. An attractive stand of heavy exhibits has been got together by Mr. George Ridley, of 38, Side, Newcastle, including crucible steel castings, his patent boring machine, "Fenwick's" patent railway coupling gear, &c. The air spring pressure gauges shown by Mr. A. Allan, of The Valley, Scarborough, is a novelty which should not be missed. By the double wedge detaching hook of Mr. John Hodgson, of Edmonsley, it is claimed that re-attachment can be effected in fifteen minutes from the moment of over-winding.

LOOMS AND VARIOUS EXHIBITS.

Looms in motion always attract crowds at exhibitions of this kind, and this will undoubtedly be the case around the stand of Messrs. Henderson and Co., Limited, of Durham. They have a loom in motion for weaving five-frame velvet pile, Brussels carpetings, Royal Wilton carpets, Weardale Art carpet, Burmese Art carpet, and other fabrics. The famous Darlington firm of Henry Pease and Co.'s Successors also have a loom for the manufacture of various materials. A vertical steam engine with improved governor and vertical cross tube boiler, horizontal steam engine, and other machinery is displayed in the space occupied by the Albion Iron Works Company of Rugeley. Mr. J. A. G. Ross, of Grainger Street West, Newcastle, is the local agent for the Midland Steam Boiler Inspection and Assurance Company, who exhibit amongst other interesting things apparatus and models illustrating the subject of boiler explosions, used by the company at inquests or similar inquiries. The models show the boilers before, and fragments after explosion, and by many of the specimens mournful recollections of terrible disasters in this locality will be brought up. The association serves a great and useful purpose. The Dunston Engine Works Company have on their stand Archer's patent self-holding hand steering gears, with chain and rope attachments; Archer and Wilson's patent apparatus for relieving the strain on towing ropes, chains, &c., when a vessel is being towed or riding at anchor. Messrs. A. Shanks and Son, of Dens Iron Works, Arbroath and London, are the makers of a triple expansion surface-condensing marine engine, with cylinders of 10, 15, and 24 inches diameter respectively, by 18-inch stroke, fitted with all the latest improvements. Mr. Joseph Donkin, of West Grainger Street, Newcastle, general agent, has a varied and choice assortment of machinery. He has at his disposal a space of not less than 2,230 feet. He shows articles exhibited by Messrs. Allday and Onions, including Root's blowers and engines combined; Smith's metal hearths, forges, fan-blasts; Besford's samples of steel in various stages and processes, and tools of the best quality. He also displays a circular saw of 6ft. 9in. in diameter, and articles supplied by the well-known firm of Mr. Joshua Heap, Ashton-under-Lyme. The latter include pipe-screwing machines and the most recent bolt and nut machinery. He also shows on the stand the famous wood-working machinery manufactured by Sagars, of Halifax. A curious and interesting collec-

tion of diving apparatus has been got together by Mr. R. Applegarth, of London, including air pumps, diving dresses and hose, speaking apparatus for communicating with the diver under the water, submarine lamps, &c. Further additions to the admirable collection of electric lighting machinery are made by Messrs. Walker and Sidney F. Olliver, of this city. They are represented by their dynamo-machines from ten lighters to four hundred of their special form of arc lamps for colliery and other purposes, incandescent lamps, and complete shaft and engine plane colliery signals, shown in action. Adjoining the South Court is the large stand occupied by the eminent firm of Messrs. Tangyes, Limited, of Birmingham and Newcastle. Most of Messrs. Tangyes' machines are too well-known to need description. On the stand there is Tangye's horizonal steam engine with variable expansion gear on Meyer's principle, pumping engines, gas engines, gas forging hammer, and specimens of most of the machinery for which the firm is so justly celebrated. A fine exhibit is the double horizontal roller mill for middlings shown by Mr. C. Hopkinson, of Retford. Two large weigh backs sunk into the ground, similar to those used in market places, factories, &c., for weighing carts, horses, and goods, have been fixed by the firm of Messrs. W. and T. Avery, of Birmingham. These machines will be in full working order, and besides the firm show a large variety of smaller machines for weighing purposes. Coal and rock boring machines, safety powder box, and other articles used in mines are placed on the stand of Messrs. Proctor and Son, Newcastle. Mr. J. T. Calow, of Staveley, Chesterfield, is represented by a model of safety apparatus applicable for wire skeats without injury to the same. The apparatus does not come into action unless the rope breaks, and is brought into play solely by the law of gravitation. Messrs. R. Wilson and Son, of Bishop Auckland, exhibit their patent wrought steel continuous web bore rods for boring long holes before the face, as required by Government, as well as their compound drill for use where there are heavy pressures of water, and an attractive collection of boring and mining tools. A fine stand is that occupied by Messrs, Fielding and Platt, of Gloucester, on which the firm show their duplex pumping engines, pair of belt-driven hydraulic pumps for working hydraulic machine tools, lifts, presses, &c.

GLASS-BLOWING AND DOMESTIC MACHINERY.

On Stand 46, Messrs. Liddle, Henzell, and Co., Limited, Ouseburn Glass Works, Newcastle, show, at work, one of Teighman's latest sand blast machines (Matthewson's patent), which, amongst other matters, is used in the final process of printing local views on various glass articles. This will enable visitors to carry away many pleasing souvenirs of the Exhibition, including the Newcastle bridges, the Central Railway Station, the Exhibition, Jesmond Dene, Old Tyne Bridge of 1771, Art Gallery Buildings, the Cathedral, &c. The little folks will hail with glee the production of Uncle Toby and his nieces and nephews, a group which the pages of the *Weekly Chronicle* have made so familiar. This group will be transferred to glass. Alongside a talented glass engraver is at work, and further decorations will be added at the pleasure of the purchaser. To Uncle Toby's countless nephews and nieces this stand will be a rallying point, for here the members of the society can have their names and numbers in the Big Book of the society placed beside the production of the Uncle Toby group. The firm also propose to show specimens of the work of the sand blast process on granite blocks, lamp and gas globes, tablets, &c. Mr. W. Row, aerated water manufacturer, of Newcastle, has on view the complete plant of Galloway's machinery for making the various syrups, generating and purifying the gas, and mixing and bottling the waters necessary in the manufacture of aerated mineral waters, and which will fill 50,000 bottles per day. Messrs. Barnett and Forster, of London, mineral water manufacturers, have also a splendid collection of machinery used in the manufacture of aerated waters. Messrs. John Telfer and Sons, tobacco manufacturers, Clayton Street and High Friar Street, Newcastle, show on their stand the manner in which tobacco is cut and spun, weighed and packed, and show the latest machinery used for this purpose. Near to this stand is that occupied by the famous Wheeler and Wilson sewing machines, and here will be seen machines capable of doing every class of work from the finest muslin up to leather. The No. 2 machine for light manufacturing purposes will run with ease at the high speed of 3,000 stitches per minute. Mr. Wm. Patterson, 71, West Grainger Street, is the manager of the Newcastle branch. The Singer Manufacturing Company, of 16, Grainger Street West, Newcastle, occupy a fine stand with about forty samples of their sewing machines. They have a stand with a frontage of 48 feet, and exhibit machines for doing every class of plain and fancy stitching, from the finest muslin to the thickest leather and cotton belting. Most of the machines made by the company are too well known to the public to require detailed description. An eyeletting machine, specially adapted for making eyelets, and a machine for sewing all kinds of carpets, doing the work of about ten hand sewers, are, however, particularly worthy of mention. An interesting novelty, too, is a special buttonhole machine for making perfect buttonholes in boots and shoes.

A CLOTHING FACTORY.

A complete revolution has been brought about in the making of men's and boys' clothing by the application of machinery for the purpose. This will be practically illustrated by Messrs. Bainbridge and Co., of Newcastle and Leeds, at their model clothing factory, which occupies a prominent position in the court. Their stand displays the process of manufacture of juvenile clothing from the web of cloth to the finished garment, and Messrs. Beercroft and Co., of Leeds, clothiers' engineers, at their instance exhibit in action the latest and most effective machinery now in use. The cutting machine will, without difficulty, cut through 120 thicknesses of brown cotton lining or 140 thicknesses of cloth, the knife used being an endless ribbon which travels at the rate of 4,000 feet per minute. The sewing machines exhibited are of the most improved and effective kind. After leaving a sewing machine, the edges are sewed and pared by the paring machine. The suits requiring braiding are next braided by the machine for that purpose, then bound by the binding machine, the button holes being next made by the button hole machine, The sleeving machine is next brought into requisition, and the clothes are then pressed by the wonderful pressing machine, the successor of the old "tailor's goose." All the machines are driven by the latest system of applying motive power to sewing machines.

REFRIGERATORS.

The strides made in the methods of importing dead meat to this country have been rapid of late years. The importation of foreign meat promises to greatly change, if not to revolutionise, the meat trade of this country; and in view of this, the stand of Messrs. Siebe, Gorman, and Co., of 187, Westminster Bridge Road, London, will be regarded with not a little interest. The firm has been engaged in the manufacture of refrigerating machinery for more than thirty years, and exhibits a dry-air refrigerator and cold storage room such as are now largely in use for the freezing and preservation of perishable goods. The machine is constructed under the patent of Mr. T. B. Lightfoot, M.I.C.E., London. It consists of a square wood house with double partitions, the space between the latter being filled with charcoal. Air chambers are provided, and by means of these the air is exhausted, and the meat inside may be conveyed almost any distance by sea or land in a perfectly fresh and sweet condition.

WOOD-WORKING.

A truly remarkable piece of machinery is the international joiner and cabinet-maker on the stand of Messrs. Hunting and Co., Bath Lane, Newcastle. The machine is invented and patented by Mr. Andrew Telfer and Mr. Edward George of the above firm. A better combined wood-working machine we have not seen, its utility, compactness, and adaptability for economising shop room being all that can be desired. The tables are only 6 feet long by 2 feet wide, and it is adapted to do all the most important work required by joiners and cabinet-makers,

planing, jointing, bevelling, stop chamfering, squaring, moulding, rabbiting, morticing, grooving, sawing, and a great variety of work. A great feature in this unique machine is the ease with which it can be altered for the different kinds of work. Of interest to builders and persons in the timber trade should be the stand of Messrs. John Anderson and Co., saw mill engineers, of Dean Street, Newcastle. The firm's automatic dove-tailing and variety wood working machine was patented in 1885, and since that time has become deservedly popular, and its capability of turning out clean and accurate work has become recognised. A special feature in the machine is the universal carrier, which is so constructed that all sizes of dove-tailing can be done in it up to 2½ inches thick. The machine can be had for dove-tailing only, or by attachments will perform dimension sawing, planing, mouldings, morticing, tenoning, tracing, and other kinds of work.

NAIL-MAKING.

At the corner of the West and South Courts visitors will find in the exhibit of Messrs. W. Galloway and Co., the Tyne Nail Works, Gateshead, one of the novelties in the way of exhibits, viz., cut nail machinery in motion, Those whose acquaintance with nail-making has been gathered from a peep into the little forges of some of the hand nail-makers, who at one time worked in almost every considerable country town, will certainly be surprised at the marvellous change brought about by the application of machinery to the process of nail-making. There are no creaking and asthmatic bellows, there is no fire shooting up its little tongues of flame, no glowing rod of iron sending out a shower of sparks as it is beaten by the quick and deft blows of a swarthy son of Vulcan, who, rapidly as he works, can only manage to fashion a few nails in a minute; but rapidly-revolving machines, which fashion the nails from strips of cold steel or other metal at the rate of several hundred per minute, all the manual labour required being that of a mechanic to grind and set the cutters and dies and girl attendants to supply the strips to the machines. One of the three machines exhibited is cutting flooring brads, a kind of nail which is completed by the single operation of cutting off, the projection forming the head being left on the strip at one side, and then at the other, as at each successive stroke of the cutters the table, by which the strip is fed into the machine by the action of a weight, swings from side to side. This machine, although very powerful—capable of cutting four-inch steel nails one quarter of an inch thick—does not make much stir. It simply seems to nod its head up and down at the rate of about 240 times a minute as it swallows strip after strip, which it guides into its mouth by successive pats of its swinging arms. Alongside of it is a machine of quite a different type, which is making half-inch tacks at the rate of nearly 300 per minute. It is a much more complicated arrangement, as it has to perform several distinct operations before it furnishes, out of a ribbon-like piece of steel, some hundreds of tacks. In the first place, it cuts off a plain, wedge-shaped piece from the strip, which is carried down by the cutter, being prevented from falling away by the action of a spring when the cutter has reached its lowest point. The blank is immediately in front of a grooved steel die, and just before the cutter begins to ascend again a little finger seizes hold of the blank near the point, and retains it in position until a moving die, the counterpart of that fixed in against which the blank is resting moves up and squeezes the upper part of the blank into a round shape. The whole of the blank is not, however, in front of the dies, as it has been cut off and delivered so that about an eighth of an inch projects beyond the edge of the die. This projecting part is not therefore compressed at all, and retains its original shape, the blank being thus squeezed into something like the shape of a crutch handle or T shape. The dies still keep their firm grip of this partially shaped blank, and another die is pressed up against the projecting portion of the blank, which is flattened out into a properly shaped head. The dies open out again, and the finished tack falls down a spout into a pan. All this is done with astonishing rapidity, and, so long as the hardened steel cutters and dies retain their form under the severe strains to which they are subjected, with marvellous precision, all the attendance the machine requires being that of a girl perched on a stool in front of it, who, with a holder formed of a broom handle and a pair of steel jaws, feeds in the strip to the machine. in doing which she has to turn over her wrist exactly in unison with the stroke of the cutters, or about 300 times a minute. Even this operation of feeding is, in an ordinary way, done by machinery (which is, however, scarcely suited for exhibition), and all the girl has to do is to attend to several machines by merely inserting the strip and holder into a tube which turns over automatically. This tack machine on exhibition strikes us as being, as it were, instinct with life. Its movements are so varied and so rapid that it gives one the impression of being very fussy, an impression scarcely conveyed by the attendant, who sits turning over the "claw shank" in a way which, but for its manifest rapidity, might almost be described as leisurely, long practice having enabled her to do it apparently without an effort. On the opposite side of the stand is a much more massive machine, but as its functions are practically the same, we need not describe it at length, although it will be at once seen that there are considerable variations in the details. This machine makes headed nails of all descriptions, but is more especially designed for making nails with large heads. At the time of our visit it was only making the clasp nails ordinarily used by joiners, but will, as it is worked, proceed to make coopers' clout nails and slaters' nails with large heads. By stamping the dies the registered brand of the firm, "Tyne," is impressed on either the shank or head of the nail. The other machine in the stand is a grinding stone of peculiar grit, which admits of ridges being left on it by the action of a turning tool or "rasing bar," which ridges are in some cases not over one-sixteenth of an inch thick, and are used for grinding out the grooves in the hardened steel dies. It is difficult to convey a clear account of the action of these machines, but those who are curious this way will have no difficulty in understanding it, on reference to the collection of blanks in the different stages shown by the firm on their counter, along with the cutters, dies, &c., used and the various kinds of strips operated on. Messrs. Galloway have paid special attention to making steel nails, and exhibit steel nail sheets and strips, from which can be seen how tough and reliable is the material they use, and the fact that for three years past they have supplied the Royal Dockyards with cut steel nails, they must have machinery capable of enabling them to turn out nails with the exactitude required by Admiralty specifications. They also show on their counter an assortment of nails of various kinds, the number of which will, we believe, astonish the uninitiated. From the diminutive "tingle" or baby tack up to the massive ship spike, almost every kind of nail is shown, not only in iron and steel, but also in copper, zinc, and brass, and on the partition will be noticed a somewhat novel application of nails. The position of their stand being rather an awkward one for displaying a sign, but Messrs. Galloway have by a display of nails on the partition made known their specialities. We have seen lettering done in fancy brass nails before, but the use of iron nails for this purpose strikes us as being rather novel and apropos.

DYNAMOS, PUMPS, &C.

Messrs. Alley and Maclellan, engineers, Glasgow, have the Westinghouse standard automatic engine, the Westinghouse engine and dynamo, driving direct, also the last-named machine driving by friction, Westinghouse pumps, "Sentinel" steering gear, &c. A small dynamo, with specially-wound armature, increasing the output 50 per cent. as against an ordinary machine, is one of the attractions on the stand of Messrs. Paris and Scott, Norwich. Mr. John Grantham, of Blyth, shows a pump which will not lose its priming, the chamber always containing water. A well-known firm are Messrs. Drysdale and Co., Bon-Accord Works, Glasgow. They are represented by the "Bon-Accord" vertical centrifugal pumping engine for circulating water through surface condensers, emptying ballast tanks, pumping from the bilge, for use in graving docks, &c. The "Eclipse" automatic gas governor, shown by Messrs. Hargreaves and Bardsley, of Oldham, will save from 15 to 40 per cent. of gas without reducing the

light, and it is claimed for the invention that it is a complete protection against over-pressure. One of the finest stands in the whole of the West Section is that of Messrs. Amos and Smith, of Hull. Their collection of steam steering gear is a unique one, and is one of the best shows of the kind in the court. Mr. Thos. Stevens, of Coventry, whose products are known to everyone, has an improved Jacquard loom for weaving all kinds of illuminated silk goods, such as bookmarkers, neckties, pictures, &c. Mr. Wm. Wilde, of Macclesfield, also show an attractive exhibit in the form of a Jacquard machine with power loom making silk handkerchiefs, as well as an appliance for producing fancy fringe on goods.

LAUNCH ENGINES.

Messrs. Ernest Scott and Co., Close Works, Newcastle, have brought a fine collection of machinery to the Exhibition. They have their high speed launch engine, Ashton's power meter and continuous indicator, an electro-magnetic machine for separating iron from other substances, and other interesting pieces of machinery.

BOOTS.

Some splendid machinery used in the manufacture of boots is placed on the stand of Messrs. L. Pearson and Co., Bigg Market, Newcastle, including Standard screw machine, sole sewing, stitching, and rivetting machines. The well-known Newcastle firm of boot and shoe makers, Messrs. S. and C. W. Dixon, also show some fine machinery used in the boot trade. Besides the "Blake" sewing machine and the "Keats" fair stitching machine, they have the "Standard" screw machine, which will screw from 250 to 300 pairs of boots per day.

GAS ENGINES.

The firm of Messrs. Crossley Brothers, Openshaw, show their new design horizontal gas engine, of nine horse power, which is capable of indicating 18-horse power, fitted with the most recent improvements. They also exhibit their new design "Otto" horizontal gas engine of 4-horse power nominal, combined with a dynamo, fitted with new fly-wheel, and capable of filling forty to fifty 20-candle power incandescent Swan lamps. The clever "Dougill" gas engine shown by Messrs. Hindle, Norton, and Co., of Oldham, will doubtless attract attention.

HOIST AND OTHER MACHINERY.

At the south end of the west annexe, Mr. Jonathan Pickering, of the Globe Works, Stockton-on-Tees, shows his celebrated lift and hoists. His warehouse hoist is a conspicuous exhibit. Near this stand is that of Messrs. Swinney Brothers, of Morpeth, a well-known local firm. Their exhibits include complete brick-making machinery, mortar mills, ranges, stoves, &c. A novelty shown by the firm is a splendidly-executed medallion of the Queen in cast iron. Messrs. E. Beckwith and Co., of Sunderland, agent for Mr. John Cameron, of Manchester, and Mr. Isaac Hill, Derby, has a splendid assortment of machinery. He shows Cameron's massive punching and shearing machine, which weighs about twelve tons, and which has been supplied to the principal shipbuilders in the country. It is capable of punching and shearing heavy ship plates, and also cuts angle-irons. There is a very novel exhibit amongst those from Mr. Hill's works. This is Isaac Hill's patent saw for cutting iron and steel when cold. It will cut steel castings or other work flush. The machine cuts the new Z angle iron at a rapid rate. The apparatus for sharpening the saw is of a wonderful character, but as simple as it is clever. There is also on the stand a slew machine, by Cowley and Co., for cutting various kinds of threads which cuts the full thread in one operation. A fine collection of machinery has been got together in the space reserved for the exhibits of Messrs. Hulse and Co., Salford. They have their improved sliding, surfacing, and screw-cutting lathe, improved hollow spindle turning and screwing lathe with capstan rest, self-acting slotting machine, vertical drilling and boring machine, horizontal milling machine, and other pieces of machinery. The Beck Gas Engine Company, of St. Nicholas's Chambers, Newcastle, show their two and four nominal horse-power "Beck" gas engines, suitable for all purposes where great economy and steadiness in working under varying loads is worked. Another large stand is that occupied by the Worthington Pumping Engine Company, of London, and 50, Side, Newcastle. They exhibit their high-pressure and compound steam pumps for land, marine, and colliery work; Murdock and Co.'s combination governors for marine engines from 70 to 500 horse power. They also show specimens of plates cut from marine boilers showing results of defective circulation, and drawing showing boiler filled with circulating tubes. Among many attractive exhibits on the stand of Messrs. Henry Watson and Sons, of High Bridge Works, Newcastle, his patent flat strainer for straining paper pulp with Watson's machine-made bronze strainer plates is particularly worthy of mention. They also show their "Oriental" double-acting steam pump specially made for feeding high pressure boilers, the Downton pump (Admiralty pattern), &c. Messrs. Joseph Evans and Sons, Wolverhampton, have a capital display of their "Cornish" and "Reliable" pumping engines and pumps of all descriptions. There is also a capital collection of donkey pumps, underground pumps for collieries, stop valves for steam, &c., on the stand of Messrs. J. and G. Joicey and Co., of Newcastle. Messrs. Carrick and Wardle, of Gateshead, have a capital display of articles. Their gas buoy, which weighs about five tons, will be one of the attractions of the court. Palmer's Shipbuilding and Iron Company, Jarrow, have a beautiful model of a set of triple compound engines. There are also on the stand photographs of engines made by the firm for her Majesty's ships "Surprise," "Alacrity." "Orlando," and "Undaunted." Mr. A. G. Mumford, of Colchester, shows specimens of his donkey and other pumps.

GAS MANUFACTURE.

A most curious and interesting exhibit is that erected by Messrs. Ashmore, Benson, Pease, and Co., Limited, of the Gasholder Works, Stockton-on-Tees. It takes the form of a complete gas works, manufactured in portable form of cast and wrought iron, and in connexion with the filling up of which neither masonry nor brickwork is necessary. The portable gas works is compact and neat, and takes up extremely little space. This invention should be exceedingly useful for collieries, mansions, factories, &c. In country districts, especially, its adoption in many instances should satisfy the cry for "more light."

WEIGHING MACHINES, &C.

Messrs. Henry Pooley and Son, of Liverpool and London, who have a branch establishment on High Level Approach, Newcastle, are represented in this court by a stand on which thew show specimens of their famous weighing machines. Perhaps one of their most interesting articles is their patent automatic and self-registering grain scale, which will be in motion, driven by an Otto gas engine. This clever machine is very extensively in use in flour, rice, or oil mills, breweries, malt-houses, distilleries, starch factories, grain stores, elevators, &c. An attractive display has been got together by Messrs. W. and B. Cowan, of Edinburgh, including light dry gas meters, syphon overflow, pressure guages, &c. Messrs. Schaffer and Budenberg, of Southgate, Manchester, show their expansion regulator, the object of which is to make an ordinary engine work almost like an expansion engine. Their four pendulum governor is a speciality which deserves the recognition which it is meeting.

BREAD AND CONFECTIONERY MAKING.

The making of bread, pastry, and confectionery is quite a speciality in the court, and will comprise one of its greatest attractions. The machinery of Mr. Jas. Johnson, C.E., of Manchester, in operation at Melvin's bakery has already been described in our columns. This oven will bake batch after batch of bread without stopping for re-heating. It is of simple construction, and is an economiser of fuel. Mr. H. C. Calley, of London, also has a practical working bakery with latest improvements. He will give daily demonstrations of cake, pastry, and bread making. Messrs. W. and M. Marwick, of Edinburgh, will manufacture Scotch confectionery of all kinds at their stand. Messrs. Fry and Sons, of Bristol, make chocolate, cocoa, and all kinds of chocolate confectionery by machinery in motion. Messrs. Rowntree and Co., of York, also

have machinery exhibiting the manufacture of cocoas and chocolates from the roasted nibs to the finished article. Mr. Thomas Galloway, of Newcastle, also has a splendid collectian of sugar boiling stoves, machinery for making drops, rock, candies, &c.

OTHER EXHIBITS.

Other exhibitors of machinery, models, &c., in this court are :—Metallic Valve Company, Liverpool, metallic valves, &c.; Messrs. Kirk and Co., Stoke on Trent, Thompson's multiple spring compensating piston; Mr. J. H. Widdowson, Manchester, machine taps, &c.; Mr. J. C. Martin, Newcastle, steam pipes covered with papyrus non-conducting boiler composition; Mr. C. Thompson, Newcastle, lathes, tools, &c.; Messrs. Moorhouse and Co., Stalybridge, asbestos fittings, &c.; Messrs. Asquith, Ornsby, and Nicholson, Seaton Delaval, apparatus for detaching coal and stone; Potentite Explosives Co., Glasgow, potentite for blasting; Messrs. Barker and Co., Fenton, Staffordshire, picks, hammers, &c.; Mr. Stephen Humble, Westminster Chambers, London, safety detaching hooks; Mr. John Gjers, Middlesbrough, model of Bessemer steel works plant; Tyne Patent Coal and Stone Drill Company, Asquith and Ornsby's drilling apparatus; Messrs. Scott and Co., Oldham, gas safety valve and gas governor; Mr. T. Blanford, Corbridge, automatic stoker for steam and other boilers; Messrs. Buckley and Co., Sheffield, pistons, packings, &c.; Mr. M. H. Pattinson, Carlisle, baking powder, egg powder, &c.; Proprietors of Morgan's Lamp Patents, miners' safety lamps; Mr. Evan Thomas, Aberdare, model of coal screen, safety lamps of all kinds; Mr. Wm. Patterson, Dean Street, Newcastle, safety lamps, tempered steel cloths, &c.; Flexible Glass Co., London, fancy goods manufactured from spun glass; Messrs. Hall and Spoors, Gateshead, washing machines, trunks, &c.; Patent Exhaust Steam Injector Company, Manchester; Messrs. Dorman and Smith, Manchester, electric light plant, fittings, &c.; Messrs. Bond and Co., Tow Law, wheels, rolls, sheaves, &c.; Northfleet Coal and Ballast Company, samples of chalk, flint, &c.; Messrs. Dotchin and Co., Grey Street, Newcastle, engineers' and other tools; Messrs. Cowell and Chapman, ironmongers and tool makers, Newcastle; Messrs. Bainbridge and Crimson, Gateshead, ornamental wrought iron work; Messrs. Botting and Co., Robert Street, London, S.W., gas burners; the Patent Argand Gas and Oil Burners' Company; Mr. B. H. Thwaite, Victoria Street, Liverpool, model of twin gas producer for furnace firing, &c.; Messrs. Walker and Peile, Whitehaven, pipe joints, &c.; Naxas Wheel and Machine Co., Edinburgh, wheels, files, &c.; Mr. James Lyons, Cambridge, slide lathe, &c.; Wallsend Cement Company, Newcastle, Portland cement, concrete, testing apparatus, &c.; Messrs. Johnston and Co., Gateshead and London, Portland cement, with testing apparatus; Messrs. Stott and Co., Oldham, covering for drums, and pulleys for preventing slipping of straps; Messrs. Glenfield and Co., Kilmarnock, water meter, pressure recorder, &c.; Messrs. Arden and Co., Stockport, "Stockport" silent gas engine and "Bisschop" gas engine; Messrs. Moore, Murton, and Varley, Keighley, wringing and mangling machines; Britannia Company, Colchester, lathes, &c.; Mr. W. H. Grant, Coventry, improved Jacquard loom in motion; Mr. Thos. Boston, Newcastle, tools; Accordion Pleating Manufacturing Company, London; Carbon Cement Company, Glasgow and Clydebank; Messrs. Alder and Mackay, Edinburgh, gas meters; Messrs. J. Peck and Co., Wigan, tarpaulin articles; Mr. J. C. Carter, Newcastle,; Messrs. P. Jackson and Glaister, Darlington, all kinds of hickory and other shafts for tools; Mr. Thomas Pape, Newcastle, fishing tackle; Messrs. Whitley and Co., Newton-le-Willows, Lancashire, hinges, locks, &c.; Messrs. Gibson Brothers, Bedlington, horse shoes, and Messrs. J. C. Porrett and Co., Sunderland combined folding chair and stool, &c. There is the court an exceptional fine collection of the latest and most improved sanitary appliances, fireplaces, gasfittings, &c. Messrs. Smith and Co., Coalville, Leicestershire, have got together a splendid collection of ornamental, embossed, and enamelled tiles; and Messrs. R. Craggs and Son, of the Marble Works, Haymarket, have fine samples of chimney-pieces and decorative work in British and foreign marbles. Mr. Jacob Barstow, of Pontefract, shows Barstow's patent combination water filters which have two distinct mediums for filtration. The Carron Company, Carron Works, Stirlingshire, have a large stand at the extreme end of the north-west annexe, where they display cooking apparatus for hotels, restaurants, clubs, mansions, &c., close fire ranges, cooking apparatus for steamships, stable fittings, &c. In the west annexe Messrs. Mawson, Swan, and Weddell, chemists, &c., of Newcastle, show a capital speciality in their "Newcastle" filters, which the firm have already exported in large quantities to India, China, and the colonies. Here they have filters in glass, earthenware, and metal, suitable for all domestic and other purposes. There are also on view large glasses containing the various materials used for their filters. Messrs. Shanks and Co., Glasgow, also have an excellent show of sanitary appliances. They have baths beautiful in structure and convenience. They show specimens of large baths which can be placed in the middle of a room without being built in by bricks. Mr. R. Herron, of Northumberland Street, Newcastle, is on the same stand with a splendid collection of baths, wash basins, lavatories, &c. Mr. George Hudson, of Sunderland, on the same stand, shows his "matchless" reflecting gas lights. Messrs. John Fell and Co., Westgate Road, Newcastle, whose works are at Wolverhampton, show a unique collection of bath and lavatory valves, plumbers' brass work, beer machines, bar fittings, &c. Mr. J. C. Halliday, of Grainger Street, Newcastle, and London, besides other exhibits, shows his well-known "Clapton" lights. Mr. Thomas Heron, Holborn Viaduct, London, has an attractive collection of various kinds of gas burners, globes, the patent metropolitan lantern, of from 20 to 2,000 candles, &c. Messrs. Henry Walker and Son, of 55, Westgate Road and Gallowgate Iron Works, Newcastle-on-Tyne, have had considerable space allotted to them, and on their stand, which has three fronts, they have placed grates and mantelpieces, of beautiful designs and exquisite workmanship, chandeliers and gas brackets in endless variety, and cooking and sanitary appliances of the most improved kind. The stove grates and wood chimney pieces placed in the south front of the stand are very fine specimens. A Louis XV. grate placed in the centre is really a work of art, the figuring, gilding, and general ornamentation being superb. The mantelpieces and overmantels are also artistic conceptions. The visitor will a so be struck with the richness of the tiles used in the interior of some of the fireplaces. In the middle of the stand a finely-finished double oven kitchener, with nickel plated mounting is placed, as well as other ovens and ranges, on the most improved, economical, and effective principles. One of the most interesting displays in this section of the Exhibition will doubtless be that in the space allotted to Messrs. Dinning and Cooke, of Percy Iron Works, Newcastle, at their stand in the north-west annexe. The firm have erected at considerable cost improved stable fittings arranged as a loose box and two stalls. The pillars are made in strong cast iron with moulded tops and flanged bases for bolting to the stone. The front of the loose box has a deep ventilating panel, and by a special arrangement opens both inwards and outwards. The stall divisions are of the same construction as the loose box division, and are provided with a sliding barrier, the ball end of which when drawn out fits into a socket in the wall, and forms the stall into a loose box. The floors are laid in granite concrete, with a channel gutter specially designed by the firm to allow a fall towards the trap, with the floor laid level. The model stable will, no doubt, engross the attention of all interested in the latest improvements in stable sanitation. The firm also show a capital collection of the latest types of baths, including a handsomely-finished independent bath with canopy and appliances for hot and cold water, plunge, shower, douche, spray, wave, or any combination of them. Messrs. Emley and Sons, of 42 and 44, Westgate Road, Newcastle, and Marble Works, Gateshead, and agents for Messrs. Archibald, Smith, and Stevens, London, have

a beautifully-fitted up stand in the north-west portion of the court. The firm show several ingeniously-constructed hand lifts, hydraulic door springs, "Scientia" cures for smoky chimneys, ranges of the most improved designs, stoves, Fraser's mechanical telephone, Miller's patent handy fire engine, &c. Morrell's Sanitary Company, of Manchester, show their patent sifting ash closet and other sanitary specialities, and Mr. J. Black, Todmorden, exhibits an invention for preventing the stopping up of gutters, spouts, &c. Messrs. Laidlaw and Son, gas and water engineers, Edinburgh, also have a fine stand on which they show gas meters, brass fittings, extincteurs, fire and other articles. There are also several stands on which there are some fine specimens of timber. Messrs. Armstrong, Addison, and Co., of Sunderland, have a nicely got up stall on which they exhibit fences, gates, posts, palings, &c., creosoted or kyanised as a means of preservation. They show specimens of blocks for wood paving, and samples of wood which has been in use for many years as sleepers, fences, &c. A striking stand is that of Messrs. T. C. Hardy and Co., Argyle Saw Mills, Newcastle. A carved oak pulpit on carved and chiselled stone base, to be erected in St. Cuthbert's Church, Newcastle, is a distinct feature of the stand. There are also fine specimens of doors in mahogany, teak, pitch pine, redwood, and other kinds of wood, as well as carriage builders and cartwright's timber. Mr. John Herring, of the Close, Newcastle, has on view some beautiful specimens of Swedish wood, with doors made of that material. A fine stand has been fitted up by the North of England School Furnishing Company of Newcastle and Darlington, and of which Mr. Rochester is the Newcastle manager. Here will be found every requisite for schools and colleges. The North-Western Educational Trading Company of Liverpool also have an attractive stand. On this stand will be found school and college requisites of every kind, and of the most approved kinds. A stand of more than ordinary interest is that erected by Dr. H. E. Armstrong, Medical Officer of Health, showing a model of the Newcastle Corporation Infectious Diseases Hospital at Heaton, Newcastle, and representing all the buildings, wards, outbuildings, &c. There is also an interesting exhibit in the form of a model of the new Floating Hospital for infectious diseases, the property of the River Tyne Port Sanitary Authority, designed by Mr. W. G. Laws, C.E., and built by Messrs. Wood, Skinner, and Co., shipbuilders, Bill Quay. The Northumberland and Durham Society for the Home-Teaching of the Blind is an institution whose value it is difficult to overrate, and the members of the society have done well in drawing further public attention to its work by showing all types, English, Continental, and American, writing cases, chess and draught boards, &c., used by the unfortunate blind.

ARTISANS' EXHIBITS.

The artisans exhibits are an important section of the articles displayed in this court, and, indeed, in any part of the building. It is gratifying to observe the response which has been made to the desire expressed by the Exhibition authorities to have a collection of the products of the skill of northern artisans. The desire to take advantage of the privilege thus afforded was so great that the application for accommodation exceeded the available space. However, about a hundred interesting models, &c., have been placed in the north-west corner of the court, where they will attract crowds of admirers. The exhibits are mainly local, preference being given by the committee to articles from the two northern counties. It is impossible even to mention all the items in this fine collection in this notice. Some of the most ingenious exhibits are:—A patent "winter," by Adam David, Durham Street, Bentinck, Newcastle; model of vertical engine, by J. Clark, Brunswick Street, Gateshead; a bookcase by a blind man, Allen Dickson Hay, Clifford Street, Byker; model of double horizontal engine, by Thompson Finley, Lower Cuthbert Street, Gateshead; model of steamboat, by William Forster, High West Street, Gateshead; violins, by Robert Gladstone, 117, Scotswood Road, Newcastle; model yachts, by Wm. Greggs, Tyne Street East, Newcastle, and Wm. Harrison, St. Vincent Street, Sunderland; mechanical sight feed lubricator, by J. T. Hedley, Hall Street, Bentinck Newcastle; wood needlework picture, by John Hornsby, Devonshire Street, Monkwearmouth; model of H.M.S. Temeraire, by R. Innes, Strickland Street, Newcastle; model of triple expansion engine, by R. Johnson, Gloucester Road, Newcastle; model for 200 feet steam yacht, by T. S. Leathard, Archbold Terrace, Jesmond; picture of the great fire in Newcastle and Gateshead, October, 1854, by Wm. Murphy, Newcastle Fire Brigade; model rolling mill, by John Oxley, Millfield, Sunderland; clockwork model of belted cruiser, by R. Petrie, Wylam Road, Newcastle; model of hydraulic coal-getting machine, by Edward Rowe, Chilton Moor; and model of 35 ton muzzle-loading Frazer gun, by Horace Wallish, Belgrave Terrace, Newcastle. The Tynemouth Life Brigade have a stand adjoining the artisans' models, on which they show engravings and models of life-saving apparatus, many of the exhibits being shown by the Board of Trade. They also have models of the earliest lifeboats. The stand cannot fail to be an attractive one.

PICTURES AND MODELS.

In this north-west corner of the court there are a number of designs, photographs, &c. Mr. Theodore West, Darlington, shows lithographed sheets illustrating the invention of the locomotive; Mr. B. Gilbert, Anemone Nurseries, Bourne, has oil paintings of new scarlet anemone; Mr. M. C. James, of Wallsend, exhibits seven ship drawings, executed by students attending the exhibitors' class in naval architecture at the School of Science and Art, Corporation Street, Newcastle; Mr. J. W. Taylor, Westgate Road, Newcastle, shows his bird's-eye view of the proposed extension of Blackett Street to Barrack Road, Newcastle. Mr. Ardagh Long, of Jarrow, exhibits a number of models of yachts and racing cutters. In this portion of the court there is also a considerable portion of wall space devoted to the exhibition of photography. Mr. Pike, of New Bridge Street, Newcastle, exhibits some beautiful specimens of portrait, landscape, seascape, &c., and samples of orthochromatic plates. Messrs. P. M. Laws and Sons, of Blackett Street, Newcastle, show photographs illustrating their work by platinotype and other processes. A fine collection of portrait photography has also been got together by Mr. M. Auty, Tynemouth, who has specimens of the different processes of enlargement from smaller photographs. Messrs. Mawson and Swan, of Newcastle, exhibit photographic prints from negatives taken in gelatino-bromide dry plates; and Mr. W. Parry, of South Shields, has instantaneous views of fast cruisers, machinery, &c. At the press view on Saturday it was observed, although the West Court presented a scene of great bustle and activity, that most of the stands were approaching completion. A few had not received their exhibits, and several of the smaller stands were not indicated by the names of the exhibitors, but the above description of the contents of the court will be found to be very nearly complete

THE SOUTH COURT.

This court is approached by the East or West Court. It is 380 feet long, and consists of a central arcade and one lean-to. The exhibits are arranged in rows from east to west. The articles shown are most heterogeneous, and the various colours and shapes of the stands, and the nature of the goods displayed thereon, combine to make the court an exceedingly picturesque and generally interesting one. One of the first things which strikes the visitor upon entering the South Court at its junction with the East Court is the word "Theatre," which is placed in large gilt letters above a spacious doorway on the South wall of the Court. To gain admittance to the temple of Thespis the visitor has to pass through a passage lined with a magnificent collection of photographs, which form part of the competitive display gathered together by the Newcastle-upon-Tyne and Northern Counties' Photographic Association. This part of the Exhibition will be referred to in detail elsewhere, so nothing further respecting it need be said here.

THE THEATRE.

As the Theatre will form no inconsiderable attraction of the Exhibition, some description of it is necessary. The building is a substantial and spacious one, the number of persons it is estimated to accommodate being 1,500. Although it is only a temporary structure, it is of a most substantial character, and no expense or trouble has been spared to make its interior as attractive and comfortable as possible. The stage is of good dimensions, and the orchestra equally so. There are four neat and comfortable private boxes. The best seats join the orchestra, and behind these are the second seats, and then the pit. Around the theatre extending from the private boxes to the front of the galleries are two balconies, which provide adequate space to be utilised as a promenade. The scenes have been painted by Mr. Dangerfield, the artist of the Theatre Royal, and he has executed them with his acknowledged taste and skill. The front of the stage presents a very neat appearance, and the building as a whole is as compact and comfortable as could be desired, even were it intended for a permanent, instead of a temporary structure. Then, as regards the lighting of the building, nothing could be more complete; and it is asserted that this is the only theatre in the world wholly lighted by electricity. No gas will be used in the building. The provisions connected with the arrangements for using the electric light are such as leave nothing to be desired, and such, also, as will prevent any of the inconveniences which sometimes arise from the failure of this the prince of lights. Everything that could be thought of to prevent the occurrence of such a misfortune has been done, and every possible precaution against fire has been adopted. There are three distinct electric circuits, and arrangements have been made which give the stage manager absolute control over the lights. One difficulty in the use of the electric light for such a purpose has been overcome. As everyone is aware, at certain periods in the enactment of the play the lights have to be lowered. Of course this is a thing readily done when gas is in use, but hitherto it has not been an easy task with the electric light. But, as has been stated, the difficulty has been overcome in this instance by resistance coils of iron wire arranged outside. A switch board placed at the corner of the stage gives to the stage manager the power of altering at will the whole of the lights in the auditorium. By such means the lights may, when desired, be reduced from sixteen candle power to about one candle power. In like manner the footlights and the elevated stage lights may be adjusted, it being possible to reduce them from 16 candle power to 5, or even 1½ candle power. The foot lights and upper lights may be regulated independently of the rest, inasmuch as they are on separate battens. Three separate circuits are brought into the theatre, so that the continuity of the light inside the building is assured. The lamps upon these circuits being supplied with an electric current from separate dynamos, separate engines, and separate boilers, there must be three accidents simultaneously to throw the building into darkness for a longer time than would be necessary to turn the switch.

THE ENTERTAINMENTS IN THE THEATRE.

Having said so much about the construction and the lighting arrangements of the theatre, it is necessary to give some slight sketch of the plans of the spirited lessees —Messrs. Howard and Wyndham, of the Theatre Royal, Newcastle—and the character of the entertainments which they intend to provide during the Exhibition season. In respect to the character of the entertainments and the ability of the actors and actresses who will be engaged to occupy the boards of the theatre, lovers of the drama will have, we feel sure, no cause to complain. The wide and long experience of the lessees, and their knowledge of the tastes of the play-going community, quite fit them to undertake the task of providing acceptable dramatic entertainments for the thousands who will visit the Exhibition during the period it remains open.

THE OPENING PIECES.

The pieces which will be the most generally played will consist of burlesques and comedies. The company which has been got together to open the theatre on the 11th inst. is a well-selected one, and includes some well-known artistes, many of whom have during the past season taken principal parts in pantomimes in the large towns of England. On the opening night the very clever and popular comedietta by F. W. Broughton, entitled "Withered Leaves," will be produced. The various parts will be taken by Mr. J. J. Nevin, Mr. F. W. Wyndham, Mr. J. C. Eversley, Mr. Whalley, Miss Jenny Dawson, and Miss Lillian Francis. This will be followed by Mr. H. J. Byron's burlesque of "Ivanhoe." The following is the cast of this piece :—

Cedric, the Saxon .....J. C. Eversley.
The Palmer .....Miss Lillian Francis.
Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert .....E. W. Coleman.
Isaac of York .....Mat Robson.
Prince John .....Miss Nellie Bennett.
The Black Knight .....Miss Alice Spry.
Wamba .....Miss Jenny Dawson.
De Bracy .....Zillian Murray.
Oswald .....Miss Rennie.
Lady Rowena.....Miss Blanche Paige.
Rebecca.....William Morgan.
Knights, Peasants, Courtiers and Attendants—
Cissy Neill, Maude St. Clair, Castleman, Kerr, Alice St. Clair, Kitty Driscole, &c.

A SPECIAL PERFORMANCE.

It has been decided to give a special performance on Tuesday preceding the formal opening of the Theatre, for the purpose of testing the electric light, and the lessees have decided to hand over the entire proceeds to some deserving object, which will be duly mentioned hereafter. At this performance the Royal Exhibition band, under the leadership of Mr. J. H. Amers, will play selections of music. "Withered Leaves" will be enacted, and there will also be the Carolina Banjo Troupe and other attractions.

FUTURE ARRANGEMENTS.

Variety entertainments will be given when the Theatre Royal in Grey Street is open. In connexion with the theatre it may be mentioned that there are two entrances —one through the interior of the Exhibition, and the other from the North Road. A reduction of sixpence in the charges of admission to the principal parts of the house will be made to those entering from the Exhibition.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC ASSOCIATION.

In the passage leading to the Theatre and upon both walls at the east end of the South Court, there is a large and splendid collection of photographs, which forms the competitive exhibition of Newcastle-upon-Tyne and Northern Counties' Photographic Association. This association, which has been in existence a few years, holds a competitive exhibition every year, at which prizes are awarded, and this year it was decided to hold the competition in connexion with the Exhibition, marking the occasion by adding medals to the prizes. The result of this has been to bring together a larger display of photographs than in previous years. Most of the leading photographers are represented. Portraiture is well represented, so is landscape, in which the work of many amateur members of the association is shown. In addition to silver prints, there are many examples of the permanent processes brought out and perfected during the last few years. Some of these reproductions bear marvellous resemblance to fine steel engravings. The platinotypes, which come under this head, are marvellously like fine engravings. The instantaneous branch of photography, which has been perfected lately through improvement of lenses and extremely sensitive dry plates, is one of the most striking features of the whole collection, good examples being a perfect photograph of the "Flying Scotchman" as seen passing at the rate of fifty miles an hour through the bridge at Low Fell Station, and some yacht studies by West and Son, Isle of Wight. Again, there are some fine examples of the gelatino-bromide, a new process which does away with the use of glass plates, the photographs being taken direct on the paper. Excellent examples of this process are, "Tynemouth Pier in a Storm," by Mr. M. Auty, of Tynemouth, and "Hoar Frost at Wilford, Notts." There is also a case of very fine composition photographs by Mr. L. Sawyer, of Newcastle. Of the carbon process, which enables the photographer to produce a portrait which is permanent, there are also some good examples.

But by far the greater portion of the exhibits are the ordinary silver prints, and in this section some fine portraits of exquisite finish are shown by Mr. Lafayette, Dublin; Mr. W. J. Bryne, Richmond, Surrey; Mr. H. S. Mendelssohn, London; and Mr. H. P. Robinson, Tunbridge Wells. Mr. Laws, Newcastle, shows a choice case of vitrified ceramic enamels, which is a process that gentleman has spent much time in perfecting. Altogether the display of photographs of all kinds is a most splendid one.

THE DINING ROOMS.

On the south side of the South Court we have one of the most essential parts of the whole of the Exhibition. Here are situated the capacious dining rooms of Messrs. Gibson and Co., of the Douglas Hotel, Newcastle. Nothing is wanting here in the shape of provision for satisfying the requirements of the inner man. The arrangement of the rooms, of which there are three, is pretty much the same as at the Indian and Colonial Exhibition. The grill room and restaurant, in fact, are conducted on the same principle as Messrs. Spiers and Pond's grill rooms in London, Messrs. Gibson and Co. having been fortunate enough to secure as manager of their various refreshment establishments at the Exhibition Mr. J. H. Meyer, who was manager of the refreshment departments at the Gaiety, and the Colonial and Indian Exhibition in London, and who has succeeded in having the various rooms in the interior nicely arranged. For the past week or more the grill room, which occupies a central position on the south side of the court, has been a scene of considerable activity, hundreds of visitors and those engaged in the Exhibition having availed themselves of the opportunity of dining well at comparatively low charges. A bill of fare, on which are the prices of the various dishes, is handed to each guest. In addition to the grill room and restaurant there are other two rooms—one to the east and the other to the west of the grill. That to the east is known as the "Exhibition Dining Room," wherein dinners at fixed prices will be provided. In the room on the west side of the grill, capable of accommodating about 150 persons, business will be conducted on temperance principles, and a substantial "popular" dinner will be provided at one shilling per head. The grill room and the Exhibition dining rooms are of large dimensions, each being sufficiently spacious to seat comfortably 250 persons. The whole of the rooms are comfortable, and the free admission of light from the roof during the day time serves to render them very pleasant. At night they will be lighted by innumerable electric lamps. In these rooms alone it is possible for between 600 and 700 persons at least to dine at one and the same time, whilst simultaneously about 500 persons can have cold luncheon at the bars. In the kitchen there are 10 cooking stoves, 1 grill, 2 pastry ovens, and 2 roasting ovens. Messrs. Gibson have about 150 hands employed in their various refreshment establishments. Everything supplied is of the best quality, and the attention paid to customers by the numerous waitresses is all that could be desired.

CARRIAGES.

Of late years great strides have been made in the construction of carriages of every description. The large, heavy, and uncouth vehicle in use some twenty or more years ago has given place to the light and daintily finished carriage of the present day. No accurate conception of the vast improvements effected in this direction can be made until a comparison has been made of the old carriages belonging to her Majesty the Queen, arranged contiguous to those of the present day, which are exhibited in the South Court by some of the leading builders in the country. There are two rows of them, in the centre, reaching from the gangway which leads from the east entrance to the quadrangle to the Art Gallery, and within a short distance from its junction with the West Court. First and foremost come those lent by the Queen, numbering 6 vehicles of different shapes and sizes. Two of them, at least, are worthy of more than passing notice, inasmuch as they were presented to her Majesty many years ago by two of the crowned heads of Europe—Louis Philippe and the Emperor Nicholas. That presented by the former is a char-a-banc of large size, whilst that presented by the Emperor Nicholas is a sledge of Russian build. Another of the Royal exhibits is a chariot on "Cee" springs, which must have been made some forty or fifty years ago, and another a cab phæton of the period of George IV. on "Cee" springs, made by Passmore, of Windsor. The latter very much resembles a Victoria, which is exhibited by Mr. Lawton, of Liverpool, and a comparison of them shows the remarkable progress which has been made in this industry during the last five decades. There are also amongst the Royal exhibits two wicker cots, which are likely to attract considerable attention, inasmuch as they were used for the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal in their infancy. These cots do not in any way resemble the elegant and highly finished perambulator of the present day. They are placed on bodies and axles of wood, and instead of being driven as perambulators are, they are pulled in bogie fashion, by means of a substantial wooden handle in front. Next to the Royal carriages are those of the well-known Newcastle firm, Messrs. Atkinson and Philipson, Pilgrim Street. The exhibits of this firm consist of six carriages of their own make, and they adequately illustrate the improvements which have of late years been introduced into the building of different kinds of carriages. The landau which they exhibit is similar in design to that for which they were awarded a silver medal at Amsterdam. It is on "Cee" springs, and fitted with a self-acting arrangement to prevent the breakage of windows. The interior fittings of this elegant vehicle are really beautiful. The Lambton omnibus which they exhibit is remarkably light, considering that it is built to accommodate 8 inside and 5 outside passengers. It is also provided with an electric bell and electric lamps. A brougham shown by the same firm is a fine one, the trimmings being of a luxurious character. The rest of Messrs. Atkinson and Philipson's exhibits in carriages consist of a substantial dogcart, a Scarborough phaeton, and a Sparkenhoe. Each of these is an elegant and fine specimen of its kind, the interior trimmings being neat and tasteful, and the exterior daintily and finely finished. On the same stand are displayed specimens of the firm's home-made harness, whips, rein-holders, and a variety of carriage and harness accessories, all of which show the most skilful workmanship and finish. Messrs. Atkinson and Philipson are also agents for Messrs. Forder and Co., Woverhampton and London; Messrs. Ridges and Sons, Wolverhampton; and Messrs. Marston and Co., Birmingham, all of whom have sent carriages of the most elegant appearance. They are also agents for Mr. Edward Clennett, of West Hartlepool, who exhibits a patent appliance for raising the windows of railway and private carriages; for Fox's patent tyres, which prevent the wheels of carriages slipping into tramways; and for Schanschieff's electric lighting apparatus, by means of which the lighting of a carriage by electricity is placed under the control of the coachman. Mr. N. J. Proud, Carlisle, shows four fine vehicles. Mr. J. A. Lawton, of Liverpool, exhibits his famous "Cee" spring Victoria, besides three more vehicles. The Institute of British Carriage Manufacturers exhibit, per Mr. John Philipson, numerous drawings illustrative of the history and manufacture of carriages. Messrs. Henry Angus and Co., coachbuilders, Newcastle, have a space of between 600 and 700 feet at the west end of the South Court, and a handsomer display of carriages of all kinds there is not in the court. Their exhibits consist of seven carriages, a case of home-made harness, and a collection of interesting articles connected with the trade. First we notice a landau with rocks, fitted with automatic appliances for opening and closing the doors without having to put down the windows. The lamps of this carriage, which are lighted by electricity, are also adapted for burning candles. Then there is a miniature landau which has all the novelties of the larger kind except the electric lamps. This carriage is remarkable for the lightness of its wheels. A style of carriage which is rapidly coming into favour is the landaulette—a sort of half landau and half brougham—and Messrs. Angus show an exceedingly neat specimen. The carriage which is likely to be considered the gem of this firm's collection is the

George the Fourth phaeton, which is of an entirely original design. It combines some of the curves common in carriages at the beginning of the century with those of a very stylish modern phaeton, and is a light and beautiful specimen of the art of coachbuilding. A nice Whitechapel which is shown on this stand is fitted with Angus's patent sliding seat, a slight pressure on the handle of which is sufficient to move the seat either backwards or forwards. A Tilbury gig or buggy, with hood, and a tourists' gig of light construction complete Messrs. Angus's show of carriages. On this stand there is an exhibit of a very interesting nature. It is a very perfect model of a mail coach which was made in the second year of her Majesty's reign. The "Beeswing" mail coach, which ran between Newcastle and Darlington, was made from this model.

A LARGE LAMP.

At the top of the east portion of the space allotted to the carriages visitors will notice an exhibit of an exceedingly novel character. This exhibit takes the form of a monstre carriage lamp, sent by Messrs. Lowe, Sleigh, Bevan, and Co., of the Clarence Works, Birmingham. The height of this lamp is 10 feet 5 inches, and the circumference 10 feet 6 inches. Inside the lamp is a display of specimens of the manufactures of the firm, consisting of ordinary-sized modern carriage lamps, coach fittings, saddlery, harness moutings, &c. It may be mentioned that the monstre lamp was manufactured by Messrs. Lowe, Sleigh, Bevan, and Co. for the Melbourne Exhibition, and that they were awarded two silver medals for artistic design and excellence of workmanship.

SADDLERY.

A most attractive and expensively got-up case is that of Mr. Edward Newton, of Grainger Street, Newcastle. In this case, which, with the exception of the top and bottom, is entirely composed of glass, is a display of all manner of whips, saddles, military, racing, colonial, and otherwise, and harness of all the lighter kinds. There is an exhibit on this stand which is likely to attract considerable attention, it being the whip which was used by the driver of the Queen's horse on the coronation day in 1838. This whip has been lent by permission from the Royal Mews at Windsor Castle. Mr. Rd. Wright, Richmond, Yorks, exhibits patent safety stirrups.

MESSRS. SUTTON AND SONS, SEEDSMEN,

As the visitor enters the South Court from the west end, the stand which is most likely to attract attention is that of Messrs. Sutton and Sons, Reading, seedsmen by Royal warrants to her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. This stand, which is on the right of the west end of the court, is unquestionably one of the largest and most picturesquely arranged stands in the whole court. Anything more complete and interesting in its way it would be impossible to find in any of the courts. Upon it the most enterprising agriculturist will find something of interest to him, whilst there is that which will interest even the man who tills his own piece of land. The stand occupies a prominent position, and is about 23 yards in length. It may be described as consisting of four large sections. The space from the floor to the level portion, which will measure a few feet, is occupied by samples of grass seeds suitable for all soils and all climates. Immediately above this, on the level, there is a glass case divided into nine different compartments, the beauty of which is enhanced by coloured illustrations of different kinds of plants, &c. In these nine compartments are arranged most artistically models of cabbages, carrots, beans of all shapes and kinds, melons, onions, cauliflowers, and tomatoes. These models are so beautifully-formed that the uninitiated are apt, even after an inspection, to mistake them for genuine specimens of the various vegetables which they represent. Then, again, between this section and the cases which are arranged in a perpendicular manner, there is a space of about a foot which extends the whole length of the stand; and here are displayed photographic views of Messrs. Sutton and Son's extensive establishment, and they sufficiently indicate the position the firm occupies in its particular line of business, and convey to the spectator an idea of the extent of the trade which is carried on by the firm. Certainly, the most striking portion of the stand is that which rests upon the space we have briefly described. This part is also divided into nine sections. The centre case is surmounted by the Royal arms and two others—one on each side the centre case—by those of the Prince of Wales. In the first we have a model of Messrs. Sutton's improved "Mammoth Gourd," which weighs 223 lbs., models of monstre red and yellow mangles, and a varied collection of turnips of different shapes, colours, and sizes. In other cases seeds, specially selected for Russia, India, Japan, China, and other countries, are tastefully displayed; in others, samples of grass; in another, a model of a cluster of cucumbers as in growth; and in another three models of tomatoes, the whole forming a very pretty picture.

MESSRS. LITTLE AND BALLANTYNE.

To the west of this stand, with only a small vacant space between, Messrs. Little and Ballantyne, the well-known Carlisle firm, have erected a small, elegant stand, in which they show a choice collection of dry natural grasses. On the outside they have a stand upon which are arranged all the varieties of grass and clover seeds used in the formation of permanent pastures and rotation crops

MR W. J. WATSON, NEWCASTLE.

Above this stand we have the exceedingly neat and interesting stand of Mr. W. J. Watson, nurseryman, Newcastle. This case is divided into one large and two small divisions. In the centre one there is a beautiful collection of almost every conceivable kind of fern in actual growth, and in the smaller ones seeds and sundry gardeners' tools.

MESSRS. WEBB AND SONS.

At the north-east end of the South Court, almost immediately opposite to Sutton's and Little and Ballantyne's stand, is that of Messrs. Webb and Sons, of Wordsley, Stourbridge, and also of London and Paris. This firm's case is a very fine one, and occupies a prominent position. As Messrs. Webb and Sons are seedsmen by Royal warrants to the Queen and Prince of Wales it is scarcely necessary to say that their display is of a most complete character, and second only as a show to that of Messrs. Sutton. Their models of some of the new kinds of vegetables are most life-like. There is a fine collection of natural and other grasses, which are recommended for permanent pasture, alternate husbandry, lawns, cricket grounds, &c. Specimens of the firm's selected seed corn, noted for the large size of the ear, length of straw and fielding qualities, and farm seeds, are also tastefully displayed. Amongst the latter must be mentioned Webb's imperial swede, the variety that has been awarded the champion prizes at Birmingham for the last fifteen years.

MESSRS. FINNEY AND CO.

In this section of the Exhibition it is exceedingly pleasing to notice that a local firm of seedsmen—Messrs. G. Finney and Co., Newcastle—have kept pace with their brethren who are fortunate enough to reside in the more genial portions of the country. Messrs. Finney and Co.'s stand is a very neat one indeed; it adjoins that of Messrs. Webb and Sons, and we venture to state that the specimens of grasses, seeds, &c., are in no wise inferior to any in the Exhibition. Certainly this stand affords an interesting comparison with those before noticed. Whilst the specimens of turnips on the latter are in reality only life-like models, those on Messrs. Finney and Co.'s stand are the real articles, and additional interest is given to some of the roots, inasmuch as they have been grown on her Majesty's farm at Windsor; others on the Prince of Wales's farm at Sandringham; and others on the farm of the Duke of Connaught.

GRACE DARLING'S LIFEBOAT.

Perhaps the exhibit in this court which is likely to attract the most general attention is the boat and oar of Grace Darling, which have been lent by Mrs. Joicey, of Newton Hall, Stocksfield-on-Tyne, to the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Royal Benevolent Society for exhibition. The boat has been so frequently described, and the public are so well acquainted with the facts connected with the incident in which Grace Darling acted so bravely, that it is needless to dilate further upon them. Grace Darling's name is a household name; and it is peculiarly appropriate that the boat in which she and

her father rowed to the rescue of the passengers on board the wreck Forfarshire, on the 7th of September, 1838, should be devoted to a purpose so praiseworthy as that of augmenting the funds of the society already named. The boat and oar have been at other exhibitions, and have proved a source of no inconsiderable aid to the society. Two boxes are placed on the boat, which stands at the west end of the South Court. Into these boxes visitors may drop what coins they choose, and in return they receive a small photograph of the boat and oar.

CONFECTIONERS' CASES.

To the east end of this court there are many beautiful cases; in fact, these are the most attractive in the whole Exhibition. The space about this end of the court is almost entirely occupied by the stands of biscuit and jam manufacturers, confectioners, and spirit merchants. Although perhaps the smallest, those of Mrs. M. Cowan, confectioner, Northumberland Street, Newcastle, and Mr. G. Simpson, Westgate Road, Newcastle, are certainly the prettiest. Close by there is another excellent stand, erected by Messrs. Terry and Sons, York, in which candied peels, silvered goods, &c., are displayed in profusion. Messrs. Crawford and Sons, Edinburgh, and the Manchester, Newcastle, and London Wholesale Co-operative Society, Limited, have tasteful displays of biscuits; and Messrs. Chivers and Sons, Histon, near Cambridge, and Messrs. Beach and Sons, Toddington, Cheltenham, have equally nice displays of different kinds of jam. Preserved meats are shown by Mersrs. Lord, Son, and Co., London, and jams, marmalades, &c., by Mr. J. H. Turnbull, Sunderland, and Mr. Duncan Macgregor, Edinburgh.

LEATHER AND INDIA-RUBBER.

In a prominent position on the north side of the Court is the stand of Messrs. George Angus and Co., of St. John's Leather and India-rubber Works, Newcastle. Of its kind this stand is of the most complete character, every kind of article connected with the trade being displayed thereon. The principal exhibit is a leather link belt, 40 inches wide, which is equal to 300 horse power. Caoutchouc is shown in its various stages of manufacture, from the raw gum, as taken from the trees, to the manufactured article ready for use. The engineering and mechanical community will find on this large stand much that will interest them, for here are displayed india-rubber valves, sheets, washers, buffer springs, delivery and suction hose pipes, rubber and cotton mill bands, tubings, and asbestos goods in every form. To the north-east of this stand we have one of the most beautifully arranged and complete stands in the whole court; it is that of the India-Rubber and Telegraphic Works Company. Upon it the company have a display of telegraphic cables, medical batteries, gutta percha, leather goods, india-rubber, in its raw and manufactured state, ebonite goods, and a large and miscellaneous display of the different kinds of goods in which they deal. More in the centre of the court is the large stand of Mr. Henry A. Murton, Grey Street and Market Street, Newcastle. This stand is devoted to the display of the various india-rubber and gutta percha productions as applied to surgical, chemical, domestic, and other uses. Under the first head we have elastic rubber, water and air beds for the use of bed-ridden persons; air and water pillows, to keep the head cool; air cushions for travelling purposes, and every appliance necessary for an hospital or a sick room. Under the second head we have bottles and carboys for holding acids, india-rubber gloves and boots for use when mixing acids, and vulcanite and other tubes for conveying and holding strong acids and liquids. Then, under the head of articles for domestic use, we have combs, brushes, and even knitting pins and thimbles made of india-rubber. Of ladies waterproof cloaks there is a large and varied collection. These cloaks are made in all the latest fashions at Mr. Murton's establishment. Some of them weigh only a little over half a pound, and may be folded so as to be easily carried in a lady's handbag. Of gentlemen's cloaks, fishing utensils, driving capes, &c., and cricket and tennis requisites, there is a large and well-assorted display. To the north of Mr. Murton's stand is that of Messrs. Tuck and Co., Limited, Liverpool, London, &c. This stand contains a large assortment of india-rubber goods for mechanical purposes, leather belts, valves, delivery and suction hose, and triple packing for triple expansion and other high pressure engines. The Gandy Belt Manufacturing Company, London, show patent driving belts; the Rossendale Belting Company, Newcastle, belts; Messrs. J. G. Fenwick and Co., Newcastle, tanned and manufactured leather for harness; Messrs. Turney and Co., Stourbridge, leathers; and Messrs. Tullis and Co., London, beltings.

DRINKS.

Pleasant to contemplate and reflect upon, are the stands of the various manufacturers and exhibitors of spirits, beer and aerated waters. These stands, many of which are most costly structures, are arranged at different points in the South Court. An interesting case is that of Messrs. Henderson and Turnbull, Leith, upon which Scotch whisky, the acorn and Corrichoillie brands, is shown. On this stand there is a curiosity in the shape of an old mutton-ham bottle, dated 1795, one of the kind used by the Scotch smugglers to deceive the Excise officers a hundred years ago. The Coldstream Brewery Company have a stand of a striking character, made principally of beer barrels, the ends shown being nicely painted. In this respect, the company referred to are not singular Messrs. C. Vaux and Sons, brewers, Sunderland, and Messrs. T. E. Chapman and Sons, Lambton Brewery, Sunderland, and others having stands made on a similar plan. Undoubtedly the most attractive stand in this court belonging to tradesmen in this particular line of business is that of Mr. James Jamieson, brewer, of Edinburgh, it consisting of a beautiful large-sized model in crystal and nickel silver of Scott's Monument. Then, a little to the east of this stand is that of Messrs. Blayney and Co., Newcastle, upon which is a show of whisky and a model of a Highlander holding in his hand a bottle of that seductive fluid. Messrs. Turnbull and Wood, of London, Perth, and Newcastle, have an assortment of "Glen" whisky, whilst Messrs. Reid Brothers and Co., Newcastle, have a case of what they style "Encore whisky," which is recommended by several medical journals and medical men. In addition, Messrs. Reid have a display of other brands, and wines. Different kinds of whisky, &c., are shown by Messrs. Mitchell, and Co., Belfast; Messrs. James Robinson and Son, Newcastle; and Messrs. Ringnes and Co., through a Newcastle agent. And different kinds of ærated waters are shown by Mr. Thornton, South Shields, and Messrs. Lyon and Co., of Liverpool. At the west end we have the large and well-stocked stand of the Liebig Wine Company, Liverpool and London, on which there is a display of Liebig's beef, wine, Canadian extract of beef, &c. The manufacturers of Spratt's world-renowned dog biscuits have a stand at this end of the court. Messrs. John Mackay and Co., Edinburgh, have two nice stands —one to the east and another to the west of the court. In one they have a display of different kinds of ærated waters and the sparkling "Castalina," and in the other essences and different kinds of their preparations. Mr. W. Glendinning, wine and spirit and soda water merchant, Grainger Street, Newcastle, and Messrs. Hugh Baird and Son, malt roasters, Glasgow, have nice stands. An interesting stand to the west of the entrance to the grill room is that of Messrs. Burroughs and Wellcome, chemists, London. This stand is made entirely of New Zealand timber, elaborately pillared, carved, corniced, and decorated with representations of the prize medals, which have been awarded to the firm at other exhibitions; and the articles upon it include pocket medicine cases, beef and iron wine, and a miscellaneous collection of other objects. Messes. Bell and Riddle, chemists, Hexham, have a neat case.

MUSTARD.

The cases of two mustard manufacturers occupy a prominent position in the centre. One of these contains specimens of Messrs. J. and J. Colman's mustard, and the other those of Messrs. Ainsley Bros., of Durham. On the latter stand is exhibited mustard in its various stages of manufacture, and a sample of the "Original Durham Mustard," as supplied to King George II. Mustards are shown by Messrs. Champion and Co., Limited, London, and Messrs. Keen, Robinson, and Belvill, London.

TOBACCO.

The show of tobacco, &c., in the South Court, is not an extensive one, but there are five very nice cases—one belonging to Mr. Robert Sinclair, Newcastle, another to Mr. John Sinclair, Newcastle, another to Messrs. W. F. Telfer and Co., Newcastle, a fourth to Messrs. John Telfer and Co., Newcastle, and a fifth to Messrs. Heatley and Sons, Alnwick; and in each there is a tasteful display of the leaf and all manner of tobaccos. Immediately facing these cases is a stand of goodly dimensions belonging to Messrs. Lyons and Co., of London, where cigars, pipes, and cigarettes will be made.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Near this stand, Francis Merlo, of the Roma Restaurant, Newcastle, and M. A. Zoccola, of London, have a stand on which there is a display of Italian wines, Italian oil, and Italian soup. A. Levy, of the International Glass Works, Bristol, has a show of fancy and plain glass. This gentleman has workmen on the spot who do all kinds of engraving on glass whilst purchasers wait. On one side of the tumbler glasses which he shows there is a beautifully engraved view of the Exhibition, and on the other side purchasers may have their names engraved. Displays of different kinds of wringing machines, sewing machines, mangles, bicycles, and perambulators form quite a feature in this court. Amongst the exhibitors in this section worthy of special notice are Messrs. Newton and Co., Westgate Road Newcastle; Messrs. J. A. Chapman and Co., Sunderland; Messrs. Kirsop and Co., bicycle manufacturers, Newcastle, who have a large collection of different kinds of cycles; Mr. Jas. Turnbull, Newcastle; Mr. Henry Chas. Askwith, Hull; the White Sewing Machine Co.; and Messrs. W. and S. Summersdale and Sons, Keighley. Messrs. Edward and Jas. Richardson, Elswick Leather Works, Newcastle, and Messrs. Turner and Co., Stourbridge, have stands upon which leather of different kinds is arranged. Messrs. Edwin Richards and Son, Wednesbury, show axles, cantarms, &c.; Josephine Eryel, London, embroidering and braiding machines; Mr. W. Newton, Newcastle, mangles, sewing machines, &c.; Messrs. Corry and Co., London, patent baby jumpers and swings; and F. Selby and Co., Birmingham, axles. The North of England Cycle Company, Newcastle, and Messrs. Egdell and Co., Newcastle, have displays of every kind of bicycles and tricycles. Mr. Roger Errington, Victoria Steam Mills, Sunderland, shows on his stall cattle, game, and poultry spice, &c. Messrs. Hindhaugh and Co., Newcastle, have a similar display, and an assortment of different kinds of meal. Messrs. James Thomson and Son, corn merchants, Edinburgh, have a stand on which their manufactures are displayed; and there is also a stand upon which is displayed Thorley's food for cattle. The manufactures of the Swendborg Oxenbjerg Flour Mills show flour through their representatives, Messrs. Clepham and Wiencke, Newcastle. The Waterloo Mills Cake Warehousing Company, Limited, Wilmington, show oil cakes, &c.; Mr. C. Ling, Carlisle, oats, groats, barley, &c.; and Messrs. Morris, Little, and Son, Doncaster, their patent fluid sheep dip. Prinzen and Van Glabbeck, one of the leading firms of butterine manufacturers in Holland, have, through a local agent, a stand in this court, as have Nestle's Swiss Milk Company. Mr. A. W. Buchan, Waverley Potteries, Portobello, shows samples of Scotch pottery, both useful and ornamental. Messrs. Dunn and Hewitt have a case in which, besides cocoa and coffee in their various shapes of manufacture, they display a beautiful model of the cacoa tree. Cocker Bros., Sheffield, show carriage springs, &c. It must be mentioned that a number of stands in this court have not been alluded to simply because they were not completed on our visit; others have unfortunately been left unnoticed because the owners names were not on them, and others because the stands and cases were empty.

Then we have two cases containing tins of the various kinds of biscuits manufactured by the well-known firm of Messrs. Carr and Co., Carlisle, and another to the east coutaining innumerable specimens of the biscuits manufactured by Messrs. Squire, of Newcastle.

THE EAST COURT.

The East Court, which was visited first, and which runs parallel with the North Road, is literally packed with elaborately constructed stands containing goods and fancy articles which will doubtless prove a great attraction to the lady visitors. Here we have an assortment, as rich as it is varied, of lace, woollen and silk manufactures, carpets of all kinds and sizes, glass of beautiful colours and exquisite workmanship, silver and electro-plated goods, terra-cotta and fine art pottery, jet, gold, and silver jewellery, elegant draperies, sewing machines, modern examples of bedroom, drawing-room, and dining-room furnishings, &c. A short distance below Messrs. Reid's exhibits, Mr. James Farthing, Newcastle, shows several items which will be viewed with great interest. The most important is a fine old cabinet which is said to have belonged to the Derwentwater family. The cabinet is beautifully inlaid and is a most intricate piece of furniture, containing no fewer than thirty secret drawers. The exhibits in this court also comprise all kinds of boots and shoes, surgical and nautical instruments, cutlery of all sorts, clocks and watches, art decorations, and Indian and German curiosities. Another exhibit of special interest is the old and modern telegraphic apparatus from the historical collection at the South Kensington Museum, sent by the Postmaster-General. Many of the stalls on Saturday were in a fair way towards completion, and although some of the exhibitors had not placed a single article for exhibition, a great number, on the other hand, had hurried their preparations forward for the "press view," and their exhibits were shown with all the "opening day" finish. This was particularly noticeable in the room furnishings and decorations, than which finer examples have not been shown at any other exhibition.

WARE AND GLASS EXHIBITS.

Seldon has so large and varied an exhibition of glass and ware been shown at one place as that seen in the East Court. Glass of brilliant colours and equisite designs, glass cut, twisted and moulded, some of English and foreign manufacture, of all colours, sizes, and shapes, are scattered in rich profusion on all sides. The firms showing the glass and ware are numerous. A noticeable stand is that erected by Messrs. Stevens and Williams, of Stourbridge, who have a speciality for cameo and fancy vases, cut decanters, bowls, &c. H. Setzer, of Munich and Dusseldorf, exhibits a special kind of stone ware made from clay found on the banks of the Rhine. Most noticeable in this exhibit are the grotesque specimens of drinking cups, imitation old Roman ware and bronzes, and bunches of German feathers and grasses. Another attractive stand is that of B. Grosebaum's, manufacturer of Dresden art china goods. Here are shown beautifully printed plaques of large sizes, handsome vases and bronze statues. One of the most attractive stands is certainly that of Townsend and Co., who have made what must in all truth be pronounced to be an elegant display of all classes of china and glass goods. On another stand in this court we find an attractive display of articles solely manufactured in Newcastle. This is at the stand of Mr. C. T. Maling, Ford Potteries, Newcastle, who shows fine earthenware of every kind, including a highly decorated dessert set, together with chamber ware and articles of household use. Messrs. Carter Brothers, of Edinburgh, also show pottery and glass, spar, marble, &c. Other firms are Greener and Co., Sunderland; Count Harrach, Bohemia; H. Foster and Co., Newcastle; J. van Praag, Edinburgh; Messrs. Poole and Wilson, Edinburgh; James Rooker, Birmingham; Sowerby and Co., Newcastle; A. Mackie, London; A. Conti and Co., London; and the Ipsen Terra Cotta and Fine Art Pottery (Messrs. Arup Brothers) have a stand of very large dimensions showing all kinds of ware and pottery of an elaborate description.

STATIONERY.

Messrs. Mawson, Swan, and Morgan, of Grey Street, Newcastle, have a large stand, where the firm will show relief stamping and copper-plate printing, materials illus-

trating the manufacture of paper, illuminated addresses, specimens of printing, and a quantity of pencils, pens, wax, and fancy articles.

WHITBY JET MANUFACTURES.

An exhibit which will be a centre of attraction and source of instruction to visitors will be Mr. B. H. Frampton's Whitby jet manufactures. Inside the handsome and elaborately constructed stand three skilled artists, from Whitby, manufacture from the crude Whitby jet highly-finished ornaments. The origin of this beautiful material is a subject on which there is considerable difference of opinion. It has frequently been described as coal, but it is generally believed to be bituminous. The jet is found embedded in rock in masses of various forms and magnitude. One famous mass was reported to be 20 feet long by 6 feet wide. In mining the jet from the rock it is generally broken into small pieces, but occasionally some are obtained three or four feet long by about a foot wide. As the masses occur in all parts of the rock, months of labour are often spent in vain. There are two distinct kinds of Whitby jet — the hard and the soft or oolitic jet. A Spanish soft jet which has been introduced into the market is very brittle, and when exposed to atmospheric influences its surface has a tendency to crack. This jet is, however, capable of a high polish, and its beautiful appearance renders it a dangerous article for unskilful buyers. It is often sold for the "best jet" and this is one reason why ladies, who have experienced breakages with the so-called "best" article, become prejudiced against jet of any superlative description. The prime cost to manufacturers of Whitby hard jet varies from 8s. to 16s. per pound, and in some cases eighteen-pence to nineteen-pence per ounce has been paid. Foreign jet is imported and sold to manufacturers at Whitby, from 10s. to 30s. per cwt. When lumps of jet are obtained suitable for working, they are sawn and split into the required form with saws and chisels. They are then taken to grindstones, where a flat surface is given. All the subsequent operations necessary to prepare the various ornaments for sale are performed by hand machines. A sort of lathe is used in which stones, boards, and brushes are the means of bringing the articles into their proper shape. All round work, such as beads, studs, and rings, are turned on the lathe with fine tools. In hand engraving, some very exquisite specimens of the jet workers' art is produced. Fruit foliage, flowers, and endless varieties of designs are executed with surprising closeness to nature. The manufacture of jet ornaments has become one of the staple trades of Whitby. Besides all kinds of jet goods, Mr. Frampton exhibits a brilliant array of French jewellery and fine cut crystals.

A SILVER JUBILEE TROPHY.

Amongst other silver articles, Messrs. Reid and Sons, of Grey Street, Newcastle, exhibit an interesting ornament as a commemorative silver Jubilee Exhibition trophy. It is in the form of a fruit and flower stand. The central portion is a representation of the fine old tower of St. Nicholas's Cathedral, and surmounting the spire is a winged figure displaying a scroll, "Hail to Victoria's Jubilee." The base of the tower, which is decorated with panels on which are delineated sketches of old and new Newcastle, figures representing science and labour are placed; and the industries of the district, as well as groups of appropriate implements, are portrayed. At each end a figure reclines holding up models of steamships. Communion sets and various kinds of jewellery are also shown.

VISITING CARDS.

Visiting cards are supplied on the "while you wait" principle by Mr. J. Carter, of 22, Napier Street, Shieldfield, Newcastle. The cards are printed on a "Magand" printing machine, of French manufacture. The ordinary printing machines strike off copies of cards at the rate of five or six hundred per hour, but on this machine addresses, etc., can be run off at from seven to eight thousand per hour. The machine, which is of ingenious construction, both "feeds" and "flies" the cards itself. It is the outcome of the great and rapid demand there is for cards in France, where it is the custom for friends to exchange cards upon auspicious or other occasions. Mr. Carter can supply 100 cards in five minutes.

THE DERWENTWATER RELIC.

A stand which will doubtless prove of great interest to visitors will be that of Mr. James Farthing, who shows two cabinets of high finish, a buhl clock, and two old Chinese vases. One of the cabinets is said to have belonged to the Derwentwater family, and a more elaborate piece of workmanship could scarcely be met with. The cabinet has the appearance of being well stocked with drawers, but various parts of the woodwork can be taken to pieces, and no fewer than thirty secret drawers and cavities disclosed. The facing of each drawer is inlaid, in one kind of wood, with a view of Palestine. This piece of furniture has a rather romantic history. While "Amelia, Countess of Derwentwater," was contesting her claim to the Derwentwater estates, her goods and chattels were seized by the bailiffs at Dilston and brought to Newcastle for sale. This cabinet is said to have been taken amongst the goods, but was "bought in" for the "Countess" by a friend. A short time after the unfortunate lady's goods were again seized and put up for sale, and Mr. Farthing secured this relic. On the large panel of the cabinet is inscribed, in a scrawling handwriting, the words:— "From James III. to my loving Lord of Derwent Waters, 1716."

THE JUBILEE SAFE.

The half-sized model of the Windsor Castle safe, used for the keeping of her Majesty's jewels, and built by Messrs. Hobbs, Hart, and Co., of London, will be an object of interest. Some idea of the original, which was supplied to the Queen's order by the firm in 1878, may be gathered from the fact that the model exhibited weighs 3 tons 6 cwts. It is constructed entirely of steel, and is ornamented with royal blue and gilded mountings. The safe is seamless in the body, and there are three locks on the door. While one of these locks is gunpowder-proof, a second, the "change" lock, is capable of some 5,000 automatic changes, and the other is termed a "violence" lock. Internally the safe is commodious, and externally it presents the appearance of a monument of defiance to the burglar and his instruments. The firm also exhibit several sizes and kinds of their famous safes, and numerous kinds of locks and keys.

A MEDICAL INVENTION.

Dr. Henry Newton, of Newcastle, has introduced an appliance for eliminating the pernicious particles from air during the process of inhalation. It is designed for the use of lead workers, and, after the fashion of the respirator, it covers the nose and mouth. It is light, can easily be cleaned, and in no way prevents conversation. The Chief Inspector of Factories remarks upon the appliance:—"It is the best thing of the kind I have seen, as it entirely obviates the objection to all others of the kind, which become so readily clogged." So many deaths have occurred recently from lead poisoning and from other causes with which this appliance is intended to grapple, that any means introduced for the purpose of saving life or making it more endurable is a public benefaction. The invention is exhibited by Messrs. R. McQueen and Son at their stall of scientific instruments.

MISCELLANEOUS EXHIBITS.

Mr. R. Brooks, hatter, of Clayton Street, Newcastle, shows, in a handsome case, the different processes of fur-dressing; and in a second compartment displays the different stages of hat-making. The stand is surmounted by hats of different sizes common enough in hot climates, but veritable curiosities in their way in this country. Messrs. Adam Carse and Co., hatters, of Grainger Street West, Newcastle, also exhibit an elaborate case of goods. A number of boots and shoes, highly finished, are shown by the Newcastle Co-operative Society; and Messrs. S. and C. W. Dixon, of Grey Street, Newcastle, have also erected a handsome stand of leather goods. Mr. Robert Adams, of Blackman Street, London, exhibits several patents for door closing and window cleaning. So many fatal accidents have been caused through window cleaning that patents of this description will be looked upon as a great boon. All danger is avoided by making the windows reversible through the application of Mr. Adams's patent to the sashes of the window.

There is also exhibited a patent door spring and slam check, by means of which a door may be kept open at any desired angle, and made to close at any required point. Messrs. Hargreaves and Company, of Stockton-on-Tees, show a case of the "Excelsior" blind cord, pulleys, and brackets.

SILK AND CARPET WEAVING.

Messrs. John Hutton and Sons, of Newcastle, exhibit a loom at work weaving rugs, &c. In its simplest form the loom is worked by hand, and, notwithstanding the wonderful improvements which have been effected in the power loom since its invention, there are still many fabrics manufactured by hand looms in this and other countries. In India, which most probably is the home of the loom, and where silks of almost unrivalled beauty are made, the natives continue to use this machine in its most primitive form. The loom exhibited is known as a "witch loom," and will produce woollen fabrics, reversible and diverse designs on both sides, or checks and twills with any coloured background. Various designs and colourings in carriage and travelling rugs will be produced. The firm exhibit a number of their productions, and also a beautiful portrait of the late Prince Consort, which was made for exhibition about the year 1851. An interesting exhibit is that of Ernest E. Barker, who shows silk, from the worm to the loom. Silkworm and moths, cocoons, and raw silk, are submitted for inspection in a case; and on the loom, which is worked by one man, various "Jubilee" patterns in silk handkerchiefs, specially designed for the Exhibition, are woven. Silk weaving is also executed by W. Wilde, of Macclesfield. A beautiful handkerchief can be run off the loom in half an hour.

WIRE EXHIBITS.

Messrs. Mountain and Sons, wire workers, of Newcastle, have a very handsome case, constructed entirely of black and white wire, and it is decorated with flowers, leaves, and wreaths formed of wire. Internally the stand is stocked with all kinds of wire work, much of which is of an interesting character.

WOOLLEN MANUFACTURES.

Mr. T. A. Potts, of Newcastle, has a large stand for the exhibition of several machines for the manufacture of a number of woollen goods. Machines will be seen turning out gloves, stockings, pants and vests, fancy goods, ladies' jerseys and vests, &c. About fifteen hands will be employed in this exhibit, and as this is an industrial centre which will demonstrate much that could be done in household management, large numbers of visitors, especially those of the gentler sex, may be expected to view Mr. Potts's exhibit with interest. Besides the machinery, there is a large case containing fine wools, beaded slippers, crewel silks, and a variety of fancy goods. Adjoining this stall similar work is done by the well-known firm of Fleming, Reid, and Co., of Greenock, and by James Foster, of Preston and Manchester.

FURNITURE, &C.

Messrs. Bainbridge and Co., of Market Street and Bigg Market, Newcastle, are exhibitors in this court of high-class furniture and other fittings, and present specimens of the best style of art in dining-room, drawing-room, and bedroom furnishings. The dining-room is fitted up in the Renaissance style of decorative art. The furniture is made of oak, fumigated, not stained, down to a rich tone. Excellent specimens of oak mantelpiece and overmantel, sideboard and dinner-waggon, and expanding dining table are shown. The chairs are upholstered in morocco leather and the remaining furnishings are of an Oriental description. The drawing-room furniture is made of rosewood, and the articles comprise mantelpiece, overmantel, bric-a-brac, chairs, which are upholstered in various coloured silks and Genoa velvets, a Kirkman grand pianoforte, &c. The floor is covered with an Afghan carpet of novel colouring and vigorous design. The curtains for the windows are the latest productions in Madras muslin. The bedroom furniture is of walnut, and is treated in a free "Queen Anne" style. The bedstead is of brass, in a rich half-canopy design, specially manufactured for the exhibit. The floor is covered with an Afghan carpet. The mattresses are of the most approved description, and are manufactured by the firm from pure materials in their own factory. The entire exhibit is surrounded by an elaborate solid walnut screen polished on both sides. It is 12ft. high, with two front elevations 45ft. each, and an end elevation 20ft. It is, without doubt, one of the finest erections in the Exhibition. Specimens of stained glass are shown the entire length of the screen. Each room is fitted with a grate supplied by Messrs. H. Walker and Son, of Newcastle. Visitors will not fail to admire the elaborately-designed "Jubilee" sideboard executed and exhibited by Mr. G. Bennett, cabinetmaker, Low Friar Lane, Newcastle. This work of art, which is of oak wainscot, portrays on panels several historical reminiscences of note in the life of her Majesty. On one of the panels the Queen is represented performing one of the first duties she was called upon to do—to deal with the death-warrant of a soldier. It is recorded that the word "pardon" was written across the document. Other panels depict the coronation of her Majesty, her visits to aged and sick fishermen at Osborne, and her inspection of the Children's Hospital in London. The pilasters surrounding the panels are all emblematical of the royal reign. John Bull is shown with wheat sheaves, representing the production of the United Kingdom. Peace is portrayed by a wreath of olives, and an African stands as the representative of the colonies, while India is represented by a Brahmin. Again we find the rose, the thistle, and the shamrock delineating the United Kingdom. In brass-work on the handles there is a neat medallion of the Queen, with the dates 1837 and 1887. Portraits of the Prince Consort, the Queen, Lord Melbourne, Lord Salisbury, Mr. Gladstone, and Lord Beaconsfield are carved on the back part of the sideboard, and there is a large bevelled-edged mirror in the centre. Mr. Bennett is to be congratulated upon the excellence of his exhibit. An elaborately-carved oak sideboard, manufactured by Punch Brothers, Middlesbrough, is shown by Mr. Jas. Stewart, of Newcastle.

MARBLE EXHIBITS.

At the north end of this court Messrs. Emley and Sons, of Newcastle, Gateshead, and Glasgow, have a very large exhibit of marble masonry, including altars and reredos, executed on the finest Paronazza marble, with steps and flooring. There is a fine pulpit in oak upon alabaster and stone base. The carved wood work is from the studio of Mr. Ralph Hedley. These exhibits are for the new church of St. George's, Jesmond. There are also marble chimney pieces, and grates furnished with art tiles and mosaics; English made brass clock and ornaments, electro plate and cutlery, door furniture, specimens of wrought iron, copper and brass work, statuary in marble and terra-cotta, and "Royal Jubilee" art drawing room and dining-room fire-places. One of the most interesting exhibits on this stand is the saloon of a passenger steamer in marble designed and prepared for this Exhibition by the firm. The work represents the style of decoration carried out on many of the largest ocean steamships. The interior is also suggestive of the manner in which the most artistic effect may be produced in the most enduring material for entrance halls, mansions, public buildings, &c. Mr. Jas. Nelson, of Carlisle, also exhibits a number of examples of marble masonry.

WATCHES AND CLOCKS.

A large case of watches, clocks, chronometers, opera glasses, and nautical instruments is exhibited by Messrs. G. and T. Davison, of the Side and Grey Street, Newcastle. A number of the watches on view are manufactured by the celebrated firm of Rotherham and Sons, of Coventry. It was remarked some time ago, by a gentleman of note, that if he wanted a hundred English lever watches he was not quite sure whether he could get them even in Coventry. Some idea, however, of the manufacture of watches in Coventry may be gleaned from the fact that Messrs. Rotherham and Sons employ girls and women, who, after adjusting the machinery for the production of one size and class of watch, construct them in batches of 13,000 at a time. There are three other watch manufactories in Coventry, where watch-making is being conducted with the latest appliances. The idea that old England cannot compete with the foreigner in watch-making is, the English manufacturers maintain, all "moonshine." Mr. R. Metcalf, watchmaker and jeweller, of New-

castle, exhibits several cases of watches and clocks. A novelty in this exhibit is the neat clocks made by Mr. Metcalf from old verge watches. Mr. Metcalf buys up all the works of old verge watches he can, and by attaching a pendulum to the works, and mounting them in neat cases, a novel, and at the same time a useful article, is produced. Mr. J. Garland, of Newcastle, and Messrs. Bunn and Dick, of Newcastle, also exhibit a quantity of clocks, watches, and silver goods.

HOUSE DECORATIONS.

Some very fine examples of the modern styles of drawing-room, dining-room, and bedroom decorations are submitted for inspection by several well-known firms. Messrs. John Richardson and Co., of Dean Street, Newcastle, show three highly-finished specimens of room decorations. Messrs. F. Robertson, of Newcastle and Alnwick, have fitted up an example of dining-room painting, &c. In this exhibit there is a fine example of hand-painted frieze, the colours of which are brilliant and rich in tone. There are also shown various kinds of stains for wood. Messrs. Sopwith and Co., of Northumberland Street, Newcastle, have furnished and decorated a dining-room and drawing-room. The floor is covered with tapestry carpet, the wall is covered with Japanese wall paper, and there are some elegant specimens of oak furniture. There is also a cabinet made of black oak taken from the Tyne. Mr. John Coates, cabinet-maker and upholsterer, of Sunderland, has erected and fitted up a large dining-room and bedroom, both of which will prove interesting to visitors. A very showy panel comprising specimens in glass writing, gilding, embossing and decoration, imitations in woods and marbles, &c., is placed in the south portion of the East Court by Mr. R. K. Creighton, of Derwent Place, Newcastle. Messrs. Bragg and Co., of Pilgrim Street, Newcastle, have erected an antique and attractive show stand. Our townsmen bring together a collection that will draw around it large crowds, for in one spacious department they show Thonet's famous bentwood furniture as manufactured by the London Oxford Street firm. Next to this display, an old English bedroom, with all the furnishings that charmed the sight of the well-to-do, is represented, and in another department other choice articles dealt with by the firm are shown. The Lincrusta and General Decorating Company, of London, also have a handsome stand of room decorations, &c. Messrs. Jeffrey and Co., Islington, London, have a speciality entitled the "Royal Jubilee wall-paper." It is a very elaborate piece of colouring, and will bear minute examination. Mr. G. Brighouse, of Liverpool, exhibits an embossed absorbent paper for use in the imitation of various kinds of woods, in paint work. A very handsome exhibit of hand-painted wood panels, and specimens of English and French made furniture, screens, &c., is shown by Messrs. Giles and Co., of London. The Victoria Cane Mattress Company show several highly-finished examples of their manufactures; and Messrs. Chapman and Son, of Newcastle, have a handsome exhibit of room furnishings. Mr. R. J. Richardson, of Newcastle, shows an exceptionally attractive screen, consisting of painted imitations of inlaid woods, marbles, &c. The artistic work in this exhibit is of a very high standard.

SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS.

Mr. Frederick Robson, of Dean Street, Newcastle, exhibits a large case of scientific instruments, the most important of which are an improved miner's dial—the improvement being that the adjustment for vernier is effected by a screw at the side; and a theodolite with an improved motion for quickly plumbing. In the old system, the whole apparatus had to be shifted, but by the aid of improved parallel plates the main portion only of the instrument can be very easily adjusted to attain the desired object. Messrs. Mawson and Swan, of Mosley Street, Newcastle, exhibit a handsome case of electrical apparatus and chemical balances. Mr. T. B. Winter, of Grey Street, Newcastle, has a case containing mining, surveying, and astronomical instruments, telescopes, &c. Large cases of surgical instruments are shown by Brady and Martin, Mosley Street; R. McQueen and Son, and Robert Clark, of Newcastle. Messrs. Harrison and Son exhibit acting tidal gauges for docks, harbours, and reservoirs; and Messrs. Wilson and Gillie, of North Shields and Sunderland, have a stand of nautical instruments. Messrs. Cox, Walker, and Co., of Darlington, and Messrs. J. Woodcock and Son, opticians, of Sheffield, show various kinds of scientific instruments. Vitrite holders, and other fittings for incandescent electric lamps are shown by the "Vitrite Works," Low Teams, Gateshead. Mr. T. Gaskell, of Liverpool, exhibits a process of gilding by electric battery. A stand of photographic apparatus and material is shown by Percy Lund Co., Bradford.

HONITON LACE.

Messrs. James Coxon and Co., of Grey Street and Market Street, Newcastle, exhibit their wares in a most unique-looking erection. The interior of the bazaar is reserved for fine examples of Eastern carpets and rugs and rare specimens of silk and other Oriental fabrics. The towers surrounding the bazaar are converted into stalls where Japanese porcelain, art metal goods, Cairo stools, and Damacene stools are exhibited. Contiguous to the bazaar Honiton lace workers from the little fishing village in Devonshire will be seen plying their needles in reproducing fine specimens of this ancient art. Until early in the present century machine-made lace was almost unknown, and to this day the finest kinds are still produced by hand labour. The industry continues in the same neighbourhood where it was introduced by the Huguenots some 300 years ago. The more skilful workers seem to have settled at or near to Honiton, in Devonshire. Her Majesty's wedding dress was trimmed with a fine flounce of this lace, and wedding flounces for each of the Royal princesses were also made. Specimens of the work are shown in two show cases placed at each side of the workers. Messrs. Coxon also display decorative art needlework as applied to furnishing, mantel draperies, embroidered portiere curtains, cushions, antimacassars, an Italian bedstead, linoleum, and floor-cloths, &c.

CARPETS AND OILCLOTHS.

Raw material showing the several stages of manufacture of floor cloths, &c., are shown by Messrs. Barry, Ostlere, and Co., of Kircaldy. Specimens of the manufactures of the firm—linoleum, plain and printed, tesselated pavements, cork carpets and oil-cloths—are also exhibited. The City Floor Cloth and Linoleum Company, Newcastle, show a number of products of the firm. Messrs. Anderson and Lee, the well-known makers of this class of goods, have a large exhibit of linoleums, floorcloths, &c.; and J. Rolls and Son, of London, have a really handsome exhibit of floorcloths.

OTHER EXHIBITS.

A great attraction to ladies will be Messrs. Thomas Young and Sons' case of table linen, embroidered sheets, pillow cases, towels, &c. The designs of the table cloths and napkins are of a very elaborate description, and the embroidery of the bed linen is well executed. Josephine Engel, of Fulham, London, exhibits Bonaz embroidery, and braiding machines for embroidery, braiding on cloth, linen, &c. Messrs. Hunter and Nisbet, of Newcastle; Messrs. George Harrison and Co., of Edinburgh; and Messrs. James Smith and Co., of Newcastle, have each stands of various kinds of tweeds for coatings overcoatings, trouserings, and suitings. Mr. Andrew Reid, of Newcastle, has in this Court a stand of transformation prints, and a great variety of transfers are shown. Mr. Jameson's safety paper will be displayed on a stall next to the one just mentioned. This article provides various precautions to hinder the tampering with written documents of any kind. The extreme importance of such a paper arises from the fact that an ink may be made which will wash off any ordinary paper without leaving a trace behind. The exhibitor will show two processes of how a document can be tampered with by ink of the kind indicated, and how the tampering process can be prevented by the use of the paper shown. In the case shown by Mr. Thomas Routledge, of Ford Works, Sunderland, esparto in all the stages requisite for the production of paper is shown. In addition to this the varied character of the products from the bamboo cane is ex-

hibited. Mr. A. Bernasconi, of Newcastle, shows a quantity of mechanical and musical figures and foreign fancy goods. Metal paste and furniture cream are shown by Messrs. Stephenson Bros., of Bradford. Some very fine specimens of ecclesiastical brass work are submitted for inspection by Messrs. John Mills and Sons, of Newcastle; and Messrs. Jones and Willis, of Birmingham, also exhibit brass work—vases, candlesticks, &c.—for church use. Rothery's patent perfect security lock, latch and bolt combined, or separate, is shown by Mr. John Brindle, of Whitehaven. Brass and silver-plated band instruments, wood wind instruments, drums, &c., are exhibited by Besson and Co., of London; and American organs are shown by Robert Kidd, of Bedlington. The process of printing handkerchiefs, showing numerous foreign styles, is exhibited by Messrs. Gillott, Golland, and Co., of Manchester. Messrs. Sage and Co., of London, exhibit air-tight show-cases; and Messrs. Cooke Bros., of Birmingham, have a handsome case of safety-pins, fancy nails, hinges, &c.

THE FINE ARTS SECTION.

The idea of including a fine art collection amongst the treasures to be displayed at our great Exhibition was a particularly happy one. Newcastle is one of the few provincial centres which can lay claim to the possession of a school of art peculiarly its own. For over a century the town and surrounding district has produced a succession of artists, devoted to their calling, and claiming national recognition of their gifts. It is true that the talent evinced by these Northern painters has differed widely in its manifestations, but a general characteristic is traceable principally in the shape of a realistic love of nature, and a corresponding avoidance of the conventional and the artificial. In a great proportion of the cases, a remarkable affinity to the Dutch school was developed, with the result of work-production in the shape of sober-toned sea pieces, figure subjects dealing with the quaint and humorous aspects of humble life, minutely correct portrait painting, and landscapes in which the common animals of the farm figured largely. Bewick was racy of the soil, and so were Good, Parker, Clennell, Carmichael, and the Richardsons. Martin was phenomenal. At no period of its existence has the local school evolved a higher order of talent than it has done during the last half century, and it is doubtful whether any other part of the country of similar area and population has produced an equal number of front rank artists.

When the main plan for our Jubilee Exhibition was first sketched out, an art department formed no portion of it. All that was intended was that a limited number of pictures should be collected for the purpose of gracing or decorating the large building. The managing body, with this end in view, invited a number of our leading artists and amateurs to form a committee, and the response to the appeal was in all respects a satisfactory one. But the painters were soon found to be the working members of the body, and their influence really shaped the course which its deliberations eventually took. Briefly stated, the report presented by the committee affirmed that an art department to the Exhibition could be of little importance unless a special building was devoted to its purposes. For a short time the question of providing a suite of rooms for art exhibits hung in the balance, but finally a decision in favour of following this course was given. Thanks to the strong interest taken in the matter by Mr. Charles Mitchell, of Jesmond Towers, a comprehensive scheme for the constitution of the department was carried into effect. A large annexe to the main building was designed for its accommodation, and means were taken for collecting together as extensive a collection of high-class pictures as the resources of the district will permit of. Mr. Mitchell was elected chairman of the committee charged with the arrangements, and Mr. Thos. Dickinson (hon. sec. of the Bewick Club) hon. secretary. The president of the Bewick Club (Mr. H. H. Emmerson) and vice-president (Mr. Robert Jobling) were also placed upon the committee, the members of which have worked with the utmost enthusiasm, and with a singleness of purpose deserving of the warmest recognition. The success which has crowned their efforts has been thoroughly merited. The Art Gallery annexe has been erected at the end of the grounds nearest to the city, and it is entered from the South Court. Corrugated iron is the material of which the outer walls are composed, but they are lined with wood, and are thus rendered pleasant to the sight. Standing close to the Exhibition Theatre, the building is similar in plan and construction to that extremely clever and effective erection. It is lighted from the roof, and is of good proportions. Well would it be if some steps could be taken towards securing the building for the public Art Exhibition of which the city stands so much in need, and the establishment of which has been so strongly advocated by the members of the Bewick Club. By no stretch of the imagination can the structure be pictured as fulfilling the conditions desirable for a permanent gallery, but it would serve the purpose pending the arrival of those more enlightened times when our municipal rulers will be moved to recognise the important educational influences exercised by a free and public art collection, and to act accordingly.

The space at command within the building is divided into four large and two small rooms and an entrance hall. The dimensions of the great apartments are 58 feet by 30 feet, and the two small rooms are 30 feet square. The entrance hall is 20 feet square. Some difficulty has been experienced in the classification and arrangement of the exhibits, but the works have been finally differentiated under three sections respectively entitled, Contemporary British Artists, Contemporary Continental Artists, and the Loan Collection. An illustrated catalogue of the department is in process of preparation. In all about 1,050 paintings and drawings are hung in the section, and the insurances effected upon the loan collection alone amounts to £120,000. Works forwarded direct from the artists are hung at the risk of the exhibitors, by most of whom insurances have been effected. A few of the specialities in the department may be briefly mentioned. For instance, attention may be directed to the tapestries—after the fashion of the famous Bayeux series—placed on view by Sir Isaac Lowthian Bell, of Rounton Grange. The designs for this set were furnished by Mr. Burne-Jones, A.R.A., and the needlework was performed by the late Lady Bell and her daughters. Her Majesty the Queen has contributed two important works to the collection, namely, "The Florence Gallery," by Zoffany, and Mulready's well-known picture "The Wolf and the Lamb." The Prince of Wales has signified his intention of exhibiting a painting by a Colonial artist. The Duke of Northumberland, the Earl of Durham, Mr. H. T. Morton, Mr. John Rogerson, Sir William George Armstrong, Mr. John Taylor, of Newcastle, Mr. Alex. S. Stevenson, and Earl Grey have rendered important aid to the department, and, amongst the water-colour drawings, amateurs will find a rare treat in the shape of Mr. Thomas Crawhall's unique collection of little gems. At one time the committee intended to devote space to an exhibition of the works of the old masters, but it was soon seen that facilities would be lacking for such an undertaking. Difficulties followed the decision come to in this matter. A line had to be drawn as to the art period which the works hung should illustrate, and it was resolved that no paintings executed previously to the time of Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-1792) should be accepted. This led to courteous rejections of several offers of most interesting and important works, and it was only by accident that any

exception to the rule was made. This happened, however, in connexion with the collection forwarded for exhibition by the Duke of Northumberland. Through the miscarriage of certain letters, his Grace was not made acquainted with the time limit decreed for the exhibits, and he forwarded to the committee some fine examples of great Italian masters which will interest every visitor to the department. However, the principal contributor to the loan collection is the Earl of Durham, who has sent from his priceless collection of the works of Sir Thomas Lawrence, certain family portraits which have become historic. His lordship has supplemented these by a number of master works dating from the middle of the eighteenth century, and his contributions to the section would, if all were hung together, nearly suffice to cover one side of the room. The Corporation of Newcastle has lent its great pictures by Parker and T. M. Richardson. Important as the loan collection is, we yet think that our amateurs will find equal attraction in the room where the works of Contemporary Foreign Artists are exhibited. Here are shown some marvellous examples of Corot, including his famous "Awakening of Diana," and a battle piece, by Schreyer, round which crowds will linger whilst the Exhibition lasts. We believe that something like £1,800 is all that has been allowed from the funds of the undertaking for the expenses of its Art Department. The actual cost cannot have fallen far short of £3,000. Some enthusiast must be suffering financially in order to make this most attractive section of the Exhibition an unqualified success! and the public will be interested in learning the facts touching this self-sacrifice. We hope that no need may arise for such personal devotion to the cause, and it is not yet too late for the management to act liberally to the executive of the art section. It should be mentioned that the Hanging Committee, whose work is now quite completed, consists of Phil. Morris, A.R.A., A. H. Marsh, R.W.S., H. H. Emmerson, and Robt. Jobling. Mr. Thos. Dickinson has from the first been in charge of the business arrangements of the department. How arduous—and at times how unpleasant—the labours of these gentlemen have been the public can scarcely imagine. Space for the exhibits offered has been sadly lacking, and the exigencies of "hanging" have in many cases demanded a sacrifice of works by local artists in which talent was by no means absent. With regret the sub-committee charged with the task of selection has rejected a large number of pictures which they would gladly have placed on the walls had space permitted, and they have not always been successful in giving consolation to the disappointed artists desiring to exhibit. There has been a hardship here, for the annual show of the Bewick Club has been merged this year in the art display of the Exhibition, yet many works which would certainly have been accepted at the former undertaking have been squeezed out in the more important affair, and thus a number of aspiring young artists are left without any means of reaching the public at all. However, it is wrong for the disappointed ones to blame the hanging sub-committee for their troubles, and the lot of these gentlemen has for the last three weeks or so been far from a happy one. The task of arranging the accepted works has been very difficult, and we do not expect that the plan adopted will please everybody. Under the circumstances of this particular case, it was not easy to devise a system which should bring every picture under its proper denomination and at the same time enable the visitors to find something like consecutive order in the arrangement of the exhibits. As we have mentioned above, the annexe consists of six rooms, that is to say, three on each side of a longitudinal partition which divides it into halves. On entering from the South Court, the visitors will pass into the left-hand side of the entrance hall, and thence into the suite of three rooms in the eastern half of the building. These rooms will be numbered from one to three. From the last the company will move into the western half of the structure, the rooms in which are numbered four, five, and six, and the latter adjoins the "way out" side of the entrance hall, through which the South Court is reached again. In rooms Nos. 1, 2, and 3—the eastern half of the building—are placed the works of British and Continental artists, which have been forwarded for exhibition and sale by the painters themselves. The three rooms on the western side of the annexe are occupied by the Loan Collection, in which, as far as possible, the paintings of the British masters are separated from those of the Continental artists. The latter are almost entirely accommodated in Room IV. An idea of the arrangement is to be gathered from the notes which we compiled when making the tour of the rooms on Saturday afternoon, in which promenade the reader may mentally accompany us.

THE ENTRANCE HALL.

It is not desirable that the visitors should linger in the entrance hall of the Art Gallery. The space at command is small, and a block of people would be readily caused if more than casual attention were paid to the works hung upon the walls. It is for this reason that the little chamber has been devoted to the exhibition of works in "black and white" and some few water colour drawings. The great bulk of the examples on the walls have been contributed by the proprietors of the *Graphic* illustrated newspaper, and they are the artistic originals of some of the most striking pictures which have appeared in its pages. More than one northern artist of rank finds employment in contributing to this attractive journal, and the fact may not have been without its bearing upon the liberal manner in which its proprietors have responded to the appeal made to them on behalf of this Exhibition. On the left hand side of the entrance chamber are to be noted drawings for the *Graphic* executed by John Charlton (formerly of Newcastle), Staniland, Reinhardt, Small, Charles Green, G. G. Manton, B. Goddard, B. Barber, J. C. Dollman, R. Harris, Frank Dadd, and others. A few slight water-colours are hung upon the cross wall of the chamber, and the right hand (or exit) side is devoted almost entirely to etchings, which have been placed on view by our enterprising townsmen, Messrs. Mawson, Swan, and Morgan. Amongst these may be picked out a number of superb pieces, such as the Tintern Abbey and Hereford Cathedral of David Law; the river scene, with small craft, of Jas. McNeil Whistler; and the etchings contributed by A. Legros, R. W. Macbeth, J. J. Tissot, Seymour Haden, Paul Rajon, Herman Haig, Samuel Palmer, Debaines, E. Boilvin, Watney, &c.

THE FIRST ROOM.

Devoted to "Contemporary Art," the first room contains much to interest and entertain the visitor. The whole of the works hung in it have been contributed by the artists themselves, and with few exceptions they are for sale, the prices appearing in the catalogue. One of the first pictures which catches the eye after the apartment is gained is a large figure subject from the romance of "Don Quixote," painted by Professor J. E. Hodgson, of the Royal Academy. It can scarcely be said that the piece is presented to the best advantage as seen upon these walls, and indeed it is scarcely justice to the eminent painter that it should be so exhibited. Planned upon large lines and showing much flat treatment, the picture was intended for mural decoration—to be let into a wall or affixed to a panel—as tapestry or frescoes are placed. But here we have it framed and shown as an easel picture. But viewed with the artist's intention kept well in mind, it must be said that the work is one of the finest in the collection. Powerfully drawn are the figures, with the individuality of each subtly expressed, whilst the grouping is perfect. The knight of the doleful countenance is seated upon his sorry Rosinante, excitedly addressing the puzzled peasantry, whilst stolid Sancho Panza stands by giving his ass leave to graze. Many of our readers will be aware that Professor Hodgson is a native of Newcastle, and that he is a member of the family which at one time owned the *Newcastle Chronicle*. The picture to which we now draw attention is priced at £500. Close to it is a small single figure painted by W. Logsdaile, the young artist whose contributions to the Academy Exhibition created so favourable an impression a couple of years ago amongst the critics. This little work is picturesque in conception and

beautiful in *technique*. The subject is a dark-eyed Oriental woman, whose flowing draperies are richly decked with coins and fringes. Near at hand is a large picture by H. H. Emmerson, entitled "Sea Birds," which we have seen on the walls of the Bewick Club's quarters. The piece represents a fisherman with wild ducks slung over his shoulders, and although it shows all the well-known artist's vigorous treatment and feeling for colour, we yet prefer to it one or two others of his works hung in the collection. Theatrical pieces are always attractive, even when executed with little skill, and thus many of the visitors to the section will pause before Ludovici's work which he calls "Behind the Scenes," the merit of which lies more in the selection of the subject than in its treatment. Three juvenile fairies are seen, arrayed in muslin and silver tinsel, waiting at the wings to "go on" in the performance of a pantomime. Gazing round at the bewildering masses of gilded frames and striking pictures on the walls, it is difficult to single out any single subject for special inspection, and, on the other hand, the time is not yet ripe for undertaking the laborious task of working our way through the exhibits catalogue in hand. At length one powerfully handled work makes its influence felt. It is a coast scene by J. C. Noble, A.R.A., and discloses a fine expanse of verdant sea banks, so skilfully treated as to avoid the monotony of too much pure colour, together with a stretch of silver grey sea, half hidden by light mists. A striking work this, and contrasting singularly in its solidity with the airy lightness of a painting by H. H. Emmerson, which almost touches it, and which bears the title of "When George III. was King." Eighteenth century manners and customs supply the incident illustrated by the worthy president of the Bewick Club. A pleasure craft floats easily down the current of the Thames, propelled by a gaily dressed damsel, who skilfully handles the sculls, whilst a gentleman, in wig and velvet coat, reads to her from a book, and marks the emphasis of his sentences by the waving of his white right hand. Different altogether in motive and in treatment is a glowing sea piece on the same line. This work is by Robert Jobling, who sees more distinctly the poetry and romance of a sea life than any other painter of our period. On this charming canvas –

> Softly, faintly morning breaks in roseate streaks,
> Like the first faint blush on a maiden's cheeks.

A grand sweep of slowly-heaving summer sea reflects the hues of earliest dawn. The distant coast shows in soft neutral tones. In front "the toilers of the deep" labour at their hazardous avocation. Little exercise of the imagination does it need to hear the grating of the oars in the rowlocks and the plash of water from the blades. How different is all the adoration of nature expressed in this work from the motive which animates the large figure painting that hangs by its side. "Mary in the House of Elizabeth" is the title of the picture referred to, and the Hanging Committee have done well to place it where it can be compared with the essentially English sea piece, for it is French in treatment of the subject and in the peculiar technical merits it displays. The two figures which appear in the scene are drawn upon a large scale, considering the size of the canvas. Shown to us as young and of chaste beauty, the white-robed Virgin stands with clasped hands receiving the homage of the grey-haired woman who kneels at her feet, whilst guardian angels, dimly seen, hover round her head. This excellent picture is the handiwork of Mr. James Clark, of Hartlepool, who was a pupil of the famous Gerome, and is a well-known exhibitor in Northern collections. Near at hand are fine works by Fred. Morgan, Buxton Knight, and Charles Wylie, over which we must not linger at present, but we find it impossible to pass over a carefully painted landscape by Yeend King, called "The Ferryman's Daughter." The artist brings before us a summer view of level country, with a sluggish river, and a luxuriant growth of rushes and aquatic plants, all seen in the soft atmosphere of a cloudy day. Amongst the thick grass by the riverside is seen the firm and well-set figure of the girl who furnishes the title to the work, and the old ferryman directs his little craft towards her. There is a pleasant story to be gathered from the picturesque scene, and in all respects the work is that of a master. Passing by such well-known pictures as Goodall's "Puritans and Cavaliers" and Dendy Sadler's bright-toned and humorous "Gudgeon Fishing," we pause for a moment to admire Mrs Louisa Jopling's carefully-painted work, named "Broken Off," and to notice the sentimental "Bridge of Sighs." The latter shows a wearied flower-girl asleep in a recess of Waterloo Bridge at daybreak, with her unsold wares scattered round her. It is bad in colour, and is far from being the most touching of the incidents which have been imagined of this resort of despairing suicides. Frank Walton's familiar landscape, "Southward from Surrey's Pleasant Hills," with its glowing atmosphere and grand masses of woodland, detains us for a moment; we pass on to admire the vigour and picturesque feeling of "Fortune Telling," a picture by Miss Thompson, of Cullercoats, and to examine closely a small example of McWhirter, entitled "The Old Mill on the Doon." Then we note Fred. Morgan's brilliant work, "Tally-ho!" which has been made familiar to everybody by the *Graphic* presentation oleograph from it, and we make memoranda for future use touching Hodgson Campbell's "Under the Coaly Tyne," a picture which will attract as much attention as any other in the room, if only through the peculiarity of its subject. The rising young artist shows us a pitman working in Redheugh Colliery, far beneath the bed of the flowing river. Lying prone on the floor of the working, with his muscular arms and shoulders bare, the miner is represented as "kirving out a back-end," and the only light thrown upon the weird scene comes from his lamp, which is correctly placed well away from the swing of his pick. For the moment passing the doorway which leads into the second room, we notice a lovely view of Bordighera, on the Italian Riviera, by Carl Schloesser, and near it an important landscape with figures by Arthur H. Marsh, R.W.S., demands attention. Mr. Marsh's picture is the best example of his work which we have seen, and it impresses us as being one of the most striking paintings in the room. It is called "Stony Land," and discloses a field of turned-up soil, from amongst which a band of women are gathering the pebbles. Types of female workers on the land, with bent backs and sun-browned arms are grouped upon the canvas, and the composition is very good, whilst the entire picture is painted in the low and sweet tones which the artist so often pleases us with. A gorgeous military piece, "Marshal Keith's Last Battle," shows well beside this fine work, and, if we remember rightly, Mr. Patterson's picture was similarly well placed at the Edinburgh Exhibition. A more charming milkmaid than the one shown in the painting named "Over the Downs" is not often reproduced on canvas, and perhaps there may be visitors to the Exhibition who recognise the face of the brown-eyed damsel. Difficult do we find it to leave with merely a passing glance the gorgeous display of pink and white apple blossoms shown in Miss Mary L. Breakell's "Devonshire Orchard," and equal self-denial has to be exercised in regard to the brevity of our inspection of Ralph Hedley's good picture "Darby and Joan," George Aikman's study of "Scotch Firs," Frank Dadd's wonderful duel scene called "The End of the Game," and J. M. Brown's "Lucy's Flitting." A portrait of a Catholic Monsignor, by Niels M. Lund, is good as the production of an Academy student, and as we continue our rapid glance round the walls we note that a large and important picture of the Dutch school has been hung amongst the contemporary sale work. This piece is a study of humble life, called "Bedtime," by Albert Newheuys, and like most of that great artist's productions, it is painted in low tones, and is very closely finished. Comparison with it is invited by a beautiful work of the Scottish school, hung close at hand, and suggestive of the strong influence exercised by Paul Chalmers. Abercrombie—once of Newcastle, but now of Edinburgh—is the painter of this picture, which is entitled "A Little Bit Jealous." The

scene represented is a humble interior. Granny has upon her knee the latest addition to the family, and a yellow-haired lassie of some three or four years old is unquestionably "a wee bit jealous" as she views the infant in full possession of the rights and privileges hitherto exclusively hers. One of Ralph Hedley's most successful pictures is hung in this part of the room, and it should be viewed. The subject is an old man teaching his grand-daughter her letters—it is called "A. B. C."—whilst a dog pays strict attention to the painfully tedious procedure. Seldom has the Newcastle artist placed upon canvas figures more strikingly characteristic than these, and the story of his picture is well told. An excellent example of T. R. Spence is his "Grief of Gudrun over Sigurd Dead," which shows alike the excellencies and eccentricities of the romantic school. In colour the work is beautiful. The figure of the dead knight resting on his bier is marvellously impressive, and the appointments of the room are effective and correct. But the figure of Gudrun is open to criticism in regard to its drawing, and to us it appears to be out of proportion. Leaving a number of good pictures unnoticed, we turn from this most interesting part of the collection, and proceed to

THE SECOND ROOM.

Skied, above the entrance door, is a fine work, "Babes in the Wood," by Mrs. Louisa Jopling, which will repay the risks of a crick in the neck incurred by those who would inspect it. The picture is solidly painted, and the lost children—more especially the spirited-looking boy—are well imagined. Within a few square feet of the entrance door, the walls are hung with pictures of great merit. For instance, there is Robert Jobling's "Signals of Distress," considered by a majority of the local critics to be the best work he has painted. Good as the picture undoubtedly is, this is an opinion which we do not share. A stormy day at Cullercoats is the scene delineated. Signals of distress have been seen "outside," and the lifeboatmen are launching their trusty craft. Spindrift is flying everywhere, and blinding showers are driving before the gale, but the fisherfolk are crowding to the look-out station and to the cliffs which overlook the haven. Jobling has been marvellously successful in depicting the excitement of such a moment, and there is power and close observation in every detail; but all the same, we think that this department of marine painting is not the one in which the eminent artist is seen to the greatest advantage, and Sir William Armstrong possesses a moonlight picture of his which we prefer to this. One of the ablest and most rapidly improving of our local amateurs, Mr. Frank T. Carter, of Gateshead, shows a landscape in this choice corner of the room. The subject treated is a view of "The Vale of Aln from the Mount, Alnwick," and a finer example of Mr. Carter's mastery of colour and careful finish we have not seen. It is not quite put out of countenance by the great picture of the Chateau Gaillard, by David Murray, which closely adjoins it, although it must be said that the Scottish academician's canvas is one of the noblest that figures in this section of the Exhibition. Charles Richardson's "Tynemouth Pier" also survives the ordeal of contiguity to Murray's magnificent painting. The local artist depicts with spirit and power a scene which is familiar to many of us, but the grandeur of which never suffers diminution. A heavy sea is running off the mouth of the Tyne, and as the mighty waves strike the North Pier they are driven to a height of twenty feet or so above the massive stone roadway, and fall in showers of milk-white spray. Just below this clever picture is hung one of the finest Aumoniers seen in the North. "Water Lilies" is the title of this lovely landscape, in which we see a pool overgrown with blooming water lilies and rushes, with far-stretching meadows beyond. It is impossible to convey in words the slightest idea of the fine colour and breezy freshness of this superb picture. Local interest attaches to another noble work, entitled "Echoes," hung in this part of the room. A sea-nymph reclines on the bright sands of a rocky cavern, and listens to the murmurs of a shell which she holds to her ear. Although the subject is a study of the nude, the British matron will not be shocked at it. There is not a particle of grossness in the idea which it illustrates, and as art, the chaste outlines of the figure, the listening face, the lovely flesh tints, and the cool hues of the sand and rocks enchain the attention. George Morton, who is responsible for the picture, was at one time a student in the Newcastle School of Art, but he won a scholarship, went up to the National Training School, at London, and is now one of the teachers on the staff of that institution. The only fault which can be found with his sea-nymph here exhibited is in the drawing of the hand on which she rests: it appears to be too long. Keeley Halsewell's "Loch Maree," a fine example of that artist, deals hardly with the minor works in its neighbourhood, and we look at nothing else until reaching a large picture (209 on the catalogue) named "A Storm Coming On." This powerful work may be termed "an agony in brown," as in sober hues are depicted trees, roads, and fields swept and torn by a raging tempest which seems to be driving everything before it. Ralph Hedley, who is well represented in the collection, exhibits here one of his best paintings of dogs. It is called "Ready for a Stroll," and shows a noble St. Bernard and two excited terriers waiting for their master to take them out. Another large picture by the same artist, entitled "A Dull Market," is a Saturday study from amongst our bird fanciers. The rough figure of the man in greasy corduroys who seeks to vend a basket of poultry is one of the most striking that Hedley has ever drawn, and unquestionably it has been taken from life. Upon the same line as this piece is a Venetian view, by Baden Powell, in which the sunset effects are accomplished by such a blaze of crimson and gold, on sky and water, that the eyes ache after looking upon it. A noble picture, "Buondelmonti's Bride," by H. M. Paget, is hung in this part of the room, and visitors who have previously seen it at Liverpool, Newcastle, and elsewhere will yet admire it. On the western side of the doorway is a large picture by H. H. Emmerson, called "Children of the Mountain." This is the most successful work that the artist has sent to the Exhibition, and his old patrons will inspect it with pleasure. The subject is a milkmaid and a group of young calves. Painted on a large scale, the figures stand well out, and the work is altogether strong and effective. Fine portraits of William Morris and Robert Browning command notice as we make the circuit of the room, and there are two other works in this vicinity which it is impossible to hurry past, namely, Alfred East's well-known "Dark Island," and a portrait of a little girl by Mr. Charles Mitchell. The last-named must be admitted to rank as one of the gems of the collection, and as worthy of the artist who painted the famous "Hypatia." Next we notice a small landscape, "Twizell Bridge," by McWhirter, and a grand picture, "The Seaweed Harvest," by Henry Moore. Finally, we reach a large piece by Walter Crane, entitled "The Fate of Persephone." Everyone knows the peculiar style in which it pleases this gifted artist to embody his ideas, and it will suffice to mention the picture as in all ways a typical specimen of his productions. We hear that it was, unfortunately, injured when first brought here to be hung, and considerable trouble and some cost have been incurred in making the needful repairs. No sign of the mishap is now visible.

THE THIRD AND FOURTH ROOMS.

The bulk of the water colour drawings are hung in these two small apartments, and for the moment we must be permitted to pass them over with the briefest possible comments. Amongst them we notice works by J. M. W. Turner, Birket Foster, some fine specimens of Copley Fielding, Old Danby, De Wint, William Hunt, John Storey. Robson, of Durham (represented by a glorious view of the city of York), Paul Naftel, W. B. Scott, Boyce, Albert Goodwin, Edward Swinburne, T. M. Richardson, sen. and jun., and Alfred W. Hunt (a view of Durham City, which has recently been shown at the Berlin Exhibition, and is lent by Mr. Barnes, of Durham). The drawings in Room No. IV. are in nearly equal proportions contributed by the artists who painted them and appertaining to the Loan Collection. In Room No. III. there are about thirty water colours which are still the property of the artists. There are several oil paint-

ings here which cannot fail to attract the visitors, notably a moonlight view of Cullercoats Haven by Robert Jobling; a brilliant view of the Flower Market at Granville, France, by E. H. Hunt; two pictures of French circus incidents by Tissot, and Hodgson Campbell's highly-praised Academy picture of last year. This work is called "Daddy's Dinner," and shows a cheerful labouring man enjoying the humble mid-day meal that his two little daughters have brought him. Very bright and light in tone is the colouring, and, unfortunately enough, the picture is hung by the side of one of Miss Montalba's figure pieces, which is so strongly painted as to affect it very much. Two military subjects by Percy Emmerson are striking, and there is attraction also in a horse incident painted by Wilson Hepple, and in a rich-hued view of Windsor Castle (sunset and moonrise) from the easel of John O'Connor, R.H.A. A portrait of Mrs. Isaac Walton by Geo. Walton also commands attention, albeit it has been skied, and is a very fine example of that accomplished artist's work.

THE LOAN COLLECTION.

Public interest in the Art Gallery will possibly centre in the loan department, which displays an important collection of masterpieces painted within the last century. We have explained above how it comes to pass that the Duke of Northumberland's exhibits happen to infringe the rule laid down as to time, but as it happens his grace's valuable series of contributions introduce nothing incongruous into the collection. The works, some six or seven in number, are placed altogether amongst the foreign collection in Room VI., and they are most attractive. Scarcely possible would it be in a hasty glance through the rooms such as we are now contriving to dwell at large upon a mass of some four hundred exhibits, most of which are familiar to all the critics, and occupy well-defined places in the history of art. We will, under the circumstances, merely mention the works which we noticed as we walked through the rooms. Close to the entrance door of Room V. is H. P. Parker's "Sandhill Wine Pant," and below it is the portrait of Curran, painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and now lent by Earl Grey. The Earl of Durham's sixteen pictures are variously hung. The celebrated portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence are well placed, and no visitor is likely to pass carelessly away from the eloquent face of John George Lambton or from the charming presentment of Master Lambton, in his rose-coloured velvet suit. Nor will an extraordinary landscape by Collins, in the Lambton collection, be neglected by the amateurs. A portrait of Annie Bellingham, painted by Angelica Kaufman, is lent by Mrs. Blackett-Orde, and Mrs. Parker, of Gosforth, contributes a superb sunset piece by Danby. Conspicuously hung in the central space of the western wall is a magnificent picture by Watts, entitled "Love and Life." A finer example of this great artist has never been seen in the North. Mr. Alexander S. Stevenson, of Tynemouth, exhibits an important sea piece, by Colin Hunter, called "Trawlers Waiting for Darkness." Mr. J. J. Colman, of Norwich, whose hospitality was enjoyed by so many of the visitors to the Royal Show last July, lends a fine example of Old Crome, "Bruges by Moonlight." We notice two smaller works by Watts, forwarded by his agents —the artist is himself sojourning at Constantinople just now — namely, a lovely "Cupid" and an allegorical piece called "The Birth of Eve." Mr. Henry T. Morton, of Biddick, forwards a considerable number of works, amongst which a landscape by Linnell is conspicuous, and an Eastern view, by Goodall, with shepherdess and sheep, also commands attention. Almost in a corner is a fine portrait of Sir John Edward Swinburne (the sixth baronet), by Gainsborough. The famous "Last Sleep of Marie Antoinette," by E. M. Ward, R.A., is contributed by Mr. James Hall, of Tynemouth, and its pathos will strike home here as it has done elsewhere. The Corporation of Newcastle show T. M. Richardson's invaluable delineation of the High Sheriff's Assize Procession *en route* down the Side to meet her Majesty's Judges, and Parker's "Fancy Dress Ball at the Mansion House." The sixth room contains the foreign loans, including the great collection of Corot's works, and fine examples of Troyon, Daubigny, Tissot, Rousseau, &c. Here also are the two pictures lent by her Majesty, viz., Zoffany's "Florence Gallery" and Mulready's "The Wolf and the Lamb."

GOOD.

One of the finest works in this department is a little portrait of Thomas Bewick, by T. S. Good, of Berwick. Northern art is well represented by this production, even amongst such masterpieces as surround it. We are shown the great wood engraver seated cross-legged in his chair. Meissonier has shown us no closer finish or firmer grasp of character in his gems of portraiture than is disclosed in this picture, which is emphatically a great work. The painting of the face is marvellous in its minuteness and refinement, and every detail of dress is brought up with the finest possible effect. By the public generally the Berwick artist is scarcely known even by name, and yet he was entitled to rank with the greatest of his time. Born towards the close of the last century, Good flourished between sixty and eighty years ago. He was well acquainted with the Newcastle engraver, and the portrait of Bewick, lent by the Natural History Society to this collection, was painted in 1826 at the old man's house in Gateshead. Bewick died in 1828, and the picture became the property of his daughters. Good served his time to be a house painter in Berwick, but early showed great talent as an artist, and for about ten years he exhibited successfully, and obtained excellent prices for his pictures. But about 1830, from some caprice, the reason of which can only be guessed at, he resolved to paint no more, and he kept his word. For over forty years he lived as a private gentlemen—he was in comfortable circumstances—without putting brush to canvas, and he died at a great age in 1872. The portrait of Bewick exhibited in this collection shows how wonderfully fine were his gifts of *technique*, and upon this point it may also be mentioned that four of his works are hung in the National Gallery. We believe that Mr. Barnes, of Durham, has collected some eighteen examples of the Berwick artist, and that he intends to publish, at some future day, a detailed biographical notice of him.

THE NORTH GARDENS.

A month ago the enclosed ground at the north end of the Exhibition was a scene of confusion and disorder. To-day it is an elegant region, with well formed roads, grass lawns, flourishing trees and plants, beautiful buildings, and almost all that is calculated to lead to outside enjoyment. At the bottom end there are goods and merchandise to inspect, in the centre the eye takes in the places of entertainment, and at the higher end dozens of waggons of all kinds and all colours in full operation give life and interest and variety to the scene. In fine weather the North Gardens will probably be amongst the most popular of places to thousands of people.

THE OLD TYNE BRIDGE.

Over the old Tyne Bridge will be one of the rambles no one will be inclined to forego before leaving the Exhibition. The quaint old structure is like a spirit of the past standing forth amid much that is bright, new, sparkling, attractive, and modern. It is the first great object that comes into view when the North courts of the Exhibition have been left; it is the one object that greets the eye in whatever part of the grounds the visitor may be, and it will provide interesting matter for conversation. Newcastle people have been privileged occasionally to see representations of the old Tyne Bridge as it stood in the days of good Queen Bess. The representations have generally shown houses towering above the structure spanning Tyne stream, clearer and shallower than it is to-day, and breasted by vessels of a pattern long since banished and obsolete. Gardens there were then on the Gateshead side, while at Newcastle one can trace on those famous coloured prints, with which many of us are so familiar, the old town wall of Newcastle stretching along the Quayside, running up the Causey bank encircling the town, and speeding off in a westward direction. Pandon, at that

time boasted few possessions, the ground in front of the castle was open and pleasant, orchards stretched up from the Close to far Westgate, and rural and snug the whole town from the Sandhill to the Castle Leazes lay visible from one end to the other. The picture was representative—just as the old bridge at the Exhibition is—of that time when Elizabeth reigned, when Mr. Fiddas lived on the north end of the bridge, and when Mr. Peter Weatherley, a shoemaker; Mr. Christopher Byerley, a hardwareman; Ann Tinkler, a dealer in stuffs and checks; Mr. John James, a cheesemonger; and Mr. Thomas Patten, a mercer, all did business on the venerable structure. None the less earnestly was business done in those days, but what a change in the volume of traffic. No High Level Bridge, no Redheugh Bridge was dreamt of then, and the way into Newcastle from the south was down that old Bottle Bank—which a Yorkshire exhibitor at the present Exhibition described in a Newcastle tram-car the other day as something awful in its steepness—across the old bridge, past the old-fashioned Sandhill, with its quaint Guildhall and Maison de Dieu, and over the Lort Burn bridge to "the towne," which was then practically the Castle Garth, the Side, and a small portion of the east end. You could dream over the picture, and more particularly could one dream over the bridge, of a time when Tyne commerce and Newcastle business were in their infancy. The lady in pattens would wend her way at such a time to the shop of Ann Tinkler, not to gaze at the shop windows on her way as you fair readers are accustomed to do, but to greet the shopkeeper—history saith not whether she was a dame or a miss—with a hearty good morning, and then she would doubtless proceed to scan the "stuffs and the checks," which in the absence of the "hyem-spun" article were to do duty in the family. If there were mashers in those days, and we may be sure there were, honest Thomas Patten would doubtless be their man. Peter Weatherley to many of the inhabitants of both Newcastle and Gateshead would supply the rough, serviceable boots and shoes that were in vogue at that time, while the joiners would buy from Kit Byerley, the time-honoured hammer, the big nails, and the still larger staples that were wont to be used on the substantial rafters of the long ago. American cheeses were unknown then to our countrymen, but one can well conceive that Mr. John James had cheese-tasters every now and then in front of his funny little shop, smacking their lips at his wares, passing comments on their quality, or exchanging with one another, in that hearty old manner our forefathers possessed, the civilities of the day. Newcastle was small; Gateshead was smaller. But, despite the smallness of both towns, a busy old place was the Old Tyne Bridge. Utility and defence formed the supreme thought evidently in its construction, the preservation of the peace, the establishment of communication between the banks of the Tyne, and the punishment of evil-doers were the leading ideas in its maintenance. Its houses and shops supplied the wants and met the requirements of many persons, its towers and gates forbade that destruction which a sudden surprise of the enemy in the rude times of the 13th, 14th, or immediately succeeding centuries might occasion. There was the Gateshead Gate commanding the entrance, and what was known as "The tower of the bridge," though it was later on called the prison tower, and into this the lewd and disorderly were hurried, while old-fashioned shopkeepers popped their heads out of doors to look on, and their customers gossiped—there were ever gossipers—on the character of the offences. Juvenile Newcastle and Gateshead—undisturbed and undistracted yet by the existence of School Boards, "*Evenin' Kronikils*" or "wax leets"—followed in rag-tag and bob-tail order in the wake of the stalwart town sergeants. Attracted by the tumult above the old Tyne, keelmen would gaze up from the bosom of the stream below to witness the hubbub, while the P.D., who, if local tradition and verse is to be believed, was always in mischief or trouble himself, would doubtless commiserate with the offenders. But history goes back to a time of still greater importance, to that year of 1305, after Wallace had been executed in London, when a right-side quarter of that undaunted Scotchman was exposed on the bridge for Northern traitors to gaze at and tremble. It is believed, too, that in 1408 a quarter of the body of Henry, Earl of Northumberland, who was slain at the battle of Bramham Moor, was exposed on the same place to a similar indignity. Built in the 13th century, and immediately succeeding the Roman structure that had stood so long, the old bridge braved the storms of nearly five centuries, and stood unshaken until that dread night in 1771, when Father Tyne rose in his fury and swept away the middle arch of the bridge, with two others on the Gateshead side. The house of Mr. Thomas Patten, mercer, was "swept bodily down the river as far as Jarrow Slake, where a dog and cat were found alive inside, after having made the rough voyage of the river for somewhere about nine miles." That flood and the sudden destruction it wrought was virtually the end of a structure which had in all truth served its day and generation well. Nothing could have been happier in its conception than the idea of reproducing at the present Exhibition the old bridge which had done such faithful service to so many past generations of Tynesiders; and no idea could have been more faithfully carried out. It has been constructed from designs furnished by Mr. Messent, engineer to the Tyne Commissioners, and all the old historical authorities and engravings have been consulted on the subject. The reproduction in length and height is on a scale of two-thirds of the size of the actual structure; the width, however, has not been much reduced, and the appearance of the bridge spanning the lake in the North Gardens presents about the same aspect as did the old Tyne bridge at half tide. It is a structure of nine arches, three pointed, six segmental. The total length is 395ft., the largest span 36ft. 8in., width between parapets 15ft., between houses 9ft., and the smallest span is 17ft. 4in. There are 18 houses on the Bishop of Durham's property. The highest point on the structure is the top of the prison tower, which is 43 feet above water mark. On the magazine tower there is to be a statue on one side of Charles the Second, a *fac simile* of that now in the Guildhall, with the royal arms above. On the other side is the date, cut out, to all appearances, in stone, 1636. The town's arms, carved, appear on the prison tower. On the Gateshead tower are the arms of the Bishop of Durham as Prince-Palatine. Quaint and picturesque, as all who have seen it have declared it to be, is this remarkable production to the eyes of the visitor, as he leaves the main court of the Exhibition, and strolls up the slight ascent to the Gateshead tower. He is entering, be it remembered, at the Gateshead end and finds himself confronted by an avenue of ancient shops. Old London and Old Edinburgh pale in interest before the spectacle exposed. It is a fac-simile almost without alteration of the old world gables and roofs, the little windowed shops, and the narrow doors of long ago, surmounted by towering storeys, from the windows of which neighbours could hand to each other—as was then the custom—loans of household requisites, or from which they hung out their clothes to dry on the same class of cross-sticks which are stretching out to-day above the heads of the visitors. The old shops and houses, not unlike what may yet be seen on the Castle stairs, were of brick covered with plaster; and the builder of the exhibition Tyne Bridge has not overlooked that fact, for the plaster is to all appearance knocked off at some parts, and the bare bricks are striking through. It is no wonder this was the case at the Gateshead end, for the place was narrow, and it *is* narrow. As the crowd moves on, it will pass "Ye Old Newcastle Fayre," shops Nos. 1, 3, 5, and 7; "The Neutral Zone Swiss Bazaar" of Mr. Bernasconi; "Ye Fancy Goods Store" (Mr. Barker, Glasgow); "Ye Bible and Crowne," or the bookseller's shop kept by John Cochrane, "successor to Robert Akenhead"; "Ye Sunlyghte Soppe" shop; "house of Dick Turpin," at which the handsomest young lady of Newcastle is asked, per advertisement in the *Chronicle*, to preside; and the premises occupied by Messrs. Jacques, London; Poole and Co., Edinburgh; Henderson, Edinburgh; Mackie, London; Salte and Co., London; Stenning and Co., London; and Robertson, Edinburgh and Paris. The old places, in short, are peopled with tradesmen of the present. There are

toys, fancy goods, books, and stationary of all kinds, to appeal to the pockets. Stretching forth from the quaint cluster of shops, the many-coloured stripes of the barber's pole indicate where a cool wash, a shave, or requisite attention to the hair can be had. There is more room, however, between the shops and the prison tower; for the road gets wider, the bridge bays out at each side, and the visitor is at liberty to breathe freely once more. In the old chapel close to, which is traced to the time of Charles II., Lady Ravensworth and other benevolent ladies are holding a bazaar on behalf of a really laudable work—a home for fallen women. The prison tower must be inspected by all. Within its walls the visitor will find the works of that fine large clock, the dial of which he has seen from the outside. He will find here also a peal of eleven massive bells, with clever intricate automatic machines to work both the bells and the clock. All these articles are supplied by Messrs. Gillett, of Croydon. The bells will chime the quarters, strike the hour and play tunes. Mounting up above the belfry on to the roof with the castellated walls, the curious may enjoy pure air and the glories of a scene which cannot be very well described; for the Exhibition grounds, the Town Moor, the slopes of Gateshead, and the surrounding country for miles around are all to be seen. The magazine tower at the Newcastle end has been taken by the Mayoress of Newcastle. One of its apartments will be used for a committee room for ladies, and the other will be granted as a resting-place for young persons engaged in the shops on the bridge. Passing, as he probably will with regret, down the declivity at the other end, the visitor finds that the old bridge is inspected, and he is once more in the midst of the pavilions in the north ground. In preparing the designs of this attractive structure, it is but justice to state that Mr. Messent had the aid of Mr. Laws, city engineer, Newcastle, and of Dr. Bruce. The bridge was commenced only in January last, but large bodies of men were from the first employed upon it, and that it has been substantially built is evidenced by the fact that upwards of 24,000 cubic feet of timber have been employed in its construction. Mr. Walter Scott, Newcastle, has been the contractor. The Willesden Paper Company have supplied the covering to the timber, and their representatives here, Messrs. R. and W. Bucknall, architects, furnished the ornamental detailed drawings for the shops and other buildings. The painting has been done by Gullachsen, Pilgrim Street, and the whole work has been carried out under the daily and painstaking supervision of Mr. W. L. Charlton. It is a strong, substantial production, quaint, picturesque, interesting—a representative not only of the Old Bridge, but of old chares with which the neighbourhood abounded, and no visitor to the Exhibition should fail to see it. We have omitted to mention that the old Blue Stone may be found in its place on the bridge, while below, on the bosom of the lake, the old Tyne lifeboat, which has saved upwards of 1,000 lives, will be exhibited. All the carved work is by Mr. Hedley, New Bridge Street, Newcastle, while the handsome stained glass in the old chapel is by Atkinson. During the daylight on Saturday, after the water had been let into the lake, the Old Bridge had a real and fascinating appearance, and it will look equally well at night time when the shops are illuminated, and when the electric light supplies a moonlight lustre to render its romantic aspect still more complete.

THE MODEL COAL PIT.

Crossing from the North Court to the other side of the road in the North Gardens, those who desire to see what mining life is, or would like to know how faithfully a real pit can be represented, should make for the model coal pit. It is situated at the very commencement of the ground. To the pitman and non-pitman alike this must be a very interesting place. The visitor enters by a doorway, and, passing by black walls, finds himself, after he has "got his eyes again," at the bottom of the shaft. The cage with which he is supposed to have descended is hanging at this point. The other cage is at the top of the shaft; while, down below, the reality of the thing is carried so far that there, beneath the cage, one may discover the actual sump. The shaft bottom is well lighted up by electric lamps, the forms moving about may be readily accepted as those of men engaged in mining, the hiss of machinery and the rumbling of the waggons fall on the ear, and the scene and the noise is similar to those found in any large Northumberland colliery. The cages — full-sized — together with the guides and iron rods, have been lent by the Cowpen Coal Company. Leaving the shaft, we note the compound hauling engine, lent by Messrs. Fowler and Co., which is working an endless rope on the engine plane 150 yards in length. This rope is lent by Messrs. Dixon, Corbett, Newall, and Co., Gateshead, and it is used on a system ordinarily adopted at northern pits. The tubs run at intervals of about 25 yards each, they have forks on the top, and these detach themselves automatically from the rope at each end of the plane. If, standing a short distance from the pit bottom, the visitor peers up the engine plane, he will see the handsome new tubs lent by Messrs. Joseph Cook and Sons, Washington, Durham, moving along rapidly through semi-darkness, past long black walls and black roofs, terminating in an opening which seems, if not as small, at any rate as far off as the opening that Sinbad is said to have discovered when imprisoned in the cave. In close proximity to the hauling engine a Schiele fan and engine, lent by the Union Engineering Co., Manchester, are briskly at work. The fan is intended to ventilate the pit, and is supplying a current of air at the rate of 50,000 feet per minute. In the fan house we may also see the electric generators, the patent of Messrs. Clarke, Chapman, Parsons, and Co., Gateshead. They are in duplicate form, and each is capable of lighting about 60 16-candle power incandescent lamps. After leaving the engine rooms, the way is past the engine plane, up the travelling way until the landing is reached. The plane, it should be said, is connected, from end to end, with electric bells, to establish communication between any point in the plane and the hauling engine man, which is effected by simply pressing the wires together. Telephonic communication is also suppied between the two termini. Both of these apparatus are lent by Messrs. John Mills & Son, electrical engineers, Forth Street, Newcastle. The pit timber—and you meet with it at every part of the journey—is principally lent by Messrs. John Hunter and Co., Quayside, Newcastle; but a portion of it is also lent by Mr. Thomas Atkinson, Maritime Buildings, Quayside. The long lines of rails are lent by Mr. James Watson, of the Close, Newcastle, and the flat sheets are supplied by the Weardale Iron and Coal Company. Messrs. Dunford Brothers lend the automatic greasers used in the engine plane. The road is now round a curve, the tall seam is left behind, and we come to a "fault" or "trouble," which cuts through the coal and throws the seam down about 20 fathoms, bringing the "yard" seam down to this level. This seam is thin, and the long-wall system of working is here exemplified. It consists in taking all the coal out in one long face, leaving pack walls or pillars of stone at intervals between roads and on each side of the road to support the roof. We are "in-by" now, among the coal workings, giving some idea of the scene in which the miner, half naked, is accustomed to earn his bread, but giving no idea of the discomfort. Owing to the coal being thin, the top stone is supposed to be shot down to make height, the stone so obtained being used to make pillars in order to support the roof. It does not require a very close inspection to see that this has been done at this point. Further on, again in the big seam, the system of board and pillar working is shown. A "jud" has just been shot down, the coal is lying strewn about, and the back end of the roof is standing exposed to view. In another place the board and the wall are down, one curved only, and the other both nicked and curved. At various parts of the pit tubs are to be seen, some ready filled with coal to be sent to the bottom of the shaft, others empty and waiting to be filled. The "broken," or pillar work system, shows us where the coal is being taken out bodily by lifts, and a portion of the goaf is here seen, where the top is supposed to have fallen in. Before we take another of the numberless windings of the

place, we note the post and stall system, so much in vogue in the Midlands, the galleries at regular intervals, the pack walls of stone, and the roads on each side, connected with the system. We then turn our backs on the face of the coal, and are in the "return," along which passes the air that is drawn up the upcast shaft; and, this traversed, an exploration of the pit is at an end. Fortunately, visitors will not need, as is the case down ordinary mines, to carry lamps, for about 50 incandescent lamps are lent by Messrs. Clarke, Chapman, Parsons, and Co., and Mr. Clifford, while different kinds of safety lamps are shown by Messrs. John Mills and Son. The whole of these are placed at different parts of the mine, and they rob the interior somewhat of that gloom that would otherwise prevail. The total length of the pit and workings is, from end to end, about 600 yards, the height is 7 feet throughout, and the width is from 7 feet to 15 feet at the widest part. It should be stated, for the information of visitors, that at various parts escape doors are provided, indicated by a red lamp above each, and through these the visitors, in case of too great a crush or any emergency, may get out into the open air. The pit has been in course of construction for several weeks, under the almost daily superintendence of Mr. G. B. Forster and Mr. A. M. Potter, assisted by the officials of Shire Moor and Cowpen Collieries. It is in all respects as perfect a model of a real coal pit as could be desired, and conveys all the features of an actual mine, with the exception that the water underfoot and the occasional dripping from the roof and walls are wanting. But these are deficiencies no one will regret. Leaving the coal pit, the visitor carries away the remembrance of curious turns, of elaborate machinery, of effective mechanism, of black walls, of electric lights in the darkness, and of places that Wilson must have had in his mind when he wrote in the "Pitman's Pay":—

In bye they bumm'd me in a crack,
And left me i' maw father's board,
Where he was buffin' at a back
As hard as whinstone, by the Lord.

THE HAULAGE SYSTEM.

One of the ideas that first led to the notion of the present exhibition was a desire to secure exhibits of the most modern and useful inventions in connexion with mining. That idea has never been lost sight of, and this fact is demonstrated by the appearance of the open space at the top of the North Gardens. This place is devoted to an exhibition of the various haulage systems used in the mines. It is scarcely necessary here to give a detailed history or account of the systems used, for they are pretty well known to all concerned in pit working or colliery management. It may be said, however, that the use of horses for haulage is rapidly passing away, and is being superseded by mechanical means which lead to increased production and to a lessened expense. How this is done, the visitor who takes his stand at the top of the North Gardens will learn, if he watches carefully the various systems that are at work, all on different lines and all driven by steam machinery. A more interesting sight to the mechanically disposed could indeed scarcely be seen, and wonder will be expressed at the automatic manner with which the tubs attach and detach themselves from the ropes, and take the curves which have been provided. The main and tail rope system is shown by the Hetton Coal Company; the endless rope system on top of tub by the Seaton Delaval Coal Company; on the side of tub by the Bedlington Coal Company; ropes underneath the tub by the Whitburn Coal Coal Company, Hodbarrow Mining Company, Cumberland, and the Castle Eden Coal Company. Other systems are shown by the Moresby Coal Company, Limited, Whitehaven, the Tredegar Iron Company, and the Tyne Coal Company, Limited. For other particulars regarding these very interesting exhibits and their accessories, the reader may be referred to the official guide.

THE MODEL LEAD MINE.

Not far from the coal mine, the visitor will be struck by a substantial stone archway, bearing the words overhead, "Model Lead Mine, Royal Jubilee Adit." This is the entrance to the lead mine, intended to show the practical way in which lead ore veins are worked, The interior is as interesting as the coal pit itself. At all parts wood and stone play a prominent hand in the work of construction. The sides and the roof and the main levels are built, more or less, of these materials. There are the shaft and the cross-cuts, the cage-way and the cages, the pumps for raising the water met with in the deeper workings, and the ladder or climbing way for the workmen passing to or from their work, and used also for ventilation purposes. In the coal mine we perambulated flats, but here we have the flat and the incline, the "vein stuff" or deads, the Jack-roll and the kibble, and the tubs which are necessary in the working of a lead mine. Mr. Bewick has superintended the construction of this interesting mine, and, next to the coal pit, it will be found to possess the greatest attraction for many visitors. There is communication between the lead mine and the coal pit, and the visitors may pass through both before going out into the open air.

MILITARY WORK.

Passing away from the north end of the Tyne Bridge, and leaving the pavilions to the right, an inspection should be made of the bridges erected and the battery formed by the members of the Newcastle and Durham Engineer Volunteers, commanded by Sir C. M. Palmer. These are places which the Duke of Cambridge will, doubtless, regard with attention, and they deserve more than passing notice at the hands of others. "Our citizen soldiers" have been indefatigable in their work, and the result of the efforts made during many evenings and Saturday afternoons is the formation of a military bridge over the lake 70 feet long between perpendiculars and about 100 feet long in all. It is built of spars of timber. Not far from this there is also a bridge of casks, and away north across the old ditch there is a bridge of trestles. The three bridges are typical of the resources adopted by the Engineers in times of real warfare and in cases of pressing emergencies. Not far from the bridge a siege gun battery, the outcome of laborious and extensive trenching, has been made. It is a double battery with underground passage, magazine, and guns complete, and, with the bridges, it is creditable alike to the industry and efficiency of the local Engineers and their officers.

AMUSEMENTS.

An electrical railway, commencing at a point level with the entrance to the pit, runs up behind the Lockhart and other pavilions, turns to the left, and terminates near the upper part of the old reservoir. A tramcar is provided capable of carrying 48 passengers, and the motive power is supplied by a 20-horse motor. The line is one-third of a mile long, and the car will be propelled at the rate of 12 miles an hour. Messrs. Woodhouse and Rawson, 11, Queen Victoria Street, London, have constructed the railway. Railings will be placed along the entire route of the lines at both sides, and a footbridge has been thrown—commencing at Lockhart's—over the lines to the ground where the haulage system is in operation.

Almost opposite the terminus of the electrical railway another source of anticipated pleasure to the youngsters is to be found in the tobogganing slide. Messrs. Brown and Backhouse, Chatham Works, Liverpool, are the proprietors, and the slide has been built under the supervision of their representative. The slide commences at the north end, and the cars run down a slope, gathering velocity as they proceed, along a partial level, and are brought up on an incline. Each car has a front wheel, and the smooth riding and success of the trip will depend on the manner in which this is steered by one of the passengers, though no harm can happen, we believe, to anyone. The distance covered by the tobogganer in one run is 380 feet. There are six tracks, each having its own cars, and exciting contests and capital fun may be expected. Upwards of 60 tons of timber have been employed in the construction of the slide.

In a semi-circular building a panorama of the Franco-Prussian war will be shown, and to the curious the attractions of a camera-obscura are offered.

THE MODEL DWELLING.

Equally of interest to builders and others as the last exhibits described, will be the model dwelling situated at the bottom end of the Exhibition, near Park Terrace. It has been built from plans designed by Mr. Leeson, of the firm of Messrs. Oliver and Leeson, architects, Newcastle; and to Dr. Armstrong, Medical Officer of Health; and to Mr. W. T. Clarke, Chief Sanitary Inspector of Newcastle, may be awarded the credit of having promoted it. The foundation stone was laid by Mr. Clarke on 16th February last. The house is in villa form. There is a dining-room and a kitchen, a drawing-room and a study on the ground floor, and at the rear a scullery, pantry, laundry, and lavatory complete. On the first floor there are five bed-rooms, one servant's bed-room, bath-room, and lavatory. The house is suitably furnished, and at the back there is a wash-house of improved type, a coal house, woodhouse, and other accommodation. The front elevation is that of a handsome villa, with two bay windows, neat doorway with elegant porch, and three Gothic windows on the first floor. It stands on 334 square yards of land, and about 140 feet is used as a front garden. Nearly the whole of the materials have been furnished gratuitously by tradesmen belonging to Newcastle. Seen from any point externally, the villa has a handsome look, while internally it is provided with all the fittings devised for perfect sanitary arrangement. The dwelling, indeed, is intended to demonstrate how houses can be constructed neatly, comfortably, and economically on sound sanitary principles.

THE INNER GARDEN

is one of the pleasantest places connected with the building, and can be reached from any part of the Exhibition. It has been handsomely planted by Messrs. Little and Ballantyne, Carlisle; Watson, Newcastle; Fell, of Hexham; and Smith, Worcester. There is a band stand, which will be occupied by a military band under Mr. J. H. Amers, and in the grounds and under the neighbouring verandah delightful promenades are provided.

AWARDS TO EXHIBITORS.

We are informed that for the best exhibits in various classes diplomas by competent judges will be awarded, and these will carry with them the obtaining of medals.

THE PAVILIONS.

To the majority of visitors, the appearance of the pavilions in the North Gardens will be both a matter of enjoyment and surprise. No one could have expected that the structures which are to do duty as refreshment rooms and sale places would have been nearly so elaborately furnished as they are. As a matter of fact, however, some thousands of pounds have been spent over these productions, and the effect is in every way satisfactory. The first building which the visitor reaches on leaving the North Court is a representation of the old Carliol Tower, which has been produced at the instance of Mr. Lyons, a London gentleman, who, after Messrs. Gibson and Co., is the largest speculator in the Exhibition. The model of the familiar building that used to grace New Bridge Street will be utilised for the sale of English and Colonial fruits and flowers. The Indo-Chinese pavilion, which also belongs to Mr. Lyons, was designed by Mr. J. S. Fairfax, of London, and has been constructed under the superintendence of Mr. Charles Brooks. Light and elegant, it will be recognised as one of the handsomest buildings on the ground. Externally it is decorated in the Indian style, and the combined appearance of domes an minarets, with a profusion of bright colours, produces a very fine effect. Downstairs there is an Indian court, and upstairs a Chinese court, in both of which light refreshments will be sold. The building is almost 90 feet long by 40 feet wide, and is estimated to seat about 1,200 persons. All the provisions sold here will be supplied exclusively by Newcastle tradesmen. The refreshment bars, the property of Messrs. Gibson and Co., include two buildings, the large pavilion standing near the entrance to the ground, and the canteen situate at the nort-west end. The former is 100 feet in length, and is capable of accommodating a large number of visitors; in the latter, where refreshments will be sold at a cheap rate, there is also accommodation for a large number of persons. The pavilion of Messrs. Lockhart is an extensive and handsome one. It is a striking square building, 108 feet in length by about 56 in width, and in addition to a large room downstairs, there is an equally commodious apartment upstairs with a fine broad balcony from which visitors will have a view of the animated exterior. The firm expect to seat 1,500 persons at a time, and, judging by the size of the place, they should have little difficulty in doing so. The model of Alnwick Castle faces the visitor as he moves up the central part of the ground. Designed by Mr. Fairfax, and erected for Mr. Lyons, it is a charming structure, and to local marksmen it will prove doubtless a centre of attraction. There is an ambush at the back, with moving foxes and hounds, and a new target of an extremely novel kind is introduced. Rifles of an improved kind are supplied by Messrs. Bland and Sons, London. A Swiss chateau, which Messrs. Meng Bros. have had constructed, is certainly one of the neatest and handsomest places in the gardens. It is a beautiful model, and will seat about 1,000 persons. Cigars and cigarettes will be manufactured at the Indian kiosk close by, while Swiss carvings will be sold by Mr. E. Curmouchi, of Edinburgh, at the handsome Victoria chalet. Messrs. Telfer and Sons have a fine building for the sale of tobacco and cigars. Mr. Armstrong's Japanese pavilion will contain flowers, fruits, and cream for the enjoyment of the masses. Messrs. C. J. Van Houten and Zoon will sell in an elaborately constructed building their far famed cocoa, and the Juvenile Shipperies, St. Jude's Bazaar, a Swiss warehouse, and other places of a like nature, will be found at this part. In the centre of the ground there is a handsome band-stand, in which music will at intervals be played.

ERRATUM.—Page 29, line 22, for "Dizduic" read "Dizé."

Printed by WALTER SCOTT, *Felling, Newcastle-on-Tyne.*

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The Monthly chronicle of North-country lore and legend

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